

# The Democratic Press.

HARPER FERGUSON, Proprietor.

"Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country."

\$1.50 Pr Annum.—In Advance.

VOL. 3.—18

EATON, PREBLE CO., OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1863.

NO. 122.



THE PRESS

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTING OFFICE,

EATON, OHIO.

PUBLIC attention is respectfully invited to this Establishment, in the assurance that ample satisfaction will be given as regards Typography, Press work, and charge, to those who may require

PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING

—SUCH AS—

SALE BILLS,	LABELS, CARDS,
BILL HEADS,	CIRCULARS,
LETTER HEADS,	BRIEFS, DRAFTS,
PAMPHLETS,	RECEIPTS,
LEGAL BLANKS,	BILLS LADING,
NOTES, CHECKS,	ENVELOPES.

We intend that no one shall excel us in

NEATNESS OF STYLE,

—OR—

REASONABLE PRICE,

We are prepared to execute

Business and Visiting Cards

Funeral Cards,

BALL AND PARTY CARDS

—AND—

Shoe Cards.

OFFICE:

West Main Street, Eaton, Ohio

Terms Cash.



GREAT WESTERN Carriage & Buggy

HENRY RESLER

Cherry St., between Main & Stone

EATON, OHIO.

HAVING recently purchased the entire interest in the above establishment, and having in his employ some of the Most Experienced Workmen in the State, is now prepared to furnish, on the shortest notice,

CARRIAGES,

BUGGIES, SULKIES,

SPRING WAGONS, &c.,

of the neatest latest and most approved styles. All work done up to order, in the very best style, and warranted to be of the

BEST MATERIALS,

and will be sold as low as can be bought anywhere in the West.

All work Warranted to

RUN AT LEAST ONE YEAR, if otherwise, he will make it good and sound,

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS, Done at low prices, and in the most substantial and expeditious manner.

He respectfully invites all to call and examine his stock on hand, and be satisfied that he will give them good bargains.

HENRY RESLER.

Eaton, Sept. 5, 1852.—1y



Peace Proclaimed!

AND

MICHAEL FILBERT

Still in the Field,

He has just returned from the "City" with a large and varied stock

HATS & CAPS,

Ready Made

CLOTHING,

Coats, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, and a large lot of

WINTER GOODS

which he offers to his numerous customers at as low rates as can be bought anywhere.

All kinds of Custom Work made to order, on the shortest notice.

The public are invited to call at his old stand, opposite the "National Hotel," and examine his stock

Come along, come along, make no delay: Come from every hamlet and village by the way;

Come and buy the cheapest Clothes that ever you did wear.

All warranted to fit you neat, and to neither rip or tear.

Eaton, August 23, 1860.

UNION BAKERY,

Main Street, 2 doors East

of the M. E. Church.

JOHN F. SPATZ begs to return his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public for the patronage they have so liberally bestowed upon him and to inform them that he still continues to keep the best bread and flour, butter, eggs, cakes, sweets, biscuits, and other articles which are in general demand, to which he begs to add for the comfort of the public that he keeps the best glass soft ale and beer and the finest tobacco. Give him a call and you will not be disappointed August 29, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,  
Seven blooming summers vanished too,  
Since on an eager mission bent,  
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years I will not say:  
They cannot be by words renewed—  
God wash their sinful parts away!  
And bless be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast,  
I left my youthful sister then,  
And now in sweet religious rest  
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,  
How pleasing is a sight like this?  
To see that bark, with canvass furled,  
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart thro' still,  
By earthly joys so deeply trod,  
At moments bids its owner feel  
The warmth of nature and of God.

Still be his care in future years  
To learn of thee truth's simple way,  
And free from fondness hopes or fears,  
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,  
And life's long shadows faint and dim,  
Oh, be my sister heard at last;  
When her pure hands are raised for him.

THE NEW DECALOGUE.

We extract the following political Decalogue from the matches speech of Mr. Cox, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives Dec. 15.

We are the people who have set you in high places.

Thou shalt have no other source of power before you.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image of ebony, or brass, or which to bow thyself, nor serve it.

Thou shalt not take the name of liberty in vain; for thou shalt not be held guiltless for such sacrilege upon personal and constitutional freedom.

Remember the days of October and November to keep them holy. Honor the Constitution and the Union, if you would have your days long in the land.

Thou shalt not kill—in vengeance and in vain.

Thou shalt not degrade the white race by such intermixtures as emancipation will bring.

