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L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Select Poetry.

TOIL ON.

Toil on, worn and weary sight,
Earth for thee hath no repose,
Life is one eternal struggle—
One stern conflict with fierce foes.

Toil on, nerved by faith and courage,
With a holy energy,
Shrinking from thy duty, never—
Daring for humanity.

Toil on for the suffering millions—
Toil to speed the reign of Right—
To redeem a world in ruins,
Cursed by sin's foul deadly blight.

Toil on! not in vain thy effort—
Triumph shall thy labors crown;
Man shall laud thee, God shall laud thee,
Ages shall thy praise resound.

Select Miscellany.

SOPHIE LINN.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband a duty, I suppose; but that interminable class of human beings denominated 'lovers,' are terrible bores. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but to a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broad cloth and starched linen, quaking from the toes of his boots to the top of his shirt-collar, his mouth awry and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the effort to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said every Sophie Lynn, aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before her window, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory ball that lay upon her lap.

"So said every Sophie Lynn, aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before her window, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory ball that lay upon her lap. She continued, with a rousing musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense, with anybody, one is puzzled to know which of the two is the more heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid conversation. For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased for she had more than one), that I wasn't heartily sick of after he had proposed. There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterward. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—'what long winded adjectives!' and how the poor fellow blushed, and puffed, and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccoughed in the middle of 'adorable.' Horrible! I have detested him ever since. Then there was—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a hasty truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she said as she took a finished survey of her person in the glass, and shook out with her plump, jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back in her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unoccupied and listless as though that name had not sent a thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open her windows, that the cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosi-ness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and after com-posing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, de-scended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both her hands to her guest; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind, either not to be pleased or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its results had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half-hour had not elapsed before she knew that Harry Ainslee's hand and heart (which, by the way, was nothing wonderful) were in the same place where Capt. Morris's and Dr. Wilkins's had been before them.

such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing, and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straight-forward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaning-ly, holding her fan before her for a screen—did she forget what she had been saying?—and under the shade of her eyes she saw the glances of her lover's eyes.

"You-a little witch—you mischief-you spirit of evil," exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a gripe that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice he added gravely, "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so?—and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal."

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; for the whole depth of her being were stirred, and drawn towards him as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her railery then—She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender re-sponse that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mocking gesture, she with a laughing, danced across the room to the piano.

She gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that crowded to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer ex-haustion. "Is it generous—is it just to trifle with me so?—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I have loved you, because under this vol-atile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity; pur-ity of soul, and a warm current of ten-der, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a sus-picious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our high-est happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were blown away by the wind, and staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquet-ish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, for the difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ains-lee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce tor-rent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with its upris-ing indignation—his lips compressed and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one lit-tle step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud, sensi-tive nature.

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostation, leaving only a grave "good-bye," and the mem-ory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtful girl wake to a realiza-tion of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Har-ry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and ad-apted accordingly. In fact, she did as al-most any heroine would have done un-der the circumstances, grew pale and in-teresting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate,—the poor, dear child was getting so thin! In vain, Sophie protested she was not eating.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts, and piled up costly dresses before his pet's a faint smile, or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringletted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Every-body thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and pent-up grief became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do for to give Harry up forever seemed more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her troubles with Harry. I have something important to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden path, as if from pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and fling-ing herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance. "I am per-fectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guess-ing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quar-reled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it was natu-ral for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he has not been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her. "I would not have owned it to any-body if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hand into her eyes; but I think I love him almost as I go you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head and finger and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

How Tom Corwin Hid his Sister from an Obnoxious Lover.

BY A WESTERN MAN.

Every one has heard of the eloquent, pathetic and humorous stump orator of Ohio. He was pronounced by Mr. Clay (a most competent authority) to be the finest stump speaker he had ever heard; and in this opinion I most heartily coin-cide, after having heard Clay, Crittenden, Jones of Tennessee, Benjamin and George Franklin, Hunt, Tom Mar-shall, Gen. Lamar, Bates, Douglas, and a host of others.

