

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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L. G. GOULD, Editor.



EATON, O., JAN. 21, 1858.

For the Democrat.

Dixon Townsend, Preble Co.,

Jan. 11, 1858.

Ma. Editor—I have been intending

for some time to say a few words

through the columns of your paper to my

brother Democrats in this county. I do not

often take my pen to communicate my

thoughts, for I am an outspoken sort of

a man, and can generally tell all I know

before I can get time to take up my

pen, so don't complain if I hold you by

the button long enough to put a "flea

in your ear." Now don't imagine I am

going to discuss the relative positions

of the President and the Illinois Senator,

or any of the general questions that

keep parties so much of the time in a

state of turmoil at the expense of home

interests; but as a Preble County Dem-

ocrat, I wish to call your attention to

some duties connected with it here. I

see in our county paper a notice that

and the printing establishment is for

sale. As soon as I saw this notice my

mind was made up, and now brother

Democrats, in my old fashioned style, I

wish to gently remind you of your duty.

An Editors life is no easy life. His

toils are unending. As a class they are

the hardest worked and poorest paid

of anybody in the world. Now I wish

to ask you one question. Do Editors

deserve to be paid? If the people give

them any kind of support? Don't

hurry over this question, for I am not

going to let you off till I am satisfied I

have arrested your attention, and if I

once secure that my object will be gain-

ed, for I know too well what Democra-

tic principle is made of, not to prophecy

correctly. Well, you say "no" to my

question. Don't bring it out so short,

as if you expect to get rid of me so—

If I have no pecuniary interest in any

paper, don't tell me its name or my busi-

ness, for I tell you it is my business

and goes too. Were I an Editor, I

would not feel so much like giving you

"Hail Columbia" in regard to your

duty, for all men dislike to peddle their

services out.

Now I am coming to the point. It

is a shame that we Preble County Dem-

ocrats don't in these trying times rally

to the support of our county paper.

By trying times I mean financially try-

ing. We have great reason to rejoice

at the signs of the times politically.

North of us Darke now throws out a

Democratic banner; Montgomery an-

swers with a corresponding signal, and

old Butler thunders all the while. Pre-

ble is coming. You say, perhaps, you

take the Cincinnati Enquirer, and can-

not afford to take two papers. But I

suppose you think an Editor who has a

"thousand and one" things to buy and

pay for too, in order to issue his weekly

sheet, can afford to wear out his ener-

gies, and spend the best part of his life,

in advocating principles you claim to

respect and believe, and you cannot af-

ford to pay one dollar and fifty cents a

year for your share of the burden, and

receive into your families each week, a

visitor which always says some good

things.

Fellow Democrats, we should all

blush as we put the nite into the Edi-

member that the most brilliant achieve-
ments are made at doubtful points. It
is these points that really control poli-
tical destinies. One after another they
yield to the power of the press. Our
party, ever victorious in the past, found-
ed upon great principles, needs men at
every point whose lives and energies
shall be devoted to the spread and de-
fence of Democratic principles. The
Editor of our paper for fidelity to the
great principles of our party stands un-
der the same obligations. It is no more
to be known from the clubs that lie around
it, seems to me a faithful independent
democratic paper may be known by the
bitterness of the opposition coming
from opposite parties.

Gentlemen draw your inferences, I
must close this article. I don't know
as the Editor will print it, but I will
say as the Irishman did when writing
to his friends, "answer it please whither
you get it or not." There is another
subject I wish to give to you a bit of
my mind about, but my fingers must
rest awhile. I hope before I write that
you, who have not paid your last year's
subscription, will send it in together
with a few names of new subscribers.

Yours truly,
L. G. GOULD.

Select Poetry.

(From the Journal of Commerce.)

Hope On.

BY PEARL FISHER.

Should fortune take
Her wings of gold,
And with her flight
Our friends grow cold;
Our frosts may blast
Each opening flower,
And Death's dark pall
Above us lower,
Hope on.

Whose of our hearts
Are stricken down,
And earthly joys
From us have flown;
If those we love,
And call our own,
Unfaithful prove
"Neath fortune's frown,
Hope on.

If o'er life's sea
Our bark be driven,
And though its form,
Be tempest riven;
Should sorrow's waves
Above us roll,
Still, let us fear
Assail the soul,
Hope on.

So when toils
And cares are o'er,
If courage fail
"Neath Death's dread power,
Still, let our hearts—
Though gathering gloom
May then surround
The darkness tomb—
Hope on.

