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Selected Poetry.

LOST--SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.
SOMEBODY'S child is lost to-night—
I hear the bellman ring;
And the earth is frozen hard and white,
And the wind has a nipping sting.
I know my babes are long asleep,
A tender, motherly hand
Laying a blessing on every head
After their evening prayers were said—
God keep the slumbering band!
Yet somebody's child is lost, I say,
This night so bitterly cold,
Some innocent lamb has gone astray
Unwittingly from his fold.
"Bellman! ho, bellman, whose child is lost?"
And I grasp my staff and cloak;
But the ringer over the world had crossed
Before I tardily spoke.
The neighbors soon gather, and far and near
We pry into ditch and fen,
Till, hark! an answering shout I hear—
The rover is found again.
Ah! mother, fond mother, your heart is light
With Joe to your bosom bound;
But many a child is lost to-night
Who'll never, no, never be found.
Ay! somebody's child is lost to-night,
While the wind is high and hoarse,
And the scudding ship, like a bird afloat
Flies shivering on its course.
She suddenly drops in the yawning deep
As never to return;
She leaps away the watery steep,
A creaking from stem to stern.
Hold well, good bark! for a score of lives
Comprise thy costliest freight;
Else loving mothers, and maids, and wives
Will ever be desolate.
And well she holds, with a single sail
Outspread to guide her way,
While all the furies of the gale
Around her bulwarks play.
The sailor-boy, with a fearful heart,
Sighs for his distant home,
And the hasty tears from his eyelids start,
And drop in the briny foam.
In the months ago a father sighed,
And a mother trembled with fears;
But the father's law had been defied,
And he scorn'd that mother's tears.
The pitiless blast now mocks his grief,
And a huge and hungry wave,
Bears him away beyond relief,
To the depths of an ocean grave—
The brand is blazing upon the hearth,
The work of the day is done,
And the father's heart runs over the earth
In search of the wandering son.
"Oh! where is our poor boy to-night—
This night so bleak and wild?"
The mother shuts her eyes to the light,
And only prays for her child.
The baby needs all cease their flight,
While their hearts say, "Where is he?"
They dream not he has sunk from sight,
Down, down, down in the sea.
The mother may pray, and she may weep
Till she weep her life away,
But never more will she find the sheep
That willfully went astray.
Somebody's child is lost to-night!
Oh! sorrow is on the day
Who a virgin's fame is mar'd with blight
That cannot be cleansed away.
A humbled family sit in the gloom,
Bemoaning their hopeless shame—
Would that she were safe in the tomb
With honor upon her name!
While deck'd in garments of satin and sin,
The fallen daughter, I ween,
Is scor'd with a tetter of heart within,
Though reigning as wanton-queen.
O merciful father! is this the child
Thy hand created so fair,
With eyes where simple innocence smiled,
And coy and maidenly air?
Is this the promising morning-flower,
The brightest its rivals among?
Is this the bird that sang in the bower
With sweetest and merriest tongue?
Ah! met this child is more than lost;
For her low-fallen form,
On sin's voluptuous suggests tost,
Will perish in passion's storm.
And the mother may sigh, and she may weep
Till she weep her life away,
But never more will she find the sheep
That wickedly went astray.
Somebody's child is lost to-night—
A widow's only son,
With brow as light and eye as bright,
As you ever looked upon.
"And he will be my staff and stay"—
Her words were truly spoken—
"When I am old, and my hair is gray,
And my natural strength is broken,"
Her motherly soul with pride o'erran
As the lad grew up to the estate of man,
And she said, in her joy,
That nobody's boy
Could match her paragon by a span.
Time stole along, and her locks were gray,
But her heart had lost its pride;
For the man had wander'd so far astray,
"Twere better the boy had died.
A loathsome, vile, and gibbering thing,
Stung by the fatal still-worm's sting,
Despised of man, contemning God,
And gnashing at the avenging rod
Where vine and fig-tree scourged him sore,