Well, this great orator carried his love of fun into every department of life. In the private circle, where he unbosomed himself fully, he was the most delight-ful and genial conversationalist I ever listened to. I do not know that he was so aged and infirm as cropping on, in-cludes this proclivity to humor so much as he used to do. But some twenty years ago he used to tell, with great vic-tory, the following story:

"In early life—so early that I cannot remember the removal—my father 'piled up stakes,' and, carrying with him the household goods, went from Bour-bon county, Kentucky, where he was born, to Ohio. Notwithstanding the rough and tumble struggle with the world, he had a hard time to get on, owing to a numerous and rapidly in-creasing family. Well, family matters had not much improved when I had reached my thirteenth or fourteenth year."

"At this time there lived in the neigh-borhood a young man by the name of Pickering. He had inherited a well-stocked farm, was good-looking, and made a strong profession of religion. This latter qualification caused him to find peculiar favor in the eyes of my father, who always was blinded by pro-fessions of extra piety."

"This fellow had a strong hankering after one of my sisters, who was a very pretty girl. To her he was peculiarly distasteful. She seemed always exces-sively to be in his presence. Yet he was ever at her side. She dared not dismiss him entirely, for fear of the pa-ternal anger. Things went on in this way for a year or two, and as I partook largely of my sister's hatred of him, I resolved to get rid of him in some way. I cast about for a plan for some time, but nothing occurred which gave me the slightest hope of being successful."

"At last returning home late one sum-mer night from the mill, I found the family at their nightly devotions. Pass-ing by the windows of the room in which they were assembled, I saw that Pickering was there, and pretty soon I discovered that he was nodding, and finally his head drooped. Now was my opportunity. I stole slyly into the hall, and reaching the hall door, which was slightly ajar, and close by which Pick-ering was, on bended knees. I reached in and, quickly pulling his chair from under him, he rolled heavily, as a sound sleeper would upon the floor. The noise alarmed all. The old gentleman stopped in the midst of his almost inter-minable prayer, and saw the position of Pickering. All the family laughed out-ward; and even my mother smiled."

"Pickering endeavored to pick him-self up as rapidly as possible, he had touched the old man upon his tenderest point. It was evident, from his rubbing his eyes, that he had slept under the old gentleman's ministrations; and had not my father's reputation far and wide for the fervency and strength of his ministrations, and was not Pickering his professing brother? It was too much. Slowly yet most dignifiedly did the old man approach him. 'Begone, hypocrite!' he cried in thunder tones—'Never enter my house again.'"

"Pickering was thunderstruck. He felt that he could make no apology which would not add to the insult. He had no suspicion of the exterior force which had aided him in his fall. He at once found his hat, took up his line of march, and, completely crestfallen, passed by me as I stood grinning in the shadow of the porch."

"At a suitable time I entered, got my supper, was told by a brother, in hurried whispers, what had happened, and then I stole off to bed, affecting igno-rance and laughing most heartily, as I encased myself in the sheets, at the complete success of my plan."

"Next day I cautiously imparted my secret to my interested sister. She was in her own room at the time, and she threw herself upon the bed and rolled in agonies and convulsions of laughter—'She had been emancipated forever from the attentions of an obnoxious lover.'—The old gentleman did not hear the real state of the facts for full twenty years afterwards; but when he did, he laughed heartily."

THE HAPPY CALAMITY.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep a carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; today there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband, said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our chil-dren. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear Father," said the children, "do not look so sad; we will help you to get a living." "What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" an-swered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing—How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work, and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the younger girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he culti-vated vegetables for the market. He viewed, with delight and astonishment and the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the effi-ciency which his daughter soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the house-hold, and also assisted the younger chil-dren; besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as ac-complishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage.—They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they planted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a beehive. "I never enjoyed such health before," said the father. "I was never so happy before," said the mother. "We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

The Kansas Question.