Thou shalt not steal, nor suffer the money of the people to be stolen by the army of jobbers and contractors.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbors, charging them falsely with disloyalty.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's servants, neither his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's, nor tax the people for their deliverance.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

A correspondent draws our attention to the mountain of public debt that is accumulating upon us—a debt unparalleled in the world's history; for while the gigantic debt of other nations are the accumulations of centuries ours is almost the work of a day. In reference to the bill before Congress, to issue bonds to the amount of one thousand millions of dollars, our correspondent asks if we have thought for a moment of the magnitude of these figures. We know what a minute is—an hour—a day. When we utter these figures, we do not know that a thousand millions of minutes have not elapsed since the birth of our Savior! and that a dollar for every minute of time since the commencement of the Christian Era would not suffice to pay a debt of one thousand millions of dollars! Such are the gigantic proportions of a debt which this war is heaping upon us and our posterity, to be met only by repudiation or by grinding taxation.—Enquirer.

An Incident of Battle.

Colonel Hugh McNeil, of the famous 'Bucktail' regiment, who was killed at the battle of Antietam, was one of the most accomplished officers in the Federal service. A soldier relates an exploit of his at South Mountain, which is worth recording.

During the battle of South Mountain, the rebels held a very strong position. They were posted in the mountain pass, and had infantry on the heights on every side. Our men were compelled to carry the place by storm. The position seemed impregnable; large craggy rocks protected the enemy on every side, while our men were exposed to a galling fire.

A band of rebels occupied the ledge on the extreme right, as the colonel approached with a few of his men. The unseen force poured a volley upon them. McNeil, on the instant, gave the command: 'Pour your fire upon those rocks.'

The Bucktails hesitated; it was not an order that they had been accustomed to receive; they had always picked their men.

'Fire!' thundered the colonel; 'I tell you to fire at those rocks!'

The men obeyed. For some time an irregular fire was kept up; the Bucktails sheltering themselves as best they could behind rocks and trees. On a sudden, McNeil caught sight of two rebels peering through an opening in the works to get an aim. The eyes of the men followed their commander, and half a dozen rifles were leveled in that direction. 'Wait a minute,' said the colonel, 'I will try my hand. There is nothing like killing two birds with one stone.'

The two rebels were not in line, but one stood a little distance back of the other, while just in front of the foremost was a slanting rock. Colonel McNeil seized a rifle, raised it, glanced a moment along the polished barrel; a report followed, and both the rebels disappeared. At that moment a loud cheer a little distance beyond rent the air.

'All is right now,' cried the colonel, 'charge the rascals.'

The men sprang up among the rocks in an instant. The affrighted rebels turned to run, but encountered another body of the Bucktails, and were obliged to surrender. Every one saw the object of the colonel's order to fire at random among the rocks. He had sent the party around to their rear, and meant this to attract their attention. It was a perfect success.

The two rebels, by the opening in the ledge, were found there stiff and cold. Colonel McNeil's bullet had struck the slanting rock in front of them, glanced, and passed through both their heads. There it lay beside the one flattened.

Just after the seven pickets died from the cold, the President is reported to have said: 'If the half-cold rebels can stand it, our boys can.' But it seems our boys can't. God help them!

THE PNEUMATIC POST.—We learn from the London Times that the system of conveying parcels in air tubes, will soon be in operation for the public. A pipe, 2 ft. 9 in. in diameter, has been laid from the central station of the London and North western Railway to the General Post-office—a distance of half a mile—and the mails are to be delivered through this tube between the post-office and the railway.

No compassion is felt for the author who denies sleep to himself to give it to his readers.

The groves and woods are the musical academies of the singing birds.

If a woman does not speak her secrets with her lips, she is sure to tell them in her letters. Her pen is sure to split.

MARRIAGES IN FEUDAL TIMES.

The law of England was not exactly similar to this, although sufficiently barbarous to deserve the execrations of all who respect the privileges of woman. It was a lucrative mode of extortion, even so far as down to the days of Charles I, both with the crown and the inferior nobility, to sell their wards in marriage. This most barbarous custom gave to the lord of the manor the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, while under age, whom they could not reject without forfeiting the value of the marriage; that is without forfeiting as much as any one chose to offer the guardian for such an alliance. And the larger the property of the ward, the larger was the value of the marriage. Thus, our fair readers will perceive that in those days of chivalry and honor, of knightly feeling, and romantic generosity; when lances were set in the rest to uphold the beauty of an eyebrow or maintain the perfection of an ankle; when the Queen of Love and Beauty presided over the tournament held in honor of the ladies; in those chivalric times they were bought and sold like cattle, and men made blanks and prizes of them in the lottery of life.

