

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEGDED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XIII.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. JUNE 18, 1857.

NUMBER XXIV.

Select Poetry.

THE MOON—AN ODE.

O Mistress of the night,
When Earth is shorn of light,
Add darkness to the face of nature's orb,
And streaks of purple, blue and gold,
When twilight sinks to gentle sleep,
And stillness rules the earth and mighty deep,
Thy mission take,
And upward
Nerve and calm thou bring to heaven's sky,
In solemn stillness take thy heavenly way,
More brightly let thy beams of silver dye
More brightly let thy beams of silver dye
And thus o'er mankind in repose,
Thy mighty vigilance disclose,
And surely quite on all,
Who dwell upon this earthly ball,
And higher, higher,
Higher,
Ascend thy well known way,
And let thy slumbering ray,
Flood mountains with its golden plain,
Although beneath thy placid reign,
The battles storm may rage in vain,
Around the sky and earth the plain.
Roll on
Focus in a silver beam,
As a goddess from the dome,
And each man in silence and in tears,
When bowed down with cares and fears
That thy splendour be God's
The God of endless years.

Select Miscellany.

IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.

BY MARISSA SILINGSBY.

John Peters had just graduated from the mercantile college in New York, and with a recommendation and a diploma in his pocket, was now in search of a situation. He was a good looking young man of twenty-three, and earned with his own hands the money Professor Ferdinand Costello de Guerc had received in exchange for his education. "If mistake not," John Peters was a native of a small town in Connecticut, which, from some oversight on the part of previous compilers, had had the misfortune to be entirely overlooked by the great Mr. Brooks in his universal security of that State.

For fear of rendering the town classical, as being the birth place of our hero, we shall refrain from further mention of it, satisfied that no curiosity we have already excited will induce future compilers to be more accurate in their researches, and thus, in course of time, it may come to be awarded to the aforesaid town, in spite of its present isolation and obscurity, its due share of geographical importance.

"In what part of the city John Peters resided, or where he happened to be on the morning to which we refer, is a point not clearly shown. I am sorry, however, because the locality of John Peters might tend to strengthen the identity of John Peters, and prevent him (had this fact with some other important items been clearly established in the mind of the wealthy and influential Joshua Meirs) from entraping the pretty bird which policy and worldly calculation had already lured into the hands of John Peters the second.

"That John Peters had been looking over the morning papers, cannot be doubted, from the fact that precisely nine o'clock, A. M., found him standing at the door of Mr. Joshua Meirs' counting-room; Mr. Joshua Meirs having advertised that morning for a book-keeper.

"Mr. Meirs? I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Joshua Meirs?" said John Peters, tracing his hat and bowing profoundly in the direction indicated.

"The same," responded Mr. Meirs, with a friendly dignified nod. "Can I be of any service to you? Please proceed."

"What shall I do? If there was only a hole somewhere," thought John. "But there was no hole, and our hero proceeded.

"My name is Peters—John Peters," said Mr. Meirs springing from his arm chair, as though he had received a shock from some invisible battery.

"John Peters? By all that's gracious!" cried Mr. Meirs, embracing him. "And here, like an old Simoleon have I been treating you, thinking you a stranger all the while, according to the most rigid rules of etiquette. You deserve to be bloated for ever having studied Count de Orsay's Treatise. But how is your father?—how stupid in me—I can see him in every feature of your face—in good spirits, I reckon?—yes, I see, no matter about the answer—arrived in the morning train all tired out, no doubt. Yes, of course, how could I expect you to be otherwise? All right, I see! Perfectly unexpected, though—didn't dream of your coming before the expiration of another week—think your father said in his letter a week from Friday—to-day, let me see, it was Wednesday—which would leave it a week from day after to-morrow. But no matter; you are just as welcome—ah, here comes the omnibus; it will take us within two minutes walk of our residence, and Bella is at home this morning. She can't help but be delighted—come!"

"And Mr. Meirs caught the arm of John and started in the direction of the street.

"I fear there is a slight misunderstanding somewhere," faltered John, attempting to withdraw his arm; it is true my name is John Peters—"

"Of course—and my name is Joshua Meirs, and you are to marry my daughter

Bella. I can see no cause of misunderstanding in the matter. Halloo!" he shouted, at the same time beckoning to the driver of the "buss," and renewing his hold on John Peters' arm. "Halloo, there, two fares this way!"

The driver held up, and Mr. Meirs, in spite of the half formed remonstrance of the bewildered John Peters, hurried him into the "buss," and in five minutes more they were ascending the marble steps of the merchant's residence.

"Is Bella at home?" inquired Mr. Meirs of the servant on the landing.

