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Miscellaneous.

ONLY A PRINTER! Or, A Tale of Virginia Aristocracy

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY GOV. FLOYD
AT THE "WHITE HOUSE."

Had I tale to recount of the olden time, laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to be associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in the palaces, haunted castles and monasteries, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Yankees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn, which by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished truths.

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Gov. F., with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of my host.

"What occasions your surprise my dear?" enquired her mother.

"Rather say indignation, mother, at being asked, and even urged to take tea this evening at Mrs. Downer's, the tanner's wife."

"And why should you be not, my dear?"

"Think you it would be proper, mother, for me, the daughter of Judge F., one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men of the city, to associate with such low-bred mechanics?"

"Indeed, my daughter, if they are mechanics, they are a people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy your acquaintance."

"Really, mother," continued the young lady, as she tossed her pretty head, "I'm disposed to think differently, and so far as I'm concerned, I prefer always being removed as far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expected that I should enjoy myself in converse with such people, whose only talk would be about the stocks, the market, and their own private concerns. Quite an intellectual *tele-act* would it be, mother dear?"

"Oh! sit, Lizzie, sit! but I am to blame for this. I've shown you too much indulgence; you are spoilt; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out the weeds and tares ere it be too late."

"Come sit down beside me Lizzie and I will give you your first lesson of worldly experience, by relating to you a story, which I trust will lower your pride, and make you a better woman. A woman with no pride my daughter, is but a drifting, easy creature, but one with too much, is haughty, niggard and selfish; both the extremes contemptible and mean. Be then, neither too fashionably dressed nor too slovenly, too devout nor too worldly. A mere butterfly in the world of fashion and pleasure making, but small pretensions to religion, is character best avoided, but worse to be thinking is the fiery zealot, on the other hand, who has too many rigid virtues, who is continually reviling against the world, displeased at anything like social and rational enjoyment, and shocked at the least merriment, dancing, playing or any amusement that the heart in its fullness and gladness, prompts the young and sprightly to indulge. So, then, avoid extremes of every description."

But to the story.

Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia, was one of the most lovely villages imaginable; situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent view of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The village contained no buildings of note save two; one of them, a magnificent tenement, the princely residence of one of the great families of the country; the other, the only Inn, a small, quaint, yet pleasant house nestled in the center of town. The proprietor of the one, a wealthy planter and distinguished officer of the State; the other a poor widow, whose only living depended on the profits of her table, which were but scant, as there was but little traveling done at that day, through this retired village. And the advent of a stranger, was always a subject of curiosity and interest to the good town-folks; as it is always so in the secluded villages and Inns, in the out-of-the-way places of America.

As he placed himself before the sparkling fire after finishing his repast, "and expect ere long to lead to the altar, and with whom you are doubtless acquainted, as she lives only in the mansion above the village, as I understand."

"What! Emma White?" enquired the hostess.

"Even so, my good dame, I met her at the Springs some months ago, became enamored of her, wooed, won, and am now come to claim my bride."

"She is a beautiful creature, indeed!" interposed Augusta, the hostess' daughter, "but somewhat proud as is her father."

"Not so, indeed, gentle Augusta, if she has pride it is nothing but nature, maidenly pride, which every lass should have. And you say, Miss Augusta, she is quite well,—well, I will let this pleasing intelligence restrain me to-night, and to-morrow I will give the fair enchantress, I trust, an agreeable surprise."

Early next morning as etiquette would permit, the young man set out with buoyant heart and high hopes to the mansion.

But we will precede him and look in on his fair betrothed.

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion, sat Emma White and her mother, the one thrumming a piano, and the other interrogating a servant.

"And you say, Sambo, he lodged last evening at the Inn?"

"Yes, Miss, de cook say he dare now."

"Well, you can retire—no so Ma, it is even as I expected; I thought it was him as he rode past last evening."

"Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff him off, I'm thinking it will be a shameful and delicate business."

"Shameful indeed! When attorney Logan introduced him to me at the Springs, he brought him forward as one of his law students, and not as a poor printer as he is—I'll never forgive Mr. Logan."

"It is not to blame my dear, he is his pupil, didn't the letter say he was a journeyman printer at A—, but in consideration of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan undertook gratuitously to bring him to the bar?"

"Well, please yourself in this matter, my dear, I'm disposed to think honorably of —, but la! me, if he isn't at the door now!"

