URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—Last Words of Stephen A. Douglas.

VOLUME VI. NO. 46. URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1868. WHOLE NUMBER 304.

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1868.
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n204-tf.

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MEATS.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned has opened a Meat Market in Urbana at Dan'l O'Conor's Grocery, on
Tuesday, August 27th, 1867.
He respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage, and will keep an assortment of meats of the best quality. Call and see for yourselves.
232-tf. DENNIS CASEY.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—WHERE TO BUY
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All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to A. & J. M. Mosgrove, are respectfully requested to call and settle immediately, by cash or due bill.
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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DR. CONE has visited Urbana about eight years, and treats and cures all variety of diseases, and may be consulted at his offices at the following times and places:

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n293-tf.

SETTLE UP!

THE notes and accounts due the undersigned, can be found at Jacob Anlaubaugh & Co.'s Store No. 14 Public Square. Payment may be made to M. Gallagher or Madison C. Powell.

These notes and accounts must now be settled, and those who neglect to call and make satisfactory arrangements on or before the 1st of July, will find them in the hands of proper officers for collection.
271-tf. J. AULABAUGH.

LEGAL.

Legal Notice.

To Thomas Chance, Mary C. Wiant and Jasper Wiant, her husband, Maria T. Chance, Madeline Chance, Elias J. Chance, Noah S. Chance, Sarah V. Chance and James Thomas Chance, who reside in Champaign County, Ohio. And Hannah Snyder and David Snyder, her husband, who reside in the State of Indiana.

You will take notice that on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1867, the undersigned filed a Petition, in the Court of Common Pleas of Champaign County, Ohio, where the same is now pending, demanding partition of the following premises: Situate in said County of Champaign, State of Ohio, and in Mad river Township, and being so much of the West half of the N. W. quarter of Sec. 22, T. 4, R. 11, as lies South of the Urbana & Troy Road—except 40 acres off the West side thereof, heretofore sold and conveyed to Benj. Kite, containing 27½ acres of land more or less.

The undersigned demands that partition be made of said premises, as follows: to the undersigned, one-ninth thereof, to Mary C. Wiant, wife of Jasper Wiant, Rosevan Snyder, wife of David Snyder, Maria T. Chance, Madaline Chance, Sarah V. Chance, Noah S. Chance, Elias J. Chance and James Thomas Chance, each one-ninth thereof. To said Thomas Chance, life estate in the whole. At the next term of said Court an application will be made by the undersigned for an order that partition &c., may be made of said premises.
FRANK CHANCE,
267-6w. By Young & Chance, his Attorneys.

Sheppard Corbin's Estate.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified as administrator on the Estate of Sheppard Corbin, late of Champaign County, deceased.
Dated at Urbana, this 17th day of Dec. A.D., 1867.
301-3w. A. F. LUCKLIDER.

Assignees Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have been constituted and duly qualified Assignees for the benefit of creditors of S. E. Northcut & William Blair, partners as S. E. Northcut & Co. All creditors holding claims against said persons or firm, are required to prove and present such claims as are required by law, for dividend within thirty days.
JOHN G. WALLACE, } Assignees.
S. L. P. STONE, }
302-30d.

Miscellany.

Broadway and its Celebrities.

Bryant, Forrest, Greeley, Stewart, Bennett and Vanderbilt.

A correspondent writes thus of Broadway and some of the New York notables: It is high tide in Broadway, in these bright November days. The whole American and much of the European world seems streaming through the great thoughfare. The November sunshine falls on the gilded shops, the chaotic crowd, the brilliant equipages, the lumbering stages, the heavy trucks, the fair women in splendid toilets, the sprucely attired men daintily gloved and perfumed, humming an opera air, and struggling through the throng to Exchange place or Hanover square.

Its soft glory comes to all alike—to Stewart's dry goods palaces, and the beggar resting beneath their shade; to the roof of the Reform Societies and that temple of thieves, the City Hall; to the elaborate French *chateau* windows of the Herald and the brown spire of old St. Paul's; to the grim granite front of the historic Astor, and the latest architectural deformity the Leow Bridge.