"Troth, and I think it was the young mistress's voice I was ather hearing, just now in the parsony room!"

Mr. Meirs led the way in the direction indicated, while John, much embarrassed, followed. He felt it high time some explanation was offered, but Mr. Meirs was too much pre-occupied with the one idea—the identity of John Peters, and his proposed connection with the Meirs family, to heed the confused and broken sentences of our hero, and the next moment found him face to face with the most bewitchingly beautiful creature he had ever seen.

"This is Bella!" said Mr. Meirs with some pride, "you doubtless remember her. This is Cousin John, I hope you have not forgotten him. What in the world makes you stare so, hussy?—I told you his hair would be as dark as your own, by this time, but you didn't believe it." Here Mr. Meirs consulted his watch, and said, "but I must be in Washington by ten, so I shall be obliged to trust you to your own government till dinner."

With this Mr. Meirs departed, leaving our hero indescribably confused. "No sooner than Bella burst into a ringing laugh, and exclaimed: "How funny!"

Merriment is said to be contagious. John Peters laughed a response to Bella, and he had a most beautiful way of doing it, which Bella, in spite of the novelty of their situation, readily acknowledged with a blush.

"There has been a great mistake made," said John Peters, bowing respectfully, as though he would "take unkindly."

"I see," said Bella, "you are trying to cover up your red hair with a wig. I hate red hair, and the chances makes you look funny. It does indeed!"

"It is all a mistake," persisted John, reddening; "I never wore a wig in my life!"

"Then you must have colored it, for it was red ten years ago, and I used to laugh at you when I was angry, and advise you to keep one eye open when you slept, lest it set the bed curtains afire."

"What an awkward situation!" cried John, desperately. "It is true, I am John Peters, but not the John Peters you take me for, and as for having red hair, I never had that honor, I assure you!"

It was now Bella's turn to look surprised.

"I am who are you then," cried Bella. "If you are not John Peters of Baltimore?"

"On the contrary, I am John Peters of Connecticut, a graduate from the mercantile college, and at present in search of a situation. I am not your cousin, and never saw you, to my knowledge, before to-day. Though I must confess you are the prettiest girl I ever did see, and I begin to envy the genuine John Peters, your cousin, for I don't help but liking you a great deal already."

"You do? Indeed, how funny! Then you are not my cousin from Baltimore, and what is better still, my father thinks you are. I detest a cousin for a husband, and above all a red haired husband, whether he be cousin or no. But how did it happen that papa should make such an odd mistake? Tell me all about it."

"Well, the fact is, the whole thing was a mistake from beginning to end, and was attributable to an advertisement in the morning paper. Your father wanted a book-keeper, and advertised. I saw the advertisement, and applied directly for the situation. Before stating my business, I introduced myself as John Peters, whereupon your father, forgetting there might be another John Peters in the world, bundled me into an omnibus, and hurried me here before I could offer any explanation!"

"How odd!" exclaimed Bella. "And you are not my cousin, then, after all? But I rather like you, and am not a little pleased with the adventure, because we can both laugh over father's mistake, and the absent John Peters' red hair."

"But I must explain the matter immediately, though I confess I dislike the idea of giving you up to the absent John Peters," answered our hero, with the same winning smile; "especially as you have a natural antipathy to cousins with red hair."

"I don't see the use in explaining—Supposing we both keep quiet and let it go for granted you are a cousin John—what harm?"

"And then supposing that he, thinking me cousin John, should insist on our being married before the genuine John Peters comes?"

"O, it would be delightful! I do so hate to marry my cousin; besides, I like you a thousand times better. There isn't the least romance in marrying one's cousin, especially such a cousin

as John Peters of Baltimore." Here Bella laid her pretty white hand on John's arm and said: "But you don't care for me; of course you wouldn't like to be married to please me. I don't blame you, either, for I wouldn't marry my cousin John if I could help it."

"On the contrary," cried John, clasping the little hand warmly, "I would give the world for that happy privilege."

"Then you must promise me to keep still and let the matter rest as it is—You will, won't you?"

"Most certainly," answered John, "if it pleases you. I should be a brute to object, shouldn't I?"

On his return, and to his no little delight, Mr. Meirs found Bella deeply interested in cousin John. "I thought you would come around," said he. "These girls are always perverse when their lovers are out of sight, but might warm-hearted and agreeable when they have once got together. Howbeit, I fancy there is a slight vein of duplicity in the best of them, I do."

"O, no papa, you should not be so hasty in your conclusions, for haven't I told you all along, that cousin John's hair was red, and that my principal objection was based upon that fact. But you see there is a slight mistake somewhere, for his hair (pointing to the counterfeit cousin's) is quite dark and glossy—most really confess, papa, that I like John very much; a great deal better than I expected. I do indeed!"

