

Rates of Advertising.

Table with advertising rates: 10 squares, (or less) 3 insertions, \$1.00; 25 squares, 3 insertions, \$2.50; 50 squares, 3 insertions, \$5.00; 100 squares, 3 insertions, \$10.00; 100 squares, 6 insertions, \$15.00; 100 squares, 12 insertions, \$20.00; 100 squares, 24 insertions, \$30.00.

JOB WORK

executed at this office with neatness and dispatch, at the lowest possible rates.

Poetical.

MY MOTHER.

BY ALFRED BURNETT.

Mother, thy locks are growing gray. Thy form is bent with years. And soon thou'lt bid farewell to earth— Its joys—its hopes—its fears. Yet time hath gently dealt with thee, A downy life's billow sea, Thy bark hath sailed without a wave Of dark adversity. Thou who first taught my infant lips To syllable thy name; To thee I dedicate this lay, Thou who art still the same. The same kind mother of my youth And manhood's wayward years; Ah, mother dear, I fear I've caused Thee many bitter tears. I know I cannot e'er repay The wealth of love that's thine. A mother's love cannot be sold In a feeble verse of mine. Yet still I strive to be as thou Thyself, would't I have me And know in doing this I'll prove Sincere love to thee! And shouldst thou be the first to seek The shadowy vale of death, Thy blessing mother, be it mine, Even with thy latest breath. Then shall I better be prepared To battle on through life, And meet thee in the spirit land Afar from earthly strife.

Miscellaneous

THE LUNCH AND THE FLY-TRAP.

A TEMPERANCE STORY, BY A LADY.

"What have you got there?" said Mr. Edgar to his little son Charley, as he was just going to his evening work from which he seldom returned till midnight. "A lunch," said Charley, "I am afraid you will want something to eat before you come home, and I don't want you to stop at the Exchange. Please don't, father!" "What are you talking about, my son? What do you know about lunches and the Exchange? What do you mean?" "Why, it is in the paper, father, and I asked mother, and she thinks it is to get folks in to drink. Something like a fly-trap."

EATON DEMOCRAT

BY W. C. GOULD. "Fearless and Free." \$1.50 per Annum in Advance. Vol. 11, No. 10. EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. AUG. 24, 1854.

No. 1

"No," he said, "nothing but some cold water; let us have Charley's identical lunch, and while you prepare the table, I will make our vantage temperance orator, and I think mother will be inclined to excuse this one departure from established rules."

The Poetry of Agriculture.

The principles of Agriculture are exceedingly simple. That they might be made so, God himself was the first great planter. He wrote his laws, visible in the brightest, loveliest and most intelligent characters, everywhere, upon the green bosom of the liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate fruits, in beauteous and delicate flowers! But he does not content himself with this alone. He bestows the herbage alone with the example. He prepares the garden, the home, before he creates the being who is to possess them. He fills them with all those objects of sense and sentiment which are to supply his moral and physical necessities. Birds sing in the boughs above him, odors bloom in the air, and fruits and flowers cover the air with a glory to which that of Solomon, in all his magnificence, was vain and valueless. To his hand we owe these fair groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees, these deep forests, those broad plains covered with verdure,—and these mighty arteries of food and river,—which wind their way along, beautifying them with the loveliest inequalities, and irrigating them with reasonable fertilization.

Story of a Courtship.

"Come—come," said Mrs. Gray, "you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting manners and everything else. Here are the apples waiting and no one to hand them around, for when I once set myself in this easy chair—here the good woman gave an ample survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowed the chair at every point, leaving all but a ridge of the back and the curving arms quite invisible—'it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now, bustle about, and while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia, there, carry your luck with the apple-seeds.'"

Herolam.

The following generous action is worthy of record; there is somewhat even of sublime in it. A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow on the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried a bridge near Vienna, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who with his own family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a count of Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one in the vast number of the spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family descended in safety by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him; "here is the promised recompense."—"I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all."

The Farmer's Mission.

A hungry world looks up to the Great Father and cries, "Give us this day our daily bread;" this is the expression of a universal want, and a recognition of the source from whence the want may be supplied. To answer this prayer is the Farmer's Mission. He undertakes to be an almoner of God's bounty. Of all the callings that engage the mind, or the hands of men, none is more benevolent in its aim or beneficial in its result, and therefore none is more noble, and none is more blessed than this, to the man who fully comprehends and feels its true spirit. Leaving all that might be said of the absolute or comparative utility of this vocation, as too evident to require proof of illustration, I propose to speak of it with reference to the simple condition. Does it furnish scope and favorable points for the development of a complete manhood? That agriculture is of use in the world, to all those not engaged in it, is sufficiently manifest; but is equally favorable in its effects on the farmer himself! Does it give him opportunities and needful stimulus to perfect his own being and so enable him to discharge his duty, not only to others, but to himself?