Till, fainting, he could feel no more,
Ah! somebody's child was lost in him
When he took up
The wassail cup,
And sipp'd perdition from its brim.
Then his manhood died,
And the beautiful boy
Of his mother's pride
Spill'd in the sand the cup of her joy.
Instead, she quaff'd
A wormwood draught,
A sorely smitten woman;
Yet loved she still,
Through every ill,
The child so scarcely human.
In weariness and watchings often,
Unmurmuring her grief she bore,
Until, unwrapt in shroud or coffin,
Her son lay dead before her door.
Her sorrows had come so thick and fast
They cluster'd round her everywhere,
Till, reason utterly overcast,
The darkness lid away her care.
Yet oftentimes she ask for one
Long gone from home, her beautiful son;
And while she chided his long delay,
She would sigh, and whimper, and pray,
That mother who sigh, and she will weep
Till she sleep her life away;
But never more will she find the sheep
That wickedly went astray.
So many children are lost to-night
That I, even I, could weep
As I hear the breathings, soft and light,
From the crib where Tommy's asleep,
And I strain my vision to pierce the clouds
That hang over years to come;
But utter darkness the future shrouds,
And the tongue of the seer is dumb.
So I lay them down in the bosom of grace,
The children whom God has given,
Trusting he'll bring them to see his face,
The face of our Lord in heaven.

The Ordeal of Beauty.

BY J. OBLINGER.

CONCLUDED.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath morning in June, that Laura found herself sufficiently recovered to be able to walk to church. The morning was bright and lovely, the earth was decked in the rich livery of summer, the birds were warbling their sweetest songs, flowers and blossoms were perfuming the air with their refreshing fragrance, bands of happy children were returning from the Sabbath-school, and all Nature seemed to be rejoicing. A tear stole its way down Laura's cheek, as she beheld the scene before her, but she choked down her rising emotion, and inwardly resolved to go forth into the world, in the discharge of her duty, without evincing any sign of the conflict which had been waged in her bosom before she yielded to the dictates of reason, of conscience, and of religion.
People stared in astonishment at Laura's altered appearance; but she took no notice of it. Many pitied her; but they had no need to do that; Laura had risen to a higher walk than they ever dreamed of. The poor, to whom she had ever been a stranger, began to wonder at her condescension, when she passed by their doors and smiled and spoke kindly to their children, that were playing about the yard. Now and then she would drop into a hut, where sickness had prostrated one of its occupants, and she never left it again without a lighter purse, and a lighter and warmer heart than when she entered it. The disease which had carried her father to the grave, and ravaged her beauty, had not entirely disappeared from the village when she fully recovered from its effects, and it was to those who were still suffering with it, that she devoted the most of her time. She would go, unaccompanied, to the door of the victims of the dreaded scourge, and knock for admittance, and on being admitted, Laura would promptly make known the object of her visit, and tender her services and her purse where they were needed. Whenever she met a poor ragged child, she was sure to slip the price of a new calico dress into its hand, and bid it go at once and make the purchase. Thus, it often happened that children would come home with articles, which the incredulous parents suspected them of having stolen instead of having been made the happy recipients of, through one who had never been known to take notice of the poor previous to her sickness. Whole bolts of calicoes, muslins and flannels, and bunches of shoes and stockings, packages of coffee, sugar, tea, rolls of butter, and even hams and sides of meat, here and there found their way into families who stood

in need of, and who were unable to purchase them. When the rigors of winter set in, empty woodsheds were often replenished in a mysterious manner in the night, and sacks of flour found their way into the kitchens of the poor in the same way.

One cold bleak day, Laura met a little girl on the street, and upon inquiry she found that the child's father was out of employment, and his family in destitute circumstances. It so happened, that the father had incurred the displeasure of Col. Meredith in his lifetime, and the former entertained a bitter animosity towards the family of the latter. "Never mind, Susy," said Laura, "you leave your kitchen door unfastened to-night, and never tell anybody about it, or what I said to you, and it will all come right." The child's face brightened up as she hurried home, and that night she slyly unfastened the kitchen door, just before she went to bed. The next morning, the father was astounded to find a sack of flour, a bag of potatoes, a ham, a side of meat, a large roll of butter, a variety of groceries, and a liberal supply of goods for clothing the children, all laying in a pile on the floor. The man was stupefied, and wondered who could have done it. The wife thought Laura Meredith had it done. "Niver a bit of it," exclaimed the man, who was an Irishman, "they don't like me at all, since I blackguarded the Col. so, when I was a little out of the way with liquor." "O, but Laura knew nothing about that," interposed the wife; "it must have been her (bless her soul!) that sent us this blessing." After breakfast, the grateful and repentant Irishman made his way over to the mansion of the widow Meredith, and on entering, made known his errand to Laura's mother. "I know nothing about it," said the widow, after hearing the man's story.