Scarcely had she done speaking when our hero entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprang forward to greet the object of his idolatry, but he received only in return a cold, distant courtesy, which froze his blood and rooted him to the spot.

Beholdered and astonished at such greeting from his fair betrothed, he turned for explanation to the mother, who, perceiving the general embarrassment, stepped forward, and offering him a seat, explained to him that since her daughter's return from the Springs, she had, after mature reflection and examining her heart, thought it best to dissolve the engagement that had been made between them.

The ruddy cheeks of the suitor became of an ashy paleness, and his bloodless lips quivered like an aspen leaf, as he falteringly exclaimed—

"And wherein is my offence? have I merited this good heavens! and is this the gentle, the tender, the confiding Emma White?"

"Sir, this is not the stage of a theatre to enact scenes," now spoke up the daughter, "let it suffice to know we are ever henceforth to be strangers to each other. You attempted to deceive me, and pass yourself off for a gentleman, when it turns out you are of the work-ing classes, only a printer, a portionless journeyman, and a fortune-seeker, sir, and was of good family, as I once fondly thought, we could be united, but as it is, I cannot and will not descend so low!" and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn and contempt, proudly sallied out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and stung to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovering somewhat of the shock, rose and staggered out of the room.

Alas! how crushed were his hopes now. Deceived, slighted, wronged, confidence betrayed, laughed at and treated with scorn and contempt by one whom he adored and loved, alas! too well, and all for being a "low bred, base mechanic!"

And rushing madly to the Inn he sought his room and threw himself despairingly upon his humble cot, from which he did not rise for two long, weary months; for the unwanted disappointment and excitement of the morning had brought on a burning fever. From morn till night and night till morn, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querulousness, wearied all about him, save one. The physician despairing of restoring him, resigned him to the care of the gentle Augusta, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, bore with his imbecility, administered to his wants with kindness and soothed his irritated spirits.

by the gentlest words and treatment.

Finally, after the lapse of several weeks, he began slowly to recover, and reason returned once more. When having entirely recovered, he thanked the kind hostess and daughter with tearful eyes and heart overflowing with gratitude for their kindness in watching over him in his weakness and infirmities.

He called Augusta his preserver, his guardian angel, and told her he owed to her his life, and that he would ever hold her in grateful remembrance and though he was then about to depart and would not see her again for years, yet when he returned he would bid her adieu, and should bear from him. Till then he bid her a sorrowful, a tearful farewell, and departed.

Years passed and still the unfortunate stranger was unheard of, and almost forgotten by the good gossips of Salem, and even by one who caused his misfortunes, Emma White, herself; yet there was one in that little village who still gave him a place, not only in her memory, but also in her heart. It was the hostess' daughter.

Five years from the events just related, Richmond was crowded to overflowing, for the Legislature was in session, and had brought its usual retinue of strangers, office and pleasure seekers.—It was by far the gayest season the capital had seen for many years; and balls, parties, soirees, and picnics, followed each other with unabated zest.

Gorgeous lights streamed from a score of windows of one of Pearl Street's stately mansions, and sounds of music and revelry are heard within. Lucious and sylvan-like forms skip over the richly carpeted floor, and grave gentlemen sit comfortably in the back ground, talking politics, gossiping and admiring the light hearted, the lovely and happy beings around them. We will draw near one of these companies, that one near the chandelier, consisting of two gentlemen and a young lady, and listen—as we are inecog it matters but little if we are caught eavesdropping.

"It is just as you say Col. White, the Legislature has done but little as yet, still I think they have redeemed themselves somewhat by one judicious act, in appointing our young friend K— to the fifth judicialship."

"A very proper appointment, sir, very; but your honor is now—see, the servant is just ushering him into the room."

"La! me, Pa," exclaimed the young lady admiringly, "how interesting he looks, and so young too, to be appointed a judge."

"He is a clever young man, Emma, and able too, or he would not have been honored with the responsible office just conferred upon him."

"How I should like to become acquainted with him; Pa, pray introduce him?"

"Most assuredly I will do so, for here he comes now."

"A pleasant evening to you gentlemen—Colonel White, pray how do you do?"

"Quite well, quite well, I thank you Judge. Permit me to present you to my daughter, Judge K—, Miss White."