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green, That creeps o'er ruin's old side; Of right choice food for his meals I ween, In his cell, so lone and cold; The wall must be crumbled—the stone decay'd, To please his dainty whim; And the moldering dust that years have made Is a sorry fare for his meals I ween. A rare old plant is the Ivy Green, Fast he stealeth on, tho' he wags no wings, How closely he creepeth, how tight he clings To his friend the huge Oak Tree! And shy he traileth along the ground, And his leaves he gently waves. As he joyfully hugs, and creeps round The rich mold of his neighbor's graves. Creeping where ruin's dust has been, A rare old plant is the Ivy Green. Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd, And dust and time have scattered them; But the stout old Ivy shall never fade From its hale and hearty green. The brave old plant, in its lonely days, Shall fretten upon the past, For the stout old building man can raise Is the Ivy's food at last! Creeping where time has been, A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

SUNSHINE.

You are, no doubt, a lover of sunshine. Your eye has brightened while gazing upon the dream that has lighted up the path before you, made the village windows blue and put a golden star on the weathercock of the church steeple. That beam has shined into your very heart, and made you feel glad to be alive. But there is another kind of sunshine that you love. Is there not some beloved friend whose smile is a brighter and clearer sunbeam to you than the brightest beam that gladdens the earth on a summer's day? Yes; it is the smile of a husband, a wife, a sister, a brother, or well—no matter! it is the smile of some dear being, whose every thought is blending with your own, and without whose smile, in the merriest summertime; this would be a gloomy world. But the shadows of evening have before now closed over the sunbeam, and that has gilded your pathway; and if night has not yet beclouded the sunny smiles of those you love, it will do so. There are removals in this world of tribulation that wring the heart. You may have to go and weep in the graveyard, ere long, where they have laid the object dear to you as your own life. There is yet another kind of sunshine I delight in, and that is the smile of a Saviour's love in the heart. Clouds may intervene for a time, but those clouds shall pass away; the valley of the shadow of death may seem to shut out forever, but that will only be the breaking of the last cloud—breaking away before the dawn of eternal daylight and the blaze of everlasting sunshine; for it is expressly written that, "There shall be no night there." Well, then, may the clouds and storms of this life be borne with patient and a joyful anticipation. Cornelius O'Flanagan, meeting and old employer, the other day, thus addressed him: "Place your hand to give us a little help, now, for we're kint entirely of starvation." "Why, Corney, what are the boys doing?" "Just looking for bits of jobs of work, as they can get them, your honor." "And your daughter, Molly, is she not out working?" "O' your honor, we can't spare her for that; we want her at home all day, just to do the cooking for us!" "A gentleman having occasion to call upon a physician in Cincinnati, the other day, stopped at the door and rung the bell. The summons was answered by a Dutch servant girl, of whom he inquired if the doctor was in." "No." "Was his lady in?" "Yes." "Was she engaged?" "The girl looked at him a moment, while a curious expression settled on her features, as she replied, 'Why she is already married.' The gentleman left."

Diabolical Murder.

A man named TAYLOR, of Windsor, near Muncie; Ia., a depraved and desperate man who some years since murdered Dr. West, was just week complained on by a dozen good citizens for violating the liquor law in some hundred cases, for which he swore to have vengeance. The Messenger says: On Sabbath afternoon he started with one of these friends, Abijah Williams, a man of this county, to go to the house of Thomas Ireland, another one of them, taking his rifle with him. On the way they stopped at the house of Presley Dudley, another of them. After some time there an hour they started for Windsor, and on the road passed through a piece of thick brush-wood—in it they came to a path, and on reaching the path Taylor stopped, and Williams not suspecting any danger passed on about a rod and remarked, "here's where Tom Ireland's dog was shot." Taylor replied, "Yes, and here is where I am going to kill you." He shot him, giving him a mortal wound, and is now in custody.

Idolatry in Japan.

An officer in the United States frigate Powhatan, writing from Japan, says: "Idolatry is everywhere to be seen, even more than in China, and statutory seems to be very common. The graveyards are full of rude sculptures, and images of God and heroes, placed there as tutelary guardians on the tombstones, or for some such purpose. Tibetan letters and sentences are used as charms about the graves, no one knowing at all what they mean; if they were intelligible the charms would be broken. Temples are common, and wondrous divinities present their weather-beaten faces every few rods. "Sir," said one of two antagonists, with dignity, to the other, during a dispute which had been confined to words,—"You have called me a scoundrel and a liar, you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice; I hope you will not attempt to carry this any farther; for if you do, you will rouse the sleeping lion in my breast, and I cannot tell what may be the consequence."

Important Decision.