The fact that a large majority of the free state party in Kansas participated in the election of the 4th inst., which was held under the provisions of the Leocompton convention, and the conse-quent acknowledgment of the legality of that convention, have completely falsi-fied the predictions of those who ac-cessionately asserted a few weeks ago that nine out of ten of the inhabitants of the territory would prefer civil war to submission, in any shape, to the acts of constitutional convention. It is to be supposed that the clear, deliberate and convincing exposition of the President's views on the question, as contained in the message to congress, showed the law-resisting party in Kansas the utter hopelessness of any attempt to overthrow the acts of the territorial authorities and obtain political power by illegal means; and convinced them that the ballot box was a far safer and more effectual means of attaining their object than a resort to violent opposition to the federal author-ity. The reports of several recent meetings of the free state party in Kan-sas; their resolutions in favor of voting on the 4th inst., as "the only mode of opposing the Leocompton constitu-tion"; their opinion, that "the man is mad who advises rebellion as a mode of redressing grievances which can be re-dressed at the ballot box," and "Gov-ernor ROBINSON'S defection from the resistance at all times and at all hazards show that sober second thought has been productive of beneficial results, even in Kansas; and the telegraphic dis-patches as to the election on the 4th (if correct) show that a majority of the free state party have voted, and that no vio-lence was offered to the exercise of their legal right."

The conservative portion of the free state settlers of Kansas are naturally tired of being made the puppets of Mr. JIM LANE and other factious wire-pul-lers within and without the territory, and of being kept in continual hot water to serve the selfish ends of a few unscrup-ulous demagogues who have not the slightest consideration for their interests or prosperity, and by whose advice they have been hitherto practically deprived of the power of forming their own gov-ernment, and arranging their affairs to suit themselves. Their common sense tells that to deny the legality of the territorial legislature which the Presi-dent and Congress of the United States have repeatedly acknowledged, was as vain as it was unjustifiable; and that if the Leocompton convention was composed of men politically opposed to them, the fault was their own; that, had they voted as they were empowered and invited to do, they might have elected delegates of their own way of thinking; and that their foolish obedience to JIM LANE'S advice, instead of the law, could not possibly be permitted to disfranchise those who did obey the law, or annual the acts of a legally elected and prop-erly constituted body, such the Leocompton convention undoubtedly was. Once convicted of this, (it is a pity that the conviction did not reach them earlier) they thought that there was some prob-ability that the Leocompton constitution adopted on the 21st of December by the votes of seven thousand electors of Kan-sas, would be accepted by congress, and that Kansas might be admitted as a state under that constitution. They saw that if this were the case, and if they abstained from voting for state officers and a state legislature, on the 4th in-stant, they must either abandon the government of the state to the political opponents, or else "set up an inde-pendent government;" which one of their leaders, with unusual frankness, declared to be "rebellion," and which Governor ROBINSON warned them not to attempt, by showing the utter fruit-lessness of resistance to the power of the United States. They therefore voted peaceably on the 4th (if report speaks truly), and if they have elected their ticklers they will have the right, of which the President told them that "no human power" could deprive them, of chang-ing the Leocompton constitution just as they pleased, after Kansas is admitted as a state, and arranging their fundamen-tal law in accordance with her own tastes and opinions. This is the legal, constitutional, and only admissibly way of asserting popular sovereignty, and the right of the majority to rule; and the free state men who voted on the 4th inst. will find the practical superiority of this method over the resistance and revolution-breathing resolutions of the Topeka meetings in which they were unfortunately induced to participate.

Should the Kansas question be set-tled in this peaceful way, as we sincerely trust it will be; should the entire sub-ject of Kansas government be thus re-moved from national politics and hand-ed over to the people of that territory; it will doubtless be a very severe blow to those who hoped by ingenious manage-ment, to keep up the excitement and turn it to account in 1860. It will be mortifying to the men whose party or-ganization and future hopes depend al-most entirely upon the continuance of the "war in Kansas," to find the ground taken from under them, their impostures exposed, their prognostications falsified, and their selfish schemes defeated. But it will be a triumph for the conservative, intelligent, law-respecting masses of the entire Union to find that the principles which they have always advocated have at length prevailed; that fanaticism has yielded to common sense, and rebellion

has surrendered to legal authority; and it will be a triumph for them to find that the firmness, prudence, justice and impartiality of the executive have defied the machinations of the opposition, and given another striking proof of the patriotism and sagacity with which the federal power is swayed.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Shaving a Note.

