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Selected Poetry.

EVENING HYMN TO MARY.

BY LITTLE DARLING.

Star of Heaven! Gem of beauty!
Set in Glory's crown of light,
Mother of the sad and weary,
Hear the prayer I bring to-night,
Pain and evils, lone heart aching,
Sorrow that I've borne, and bear;
These have made me weak—but aid me,
Christ will listen to thy prayer.

Star of Glory! pearl in pureness!
Morials bow and honor thee!
Thou, the nearest to our Saviour,
Raise one simple plea for me.
I am weak—pray He may strengthen;
Pray that He his Grace may send;
Mother! Mother! wilt thou bring me
To the sinner's dying friend?

Holy Virgin! Queen of Heaven!
Brightest in the crown of God!
Pray that I may bear unmurmuring,
Meekly bowing 'neath the rod.
I am weak, but He is mighty,
I am low, but He is high;
He can pardon, He can save me—
Mother, hear a sinner's cry!

Mother Mary! Night is abounding
All the earth in darkness deep;
Guard and shield me from all dangers,
Guard me, Mother, while I sleep!
Let the night of Sin and Sorrow
Now be pierced by Hope's bright ray;
Mother, intercede with Jesus!
Mother, hear me while I pray!

Worcester, Mass., December, 1852.

A Charming Little Story.

In the tribe of Neggdeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out, as he did so, "It is I, Daber. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daber. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

Battle of Fredericksburg.

Saturday's Fight.

New York, Dec. 18.

The correspondence of the Tribune thus describes the carnage of Saturday:

It is not using too strong an expression, to say that in this battle we were butchered. The loss of the enemy in comparison to our own must be insignificant. More than half the division of Gen. French were placed *à terre* before they had fired a shot. Having orders to withhold their fire, charge bayonets, and rush upon the intrenchments, they anticipated no obstacle until they should meet a hand to hand fight for the crest of the first range of hills; but, how

little they knew the foe they had to deal with.

Lying close upon the soft earth, behind a low stone wall and a half destroyed fence, which we had not taken into our calculations as obstacles, the enemy watched by a process of the division until every man in battle-line came under the aim of the best sharpshooters in the Rebel army. In an instant, almost before the fence itself was discovered to be an obstacle, a long, thick line of flame and smoke streamed above the fence and wall, and the moment the first volley was fired, sixty pieces of artillery, charged with grape and canister, sent their contents straight through our advancing lines, raking them in front and upon both flanks.

Destruction so terrible, never before has been seen during this war. Gen. French went into the battle with 7,000 men—two days after the battle only 1,200 men have reported to him. The entire Corps of Gracch, consisting of the divisions of Howard, French and Hancock, and which, the morning of the battle contained forty regiments, old and new, amounting to at least 20,000, is now 10,000.

I think the official reports will not vary from this estimate more than 500, over or under. The losses in Reynolds's corps of Franklin's Grand Division, which were at first supposed to be but 2,000, are to-night considered by some of Franklin's staff officers nearly 4,000.

The following, based upon official reports as far as made out, and upon estimates of those who have the best facilities for judging, is as near correct as can be obtained up to this time: Right Grand Division, Sumner's 2d corps, Couch's and Howard's divisions, 380; Hancock's division, 3,300; French's division, 1,900; Ninth corps, Wilcox's and Sturges' divisions, 925; Getty's division, 400. Total, 7,505.

Center Grand Division, Hooker, 5th corps; Butterfield, Humphrey's division, 1,500; Griffin's division, 1,300; Sykes', 144. Total, 2,950.

Left Grand Division, Franklin: 1st corps, Reynolds, Gibbons' division, 900; Mead's division, 1,400; Doubleday's division, 150. Total, 2,450.

5th Corps, Smith's, 300; total Right Grand Division, 7,055; total Center Grand Division, 1,950; total Left Grand Division, 3,050; total 13,055.

It is believed that these figures will fall under rather than exceed the official report.

A Blind Musician.