Laura was summoned, and as she entered the room, the man rose to his feet and making a low bow, said, "it was you, you blessed child of a fine gentleman—rest his soul!—that sent us such a blessing last night. Is it so, darling?" Laura was confused at this unexpected turn of affairs, but was forced to acknowledge her agency in the donation.
"Bless yer soul!" responded the Irishman, while tears dropped from his eyes—"I've seen you when you looked like an angel, you were so beautiful; but you never were so much of an angel as ye are this moment. May you never know a sorrow as long as you live, and may you live a thousand years!"
Mrs. Meredith added to his happiness, by making him a liberal donation of money, to purchase such necessities as his family still stood in need of. When the man was gone, the mother commended her daughter for the noble deeds of benevolence which she had been doing, and inquired whether she found as much pleasure in them, as she had formerly found in the gay and fashionable life she had previously led.

"O, a thousand times more, mother; I never knew the meaning of that passage of Scripture, which says, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive,' until I tried it. I would not exchange the pleasures I now enjoy, for all the pleasures of vanity, and all my former beauty restored and increased added to them."
The fortune left by Col. Meredith to his wife and daughter was large, the income upon their property being much more than they could make use of in the ordinary course of humanity and religion, as fast as it accumulated. They became known far and wide for their benefactions. The poor almost idolized them, especially Laura, who was always on the lookout for some worthy object, and she always gave with a liberal hand.

As time rolled on, the traces of her deformity gradually diminished, and her former beauty in a great degree returned. To the poor, she appeared more beautiful than she ever had been, and all acknowledged that her improved deportment more than compensated the slight damage she had sustained by the scourge. But her former vanity and pride had fed forever. The butterflies of fashion again flitted about her, but they were gently, but firmly repulsed. She had entered upon a new life, and the ordeal through which she had passed to attain to it, had

taught her a lesson never to be forgotten. She became the friend and benefactor of the poor, and to the sick and distressed she was an angel of mercy. On the death of her mother, she succeeded to the entire estate left by her father, and most generously she used it. She finally became the wife of one of the most distinguished citizens of the State, who having met her accidentally, and learned the story of her trials and sufferings, and the noble traits which they had developed in her, fell in love with her, the result of which, as already stated, was a union of two as noble specimens of Adam's race as could be found on the continent of America. Though exalted to a high station, Laura never disclaimed to maintain the warmest friendship towards those beneath her in social position, and she still continues to be a friend and benefactor to the poor and distressed.
LEWISBURG, OHIO.

The Government and the Constitution.

Of the duty of cherishing and defending our national inheritance, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says in his thanksgiving sermon:

"The evils of slavery have augmented to such a degree, the perils which it brings around our government have now become so strikingly revealed, that it is not surprising that men should desire at one blow to end the matter. If the Constitution of these United States, fairly interpreted, gives us the power to bring slavery to an end, God forbid that we should neglect such an opportunity for its exercise. But if that power is withheld, or can be exercised only by the most doubtful construction—by a construction which shall not only weaken that instrument, but essentially change its nature, withdrawing from the States local sovereignty, and conferring upon Congress those rights of government which have thus been withdrawn from States, then will not only slavery be destroyed, but with it our very government. How far our government, by a just use of its legitimate powers under the Constitution, can avail itself of this war to limit or even to bring slavery to an end, is matter for the wisest deliberation of the wisest men. This conflict must be carried on through our institutions, not over them. Revolution is not the remedy for rebellion. The exercise on the part of our government of unlawful powers cannot be justified, except to save the nation from absolute destruction."

Grain Laden Vessels Lost.

The Journal of Commerce states that during the month of December of last year, and thus far in January, "we have recorded the loss of some twenty-five grain loaded British vessels, going from New York to Europe, whose cargoes were insured on the other side. In every case these vessels were loaded by means of the elevators, and so rapid is this method, that but a few hours is necessary to load the largest class ship. The grain thus run in cannot be properly stowed by men in the hold, in consequence of the danger they run of suffocation from the grain overwhelming them, and from the dust arising from it, it being impossible for them to remain below longer than an hour at a time. It has no opportunity to settle or to become packed, as in the old style of stevedoring, and thus, when the vessel proceeds to sea, and is in motion, the grain shifts to leeward, almost invariably works through the ceiling into the pump wells, and so chokes up the boxes."

The idea conveyed by the foregoing statement, is that it is dangerous to the safety of vessels to be loaded by grain with elevators. This is a mistake. American vessels load in this manner and make as safe voyages as with any other cargo. The secret lies in loading them properly, and for this purpose the Board of Underwriters employ an experienced supervising agent to examine every American vessel loaded with grain in New York. There is no agent of Lloyd's in that city, hence these British vessels which have been lost were not loaded properly; their cargoes shifted in severe weather and they became unmanageable wrecks. It is very difficult to load vessels with grain in bulk, and it would amply remunerate Lloyd's to employ competent American agents in New York for the very purpose of examining all grain loaded British vessels.