Old Skinfint was the most celebra-ted broker in Philadelphia; his "shav-ing" operations were famous, as he gen-erally took off not only beard and whisk-ers, but "one pound of flesh" in addi-tion. Young Harry Scam was one of those dashing chaps who loved wine and horses, and who form a majority of the borrowers. Harry having many wants, on various occasions borrowed of Skinfint, at three per cent. a month "off," and having at sundry periods, made "traises," paid off his responsi-bilities. At last he got tired of such con-stant borrowing and repaying. It would be six years before his estates could be sold, under the terms of his father's will, who had prudently postponed that event until Harry could reach the age of "thirty," and Harry concluded it would be better to make a heavy opera-tion at once, and be rid of the opera-tion of continual borrowing. Away to Skinfint's he hied, determined to procure a good round sum and be done with it.

"I want ten thousand, for six years," "Hem! what security will you give?" "O, you may have my bond—that will bind my property."

"You know my rule is, always to take discount 'off,' besides, you owe one thousand, due to-day, and I lent you a ten in the street, the other day."

"I won't pay what I've been paying; one and a quarter per cent. is enough. You may take it 'off,' and take out what I owe you besides."

"Hem! well, here's a bond for \$10,000 at six years; sign it, and it'll be all right."

No sooner said than done. Harry affixed his autograph, and hummed a tune, while Skinfint got his check-book, and made a calculation.

"Have you got ten dollars about you?" asked he, in a moment; "if so, let me have it."

"All right, my old boy," said Harry, supposing he wanted it to make change; here it is."

"Hem, hem!" said Skinfint, locking up his desk and making preparations to shoot.

"Stop, old fellow," said Harry.—"Where's my money?" "Your money! you've got it." "Got it! what do you mean?" "Why, I was to take off the discount, wasn't I, and the thousand?" "Yes, I want my money." "Why my dear fellow, you've got it. Ten thousand at one and a quarter a month for six years is nine thousand—a thousand you owe me—and just paid the ten; it's all right, my dear boy—a fair business transaction!"—Bulletin.

Said old Mrs. Philanthropy, the other day, accosting a precious urchin in the street, with a wardrobe remark-able for its ventilating advantages, "Bub-bly, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that awful hole in your trousers?" "Oh, you git out, old 'oman," was the respectful reply, "our folks is economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch, any day."

The old lady's honest sympathy was wasted, while yesterday bent a retreat round the corner, displaying a flag of truce in the rear.

LIFE'S IRREPARABLES.—What is the use of it? Do not worry yourself to death of what other people may say of you, as long as you know that it is not true. Take care of the truth; that is your business. All falsehoods go to the bosom of your father, the devil, and their framers soon follow. So much as to falsehoods to you. As to falsehoods to you, and as to every tale the most re-motely prejudicial to another, treat it and the narrator with the utmost indif-ference, until you hear the story of the other party; this only is just, and wise, and kind.

CRAMP.—"Stoem, how is it to-day? Can you take that note up?" "I'm sorry to say I can't—never was so cramped in my life."

"By the way, you are always cramped, are you not?" "I am sorry to say I am, and yet there is a natural cause for it."

"What was it?" "Why, I was reared on green apples and water melons."

ALMOST A GAL-ON OF PENS.—A chap was asked what kind of a "Gal" he preferred for a wife. He replied, one that is not a prodigal but a frugal and a trugal, and one that suited his conjugal taste." He's right.

A late writer says that woman has no generosity towards her own sex. "Who ever heard of one woman going security for another woman's house rent?"

PREFERENCE.—To a fond mother, whose children were at the time making themselves disagreeable, a gentleman observed, "I have a decided preference for bad children, madam." "How strange! And, pray, for what reason?" said she. "Because they are always sent out of the room."