The head fell further back, the claws began to work, and those of the composer's harmonies which you would have chosen as the purest exponents of passion began to float through the room. Selections from Weber, Beethoven, and others whom I have forgotten, followed. At the close of each piece, Tom, without waiting for the audience, would applaud himself violently, kicking, pounding his hands together, turning always to his master for the approving pat on the head. Songs, recitations such as I have described, filled up the first part of the evening; then a musician from the audience went up on the stage to put the boy's powers to the final test. Songs and intricate symphonies were given, which it was most improbable the boy could ever have heard. He remained standing, utterly motionless, until they were finished, and for a moment or two after; then, seating himself, gave them without the break of a note. Others followed, more difficult, in which he played the bass accompaniment in a manner I have described, repeating instantly the treble. The child looked dull and wearied during this part of the trial, and his master perceiving it, announced the exhibition closed, when the musician (who was a citizen of the town, by the way) drew out a thick roll of score, which he explained to be a fantasia of his own composition, never published. "This it was impossible the boy could have heard; there could be no trick of memory in this, and on this trial," triumphantly, "Tom would fail." The manuscript was some fourteen pages long—variations on an inanimate theme. Mr. Oliver refused to submit the boy's brain to so cruel a test; some of the audience even interferred; but the musician insisted, and took his place. Tom sat beside him, his head rolling nervously from side to side, struck the opening cadence, and then, from the first note to the last, gave the secondo triumphantly. Jumping up, he fairly shored the man from his seat, and proceeded to play the treble with more brilliancy and power than his composer. When he struck the last octave, he sprang up yelling with delight.—All the Year Round.

George Brown, the editor of the Toronto Globe, has recently led to the bymenial altar the daughter of Mr. Nelson, the famous Edinburgh publisher. This young lady is said to bring her husband a dowry of \$120,000—a nice little plum.

A Rich Place.—The value of the oil thus far obtained from the Venango oil region is estimated on good authority at \$1,000,000, yet the producing territory is but some eight miles long, with an average width of less than forty rods. The number of persons engaged in the oil business, as manufacturers, dealers, &c., in the United States, is estimated at 7,500. The amount of capital invested in the various branches of the oil trade is estimated at about \$10,000,000. The present daily yield of the Venango oil wells is about 4,000 barrels, and the value of this, at present prices, is \$25,000. This, of course, is exclusive of the daily product of the Oil Creek refineries, some thirty in number, of capacities ranging from fifteen to three hundred barrels per day.

The Turn of Life.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order. He assumes mastery over business, builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications.—Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a standstill.—But athwart this is a viaduct, called the "Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," around which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break.—Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor: the "Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers, having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close in like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single excitement, may force it beyond its strength; whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—The Science of Life.

LONGEVITY.—There is nothing in the system of nature which, in our present state of knowledge, appears so unintelligible as the scale of longevity. It must be admitted, indeed, that our knowledge upon the subject is very imperfect; for all that is known of domesticated animals, and the accidental facts that have been preserved concerning others, tend to the strange result that longevity bears no relation either to strength, size, complexity of organization, or intellectual power. True it is that birds, which seem to rank higher than beasts in the scale of being, are also much longer lived. Thirty is a great age for a horse; dogs usually live only from fourteen to twenty; but it is known that the goose and hawk exceed a century. But fish, evidently a lower rank in creation than either, are longer lived than birds; it has been said of some species, and of certain snakes also, that they grow as long as they live, and, as far as we know, live till some accident puts an end to their indefinite term of life.—and the toad! It cannot indeed be said that the toad lives forever; but many of these animals which were cased up at the general deluge, are likely to live till they are released by an accident in the course of centuries.

Shorten the Back Legs of Your Chairs!

If you cut off the back legs of your chairs, so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments in the small of the back. The expedient advised will obviate this tendency and add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture.—The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average man. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—Lewis's Gymnasium.

A MODEL MILL.

