

The Democratic Press.

J. D. MOUDY, Proprietor.

"Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country."

\$1.50 Per Annum.—In Advance.

VOL. I.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1860.

NO. 15.

FOOS & CAMPBELL,
[SUCCESSORS TO DILMORE & CAMPBELL.]
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC.
Office on Baron Street, west side, six
doors north of Main street.
August 23, 1860. if

ROBERT MILLER,
Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND
Agent for the Insurance Company,
EATON, OHIO.

OFFICE in the 2d story of Joseph Camp-
bell's new brick building, north side of
Main street, opposite the court house.
August 23, 1860. if

S. BANTA,
Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office West of C. Vanaustral & Co.,
EATON, OHIO.
August 23, 1860. if

N. DUNN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE opposite the court house, 2 doors
above the Post Office.

Deeds, Mortgages, Articles of Agreement,
&c., &c. drawn and acknowledgments taken.
By prompt attention to business he hopes to
merit a liberal share of public patronage.
August 23, 1860. if

STEPHENS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS,
Trimnings, Hosiery, Queensware,
Millinery Goods, Notions, Embroideries, &c.
Main st., opposite the court house, Eaton, O.
We offer great bargains to cash custom-
ers. August 23, 1860. if

Eagle Hotel,
WINTERS & SHAFNER,
PROPRIETORS,
Baron st., between Main & Somers,
EATON, OHIO.
Good Stabling for one hundred and fifty
horses. August 23, 1860. if

American House,
J. C. BONER, Proprietor.
Main St., opposite Odd Fellows Building,
EATON, OHIO.
THE Proprietor having recently purchased
the American and refitted and re-
furnished in good style, is now prepared to
accommodate guests in the most satisfactory
manner.
Good Stabling for 100 Horses.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

Meredith House,
Corner Main and Fifth streets,
RICHMOND, IND.
WINCHESTER & COWLES,
Proprietors.

HAMILTON HOUSE,
North-west corner of second and high sts.,
Hamilton Ohio.
THIS House has been re-opened since the
first of July 1860, and thoroughly re-
novated and re-furnished. Patronage is re-
spectfully solicited. THEODORE RERTT,
August 23, 1860. if Proprietor.

WILLIAM ENGLE,
Fashionable Tailor,
HAS re-opened a shop on Baron Street,
over W. C. Campbell's Book Store,
where he is prepared to make anything in
his line, in the latest and most approved style.
Thankful for past favors, he respectfully
solicits of his old friends and patrons a con-
tinuance of their custom. Repairing
and cutting done on short notice.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

PERRET & MONESMITH,
Livery Stable.
EATON, OHIO.
WE are at all times prepared to accom-
modate the public with Horses, Carri-
ages, &c., on the usual terms.
We have a new and extensive stock of Bug-
gies, and Carriages with the largest and best
lot of Livery Horses ever kept in Eaton—
Give us a call and learn our ability to furnish
accommodations. [Sept 20, '60. ly

Furniture and Chair Factory,
RICHMOND & HARSHMAN,
Keep always on hand a large stock of
New Furniture,
Which they will sell at the lowest rates.
Wooden and Metallic Coffins always
on hand.
Undertaking promptly attended to.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

**EATON BOOT AND SHOE
STORE.**
CHARLES BECKER,
TAKES this method of informing the public
that they are still carrying on the above
business on Baron street, three doors North
of the post office, where they would be happy
to meet their old friends, customers and see
everybody wanting anything in their line. Will
sell cheap for Cash, or to good men on Time.
All repairs mended gratuitously. All work war-
ranted. Give us a call and we will con-
vince you that you can make money by buy-
ing at our shop.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. ly

Selected Poetry.

Afar From Thee.
Afar from thee! the morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes,
To know that I am far from thee.
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert smiling to my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to my own thy heart was pressed.

Afar From Thee! 'Tis solitude,
Thought's sad and dreary solitude,
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one;
Without thee I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ears unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed in other days,
Without thee, seems no longer sweet;
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheeks unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,
But lambers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is love, with thee.
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Beats on his both his watchful eye.

Together in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite, the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside.
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free—
Oh! welcome be night's slumber deep,
For then in dreams I am with thee!