So it descends upon the radiant bells, whose life is an odor of self-adulation, and the wretched parish, whose haggard cheek and hollow eye mirror her despair. So upon the pretty flower girl and the brutal rowdy, who elbows his way to Houston street and taints air with his poisoned breath.

THE HUMAN MAELSTROM.

Heroes and celebrities are swallowed up in Broadway; lost sight of in the undistinguished mass. Whales become minnows there, and lions from the country roar as gently as sucking lambs.—No one cares for your badges or laurels or titles in that whirl of humanity. The best known men in the republic are never regarded or looked at. Any pedestrian will crowd them into the gutter; any carman will run them down. We can see whom we please if we walk there. But we must know the famous people intimately or we shall not be able to recognize them. In that troubled sea they make no wave above their fellows.

THE POET.

This tall, lithe, wiry patriarchal-looking man, with locks and beard like the driven snow, yet quick and elastic in his movement as a youth of twenty, is William Cullen Bryant. He has just returned from Europe and is on his way to the Evening Post office from his Long Island home. He has been looking on a poem for the Atlantic, and his weeks of toil have failed to satisfy him. Such work with him is almost agony, and I do not wonder he writes so little when every iambic is the product of labor in excess. Not one of the thousands he passes are conscious who he is, and yet the name of Bryant is a household word.

THE TRAGEDIAN.

Striking heavily and pompously in the direction of Broome street, with the traces of disease in his giant frame, his brow massive and moody, his chin like a prize fighter's, a curl of scorn and bitterness about his lips, is Edwin Forrest, the great American tragedian. He is on his way to rehearsal at the Broadway Theatre, and he paces the sidewalk as if it were the Roman forum, and he Virginius pleading for his daughter before the licentious Appius.

THE JOURNALIST.

Bent forward; with shuffling gait, hat on the back of his head, his thin, light locks straggling about his linen spotless, but awry, his pantaloons too short, his boots large and flat, stumbles Horace Greeley, the best known man in America. His coat is full of papers that present their printed margins to the air. His eyes are turned inward seeing some of the many who bow and say, 'Good morning, Mr. Greeley.' Unconscious, abstracted, full of ideas, and resolved on endless work, he plunges below Chambers street, across the City Hall Park, toward the Tribune office, the chief god of his idolatry. He glances at the clock in the cupola as he goes by, quickens his step, and disappears in Spruce street.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

Not far behind Greeley, Broadway, was a gray-haired, rather slender somewhat stooping figure, giving the impression of constant anxiety and labor. That thin, firm, compact face might represent more than sixty years, and yet the gait and evident vigor of the man would not indicate more than fifty. Work is a passion with him, and rest stagnation. Thirty years ago he sold auction-bought laces in a little shop in Reade street. Now he is fworth millions, and is the richest man in the United States. He enters his wholesale establishment at the corner of Chambers stree'. There is no sign over the door or on the building anywhere, but everybody knows it is A. T. Stewart's,

THE SKEPTIC.

At the Astor House comes that rather bent form with an outcropping feebleness, as it moves across the street. The hair is white, the face aged, and yet not venerable. A sinister expression, not relieved by the cast in the eye; a hard expression lurking in the corners of his mouth, with a mocking skepticism all about the features, are what you could expect from James Gordon Bennett, a phenomenal creature, and yet far better and kinder than the world thinks him. The name is printed along the Thames and Seine and Danube, not less than on the Hudson; and yet the bearer of it is hardly known outside of Herald office. Bennett has few companions and no society. His entire life has been absorbed in his journal. It is to him what France was to Richelieu.

THE FINANCIER.