BIBLICAL SKETCHES.

BY "UNCLE WILLIAM."

SKETCH XXII.

THE PREACHERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

She has its pleasures; but they are only for a season. The rational pleasures of Christianity are elevating and permanent. Let the disinterested and thoughtful man of God teach his people, by word and deed, that God hates nothing but sin. But he should be very careful to distinguish, by his teaching, conduct, and conversation, between what is in itself an evil; what might lead into temptation, and what is really innocent, and adapted to promote health, cheerfulness, and happiness. Meetings for mutual conversation, lectures on amusing and interesting subjects, social tea meetings, reading classes, circulating libraries, small reading rooms, dormans and benefit societies, and singing classes, are among the things which might be employed by the kind-hearted and disinterested preacher, to promote the cheerfulness and happiness of the working classes. We admit that considerable attention to these things, would take up a large portion of his time; but in what other way could he spend a part of his time better? We think that this is the best way of thinning the race-course, the jail, the hulks, the ale-house, and the gin shop. It is not by abusing certain evils from the pulpit, or through the medium of the press, so much as creating a taste for better things, that the people can be induced to cease from evil and learn to do well. The people must be taught that it is not, after all, in wealth, but in the domestic, and other social bonds that true happiness, and real enjoyment are to be found.

The preachers for the people, should be men of real talents, popular preaching talents, and of great plainness of speech: drones, dwarfs, and small blocks of ice, are not fit to occupy a place where nothing but the fire which penetrates, the element that melts, and the power that moves the inmost soul, should be seen and felt by the congregation. The early Calvinistic and Arminian Methodist preachers, were not men of critical learning, but they were praying men and Bible Christians; and they were thrown upon the promise of God, and the strength of their own native energies. They exercised unbending faith in the presence of their master in their labors, and in the integrity and moral rectitude of their own motives, and consequently they succeeded. Yes, and all preachers who will go and do likewise, will succeed. The altered state of society is no valid argument against this assertion.

But by popular preachers, we do not mean a race of men, who have been thoroughly drilled in the niceties of theological phraseology; refining and defining everything, until nothing is left for the unfortunate hearers to grasp, but small, and to them, unmeaning technicalities. It is just possible to elevate abstract doctrines into a greater importance than spiritual Christianity. It has been by this, and similar methods of preaching, that one set of doctrines has been inculcated to the almost total exclusion of the inculcation of all personal and relative duties; and hence the reason why we have so many sects and parties.

The preachers for the people, to be effective, all-powerful, and eminently successful, must preach what they have felt and lived, rather than what they have read or studied. As the food and air of which we partake are the life of our blood, and as the blood is the

life of the body, so is what we read and study in the Bible the life of the renewed heart; and it is as a life, and not as a theory, that the Gospel should be preached to others. Logical acumen, tender feelings, strong emotions, great fluency of speech, impassioned zeal, an extensive acquaintance with various languages, and the most profound knowledge of arts and science, are very useful accompaniments to ministerial qualifications; but if the minister of the Gospel be a stranger to the life of God, in his soul, and if he do not live the truth in himself, in thought, word, and deed, he will never succeed in turning men to righteousness. He will not know how to preach so as to "win souls." He will not preach the whole Gospel. But a preacher with only a moderate share of learning, who, in the exercise of unbending faith in his own motives, and in the moral adaptation of the Gospel to meet the wants and remove the woes of man, and feeling and believing that the power of God is ever present to heal, will be sure to produce the best effects, whenever he aims to produce them in faith and humble dependence on God's grace. We may be told that Paul may plant and Apollos water, but that God alone can give the increase; and we know it is so; but we believe, also, that God is always, in Christ, offering a free and full salvation to every human being who will accept it through faith on Christ.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID WITH HER GOLD DOLLAR.

First, how did she get it? By practicing self-denial and going for three months without a kind of food it was not best she should eat; and she gave it up so faithfully and willingly, that at the end of three months her father gave her a gold dollar. She kept it a great while. It was her first dollar, and very choice. What should she buy with it? The question, I daresay, often came up in her mind. At last she concluded to keep it for Christmas time.