Select Miscellany.

Triumph of Consistency.

BY J. DELMONT.

Maggie was the only daughter of a
noble baron, a descendant of the illu-
strious family of Fleming. She grew
up fair as the morning and gentle as
the summer's eve. Her charms of per-
son, and the vivacity of her mind, were
just unfolding when she was doomed to
experience, in the death of her father,
an anguish of soul that appeared to
sever for one so gentle to sustain, and
time, instead of soothing, seemed to
augment her sorrow; for, with her fa-
ther, perished all hope of realizing a
certain fond though silent anticipation.
She had not possessed a susceptible
and enthusiastic soul until her sixteenth
year, without twining affections with
some kindred spirit. The noble Freder-
ic possessed every accomplishment
necessary to constitute him worthy of
her love, and her father's esteem, but
the mother, whose years had carried
them into oblivion all the pangs of
disappointment, and the distraction of
soul that herself had formerly experi-
enced, heedless of the languid eye of
the daughter, and inexorable to the en-
treaties of her father, dismissed the
youth with a cheerless request to suit
himself elsewhere. After the turbu-
lence of grief had subsided, she became
calm, and appeared resigned to the high
behest of heaven; but a fearful melan-
choly preyed upon her mind, the won-
derful lustre of her eyes departed, and
the silent sadness of her countenance in-
dicated "unutterable woe."
The anxiety of her fond though aus-
tere parent increased as the bloom on
her cheeks diminished; and dearly as
she loved the spot where oft she had
heard the sympathizing sough sigh to
the listening willow the tale of her
husband's desolation, o'er the tomb of her
husband, she resolved to save her Mag-

gie, if change of scene could possibly
effect it. In a few days everything was
in readiness for their departure, and their
gallant ship spread her wide canvass to
the friendly breeze, and fast receded
from the mournful gaze of Maggie the
hills where she used to roam; the nobly,
change of air, and the eccentricities
of the sons of Neptune combined to
partially restore her spirits, and once
more a smile appeared upon her coun-
tenance.

Among the passengers was an un-
usual, though not a striking personage,
in the dress of a Russian officer; no
one knew him, and he avoided all con-
versation, yet he did not appear sullen
or affected. The captain was interro-
gated, but yet could give no account of
him, only that he paid like a prince, and
had placed a large amount of property
in his charge. They had proceeded
about two-thirds of the voyage, without
encountering any difficulty, but treach-
ery was yet in the heart of the deep.

"Yes! now I have found one worthy
the hand of my Maggie, and stranger as
thou art, whoever thou art, if willing to
receive, not as a compensation, but as a
token of gratitude, the whole of my for-
tune, and with the hand and gentle
heart of my daughter, they are thine,
for surely no unworthy one can possess
your generous intrepidity of soul."
The time was now come when he
might, without hazard, throw off his dis-
guise, and without fear of forfeiting the
object that had brought him across the
ocean, develop the mystery that hung
about him; he told her his native place
was Edinburgh, that his father had died
about a year since, leaving him an im-
mense estate, which he had disposed of
in order to follow to America one to
whom he had given heart, and pledged
his faith. These last words seemed at
once to destroy the fever foundation of
her high hopes of happiness, and she
sighed deeply. "My name is Frederic." The sound
of that name was like electricity.
"Frederic Maycroft!" she exclaimed,
inquiringly.

"The very same," he replied; know-
ing your singular aversion to my family,
I disguised myself during the voyage,
lest your presence should master me,
and ultimately deprive me of the
hand though not the love of Mag-
gie."

The now penitent scorners of the
matchless love was about to implore for-
giveness, but he interrupted her, joy-
fully advertising to the offers just made him.
Both were now happy beyond expression,
she in the prospect of restoring her
daughter to the rightful love, and he
in the hope of realizing his dearest an-
ticipation.

A letter was immediately forwarded
to Maggie, by her mother, informing her
that the mysterious officer who had been
the means of saving her fortune and her
life in the perilous hour of the ship-
wreck had visited her; that she had
found him every way worthy of esteem,
and with regard to obligations they were
under to him, they could never be
fully cancelled. The epistle concluded
with a hint, that he had rescued her
life; her hand must be the reward.