Horrible Suicide.
One of the most horrible cases of
suicide ever heard of in the calen-
dar of self destruction was enact-
ed in East Flamboro, on Saturday
last, when James Black, inn keep-
er of New Berwick, burning him-
self to death by sitting on a burn-
ing pile of sticks. The facts of the
case are as follows: He came here
on Saturday week, and at first ap-
peared very unsettled, and told
some of his acquaintances that this
would be the last time they would
meet—they had better shake hands.
The week passed on till Saturday
morning, when he was noticed go-
ing into a field where some boys
were burning brush, and sat down
on the burning pile till his clothes
were all burned off him. The boys
gave the alarm when two of Mr.
Robert Marshall's sons came and
dragged him off, but he still persist-
ed in going on. They tried to
take him off the second time, but
he threatened them, when one ran
for assistance to Mr. Martin, who
with some others, got him off, but
he still wanted to remain on, saying
that was his doom. He was then
entirely roasted. Not a particle of
clothing remained on him. He
bore it all without any signs of tor-
ture, until taken to Mr. Marshall's,
where he was attended to by Dr.
Oient, but Medical aid was of no
avail; he lingered on for about
eight hours, when death came to
his relief.—*Graph (C. W.) Advertiser.*

A Humorous Incident.
An old farmer who had two
handsome daughters, would not
permit them to keep the com-
pany of young men. After the old
man had retired to rest the girls
would hang a sheet out of the win-
dow, and each bean with the assis-
tance of his lady, who tugged lustily
above, would thus gain an en-
trance. It so happened that one
evening that the girls hung out the
sheet too early; the old gentleman,
spying the sheet could not con-
jecture the meaning of it. So he
caught hold of it and endeavored
to pull it down. The girls suppos-
ing it to be one of their fellows, be-
gan to hoist, and did not discover
their mistake until the old man's
head was level with the window
sil, when one of them exclaimed:
"Oh, Lord, 'tis dad!" and letting go
the sheet down came the old gen-
tleman to the ground dislocating
his shoulder. Withdrawing all op-
position to their keeping company,
he was soon a father-in-law.

Twenty-five thousand one
hundred and fifty-six copies of the
Bible were sold in Constantinople
in the year 1859, being more than
double the sales of the preceding
year.

De Toqueville said: "The
man who seeks freedom for any-
thing but freedom's self, is made to
be a slave." A noble sentiment for
our youth to consider.

The old House by the Moor: OR, THE HAUNTED CHILD.

BY ROGER STARBURCK.

Who has not seen the "old house
by the moor," that stands just on
the outskirts of Williamsburg,
Long Island? One hundred years
have covered the sloping roof with
moss, dimmed the narrow window-
panes, and rusted the hinges of the
creaking shutters.

There is a strange story connect-
ed with that old house—a story
which causes the midnight wander-
er to shudder when he passes its
gloomy walls.

Fifteen years ago, on a dark, stormy
night in winter, a physician
might have been seen hurrying
across the moor, which stretches
its broad, flat surface around the
building. He was returning to his
own residence from that of a pa-
tient which he had left about a
half an hour previously.

The night was one of impenetra-
ble gloom. The wind swept howl-
ing and shrieking over the broad
wale, while the great drops of
hail, with which it was laden, pater-
tered furiously upon the ground.—
Owing to the intense darkness, the
traveler could not distinguish the
walls of the lone tenement until he
was in a few yards of them. An
involuntary shudder crept through
his frame when he found himself
so near to that house which even
then had become the subject of a
strange gossip among the ignorant
and superstitious. Reports had
been freely circulated that the
building was haunted.

It had remained untenanted for
four years, when it was rented by a
female of whom but little was
known, save that she was childless,
and evidently a widow. It had ex-
cited the wonder of the gossips that
a solitary female should dare to
take up her abode in a dreary and
desolate house which was said to
be the rendezvous of ghosts and
goblins.

She had said that the physician
shuddered as he was passing this
gloomy abode; but the next mo-
ment he shook off the vague feel-
ings of terror which he had involun-
tarily experienced and mentally
pronounced himself a fool to allow-
ing them to get the better of his
sense and judgment. Suddenly
however, he stopped short, while
an icy thrill ran through his whole
frame, for he heard issuing from
the building a strange wild, un-
earthly shriek—a cry so full of ag-
ony and pain that it fairly chilled
the blood in his veins. Twice did
the sound break upon the ear of
the traveler; but the second time
it was more faint, and then he
thought he could distinguish a
strange gurgling sound proceeding
from the same direction. It contin-
ued for a few moments, and then
all was still, save the noise of the
wintry winds, and the loud
patter of the hail. For a few mo-
ments the physician stood like one
transfixed to the spot, then gradu-
ally shaking off the terror that had
seized him he advanced to the door
and knocked.