Judge S. E. Norris, in a case recently tried before him in the Common Pleas of Clermont county, decided that when a master had permitted a slave to visit Ohio, by that act he made him free. The case in which the above decision was made was: A Mr. Anderson, of Kentucky, had been in the habit of sending a slave named Pointexter on errands to Ohio. Four or five years since, and after Pointexter had been sent to Ohio, by his master, he purchased himself, giving his master his own notes with evidence. The suit was brought to recover on these notes. The counsel for the defendant plead a want of consideration, and the above facts were given in evidence. The Court held the plea good, the evidence showing that Pointexter had often been sent to Ohio by his master before the notes were given; and on the case being decided, the Court dismissed the case at plaintiff's costs.

MACRAEON IS DEAD.

Mr. John Macracon, formerly editor of the Dayton Transcript, and for several years past a resident of this city, died at the hospital last evening. He was another victim of intemperance. Although possessed of a well cultivated intellect, and fine literary taste, it seemed that he could not resist the overmastering power of the destroyer. During the last year or two, he made several apparently sincere efforts to break off from his habit, but in vain. At last he has fallen, and many who knew him will deplore his sad fate. Although destitute of any means of his own, he was well cared for during his last illness, and through the kind efforts of Mr. J. R. Wagoner, was respectfully interred in Woodland Cemetery.—Poor Mac—degraded a better fate. Peace to his ashes.—Dayton Enquirer.

Col. Dillingham, just elected, a Senator from North Carolina, is dead.

An inextinguishable wag, who lent a minister a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider off, thought he should have some credit for his aid in spreading the Gospel. "Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant."

The Democrat

Is published every Thursday morning, in the room immediately over the Post Office, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates: \$1.50 per annum in advance. \$2.00 if not paid within the year, and \$2.50 if not paid the year has expired. These rates will be rigidly enforced. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. All communications addressed to the Editor must be sent free of postage to insure attention. No communication inserted, unless accompanied by a responsible name.

Nebraska.

The Council Bluffs Bugle gives the following description of the newly organized territory. The bounds of this proposed Territory are spacious enough, and contain much very excellent land—the Missouri bounds it on the East, and the Rocky Mountains on the West. There is quite a number of good useful streams that traverse its borders. The climate, like our own, is mild and pleasant, and like all other prairie countries there is rather over-abundance of wind, and even in this most sultry summer days a cooling breeze fans the prairie. There is little snow in winter, it being much of the time pleasant sunny weather through the winter. The vast herd of Buffalo, Elk and Deer, that range this extensive Territory would feed the starving millions of Europe on meat for years. The valleys on all the streams are rich and fertile, but much of the high lands away from the water courses are sandy and not arable. There are minerals of various kinds already discovered, among which are coal iron, chalk, magnesia, &c. There is timber on nearly all the streams intermingled with the bluffs and hills and valleys, although of a general thinness there is a scarcity through the Territory. The geese, swan, ducks and other feathered game are abundant through this whole Missouri region. Amongst the fruits that abound in Nebraska and in the region above, are grapes, plums, cherries, strawberries, black currants, gooseberries, haw crab and thorn apples, and in the mountains of Nebraska, the same berries abound. The Missouri bottoms in Nebraska are in many places broad and fertile, with timber almost its whole length.—Fertility is the name in embryo of a city. The location and advantages cannot be excelled. The site of Winter Quarter, 12 miles above is also beautifully and romantically situated for a large place.—Bellevue, 12 miles below, is equally an eligible site in many respects, and has an excellent ledge of rocks on the margin of the river Nebraska. Center or Wood River settlements, has already been commenced and a post office established.—This is distant, West 130 miles, and near the Platte river. There is already five post offices established in Nebraska on the North side of the Platte as in the case with Western Iowa; this new territory will be filled soon after being opened, with hardy industrious people from the East, who will make her hills and dales resound with the song of the laborer or the mechanic's tools. The Firm of "Push & Pull." Sam—Julius where did you get that coat? Julius—Down here to Push. Sam—What's that? Julius—Little was down in Brattle street, where it says "Push" on the door—I pushed and went in. It said "Pull" on the counter side—I pulled the coat, and run out.—Boston Post. A young woman in town was attacked a short time since with symptoms which much alarmed the family, and a physician was accordingly sent for. He administered a powerful emetic, and the result was an evacuation of fourteen pints. A second operation produced two more. What seems most remarkable is the fact that the pins were all bent in one direction, and that the "sac cannot account" for their presence much less the fact of their all being bent.—Wesley Argus. Mrs. Partington says that when she was agal she "used to go parties, and always had been to extort her home." But now, she says, "the gals undergo all such declivities; the task of extorting them home 'twolves on their own selves." The old lady drew down her eyes, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in depreciating the worth of the female sex. A lady friend says, the first she was kissed by a "feller," she felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, colored butter and checkerberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded honey suckles, the whole spread by melted rainbows. A woman was giving evidence in a certain case, when she was asked by the lawyer: "Was the young woman virtuous previous to this affair?" "Virtuous. Was she chaste?" "Chaste! she was chaste about a quarter of a mile."