The Commissary of Subsistence at Washington, advertises for proposals to furnish a mill for grinding corn and wheat, which must possess in their combination the following remarkable properties:

- 1st. Not to weigh over twenty-five pounds.
 - 2d. The grinding surfaces to be of burr stone, grooved chilled iron or steel, and the general construction of the mill to be analogous to that of a coffee-mill.
 - 3d. Each mill to be capable of grinding 80 pounds of fine flour or meal per hour, and to be capable of being worked by one man.
 - 4th. Each mill to be constructed, if necessary, that it can be separated into two parts of equal weight, so as to be carried by two men, should the length of the march, lack of transportation, fatigue of the men, or other cause, render its carriage too laborious for one man.
 - 5th. Each mill to be capable of being attached to a wagon tongue, branch of tree, or stack of muskets. Inventors will submit plans, specifications, or models of their mills, or sample of the mill itself, in the presence of a board of officers. They will be required to present indisputable evidence of their mills combining the essential conditions above enumerated by causing the mill to be worked in the presence of the said Board.
- If a mill be presented containing all of the above conditions, and its costs be sufficiently reasonable in the opinion of the Department to warrant its purchase, a large number will very probably be bought for the use of the army.

WOULDN'T PRAY FOR LINCOLN.—A New York paper states that the Rev. Drs. Leacock and Goodrick, and Rev. Mr. Fulton, three Episcopal clergymen, of the city of New Orleans, arrived in New York a few days since in the Cahawa as State prisoners, on the way to Fort Lafayette, by order of Gen. Butler. They refused to pray for Mr. Lincoln. Served them right. Every body should pray for Mr. Lincoln. He surely needs the prayers of all the devout people of the county.—Towa Bugle.

An intelligent "trapper" from one of the western counties of Minnesota, states that a "secret society" has been organized, having its ramifications all through the western half of the State, whose avowed object is to hang or shoot every Indian suspected of having any hand in the recent murders.—Should those Indians who have been convicted be suffered to go unhang by the government then this combination is to mete out punishment whenever it can be done.

When the price of a thing is inquired now-a-days, the phrase is, "What's the postage on that?"

Subscribe for the Press.

An Electric Piano.—The Paris correspondent of the "Journal du Havre" says: "An experiment of an electric piano has been tried at the palace of Compeigne. The inventor, who is a native of Treves, gives to the instrument great power, and the air played was repeated on another Piano placed at the other extremity of the palace. He pretends that while playing a tune in Paris, he can have it repeated instantaneously at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Benjamin Jones, a farmer of Nannesh, Wales, lost his watch about two years ago, and, to his surprise, he found it a few days ago embedded in the cleft of the foot of one of his cows. The farmer himself vouches for the truth of the story.

At the present moment, if a lady is invited to stay at Compeigne as the Empress Eugenie's guest for a week, she must take with her no less than twenty-eight different toilets, for the fair guests are expected to dress four times a day, and it isn't at all the thing to appear twice in the same costume.

TO THE READERS OF THE "DEMOCRATIC PRESS."

Sirs,—You may not have been at the trouble to look carefully into the real condition in which we are placed by the present war, and its consequences. You can get a much better price for whatever you may have to sell this year than you could for many years past, and you are therefore in a much better condition to pay for your paper. But how is it with us? Have you thought on that question? We have fewer subscribers now than we had last year. We lost a considerable sum of money by the Press last year. We now pay nearly twice as much for our food and clothing as we did last year, and much higher for paper and ink. How then with a smaller circulation, and a much dearer paper to print on are we to live and be honest? We cannot do it. There will be a meeting held soon in a central town, of the proprietors and conductors of country weekly papers to fix a price at which the various county papers can be sold in future. A few additional cents paid yearly by each of our readers will not hurt them, but will be much to us. If the Democrats of Old Preble, with their potatoes, wheat, corn, hay, pork, butter and wood at an advanced price will stand by and let their county paper suffer for want of a liberal effective and generous support, let them do so—we cannot help it. Our office books will show that we have done our best to serve our readers for eighteen months at a great loss to ourselves. We did think that after the unexpected triumph of the Democratic party at the late elections, many of them would come forward unasked to subscribe to the Press. We shall be compelled to raise the price of our paper in the year 1863. All who will pay us before that time will be charged the old price, namely, \$1.50!

The Bollmeyer Fund.

We beg to inform our readers that a fund is being raised by the Democrats and Conservatives of the North-west, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the lamented J. F. Bollmeyer, late Editor of the Dayton Empire, and for the support of his family. We hope our friends will respond liberally to the appeal, and thus show that they respect the memory of the man who battled so nobly for the cause of Democracy, even unto death. Subscriptions will be received by the Editor, at the Press Office, and by Messrs. Gilmore and Campbell, Editors, of whom subscription lists may be obtained.



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