The summons was repeated four
times ere it met with an answer.—
Then he heard light steps in the
passage, and presently the bolts of
the door were drawn back, and it
was opened by a female apparition
about twenty years of age. She
held a lamp in one hand, and as
the rays fell upon her features they
revealed countenance of remark-
able beauty and half shaded by
curls of golden brown hair. She
was clad in a dressing gown, which
was now partially concealed by a thick
shawl. There were no signs of agi-
tation upon her face, as, in a tone
of calm self-possession she inquired
the doctor's business.

"Beg pardon, madame," replied
the physician, "but I heard a
strange noise issuing from this
house, a moment ago, like that of
some person in distress," and as he
spoke he closely scanned the fea-
tures of the young woman, which
exhibited no emotion as she replied,
"Indeed, sir, you must have been
deceived, since I am the only per-
son living in the house, and I am
sure I made no such noise, unless,"
she added, with a smile, "it came
from my lips while I was asleep,
for your knock awoke me from a
sound slumber."

"Again do I beg your pardon,
madame, for having thus disturbed
you," replied the physician, "but I
am positive that I heard the noise.
As you have said, however, you
may have uttered it unknowingly
in your sleep, but you will excuse
me for saying that it sounded like

anything but the voice of a female."
At that moment a puff of wind
blew aside the front part of the
shawl which enveloped the figure
of the young woman. With a
hasty movement she replaced it and
blushed deeply. But the quick
eye of the physician had already
detected that which she was so
anxious to conceal, and as she met
his glance he saw that she was
painfully embarrassed. He bade
her good night, and was about
turning away, when she caught
him by the arm, saying in a tremu-
lous voice—
"Sir, you will relate nothing of—"

"Madame," said the doctor, as
he took her hand and kindly pres-
sed it in his own, "I comprehend
what you say, perfectly well. You
need fear nothing from my indis-
cretion, and I will still put you at
your ease by stating that I am a
physician. May I call upon you
again?"

"The young woman signified her
assent, and the doctor took his
leave. The next day he made his
appearance at the house, from
whose occupant he learned the fol-
lowing particulars.

She informed him that her name
was Lenora Grey, and that she was
an orphan. By the decease of her
parent, which occurred when she
was about eighteen years old, she
became possessed of a moderate
fortune. About this time a young
man named William Harold, was
paying her marked attention,
and at length taking advan-
tage of her lonely condition, and
the love which could raise him
nothing, he succeeded in making
her his victim, and then deserted

"Knowing," she continued, "that
I must soon become a mother, I
wished to bury the secret of my
shame in obscurity, and it was for
that reason I hired apartments in
this house, whose lonely situation,
together with the reports of its be-
ing haunted world, I reasoned, en-
dowed me to remain un molested."

"Your secret shall be perfectly
safe in my keeping," responded the
doctor, "and when your child
is born I will still all suspi-
cion, by stating that it is a found-
ling whom you or I discovered one
morning, lying upon your door-
step."

"Thank you—oh, thank you, no-
ble, generous man!" exclaimed
Lenora, pressing his hand in the
depth of her gratitude.

We will not weary the reader
with any lengthened detail, suffice
it to say that in a few weeks from
this time Lenora became a mother.
Thanks to the doctor's statement,
no person suspected that the infant
was the young woman's own child.

Five years had rolled away, and
the old house by the moor was
still occupied by Lenora Grey and
her child—the latter of whom was
now a fine looking boy, bearing a
strong resemblance to his mother.

It was a dark, stormy winter's
night—just such a one as that upon
which the first made the acquaint-
ance of our fair occupant of the lone
tenement. Lenora sat in one of
the apartments looking fondly
down upon the little Harry, who
had just stopped playing, and was
seated at his mother's knee, with
his large blue eyes lifted to her
face. Strangely, wildly shrieked
the wind without, shaking the old
house to its foundation, and ever
and anon sweeping, with a hollow,
uncertain moan through some of
the deserted apartments.

Suddenly, Harry gave a convul-
sive start, and turning his eyes
from his mother's face, fixed them,
with a wild startled glare upon
one corner of the room.

"Then slowly lifting his arm he
pointed in that direction, saying in
a strange, hollow voice:
"Mother, I see him again."
"Oh, God! My child, will you
never cease having these strange
fancies?" cried Lenora, turning ash
pale.

"I tell you I see him—he has
come again, with that great gash
in his breast, and his clothes all
covered with blood!" shrieked
Harry. "Tell him to go away,
mother! He is looking at me with
those great glassy eyes; and now
he is pointing at you, mother, with
his bloody finger."

"My child! my dear Harry—how
you talk!" gasped Lenora, shud-
dering from head to foot.
"Oh! mother! mother!" contin-
ued the boy, in a voice of wild ter-
ror. "He is coming at me—don't
you see him—there! there!" and
he would have fallen to the floor
had not his mother caught him in

her arms. With the help of res-
tatives, however, she soon suc-
ceeded in restoring him to his sen-
sibility. Slowly opening his eyes and
heaving a deep sigh of relief, he
said:
"Mother, I have had a terrible
dream!"