White haired, full-faced, rosy, with the air of a good liver, and one who could be depended on for his full bottle every day at dinner, erect, muscular, young at sixty, passionately fond of horses, lynx-eyed, cunning as a fox, not to be over-reached or outwitted, a born gambler when the stakes are heavy, self-made, shaped by friction with the world of it and belonging to it wholly, is Cornelius (or Commodore) Vanderbilt. He walks along, radiant and ruddy, destined for Wall street, bent on controlling the Erie and Central roads next summer, a purpose no skillful strategy, no masterly management will be lacking to accomplish.

Copperhead Tune from a Radical Organ.

Ought the exemption of the national bonds from taxation to be continued? It withdraws from productive employment an enormous capital, and thus embarrasses enterprise needed for the developement of our resources. As long as capitalists can get Government interest, and get rid of taxation by buying bonds, why should they put money into railroads, mines, or manufactures? It seems to us that this provision produces serious evils which have not been sufficiently weighed, and, though it may have been originally necessary, it is at least questionable whether it may not now be wisely repealed. True, large amounts of bonds would be thrown upon the market, but with all Europe on the verge of revolution, and money hoarded by the million in a single city like Genoa the securities would not lack purchasers. No matter at what rate they sell, just so much capital, now locked up and unavailable, would be released and turned to productive industry.

To return to specie payment, we must have something to send to Europe in exchange for our purchases. We used to send cotton. Now, as if on purpose to cut our own throats, we tax cotton, and when Louisiana asks aid to build levees, Congress answers, "Build them yourselves, you rebels!" Is there any sense in such legislation? The prosperity of the South is as necessary to the whole country as that of any other section. When we embarrass its industry, we embarrass ourselves. Let us have the tax on cotton repealed, on precisely the same principle that we remove burdens from other forms of domestic industry. Reconstruction is good, but the South cannot live upon it, nor the North either.

The National banks furnish us $300,000,000 of currency, but we take it not on the faith of the banks, but because the Government endorses it. Who asks, when he takes a $10 note, whether the bank from which it comes is the First National of one city or Third National of another? It is a greenback; that is enough. Now, the banks receive for performing this service, which the Government itself might quite as well perform, large sums of money. True, the currency is safe and uniform if issued directly by the Government? True, the banks hold a large amount of bonds, but would it not be better to have our own capital free, and let the bonds go to Europe? Mr. J. Cooke's pamphlet does not seem to us quite conclusive as proof that the National banks are a national blessing. The Republican party ought at least to consider the question whether the withdrawal of Government bonds from these banks would not be a public benefit as well as a very popular measure.

Tariffs constructed for the benefit of States or sections or special interests have been tried. Every State, every interest wants a share. It ends in taxing everybody enormously for the benefit of everybody else. Strange to say, that does not produce quite the desired prosperity, and so everybody goes to Congress next year and demands still higher tariffs. The best "protection for American industry" that we know of just at present is a removal of taxes from American industry. Internal revenue is a more dangerous foe than the foreign monopolist. Let us have the domestic taxes reduced as low as possible, and then tariffs even lower than the present will be of greater benfit to American manufactures.

But the stealing of corrupt or the pay of unnecessary officials, the waste in the departments and in Congress, the payment of bogus claims, the outlay for railroads that are never to be built because they are not needed, the appropriations for objects not directly public in their nature, are not productive expenditures, and ought to be stopped until the nation gets out of financial trouble.—*Missouri Democrat, Oct. 20th.*

The Astor Who Recently Died.

The *New York Sun* of the 18th, says: Yesterday morning John Jacob Astor second son of the founder of the Astor family, died in this city, in his 65th year. In his youth he was kicked in the head by a horse, which disordered his intellect, rendering a guardian necessary for him through life. His father left him $10,000 a year, and the valuable block of ground bounded by Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, and Tenth and Eleventh avenues. In the large brick house situated on that property, amid the pleasant surroundings of garden shrubbery and shade trees, he lived for over twenty years, to the end of his life. By the will of his father this property now reverts to Mr. William B. Astor.

We want 1,000,000 new subscribers.

[From the New York Observer.]

What Woman's "Rights" Are.