And with low differential courtesy the lady greeted the gentleman and seated him beside her. With many an art and wile did she attempt to amuse, please, and insinuate herself into the good graces of the promising young judge. But her efforts were vain, her arrows were aimed against a heart of steel, and the countenance of the judge, who wore a contemptuous and sneering expression that baffled all her arts and penetration.

"Heavens! what a face, how lovely, how angelic! But methinks I should know that countenance!" exclaimed the judge as he caught the beautiful black eyes of a lovely lady in a distant corner of the room, riveted fall upon him.

"Who? the young lady in the black velvet mantilla? but that's my own protegee, she is an orphan, her parents was *Maitre de Hotel* in Salem, Virginia, so being left alone I took her under my charge, and right useful I find her; she answers both for a companion and maid. I would not have brought her here, but she seems so sad and melancholy, that Pa would make me bring her, thinking it might somewhat revive her drooping spirits."

"It is, it is, the pure, the gentle Augusta! How fortunate! Pray Miss White excuse me—but I know you will, when I inform you that I am 'only a printer'—the poor mechanic you scorned, jilted and derided many years ago in the little village of Salem," and rising unceremoniously, the young judge hastily crossed the room, leaving the haughty girl covered with confusion and shame, to weep over her folly.

It was the lovely Augusta, and with her beating heart, eyes sparkling with joy, and countenance suffused with blushes, the fair being welcomed the happy and excited young man.

Much as Miss White suffered by the gnawings of conscience, much as she upbraided herself, much as she grieved and sorrowed over her past conduct, her sore disappointment, her punishment, yet in a few weeks after, when the admired Judge K— led the happy and envied Augusta to the altar, she could but acknowledge that her punishment was just, and that it was merited.

Judge K— and his lady have lived happily, prosperously and contentedly together ever since, but Emma White, unhappy girl, is still a spinster—an old maid.

"So now, Lizzie, my story is ended, all but the denouement."

"Denouement?"

"Yes, for you must know, your dear father is the hero, and I, the heroine; he the 'base-born mechanic,' the 'poor printer,' and I, am the hostess' daughter."

"Pardon, pardon, mother!" cried the young Miss White herself in her mother's arms, she vowed never to be so selfish, so proud again.

"And you will go to Mrs. Downer's this evening?"

"Oh! that I will, mother, with pleasure."

The company began loudly to applaud Governor F—, as he concluded his reminiscence, when he bid them cease as he too had finished all but the denouement.

"What is it? what is it?" rang around the circle.

"Why, nothing more nor less, than that the hero of my story has just entered this room," replied the Governor, as he pointed to his distinguished and astonished friend, amid the plaudits of the assembly.

A Brief Discourse.

Text—"There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof, &c."

We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious to quote here this sublime precaution from the oracles of divine truth, as a text to discourse from in the manner that follows, although in aid of subjects of a somewhat peculiar nature appertaining however to morality.

It may seem right to a man to neglect paying his debts for the sake of lending or speculation upon his money; but the end thereof is a bad paymaster.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to live upon the fashion of the time, but the end thereof is disgusting to all sensible folks, and ruinous to health, reputation and propriety.

It may seem right to a man to keep borrowing of his neighbors; but the end thereof is very cross neighbors.

It may seem right to a man to trouble himself about his neighbor's business, but the end thereof is neglect of his own.

It may seem right to a man to be always trumpeting his own fame; but the end thereof is that his fame don't extend very far.

It may seem right to a man to indulge his children in everything; but the end thereof is—his children will indulge in dishonoring him.

It may seem right to a man to be constantly slandering his neighbors; but the end thereof is, nobody believes anything he says.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to please everybody; but the end thereof is, he pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man to excel his neighbors in extravagance and luxury; but the end thereof is—he only excels them in folly.

It may seem right to a man to be too proud of his own talents; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own company; but the end thereof is, he is disliked by his friends.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own pleasures; but the end thereof is, he is neglected by his family.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own honors; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own power; but the end thereof is, he is hated by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own wealth; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own friends; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own enemies; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own country; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own religion; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own family; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own name; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own life; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own death; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own soul; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own body; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own mind; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own heart; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own liver; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own stomach; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own intestines; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own kidneys; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own bladder; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own uterus; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own vagina; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own rectum; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own anus; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.

It may seem right to a man to be too fond of his own feet; but the end thereof is, he is despised by his fellow-men.