"Then," said Mr. Meirs, exultingly, "if I were in John's place, I would strike while the iron was hot.—There is nothing gained by delays, and a week hence you might be far off the handle, as you were a week ago."

"O, no, I am not so fickle; but I will leave the whole matter with you and John. Whatever you and he think proper, I will submit to. I must confess I like him a great deal better than I expected."

"There, Bella, you talk like a sensible girl," cried Mr. Meirs. "I know you would. I like your resolution.—There is nothing so rare in the world as a sensible girl at your time of life. John is no prodigy. He will make you a good husband, and, I think, will be worthy of you. As for the wedding, John, it shall be left entirely with you to say. Bella is willing, and I see nothing to prevent its taking place right away."

To say that our hero was perfectly unaffected by these remarks, would be presuming too much.

"I think whatever you think proper," said John. "Any arrangement agreeable to you, will be equally so to me. I have a great respect and affection for Miss Meirs, and if I can be so far forgiven for my presumption, I can safely say, that to be the husband of your daughter, this moment, or at any future time, would be to me the choicest gift of Heaven to bestow."

"Very sensible remarks," said Mr. Meirs joyfully; "and as you are obliging enough to leave the matter to my direction, I shall say a week from Friday, that being the day on which I had first anticipated your coming. This will give Bella ample time for all necessary preparations, and you also to apprise your father, and such other friends from Baltimore, as you propose to invite."

"If I might be allowed my preference in this respect," answered our hero, glancing for encouragement, "I would much rather not mention it to my father and friends until afterwards, and thus give them an agreeable surprise. In fact, before I saw you this morning, I had not even dreamed of such sudden good fortune."

"And besides," interposed Bella, earnestly, "your father might feel much like journeying so soon after an attack of gout. As me, I would much prefer a quiet wedding, with only a few friends present. Besides, I would a great deal rather give the money away which would be spent on such an occasion, to some of the poor families who are starving in this city."

"Nobly spoken!" cried Mr. Meirs, with enthusiasm, glancing at Bella with a word of praise and affection. "Nobly spoken, my daughter. With such prudence and such charitable feelings, you will make your Cousin John a pattern for a wife. I heartily agree with you in this respect, and you shall have it all your own way."

Our hero, who in truth, independent of her charms of person, had looked upon Bella as a model assistant to Mr. Meirs, in all matters pertaining to business.

"A tippler, who squinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree. 'It's very lucky for you,' replied his friend; 'for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago.'"

"A wife in Kentucky has shown how wives may run away without rendering themselves liable to be advertised as having left her husband's bed and board. She took the bed with her."

"It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose, will restore him to sight; so much for the blood. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him at the pocket."

assembled at the residence of Mr. Meirs, to witness the nuptials.

John Peters had exhausted his last dollar in remunerating the tailor who had furnished him his wedding coat, and by the assistance of the barber who had trimmed his mustache, cut and curled his hair after the most approved style, our hero was as fine a looking fellow as could be found anywhere within the precincts of the city; and Mr. Meirs and Bella were not a little proud of the introducing of among our aristocratic friends.

Who presided over the ceremony, had already arrived, accompanied by a clerical acquaintance; while Bella, attired in a dress of white satin, with a veil surrounded by a crown of flowers, had just entered, resting on the arm of the bride's maid. During the sensation created by the entrance of the bride, another door had opened, and a young man, some five feet four inches in height, with dusty garments and very red hair, was pushed in by a servant, and with much amazement depicted on his freckled, unimpressive features, sank down into the nearest chair, without attracting any particular observation at the time from the rest of the company assembled.

As the ceremony proceeded, and the question was asked by the clergyman if any objected to the bands, he of the red hair and freckles rose up and said: "I object, Mr. Clergyman, most decidedly object."

"What?" cried Mr. Meirs, springing forward and confronting the excited young man of the red hair and freckles. "And who are you that dare to object to my daughter's marriage with her cousin? Will you explain yourself, sir?"

The enraged Mr. Meirs, shaking his fist in the face of the terrified intruder. "Speak! or by my faith, I will bundle you headforemost into the street!"

"I can't, sir," cried the proprietor of the red hair, "while you continue so excited!"

"Then, my soul," cried the merchant still more excited in his tone, "I'll just give you to understand that you have no right to dictate in my own house!"

And putting the action to the word, he seized the unucky intruder by the hair, and forced him out of the room, and forced him out of the room.

"Now," cried Mr. Meirs, turning to the clergyman, "please proceed with the ceremony!"