If woman step out of her sphere, and demand to be and to do what men do, to enter political life, to enter the professions; to wrestle with us for office and employments and gains, she must understand that she will have to take the low places as well as the high places of life. She will not be allowed to be a man and be treated with the tenderness due to woman. If she goes to Congress, she must also go to the heavy drudgery of earth.

I claim then for her, that it is her "right" to be treated with the utmost love, respect, honor, and consideration in her sphere. I claim that it is her "right" to have every possible aid and advantage to fulfill her mission. I claim that she has a "right" to be let alone there, and not be teased, or flattered, or wheedled out of her place, and made to believe what can never be.

She has a "right then to be exempted from certain things which men must endure. It is her privilege and her right. She ought to be exempted from the hard drudgery of earth. She ought not to be made a sailor, to hang on the yard-arms,—to chase and kill and try up whales,—to be a surgeon, to pull teeth, cut out tumors,—to go into the mines, and dig ore and coal,—to burn over the smeltering-furnace. She ought not to be compelled to be a barber, a boot black, to carry hods or brick and mortar up the ladder,—to be a soap boiler, to groom horses, dig canals, dig out peat, tan leather, and stir the tan vats,—to make coffins and dig graves,—to go to the Arctic Ocean for seals, or to spend the long winter in the forest cutting down timber, and in the snow-water of spring to drive logs for hundreds of miles to get these logs out of their native forests. She ought not to be made to butcher, bleed calves, knock down oxen, stick swine, and slaughter cattle. Now, she must go for all this, if she leaves her sphere and tries to be a man. I claim that she has a "right" to be exempted. But you may ask, Has she not a *natural* right to enter any and all employments as well as men? Suppose we allow it, and admit that she has a *natural* right to wear jack-boots and spurs, horse-pistols and a swords, and be a complete soldier, and a "natural" right to sing bass and beat a bass-drum, and that *men* have a "natural" right to wear peticoats, dress with low necks, and short sleeves, wear pink slippers with paper soles,—but, would it be wise to do so? Dear sisters, you *can't* be good wives, mothers, and crowns of your families, and go into these things—can you?—Joan Tonn, D. D.

We are tempted to tell the story of a Dutchman who made his entry into New Orleans last summer while the cholera was raging there, and was greatly troubled in finding a boarding house. He inquired of the first one he saw if they had the cholera in the house, and learning that they had, he went to another, and another, determined not to stop at any house where the disease was doing its work of death. At last, after a long and weary search, he found one where there was no cholera, and he took up his quarters there. The master of the house was a goodly man, and had family worship every night. As all were assembled for that purpose, and the master was offering prayer, he *groaned* with some force and fervor, when the Dutchman started up, and cried out:

"O Lord, vot ish ter matter?"

"Nothing," said the host, "keep still, will you and behave yourself."

In a short time he groaned again, and the Dutchman started, with his eyes staring like saucers, and exclaimed, "Oh, mine Got! der is something der matter wit you."

"No there ain't," said the landlord; and then to calm his boarder's apprehension, he added, "I'm a *Methodist*, and it is the habit of most of the members of the church to groan during their devotions, and that is my way."

This was enough for the Dutchman, who rushed into the street, asking for a doctor, found one, and begged him to run to the house on the corner.

"What is the matter?" said the doctor, "have you got the cholera?"

"No, no, but worse; da—da got der *Methodist*, and der man will die mit it pefore you don't sit there if you run quick."

Mechanical Genius.—The Paris Patrie contains the following: "A youth, aged eighteen, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, had, about a year ago, been condemned for theft to five years' imprisonment. His conduct in prison being quite exemplary, he gained the good opinion of the Director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago he begged the Director to tell him what o'clock it was, that he might set his watch. "You have a watch, then?" asked the Director. "Only since yesterday, sir," said the prisoner; and to the astonishment of the Director, produced one made of straw! The little masterpiece is two-and-ahalf inches in diameter, about half-an-inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dialplate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments the youth had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by his surprising genius for mechanics are endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

One firm in Castleton, Vt., turns out 125,000 slate pencils daily.

