

# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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### The Democratic Party.

If there ever was a political organization, observes a contemporary, with which a patriot might justly be proud to be connected, that organization is the great Democratic party. Whether its past history or present position be considered, it alone will be found to possess the principles requisite to maintain, in all its purity, the free constitutional government bequeathed us by our fathers. The history of the Democratic party; the achievements of the Democratic party; and the day that witnesseth its dissolution, will witness, also, the destruction of the constitution and the union of all these States. It alone of all the parties—may of all our organizations—is truly national. One after another the links which have bound the North and the South together have been severed. The thousand tiny cords which linked the two sections more closely together have been snapped; the thousand little channels through which a common sentiment has been diffused through the Union are choked up, and antagonism of sentiment, of principle, and interest, has gradually but surely risen up from their stead. With few exceptions, the various denominations of Christendom have resolved their organizations into Northern and Southern public bodies. While a narrow sectionalism is fast becoming a prevailing sentiment; while the fierce conflict of jarring elements strives to bring chaos back again, the Democratic party looms gradually up, its nationality intact, and waves the olive branch over the troubled waters of politics.

### The Reason of it.

The Ohio Eagle, in an able editorial, writes: "Why is it that no organization can stand in the country against the Democracy? Why is it that every party organization against us proves false to every principle they enunciate, and sooner or later sink into infamy? It is simply because their leaders are false to truth; and because the principles of the Democratic party are the only principles consistent with the genius of our institutions and in harmony with the constitution. It is because the Democratic party never yet sacrificed a principle for the sake of present success; but always relied upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people, and when defeated, calmly waited for that 'sober second thought' of the masses which never yet failed to endorse the principles and measures of the party. It is because the Democracy have stood by the Union as our fathers made it, ever resisting all efforts, from whatever quarter made, to weaken its bands or endanger its prosperity. It is because the principles of our glorious party are founded in eternal truth, which recognizes the rights of man as defined and protected by the constitution."

### They Say.

A more sneaking, cowardly, fawning liar than "they say," does not exist. That personage is an universal scapegoat for personal gossip, envy and malice, without form of flesh and blood, when invoked, and yet stalking in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible, and yet clutching its victims with its relentless power. It is unseen, and yet from an exhaustless quiver wings its poisoned arrows from day to day. And no man is proof, no character, position or sex exempt; no sanctuary is too sacred; no home is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail some person's character or motives, "they say" is always invoked. That is the Thug who haunts the foot-steps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed, an excuse for the stiletto. "They say"—we repeat—is as false as it is cowardly and fiendish. To retail its stories is to sneak behind an intangible personage, and put in circulation the infamous insinuations, which are forged from raw materials nearer home. Effectual destruction of weeds—marrying a widow.

## Select Poetry.

### THE GOOD MAN NEVER DIES.

BY E. S. BAXTER, ESQ.

The good man never dies,  
Though his threescore years and ten  
May have passed unheeded by,  
In the busy marts of men—  
In the furrowed field or grove—  
Upon mountains, sea, or shore—  
Still his untold deeds of love  
Are a blessing evermore.

As the circle of the sea,  
As the pebble's tiny fall,  
As the wavelets of the air,  
From the mountain's water's call,  
As the streaming of the light,  
So, 'mid weariness and strife,  
Do his gentle words of kindness  
Fill the infinite of life.

They live while he is wasting,  
They breathe while he is gone;  
Immortal in its freshness  
Is every good deed done,  
Yet more undying still,  
To wither and to blight,  
Is every deed of ill.

We do not die, we cannot;  
For hastening ever on  
Are the moments that are past,  
With the actions that are done;  
With the keys of light and darkness,  
We before the future stand,  
Tis through the gateway of the glory,  
We must reach the better land.

## Select Miscellany.

### Or the Mistake of a Lifetime.

BY FANNY FERN.

A lover's quarrel! A few hasty words,  
A formal parting between two hearts,  
That neither time or distance could ever  
dissuade—then a lifetime of misery.  
Edith May stood before me in her  
bridal dress. The world was to be made  
of her, she was happy and heart-whole,  
I knew that. I knew that no woman  
who had once loved Gilbert Anslie,  
could never forget him—least of all  
such a heart as Edith's. She was pale  
as a snow-wreath, and bent her head  
gracefully as a water lily, in recognition  
of her numerous friends and admirers.