Agreeable with Mr. Meirs' request the ceremony proceeded, and in less time than it takes us to relate it, John and Bella were indissolubly united in the bond of wedlock.

No sooner was the ceremony over, than Bella, clasping her husband's hand knelt before her father and said: "Forgive us, dear father, for the deception we have practiced upon you. This is not Cousin John of Baltimore!"

"Then who under the sun is he?" cried Mr. Meirs, glancing at the room in the most bewildered manner.

"It is John Peters, but not cousin John. My dear husband came in the first place to you, in search of a situation, and you forgetting that there might be another John Peters in the world, besides your nephew John, have very inceptently assisted us in carrying out the deception. Therefore you must forgive him, dear father, for he is far less to blame than either of us, for in the first place being deceived by his name, and so in the second place having the honor of marrying the best—"

"I am an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"My dear brother, I want to give notice there will be some carrying on at this place next Sunday afternoon at half past four. I shall prove the doctrine that all the shell in the world, the largest shell as myself. I say she an luvly—when I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"I see," answered Mr. Meirs, with much apparent change, "I have just had the honor of turning your cousin out of doors, which makes a compound blunder on my part. To tell you the truth Bella, I am far more vexed at my own stupidity, than any one else. As for John Peters," added Mr. Meirs, in a half humorous, half sarcastic tone, "I think I must forgive him for his name's sake, if nothing more. As for you, luvly, I shan't say to-night whether I shall forgive you or not. It will depend mainly on how we succeed in pacifying your Cousin John."

Suffice it to say, for the final gratification of the reader, John Peters of Baltimore was readily pacified, after a suitable explanation and apology being tendered by his cousin, on the following day, and what is still further averted, did actually laugh so heartily, that for a moment his face grew redder than his hair. And still further, by those who have a right to know, it has been affirmed that John Peters of Connecticut became not only a model husband to Bella, but a model assistant to Mr. Meirs, in all matters pertaining to business.

A Companion to the "Harp of a Thousand Strings."

The following together with the well-known sermon on the "Harp of a Thousand Strings," is published in England as a veritable specimen of the pulpitory of the backwoods of the United States.

"Beloved brethering, I'm the man that preached the sermon which has been printed in the papers, from the text, 'And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—specious as just men make perfect.' I mount as well as I don't take pride in things, but I do in the language you use for to-day—I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly. These are the words which you'll find in Genesee. I'm gwine to preach without notes, 'kase I can't rite, and 'kase I couldn't read it if I could; my notes are bank notes, and which I have a pocket full, and notes of hand, which I shall give to our squire to collect, when I gets back to Indiana, fur—I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"This text, brethering, can be divided into three pieces—first—second and third. First, I'm an awful sinner.—That means you individually, not me personally. There are more sinners nor one, it's a sin to drink water and catch the agur whar a little spirit will keep you in good health—'tis a sin to steal unless you steal awhile away—'tis a sin to swear, unless you swear and sin not—'tis a sin to lie, unless you lie low and keep dark. Pride is a sin. Sum is proud of her books: now I ain't, though I've the gift and the gift to speak in: Sum is proud of her learning; thank God I've none to be proud of—for I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"Second, 'Chief among ten thousand.'—That's different kind of chief. That's the mischief, the chief of sinners, and as myself. The mischief means the Old Boy, who keeps the fire office below, and lets poor folks suffer in the cold here on earth. The chief of sinners means you wharf-rats, arto-de-melons, amfubus animals, what live here about the canal. Look at them are losses what rise up to judgment again you. High as you be, how we flesh, tuff hides and short memories. Hear the crows cawing, for they know that whar the canal is that will the crows be gathered.—The Cayuga Chief is the fellow whar pitches into us frens, the spirit-dealers, and my other frens the State Prison boys. It's you who goes for the prohibition law whar Governor Seymour voted. If I want Sunday I would hoary for Seymour—for I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"Thirdly, 'Altogether luvly.'—Different things is luvly. When my boat swims like a duck, I say she an luvly—when my wife gives me no certain lectures, (she has the gift of tongues as well as myself) I say she an luvly—when the wind don't blow and it don't rain and it don't nothin, I say the day an luvly—fur I'm the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"In conclusion, brethering, if that big pile of tuns was one stuw what a big stuw it would be, if you my brethering were one brather what a big brather you'd be, and if my big brather should fling that big stuw into the canal, what a big splash that would make—fur I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"My brethering, I want to give notice there will be some carrying on at this place next Sunday afternoon at half past four. I shall prove the doctrine that all the shell in the world, the largest shell as myself. I say she an luvly—when I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"I see," answered Mr. Meirs, with much apparent change, "I have just had the honor of turning your cousin out of doors, which makes a compound blunder on my part. To tell you the truth Bella, I am far more vexed at my own stupidity, than any one else. As for John Peters," added Mr. Meirs, in a half humorous, half sarcastic tone, "I think I must forgive him for his name's sake, if nothing more. As for you, luvly, I shan't say to-night whether I shall forgive you or not. It will depend mainly on how we succeed in pacifying your Cousin John."