Soon after Maggie made answer, and
with it came a letter from her uncle,
her's was first opened; and read as fol-
lows:
"I have never before hesitated to
make any sacrifice that my dearest moth-
er has requested at my hands, and I pre-
sume she is well aware that my heart is
fully susceptible of the emotions of grate-
itude, give to the noble, generous stran-
ger all that you intended as my portion,
without the least reserve; tender him my
heart's acknowledgments as the preserver
of its vitality, but spare, oh spare my
heart!"

The uncle's letter informed her that
the fair flower was drooping, notwith-
standing the charms of the season, and
the variety that surrounded her, she was
evidently very unhappy; although she
she admitted the superior beauty of the
scenery, he perceived that her heart was
with the charms of her native home; en-
doring with a suggestion that her mother
had better imitate a determination to re-
turn.
Having perused the two letters, she
immediately answered them, and follow-
ing her uncle's advice, proposed to Mag-
gie their return, requesting, as she could
not give her heart and hand to her de-
liverer, that she would hasten to the city
and make her acknowledgments in per-
son, before their departure.

To the uncle she unraveled the whole
mystery and desired him not to divulge
it, requesting him to attend her to the
city to witness the "Triumph of Consis-
tency."
The gloom that had hung over the
marble brow of Maggie was measurably
dispelled by the hopes that her mother's
willingness to return inspired; for al-
though, as she thought, many a boisterous
billow rolled between herself and
Frederic, yet she knew his heart was
faithful, and she rejoiced in the dream
of happiness that appeared in the dis-
tance.
The old uncle was intoxicated with
the idea of the pleasure he should re-
ceive in beholding the union of two so
steadfast, and, as soon as possible, ap-
peared with his niece at the residence
of her mother. By a previous arrange-
ment, Frederic was not to appear until
two or three hours after her arrival—
Maggie being in readiness to receive, in a
becoming style, the person who had risked
his own life to save her's, anxiously

waited his coming; on entering the room,
in his highland dress, she instantly re-
cognized and sprang to meet him, and
faintly exclaiming, "my Frederic!" fell
senseless into his arms. His well known
voice soon recalled her back to life, their
hands were joined, and the solemn priest
pronounced them one forever.

An Ignorant Constable.
A paper in the interior is following
up a Justice of the Peace in its vicinity
with a great deal of pertinacity.—
Whenever any thing unusual occurs in
his court, the editor reports it as a full
length. The other day a jury trial was
to take place before him, and eleven ju-
rors had been impaneled, when the con-
stable of the court pushed forward the
twelfth, a long-legged, slab-sided
specimen of humanity, who was ad-
dressed by his honor with all the fami-
liarity of an old acquaintance.

"Get up thar, Aleck, and let's con-
clude this case."
Aleck hesitated and looked steadily
at the Justice.

"Come, come," continued the latter,
impatiently; "It's no use, you can't get
off; I don't go a red cent on excuses.
So up with you."
Aleck seeing it was little use to talk,
hung his head and made a step toward
the vacant seat among the jury, mut-
tering: "The court might let a fellow
play his hand out anyhow."

"The court might do what?" shouted
the Justice.

"Why, all I have to say is," promp-
tly returned Aleck, "that it's rather hard
to make a feller lay his hand down to
sit on a jury." Then he inquired with
a good deal of feeling: "How would
your honor like it?"

The Justice looked serious. Calling
the constable to him, and asking him a
few questions in a low tone, he address-
ed himself directly to Aleck:
"Aleck, I jest diskliver that when the
constable served the summons 'pon you,
that was a snug little game of 'draw go-
ing on in Beck's tavern."

"Aleck, brightening up, 'had as good a
thing as I wanted."
"What did you have, Aleck," contin-
ued the Justice, "when you laid your
hand down to sarve on the jury?"
"A beautiful 'full' your honor."

The Justice became deeply interest-
ed, and looking Aleck in the face, con-
tinued: "Does his court understand
you to say that the constable tuck you
away from a good 'full' to sit on the ju-
ry?"
Aleck bowed in the affirmative.

"And you told the constable what you
held?"
"I did your honor."
"And he jerked you away from the
table, and let nobody to bet on your
hand?"

Again Aleck answered in the affirma-
tive.
The court took a long breath, and
then resumed its questions.
"Aleck, did you deal, them keards
that round?"
Aleck replied that he did.

The Justice drew back, entirely over-
come with the strength of Aleck's ex-
cuses.
"Mr. Constable," said he, elevating
himself high in his chair, "this ere court
is half a mind to fine you for contempt.
By bringing this man here, you have,
perhaps, broken up a snug little game
of 'draw' and spilled a first rate 'full'
when he had the dealing of the keards
round the table! It's the most exasperat-
ing case I ever seed." Then rising to
his feet with a dignified air, he said:
"Aleck, you're excused. Mr. Constable,
get us another juror."