A Remarkable Invention.

It is stated that a German glass-maker has lately made a remarkable discovery. He has invented a telescope, or magnifying glass, by means of which the most intricate nerves and vessels inside of the body may be seen from the outside. In fact, the whole arrangement and action of the interior organs may, by means of this glass, be distinguished.

The discovery will probably be of immense benefit to mankind, as by means of it the physican will be able to determine, with unvarying accuracy, the nature of any particular disease, and the proper manner for treating the same.

The name of the inventor, who will probably realize a fortune from his discovery, is Gottlieb Juntz. He is very poor, but a well-read and highly intelligent man. He has an aged mother, an invalid wife, six children and a blind sister, all dependent upon him for support. His mother was well acquainted with the poet Goethe, and it was probably her many anecdotes of this illustrious person which first inspired her son with a desire to do something to win the respect and esteem of his fellow-men.

The glass he has made will probably place him among the first rank of inventors, and win for him the esteem of whole nations.

By means of this invention he has already nearly cured his wife. Six months ago a well-known doctor said she could not live, and pronounced her disease to be an affection of the heart.

Juntz has, however, proven to him, with the aid of the wonderful microscope, that he was entirely mistaken; the stomach alone being the part affected. We are eagerly looking for further information regarding Juntz and his wonderful glass.

One Of Lute Taylor's Operations.

Frank Daggett, of Wabash Herald, narrates the following about Lute Taylor, of the Prescott Journal!

Lute's philosophy is better than Greeley's:

Lute made out Dill's bill; presented it, and among other items was one for—
"Business ad. 1 year $50,00."

"What's this?" says George.

"Can't you see?" replied Lute. "It's my charge for your advertisement."

"Why, I don't remember having seen one in the paper,' says G, honestly.

"Well, you've not had one in the paper. But that's not my fault. I've published the Journal just the same, and it is your own fault if you havn't advertised. I can't afford to lose by your carelessness. I have been obliged to set just so much extra matter—875 would not make me whole, and, the fact is, I will be out at least $25, anyhow. If you don't advertise, I must have my money, just the same,"—and all this in Lute's peculiarly taking style.

A light dawned on George's visage just as you have seen a bright May sun dispel the morning mist, and the faintest ripple of a lough disturbed his otherwise quiet features.

"I'll pay this, Lute, but, hereafter, I won't pay for any advertisement I don't see in the paper. Put in as much as you think I ought to have, print me circulars—anything I need, and send in your bill."

George was converted.

Everyday Philosophy.—Hans Patrick O'Connor, formerly known by the *nom de plume* of "Beau Hackett, contributed the following to the St. Louis Home Journal:

Never insure your life for the benefit of your wife for a greater sum than ten thousand dollars. A widow with more money than that is a dangerous legacy to leave posterity.

The 'game of life' is very like a game of cards. Time deals, death cuts, and everybody is waiting for the last trump.

I think men drink in crowds because they are afraid to drink by themselves. It requires a good deal of courage to stand up alone and poor a glass of whisky down your throat.

There are some inconsistencies in this world that I don't exactly understand.—Everybody is anxious to go to Heaven, but nobody is in a hurry about it.

If a man is without enemies I wouldn't give ten cents for all his friends. The man who can please everybody hasn't got sense enough to displease anybody.

When an acquaintance says, "How are you?" and pushes by you without waiting for a reply, I wouldn't if I was in your place, follow him more than a mile to tell him I was well.

A convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you learn it at once.

Do unto other men as they would like to do unto you, and they won't have enough money in two weeks to hire a shirt washed.

The song "Dear Mother, I've come home to Die," always struck me as a happy illustration of American assurance. Our young go abroad to spend the hard earnings of the old folks, and, when they are dead broke, return home to be buried at the expense of their impoverished parents.

"I am a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on a spree for a week.

"Yes," said the foreman, "you are a great gun, and half cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged."

"Well," said the typo, "then I had better go off."

Take the Union and pay as you go.