THE SICK BACHELOR.

Here I am, a doomed man—booked for a fever in this gloomy room, up four flights of stairs; nothing to look at but one table, two chairs and a cobweb; pulse racing like a locomotive; head throbbing as if it were hooped with iron; mouth parched as Ishmael's in the desert; not a bell-rope within reach; sun pouring in through these uncurtained windows, hot enough to singe off my eye-lashes; all my confidential letters lying close on the table, and I couldn't get up to them if you held one foot of rope to my hand.

All my masculine (?) friends are parading Broadway, I suppose, peeping under the pretty girls' bonnets, or "drinking sherry colobers." A sherry colober! Bachelors! what a luxury. I believe Satan suggested the thought to me.

Heigho! I suppose the doctor, whom they have sent for, will come before long, some great pompous Aesculapius with an owl-phiz, a gold-headed cane, an oracular voice, and callous heart and hands; who will first manipulate my wrists, and then take the latitude and longitude of my tongue, then he will give me a punch in the ribs, and torment me with more questions than there are in the Assembly catechism; then he'll bother me for writing materials to scratch a hieroglyphic humbug prescription, ordering five times as much medicine as I need; then I shall have to pay for it; then ten to one the apothecary's boy will put up a poison by mistake! Cussar, how my head spins round! Hippodrome racing is nothing to it.

Heigho! there's the doctor. No! It is that little unregenerate cub, my landlady's pet boy with a bran-new drum, (as I'm alive), upon which he is beating a creecifying tattoo. If I only had a boot-jack to throw at him. No! that wouldn't do; his mother wouldn't make my gruel. I'll bribe him for a sixpence to keep the peace. The little embryo Jew! Twitted by a little pin-needle! I, Tom Halliday, six feet in my stockings! I shall go frantic.

"Doctor is coming!" Well let him come, I'm as savage as if I had dined off a cold missionary. I'll pretend to be asleep and let old Pilbox experiment.

How gently he treads; how soft his hand is; and how cool and delicious his touch; how tenderly he parts my hair over my throbbing temples! His magnetic touch thrills every drop of blood in my veins, it is marvelous how soothing it is. I feel as happy as a humming bird in a lily cup, drowsy with honey-dew. Now he's moved away. I hear him writing a prescription. Oh! just take a peep and see what he looks like. Cesar Agrippa! if it isn't a female physician! daintily as a porri—and my beard three days old! What a bust! Wonder how my hair looks? What a foot and ankle! What shoulders; what a little round waist! Fever! I've got twenty fevers, and the heart complaint besides. What the mischief sent that little witch here? She will either kill or cure me quick.

Wonder if she has any more masculine patients? Wonder if they are handsome?—Wonder if she lays that little hand on their forehead as she did on mine? Now she's done writing, I'll shut my eyes and groan, then maybe she'll pet me some more; bless her little soul!

She says "poor" as she holds my wrist, "his pulse is too quick." In the name of Cupid what does she expect? She says as she pats my forehead with her little plump fingers, "Sh—sh! Keep cool! Lava and brimstone! does she take me for an iceberg?"

Oh, Cupid! of all your devices, this feminine doctoring for a bachelor, is the plus ultra of witchcraft. If I don't have a prolonged run of fever, my name isn't Tom Halliday!

She's gone!—and I gone too!

GIRLS VERSUS WIVES.

The Horicon Argus has the following truthful remarks in relation to girls—we beg pardon, to the young girls of this generation. We suggest to the Argus that there are no girls now-a-days—they are either babies or young ladies progressing immediately from the cradle into hoop skirts with a beau on each arm. The Toledo Blade is prepared to endorse the following, and take the consequences:

"We are sorry to see the girls of the present day have such a tendency to utter worthlessness; growing more anxious to become 'more fashionable than good,' more anxious to decorate their beads than their hearts, and to encircle their legs with whalebone rather than the brow with wreaths of love, kindness and beauty. As a general thing, those that are handsome think themselves lovely. Far from it. When we, years ago took Mrs. P., girls were girls. It was fun to go a dozen miles afoot with mud knee deep to see them, as you were sure to find a clear girl, not auro instead of art. But now it is different. The dentist supplies the teeth, 'Uncle Ned' the cotton, some optician the eyes, and a skillful mechanic, the legs, and arms, an artist furnishes paint, a Yankee the hoops, some 'French Milliner' gets up artificial maternal forms, and the very devil robs himself to give them a disposition to lie, lard, gossip, make mischief and kick up all sorts of bothers among people generally. Vanity of vanities saith the preacher. We love the girls when they set like girls, but this counterfeit article now being palmed off on fashionable society is an intolerable humbug."