Aleek vamoosed to continue his snug
little game of 'draw,' while another was
summoned into the juror's seat without
even a hearing.

A country youth came to town
to see his intended wife, and for a long
time could think of nothing to say—
At last a great snore falling he took oc-
casion to tell her that his father's sheep
would be all undone. "Well," said she,
taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one
of them."

Two persons, contending very
sharply on matters regarding late elec-
tion, got to rather high words, when one
of them said, "You never catch a lie
coming out of my mouth." The other
replied "You may well say that, for they
fly out so fast that nobody can catch
'em."

The Irish shopkeeper who was
latey cheated by an old woman stealing a
jar of whisky, and leaving a jar of
water in its place, described her as
speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish
nor English. A punster said he had
reason to complain of the jar-gon.

Bobbs quit his last boarding
house because his landlady would per-
sist in rinsing her "William Henry's"
shirt in the pudding basin. We don't
say that we blame him.

An honest old lady, when told of
her husband's death, exclaimed: "Well,
I do declare, our troubles never come
alone! It isn't a week since we lost our
been, and now Mr. Hooper has gone
too—poor man!"

One of the safest places during a
thunder storm is a railroad train in mo-
tion, because it is furnished with a con-
ductor.

Mr. Scrubb's Manoeuvre.
Mr. Scrubb was a short, thick-set,
phlegmily old chap, who had been sent
to the Legislature for five years. But
Scrubb was some pumpkins, and if
there was anything going on in the
House that required tact and cunning
to command success, he was sure to be
engaged by the interested parties, by
some means or other. Scrubb had a
pair of twinkling eyes that seemed to
take turn in the visionary service they
rendered, it being a very rare circum-
stance to find more than one of them
open at a time.

Scrubb could talk like a book, and
sometimes when it was highly desirable
to gain time by delaying the talking of
the question, as to a bill before the
House, he would make a tremendous
long one too—bringing in Banker Hill
and Mrs. Kidder's Cordial, Yorktown
and Lee's Pills, Lexington and Shang-
hai breed of fowls. In short, he could
puzzle the House and the speaker to
such an extent that they scarcely knew
what the question was before them, and
certainly knew nothing of what Scrubb's
speech and conglomerate of talk.

Once, Scrubb found himself in a mi-
nority, and very much interested in the
passage of a certain bill he had count-
ed noses, and found that four of his re-
liable voters were away, and could not
return to their seats till the next day.
What was to be done? He had talked
for an hour and a half, and from sheer
exhaustion was forced to yield the floor
to the other side. He had heard his
opponent's argument, saw the effect up
on the House, and finally observed that
the question was about to be put by the
Speaker. His cunning was never at
fault, and just as the Speaker's hammer
rattled on his desk, preparatory to his
going through the form, and when he
had already commenced to speak, Mr.
Scrubb jumped up and said:

"Mr. Speaker!"
"But the factionary would not hear
him; indeed, it was out of order for
Scrubb to rise at that moment."
"Mr. Speaker!" reiterated Scrubb,
peeping first from one eye then from the
other.

"Sit down, Mr. Scrubb!" at last said
the Speaker.

"But, sir, I must speak. The fact is
that—"
"Order! order!" roared the House.
"But, sir—" continued the inveterate
Scrubb.

"The gentleman will take his seat,"
reiterated the Speaker.

"Mr. Speaker, there is danger—"
"Order! order!"
Scrubb saw that it was of no use to
attempt to speak, and so, raising his
arm, he pointed to one corner of the
ceiling, as much as to say, "You had
better hear me."

The members were puzzled; the
Speaker paused in amazement.
Seizing the opportunity, Scrubb
said:

"Mr. Speaker, I don't wish to speak
to the bill, but, sir, there is imminent
danger hanging over us."
"What is it?" cried fifty voters at
once, following with their eyes the still
outstretched arm of Scrubb.

"I am told, sir, that the roof has par-
tially given away, and you will see, sir,
the big crack yonder."
There was a visible commotion among
the members, and some of them moved
towards the door.

"I propose, sir, that we adjourn, and
that a committee be appointed to in-
quire into the state of the ceiling above,
for I am told that it is not safe to re-
main here a minute longer."