THE CONTENTS OF AN OSTRICH'S STOMACH.

The Lyons journals state that a few days back some ruffians succeeded in getting hold of the ostrich kept in the Parc de la Tete d'Or, with a view of stripping it of its feathers. The poor bird was shortly afterwards found lying on the ground in a dying state, having had its neck almost dislocated by the miscreants. After its death, it was dissected by M. Rey, professor of the veterinary school of the city, who found the following strange articles in its second stomach: three clay tobacco pipes, quite whole, but having become green; a knife with a brass handle 20 centimeters in length; twenty-five brass buttons of different infantry regiments; a ten-sous piece, thirty-two sous and centimes, on most of which the effigy had been worn off; about fifty bits of brass, reduced by corrosion to small triangles; fragments of watch chains; various bits of other metals; six large whole walnuts, and several fragments of a hawthorn walking stick; lastly, a piece of iron wire, ten centimeters in length, which had pierced the sides of the gizzard, was found imbedded in the abdomen, and does not seem to have caused the creature any pain.

Curious Epitaph near Warwick.

While we rested on ourselves on a horizontal monument, which was elevated just enough to be a convenient seat, I observed that one of the grave-stones lay very close to the church, so close that the droppings of the eave would fall upon it. It seemed as if the inmate of that grave had desired to creep under the church wall. On closer inspection, we found an almost illegible epitaph on the stone, and with difficulty made out this forlorn verse:

"Poorly lived,  
And poorly died,  
Poorly buried,  
And no one cried."

It would be hard to compress the story of a cold and luckless life, death, and burial into fewer words, or more impressive ones; at least we found them impressive, perhaps because we had to recreate the inscription by scraping away the lichens from the faintly traced letters. The grave was on the shady and damp side of the church, endwise towards it, the head-stone being within about three feet of the foundation wall; so that, unless the poor man was a dwarf, he must have been doubled up to fit him into his final resting place.—Ex.

A LUCKY LOSER.

L'Ete of Ems relates the following story:

"A gentleman on entering the reading room of the Kursaal found a louis at the foot of a chair. No man was in the room at the time, and the gentleman said to himself: 'This coin belongs to chance, and let chance do what he likes with it,' and so he went into the play room and threw it on the table. In three minutes after the piece of gold had become a rouleau, which in the twinkling of an eye had become in its turn several bank notes. The gentleman took them up, and returning to the reading room saw another gentleman looking for something on the floor. 'What have you lost?' asked the first. 'Oh, nothing but a twenty franc piece, which I must have dropped somewhere here.' 'I found it,' said the other, and without hesitation he handed to the other four notes of 1,000 francs each and some gold, adding, 'You say it was a twenty franc piece you lost; it is not my fault if the tapis vert has changed it into paper; but if you regret the transformation, the play room is open, and will soon retransform it into less than the gold piece!' The original owner of the twenty franc piece did not require much pressing to induce him to take the windfall so unexpectedly offered him."

Henry Clay said twenty years ago of the Abolitionists—"With them the rights of property are nothing; the deficiency of the powers of the general government is nothing; the acknowledged and incontestible powers of the states are nothing; civil war, a dissolution of the Union, and the overthrow of a government in which are concentrated the hopes of a civilized world, are nothing. A single idea has taken possession of their minds, and onward they pursue it, overlooking all barriers, reckless and regardless of all consequences." Henry Clay told the truth.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch makes the following astounding statement:

"There is not the shadow of a doubt that our officers have been 'picked out' and shot by their own men on the battle field, in numberless instances. A staff officer in a conversation with me on this very subject, stated that he had been informed by a surgeon who had gone over the battle field at Antietam, that 'he found to his great horror and surprise that nearly all the officers killed were wounded from behind!'"

Captain C. F. Hall has just been narrating before the American Geographical Society his recent Arctic experience while in search of traces of the Franklin expedition, and took the opportunity of introducing to the society the Esquimaux man whom he brought away with him—a hardy hunter, who has been known to stand for three days and nights motionless on the ice beside a seal-hole. Captain Hall heard of an instance in which a party of these intrepid hunters survived for thirty days without a morsel of food, although even their faithful and wonderful dogs succumbed to the pang of hunger.

The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament.

Just thoughts often fail to produce just deeds, but just deeds never fail to create just thoughts.

In disputes men take hold of thoughts by the wrong handles.

A vow that you will or will not do this or that, shows conscious weakness and makes you ride behind yourself.