What fun Adam must have had in the garden before that long-tailed gentleman introduced himself to mother Eve, and what enjoyment our forefathers must have had in the halcyon days of boyhood, ere fashion plates and folly made their appearance. O girls, if you do not right-about face, you never will find boys foolish enough to pay five dollars a week for your board and find clothing to boot! They can't do it. Your mother was a girl once, but she didn't lie about folk until her tongue was blistered; she did not make a wash the dishes until the grave gave her a glad resting place in its bosom; she never made her poor old father curse his Maker as he ran out from the sheriff's block in and week out; she never made her sister-in-law patriarch already blossom for the tomb stand during church while she sat beside him looking at the "hins"; nor did she wear a silk dress to the temple of God and have dirty petticoats beneath her ample skirts; neither did she receive favors and forget to say thank you, at least. But the girls now-a-days do. They are neither fit for wives nor do they know enough for mothers.

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.

The following is a true copy of a letter received in Boston from across the water:

TIPPERARY, IRELAND, MARCH 27, 1856.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: I have not heard anything of ye since the last time I wrote to ye. I have moved from the place where I now live or I should have written to you before. I did not know where a letter might find you first, but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines to inform ye of the death of your own living uncle Kilpatrick. He died very suddenly after a long illness of six months. Poor man, he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly quiet and speechless, and all the time talking incoherently and inquiring for water. I'm very much at a loss to tell you what his death is occasioned at, but the doctor thinks it was occasioned by his last sickness, for he was not well ten days at a time during his confinement. His age ye know just as well as I can tell ye; he was twenty-five years old last March, lacking fifteen months, and he had lived all this time he would have been six months dead just.

N.B.—take note I enclose to ye a tin pound note which your father sends to you unbeknown to me. Your mother often speaks of ye—she would like to send ye the Biddle cow and I would enclose her till ye but for the horns.

I wud beg of ye not to brack the sale of this letter until two or three days after ye read it, for which time ye'll be better prepared for the sorrowful news.

PATRICK O'BRIAN.

TO MICHAEL CLANCEY,
No.—Broad street,
United States of America,
State of Massachusetts,
in Boston.

PURSE STATE.—An Irishman, who had been reduced to a mere shadow by a severe illness, was asked by his physician what he thought of a future state.

"Ald doctor," was the answer, "it makes no difference, 'ez ain't lef enough of me for the devil to naturalize, no how."

One half the world does not know how the other half lives," should read his. One half the world does not care how the other half lives."

The good heart, the tender feeling, and the pleasant disposition, make smiles, love and sunshine everywhere.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again.

ter Bella. I can see no cause of misunderstanding in the matter. Halloo!" he shouted, at the same time beckoning to the driver of the "buss," and renewing his hold on John Peters' arm. "Halloo, there, two fares this way!"

The driver held up, and Mr. Meirs, in spite of the half formed remonstrance of the bewildered John Peters, hurried him into the "buss," and in five minutes more they were ascending the marble steps of the merchant's residence.

"Is Bella at home?" inquired Mr. Meirs of the servant on the landing.

"Troth, and I think it was the young mistress's voice I was ather hearing, just now in the parsony room!"

Mr. Meirs led the way in the direction indicated, while John, much embarrassed, followed. He felt it high time some explanation was offered, but Mr. Meirs was too much pre-occupied with the one idea—the identity of John Peters, and his proposed connection with the Meirs family, to heed the confused and broken sentences of our hero, and the next moment found him face to face with the most bewitchingly beautiful creature he had ever seen.

"This is Bella!" said Mr. Meirs with some pride, "you doubtless remember her. This is Cousin John, I hope you have not forgotten him. What in the world makes you stare so, hussy?—I told you his hair would be as dark as your own, by this time, but you didn't believe it."

Here Mr. Meirs consulted his watch, and said, "but I must be in Washington by ten, so I shall be obliged to trust you to your own government till dinner."

With this Mr. Meirs departed, leaving our hero indescribably confused. "No sooner than Bella burst into a ringing laugh, and exclaimed: "How funny!"