Long before that, however, she heard about the soldiers in want of new socks. A great many people were knitting for them, but this little girl could not knit. Then she thought of her gold dollar. "Mother," said she, "may I not buy some for the poor soldiers?" "Yes, my daughter," replied her mother. So she went to a store, and asked for some warm socks with the heels run. That the man hadn't. Then she said she would take her money's worth in socks and yarn to run the heels; and she laid her precious gold dollar on the counter. The man gave her three pairs and a skein of yarn. When she showed her purchase, her brother called her a name I do not wish to repeat, for laying it all out so. She looked at her brother a moment, and then answered, "If the soldiers are willing to give their legs, and their limbs, and their lives for their country, do you think I ought to grudge my gold dollar, George?"

PROF. AGASSIZ IN BROOKLYN.

The late Augustus Graham, of Brooklyn, in addition to other charitable bequests, left in the hands of trustees a fund of \$12,000, with directions that the interest should be expended for popular lectures of a character somewhat similar to the Bridgewater treatises. The will prescribes that the lectures shall be "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in His Works," that they shall be delivered in Brooklyn on Sunday evenings, by the most eminent masters of science that can be procured, and that they shall be free to all. For the course this winter the trustees have been so fortunate as to enlist Prof. Louis Agassiz.

It is well known that heretofore Prof. Agassiz has refused to deliver popular lectures, saying that his life was devoted to enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, and that he should leave to others the labor of its dissemination. But from his writing popular articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and consenting to deliver this course of lectures, it seems that he has changed his determination.

The first two lectures of Agassiz's course were delivered in the small hall of the Brooklyn Institute, but so many who went were unable to procure admission, that a successful effort was made to obtain the Academy of Music for the remaining four lectures. The third lecture of the course was delivered on Sunday evening, Feb. 2, and the spacious building was crowded from parquette to ceiling with as respectable and intelligent an audience as is gathered there on opera night. In the natural order of the course the theme happened to be one in which Professor Agassiz is especially interested, and he treated it in a manner so methodical and clear as to charm the attention and command the comprehension of every person in the house.

Notes on Foreign Inventions and Discoveries.

Chain Harrows.—A patent has been taken out by W. Bayliss, of Wolverhampton, England, for an improvement in chain harrows, consisting in keeping the links fully extended by suitable strips of thin steel, which form springs like those used for hoop skirts. With the use and combination of such steel springs in a chain harrow it accommodates itself to all unevenness and inequality of the soil's surface.

Bleaching Rags for Paper.—When colored rags are employed for making paper they are washed and reduced to pulp, then bleached with chlorine liquor. T. Gray, of Wandsworth, England, states, in a patent which he has received, that when colored rags are subjected to the action of dilute muriatic acid for several hours in a vat, before being placed in the bleaching liquor, in the usual way, that a superior bleaching effect will be insured.

Gutta-Percha Cement.—D. McKay, of Oxford, England, makes a gutta-percha cement for uniting articles of leather, wood, paper, &c., by dissolving the gutta-percha, cut in small pieces, in the bisulphide of carbon, exposed to the atmosphere. It has been customary to dissolve gutta-percha and such resin gums in the preparation, kept in a close vessel, but by exposing it to the atmosphere during the period of action it absorbs some oxygen, and becomes more adhesive.

Popular Retrenchment.

Children are often sagely told, that "they don't know what is good for them." The saying is as true when applied to large folks, and their conduct proves the fairness of the application. When hard times, or a fear of hard times, come over a land, on what do they begin retrenchment and economy. On the back?—No, madam: you clothe yourself with the finest and rarest still. With the stomach?—No, sir: you pamper it with every delicate meat as usual. On luxuries?—No, Mr. Sybarite: you drink the choicest, and smoke the most exquisite, in wretched profusion.—No, no, deluded big children! you begin with the printer: you cut off books as if they were a pest, and you either stop your paper or refuse to pay for it. You seem to imagine that you are merely animal, without a soul or intellect.—Your action indicates this, anyhow.

Verily, the public has been spoiled. Books and papers have been furnished at so low a rate, and with so little recompense to author and printer, that they are lightly esteemed, when they should be held above all price; and the consequence is, that the printer, who makes but a scanty living at the best of times, is left to crumbs or starvation when a real or fancied necessity for retrenchment exists. Out upon such retrenchment!—Wear less costly gear, eat plainer food, drink less and smoke less, or none at all, rather than cheat your soul and mind of their due portion. Buy your books, and take and pay for an honest and decent newspaper; and as upright, God-created beings, you will be the better and richer for it.

The Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburgh, Pa., have made arrangements for turning out twelve mortars per week, each weighing twelve and a half tons. Large numbers of heavy Dahlgrens and Columbiads, and an immense quantity of shells, are also being manufactured at this establishment.