Lenora stooped down and kissed
him. Then taking him by the
hand she said tenderly:
"Come, my child, you had better
go to bed."

"Harry obeyed, and having
tucked him snugly between the
sheets, his mother watched by the
side of his couch until she saw him
sink into a refreshing slumber.—
Then stealing from the chamber,
she entered the other apartment,
and sank into a chair, murmuring
in an agonized tone.

"Oh, God! have mercy upon my
boy! Punish me as thou wilt—
tear my heart into shreds, if it so
please Thee, but spare, oh spare,
my boy! Let him not suffer, I
pray thee, for the sins of his
mother!"

When Lenora sought her couch
that night, her slumber was trou-
bled with frightful dreams.

Early the next morning her
friend, the doctor visited her.
"You have been weeping," was
his first remark when they had
entered the parlor. "Has anything
happened to distress you?"

"Yes," replied the young moth-
er, shuddering and bursting into
tears. "Harry had one of those
strange, terrible fancies again last
night."

"It is strange," muttered the doc-
tor, musingly; "this thing baffles
me completely. The boy seems to
be a sort of monomaniac on this
subject. Otherwise he appears per-
fectly sane and healthy. He has
been so, you say, since he was a
month old?"

"He has," responded the other,
in a faltering voice, "and the fancy
seizes him at intervals of every nine
or ten days—generally at night."

"I have been thinking," said the
doctor, after a moment's silence,
"that perhaps previous to his birth
you have allowed your mind to be
worked upon by some supernatural
fancy—caused perhaps by the fool-
ish rumors circulated in relation to
this house, and fancied that you
beheld a phantom like that which
he describes and—but good heav-
ens! what is the matter?"

She was leaning back in the
chair with a wild glitter in her
eyes and a cheek as pale as death.

"Nothing," she replied. "I was
thinking of the way my poor child
talked."

At that moment there was a
knock at the door. The doctor
arose and opened it when two men,
carrying tool boxes, entered, say-
ing:
"We were sent here by the land-
lord to make some repairs in the
roof of the house. Will you show
us the way to the garret?"

The doctor looked inquiringly at
Lenora.
"The roof is—is—well enough,"
she faltered, "I do not care about
having it repaired."

"But the landlord sent us," re-
plied the men, exchanging glances.
"I think it would be a good plan
to have it repaired," put in the
doctor, but the next moment he
was at the young woman's side to
prevent her from falling, for she
seemed about to go into a swoon.

When the physician had depart-
ed, she proceeded to drag the body
up into the garret, which task she
was nearly all night in accomplish-
ing. Then she washed the blood
from the stairs and the floor until
not a trace of murder was left.—
For the first few weeks after com-
mitting the crime her remorse was
terrible. Not a single night passed
that she did not behold the corpse
of Harold standing at her bedside.

This latter part of the confession
accounted for the terrible monoma-
nia or hallucination under which
her child labored. She requested
that the doctor would take charge
of her boy, and it was while listen-
ing to the sincere assurance of the
latter that her request should be
complied with, that the young
mother expired.

The doctor faithfully fulfilled
his promise, taking charge of little
Harry, and treating him as well as
he did the other members of his
family. His mother's fearful his-
tory has never been revealed to
him, but he is still haunted at in-
tervals of every nine and ten days
by the ghastly vision of his mur-
dered father.

A Revolutionary Incident.
In the time of the Revolutionary
War, there were block houses at
intervals along the Mohawk River,
constructed of logs, to which the
inhabitants resorted for safety from
attacks from the Indians and To-
ries. On one occasion all the men
except one were absent from the
block house, near the present vil-
lage of Fort Plain, having gone on
a Tory hunting expedition. In
their absence there suddenly ap-
peared a party of Tories and In-
dians, who proceeded to attack the
garrison of block houses, which con-
sisted of women and children and
one man. After a short time the
man was shot through the port hole
leaving the defence wholly to the
women. The attacking party now
proceeded to dig under the logs
and thus gain an entrance. What
to do the women did not know. At
last one thought of a swarm of bees
which were kept in the block house.
They were carefully brought to an
opening in the side of the house,
and suddenly thrown out upon the
party who were digging. Maden-
ed by such rough usage, the little
insects fell upon the Tories and In-
dians, and stung them so badly
that they were obliged to raise the
siege. So much for woman's pres-
ence of mind.