Merriment is said to be contagious. John Peters laughed a response to Bella, and he had a most beautiful way of doing it, which Bella, in spite of the novelty of their situation, readily acknowledged with a blush.

"There has been a great mistake made," said John Peters, bowing respectfully, as though he would "take unkindly."

"I see," said Bella, "you are trying to cover up your red hair with a wig. I hate red hair, and the chances makes you look funny. It does indeed!"

"It is all a mistake," persisted John, reddening; "I never wore a wig in my life!"

"Then you must have colored it, for it was red ten years ago, and I used to laugh at you when I was angry, and advise you to keep one eye open when you slept, lest it set the bed curtains afire."

"What an awkward situation!" cried John, desperately. "It is true, I am John Peters, but not the John Peters you take me for, and as for having red hair, I never had that honor, I assure you!"

It was now Bella's turn to look surprised.

"I am who are you then," cried Bella. "If you are not John Peters of Baltimore?"

"On the contrary, I am John Peters of Connecticut, a graduate from the mercantile college, and at present in search of a situation. I am not your cousin, and never saw you, to my knowledge, before to-day. Though I must confess you are the prettiest girl I ever did see, and I begin to envy the genuine John Peters, your cousin, for I don't help but liking you a great deal already."

"You do? Indeed, how funny! Then you are not my cousin from Baltimore, and what is better still, my father thinks you are. I detest a cousin for a husband, and above all a red haired husband, whether he be cousin or no. But how did it happen that papa should make such an odd mistake? Tell me all about it."

"Well, the fact is, the whole thing was a mistake from beginning to end, and was attributable to an advertisement in the morning paper. Your father wanted a book-keeper, and advertised. I saw the advertisement, and applied directly for the situation. Before stating my business, I introduced myself as John Peters, whereupon your father, forgetting there might be another John Peters in the world, bundled me into an omnibus, and hurried me here before I could offer any explanation!"

"How odd!" exclaimed Bella. "And you are not my cousin, then, after all? But I rather like you, and am not a little pleased with the adventure, because we can both laugh over father's mistake, and the absent John Peters' red hair."

"But I must explain the matter immediately, though I confess I dislike the idea of giving you up to the absent John Peters," answered our hero, with the same winning smile; "especially as you have a natural antipathy to cousins with red hair."

"I don't see the use in explaining—Supposing we both keep quiet and let it go for granted you are a cousin John—what harm?"

"And then supposing that he, thinking me cousin John, should insist on our being married before the genuine John Peters comes?"

"O, it would be delightful! I do so hate to marry my cousin; besides, I like you a thousand times better. There isn't the least romance in marrying one's cousin, especially such a cousin

as John Peters of Baltimore." Here Bella laid her pretty white hand on John's arm and said: "But you don't care for me; of course you wouldn't like to be married to please me. I don't blame you, either, for I wouldn't marry my cousin John if I could help it."

"On the contrary," cried John, clasping the little hand warmly, "I would give the world for that happy privilege."

"Then you must promise me to keep still and let the matter rest as it is—You will, won't you?"

"Most certainly," answered John, "if it pleases you. I should be a brute to object, shouldn't I?"

On his return, and to his no little delight, Mr. Meirs found Bella deeply interested in cousin John. "I thought you would come around," said he. "These girls are always perverse when their lovers are out of sight, but might warm-hearted and agreeable when they have once got together. Howbeit, I fancy there is a slight vein of duplicity in the best of them, I do."

"O, no papa, you should not be so hasty in your conclusions, for haven't I told you all along, that cousin John's hair was red, and that my principal objection was based upon that fact. But you see there is a slight mistake somewhere, for his hair (pointing to the counterfeit cousin's) is quite dark and glossy—most really confess, papa, that I like John very much; a great deal better than I expected. I do indeed!"

"Then," said Mr. Meirs, exultingly, "if I were in John's place, I would strike while the iron was hot.—There is nothing gained by delays, and a week hence you might be far off the handle, as you were a week ago."

"O, no, I am not so fickle; but I will leave the whole matter with you and John. Whatever you and he think proper, I will submit to. I must confess I like him a great deal better than I expected."

"There, Bella, you talk like a sensible girl," cried Mr. Meirs. "I know you would. I like your resolution.—There is nothing so rare in the world as a sensible girl at your time of life. John is no prodigy. He will make you a good husband, and, I think, will be worthy of you. As for the wedding, John, it shall be left entirely with you to say. Bella is willing, and I see nothing to prevent its taking place right away."

To say that our hero was perfectly unaffected by these remarks, would be presuming too much.