Some ten or twelve of the opposite
side had withdrawn.

The next day, the committee report-
ed that the ceiling and roof were per-
fectly safe. Scrubb's friends had arrived
from the country, the question was put,
and he carried the day.

Such was one of Scrubb's legislative
manoeuvres to postpone the question.

The Right Talk.
A straight out writer gives the fol-
lowing advice to those young men who
"depend on father" for their support,
and take no interest whatever in busi-
ness, but are regular drones in the hive,
subsisting on that which is earned by
others:

From the Boston Post, Dec. 27.

Spicy Correspondence.—A True
We are assured by a friend who is per-
sonally cognizant of what he states, that
the following piquant correspondence
is genuine. A gentleman whose busi-
ness calls him a good deal from home,
is accustomed to give the custody of his
correspondence to his wife, an intelli-
gent lady, who in obedience to instruc-
tions, opens all letters that comes in her
husband's absence; answers such of them
as she can, like a confidential clerk; and
forwards the rest to her liege lord at
his departure. During a recent ab-
sence of her husband, the lady received
a letter, which the following (omitting
names, dates, and places), is a true copy:

"My dear Sir, I saw a fine picture of
you yesterday and fell in love with it,
as I did with the original in W—last
winter, when I saw you more than an
hour, though I suppose you did not see
me among so many. I fear you will
think me forward in thus addressing
you; but I trust you are as noble and
unsuspecting as you are handsome and
brilliant. Perhaps you would like to
know something about me—your ardent
admirer! Well I am not very good at
description, but I will say I am not mar-
ried, (though you are I am told.) My
friends tell me that I have not a pretty
face, but only a good figure. I am rather
petite, have black eyes, black hair, and
a dark complexion—that is I am what
is called a brunette." I am stopping
for a few weeks with my brother-in-law
and sister in this town, and I dearly
wish you would meet me there before I
return to W—. At any rate do not
fail to write me at least a few words to
tell me whether I shall ever see you
again, and know you more intimately.
Forgive my boldness and believe me,
Your friend—

To this letter the wife, who, by the by,
has not the least knowledge of the per-
son to whom it was writing, made the
following answer:

"Mademoiselle: Your letter of the
11th addressed to Mr. — was
duly received. Mr. — who is my
husband, directed me, when he left home
some days ago, to open all his letters,
and to answer any of them I convenient-
ly could. As you seem to be rather im-
patient, I will answer your letter my-
self. I do not think your description
of yourself will please Mr. —. I
happen to know he dislikes black eyes,
and hates brunettes most decidedly. It
is quite true (as you seem to suppose)
that he judges of women as he does of
horses; but I think your inventory of
your points is not complete enough to be
satisfactory to him. You omit to men-
tion your height, weight, wind and speed,
and (here the word is illegible.) Taking
your charms at your own estimate, I
doubt whether they will prove sufficiently
attractive to draw him so far as B—
merely for the satisfaction of comparing
them with the schedule. You say you
trust my husband is unsuspecting." I
think that is his nature, but yet he is
used to drawing inferences, which are
sometimes as unkind as they are suspi-
cious. You say you are unmarried. My
advice to you is that you marry
somebody, as soon as possible. In most
cases, I would not recommend haste;
but in yours, I am convinced there is
truth in the proverb which speaks of the
danger of delay. Should you be so fortu-
nate as to get a husband (which may
God mercifully grant!) my opinion is
that you would consider any woman who
should write him such a letter as this of
yours, impertinent, and perhaps, im-
modest.

"I will deliver your note to Mr. —
when he returns, and also a copy of my
reply which I am sure he will approve.
I am with as much respect as you per-
mit Mrs. —

This was the end of the correspond-
ence.

"Julius Caesar Hannibal," let's
off the following at Greeley, through
the columns of the "Elephant."—
We make the extract from an article on
"The Hard Times."

"It's hard times, sez de Tribune, in
scribble long croaking articles all cut
an' dried to lay 'way an' appeal to two
years hence, when de presidential
lection comes on, as prof ob de hard
times an' mismanagement under De-
mocratic gubermint. De teers dat
brooder Greedy sheds now hee in
sardin hopes will turnout bery loud
smiles den."

A married gentleman, every time
he met the rich father of his wife, com-
plained to him of the ugly temper of
his daughter. At last on one occasion,
the old gentleman becoming weary of
the grumblings of his son-in-law, said,
"You are right; she is an