**A Receipt Worth One Thousand Dol-
lars.**
We are indebted to an exchange
paper for the following recipe,
which it is claimed, is worth the
above sum of money, and give it
publicly for the benefit of house-
wives in general, and our lady read-
ers in particular:
"Take one pound sal soda, and a
half pound of unsalted lime, put
them in a gallon of water, and boil
twenty minutes; let it stand till
cool and put it in a stone jug or
jar. Soak your dirty clothes over
night, or until they are well wet
through, then wring them out, and
rub on plenty of soap; and to one
boiler of clothes well covered with
water, add a teaspoonful of the
washing fluid. Boil half an hour,
then wash them thoroughly with
one suds, and rinse well with water
and your clothes will look better
than the old way of washing twice
before boiling. This is an invalua-
ble recipe, and I do want every
poor woman to try it—I think with
a patent wash tub to do the little
rubbing the washerwoman might
take the last book and compose her-
self on the lounge, and let the
washing do itself. The woman
that can keep a secret has known
this a year or two, but her husband
told it while on an election tour."

Getting out of a Scrape.
Two Yankees were strolling in
the woods without any arms in
their possession, and observing a
bear ascending a tree with his
claws clasped around the trunk, one
of them ran forward and caught
the bear's paws, one in each hand.
He instantly called out to his com-
rade: "Jonathan, I say, go home
and bring me something as fast as
you can, till I kill the varmint.—
Mind, don't stay, for I'm in a fix!"
Jonathan ran off as fast as he could
but was an exceedingly long time
in returning. During the interval
the bear made several attempts to
bite the hand of him who held
him. At length Jonathan came
back. "Hallo, Jonathan, what the
deuce has kept you?" Jonathan re-
plied, "Well, I'll tell you—when I
was at home, breakfast was about
ready, and I guessed it would be as
well to wait for it." Here, now,
Jonathan," said his companion,
"come and hold it, and I'll kill the
critter in a jiffy." Jonathan seized
the bear's paws, and held the ani-
mal while the other could kill it.—
"Well, Jonathan, have you got hold
of him?" "I guess I have," he re-
plied. "Very well, hold him fast;
I guess I'll go to dinner!"

There is a touching beauty
in the radiant of a girl just cross-
ing the limits of youth and com-
mencing her journey through the
checkered space of womanhood.—
It is all dew-sparkle and morning
glory to her ardent buoyant spirit,
as she presses forward, exulting in
blissful anticipations. But the
withering heat of the conflict of
life creeps on, the dew drops ex-
hale the garlands of hope, shatter-
ed and dead, strew the path, and
too often, ere noon, the brow
and sweet smile are exchanged for
the weary look of one longing for
the evening rest, the twilight, the
night.

Not long since a couple of
young folks called on Esquire F.,
and, after considerable hesitation,
requested to be united in the holy
bands of matrimony, which request
the "Squire at once performed. The
bride from the lateness of the hour
and the peculiar nature of the call,
thought some explanation neces-
sary, and so very innocently remark-
ed: "We came from Columbia coun-
ty to attend the fair but finding the
taverns all full, and no place for
Alex. to sleep, we concluded to get
married, so he could sleep with
me! Such a wife as that is worth
having."

Arkansas and Texas are the
only two Southern States which
have doubled their population
within the last ten years. Statis-
tics show that all the South-
western States have made steady though
somewhat slow progress within the
last decade.

Wendell Phillips says that
the "specter hand of John Brown
lifted Abraham Lincoln to the
Presidency." And that "John
Brown was behind the curtain at
Chicago when Lincoln stepped out
in front."

Accounts from the South of
France state that the vintage is
abundant, but that a large portion
of the wine is of inferior quality,
and will be used for distillation, so
that there will be more brandy
made this year than last.

It is said that about a dozen
Northerners, who have been resi-
ding at Savannah, Georgia, have
been compelled to leave, and have
arrived at New York. They were
suspected of Abolition proclivities.

An editor in the western part
of Michigan is in a bad fix. He
dunned a subscriber for his sub-
scription, he refused to pay, and
threatened to flog the editor if he
stopped the paper.

Among the curiosities lately
added to the museum, is a sea's
bladder, containing the souls of four
misers, and the fortunes of 12
printers. It is nearly half full!

An editor says: On our out-
side will be found some fine sug-
gestions for raising peaches. We
suppose that on his inside may be
found the peaches themselves.

George Washington's fate
(according to "Artemus Ward")
was not to have any public man of
the present day resemble him to
any alarming extent.

A young girl generally loses
her freshness by mingling with the
fashionable society, as a bright
stream does by mingling with the
sea.