"I think whatever you think proper," said John. "Any arrangement agreeable to you, will be equally so to me. I have a great respect and affection for Miss Meirs, and if I can be so far forgiven for my presumption, I can safely say, that to be the husband of your daughter, this moment, or at any future time, would be to me the choicest gift of Heaven to bestow."

"Very sensible remarks," said Mr. Meirs joyfully; "and as you are obliging enough to leave the matter to my direction, I shall say a week from Friday, that being the day on which I had first anticipated your coming. This will give Bella ample time for all necessary preparations, and you also to apprise your father, and such other friends from Baltimore, as you propose to invite."

"If I might be allowed my preference in this respect," answered our hero, glancing for encouragement, "I would much rather not mention it to my father and friends until afterwards, and thus give them an agreeable surprise. In fact, before I saw you this morning, I had not even dreamed of such sudden good fortune."

"And besides," interposed Bella, earnestly, "your father might feel much like journeying so soon after an attack of gout. As me, I would much prefer a quiet wedding, with only a few friends present. Besides, I would a great deal rather give the money away which would be spent on such an occasion, to some of the poor families who are starving in this city."

"Nobly spoken!" cried Mr. Meirs, with enthusiasm, glancing at Bella with a word of praise and affection. "Nobly spoken, my daughter. With such prudence and such charitable feelings, you will make your Cousin John a pattern for a wife. I heartily agree with you in this respect, and you shall have it all your own way."

Our hero, who in truth, independent of her charms of person, had looked upon Bella as a model assistant to Mr. Meirs, in all matters pertaining to business.

"A tippler, who squinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree. 'It's very lucky for you,' replied his friend; 'for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago.'"

"A wife in Kentucky has shown how wives may run away without rendering themselves liable to be advertised as having left her husband's bed and board. She took the bed with her."

"It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose, will restore him to sight; so much for the blood. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him at the pocket."

assembled at the residence of Mr. Meirs, to witness the nuptials.

John Peters had exhausted his last dollar in remunerating the tailor who had furnished him his wedding coat, and by the assistance of the barber who had trimmed his mustache, cut and curled his hair after the most approved style, our hero was as fine a looking fellow as could be found anywhere within the precincts of the city; and Mr. Meirs and Bella were not a little proud of the introducing of among our aristocratic friends.

Who presided over the ceremony, had already arrived, accompanied by a clerical acquaintance; while Bella, attired in a dress of white satin, with a veil surrounded by a crown of flowers, had just entered, resting on the arm of the bride's maid. During the sensation created by the entrance of the bride, another door had opened, and a young man, some five feet four inches in height, with dusty garments and very red hair, was pushed in by a servant, and with much amazement depicted on his freckled, unimpressive features, sank down into the nearest chair, without attracting any particular observation at the time from the rest of the company assembled.

As the ceremony proceeded, and the question was asked by the clergyman if any objected to the bands, he of the red hair and freckles rose up and said: "I object, Mr. Clergyman, most decidedly object."

"What?" cried Mr. Meirs, springing forward and confronting the excited young man of the red hair and freckles. "And who are you that dare to object to my daughter's marriage with her cousin? Will you explain yourself, sir?"

The enraged Mr. Meirs, shaking his fist in the face of the terrified intruder. "Speak! or by my faith, I will bundle you headforemost into the street!"

"I can't, sir," cried the proprietor of the red hair, "while you continue so excited!"

"Then, my soul," cried the merchant still more excited in his tone, "I'll just give you to understand that you have no right to dictate in my own house!"

And putting the action to the word, he seized the unucky intruder by the hair, and forced him out of the room, and forced him out of the room.

"Now," cried Mr. Meirs, turning to the clergyman, "please proceed with the ceremony!"

Agreeable with Mr. Meirs' request the ceremony proceeded, and in less time than it takes us to relate it, John and Bella were indissolubly united in the bond of wedlock.

No sooner was the ceremony over, than Bella, clasping her husband's hand knelt before her father and said: "Forgive us, dear father, for the deception we have practiced upon you. This is not Cousin John of Baltimore!"

"Then who under the sun is he?" cried Mr. Meirs, glancing at the room in the most bewildered manner.

"It is John Peters, but not cousin John. My dear husband came in the first place to you, in search of a situation, and you forgetting that there might be another John Peters in the world, besides your nephew John, have very inceptently assisted us in carrying out the deception. Therefore you must forgive him, dear father, for he is far less to blame than either of us, for in the first place being deceived by his name, and so in the second place having the honor of marrying the best—"

"I am an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"My dear brother, I want to give notice there will be some carrying on at this place next Sunday afternoon at half past four. I shall prove the doctrine that all the shell in the world, the largest shell as myself. I say she an luvly—when I'm an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

"I see," answered Mr