"What a sacrifice!" the latter mur-  
mured, between their set teeth. What  
a sacrifice my heart echoed back.  
Mr. Jefferson Jones was an ossified  
old bachelor. He had but one idea in  
his head, and that was to make money.  
There was only one thing he understood  
equally well, and that was to keep it—  
He was angular, prim, cold, and precise;  
mean, groveling; contemptible and cunning.

And Edith—our peerless Edith  
whose lovers were a "legion"—Edith,  
with her passionate heart, beauty, grace,  
taste and refinement—Edith, to vow  
"love and honor" to such a soulless  
block! It made me shudder to think of  
it! I felt as though his very gaze were  
profanation.

Well, the wedding was over, and  
she was duly installed mistress of the  
Jefferson House. She had fine dresses,  
fine furniture, a fine equipage, and the  
stipendious encumbrance in the shape  
of a husband.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was very proud  
of his bride—firstly, because she added  
to his importance, secondly, because he  
plumed himself not a little in bearing  
off so dainty a prize. It gave him a  
malicious pleasure to meet her old admirers  
with his arm. Of course she preferred him  
to them all; else why did she marry him?

Then, how deferential she was in her  
manners since their marriage; how very  
polite, and how careful to perform her  
duty to the letter! Mr. Jones decided,  
with his usual acumen, that there was  
no room for doubt on that point. He  
noticed, indeed, that her girlish gaiety  
was gone; but that was a decided im-  
provement, according to his view. She  
was Mrs. Jones now, and meant to  
keep all whiskered popinjays at a re-  
spectful distance. He liked it!

And so, through those interminable  
evenings, Edith sat, playing long stupid  
games of chess with him, or listening to  
his gains or losses in the way of trade,  
or reading political articles, of which the  
words conveyed no idea to her absent  
mind.

She walked through the busy streets  
leaned on his arm, with an unseen  
form ever at her side; and slept—God  
forgive her!—next his heart when he  
was away! But when she was alone  
—no human eye to read her sad secret,  
her small hands clasped in agony, and  
her fair head bent to the very dust—  
was he not avenged?

It was a driving storm—Mr. Jones  
concluded to dine at a restaurant in-  
stead of returning home. He had just  
seated himself, and giving his orders to  
the obsequious waiter, when his atten-  
tion was attracted by the conversation  
of two gentlemen near him.

"Have you seen the belle Edith, since  
her marriage, Harry?"

"No, I feel too much vexed with her.

## From the Defence Republican.

### How to Sustain your County Paper.

1. Lay aside your fears that the Edi-  
tors will get rich faster than his neigh-  
bors. We have never heard of a man  
making more than a decent living by a  
publication of a county newspaper, even  
if he had ever such a good business. A  
case in point is an acquaintance of ours,  
who has been publishing some six or  
seven years, has had all the business  
of his own town and county, and a  
large part on that of the surround-  
ings; but with all this he gets into as  
tight pinches for money to buy his white  
paper with as any other publisher with  
whom we are acquainted.

2. If the paper agrees with your way  
of thinking in politics, subscribe and  
pay for it, and persuade your neighbors  
of the same mind to "go and do like-  
wise." Do not tell the editor to  
send you his paper, without paying,  
and when you get to owe two or three  
dollars tell your friends who speak of it  
that the paper is of no account—that it  
will burst up some of these days. The  
way under such a state of the case, to  
keep a paper from "bursting up" is for  
each subscriber to keep the editor's  
books free from charges against him-  
self. Once we had to chase, and on  
posting up found we had booked and  
outstanding some \$200 more than we  
had capital invested. This thing of ap-  
plying the credit system to the news-  
paper business may be likened to the for-  
mer selling out his crop, a bushel to the  
debtor. The sum each owes for the bush-  
el does not seem of any account to the  
debtor, but the aggregate of these bush-  
els may make or break the poor deliver  
in the soil.

3. If you have a father, mother,  
brother, sister, or friend of any kind,  
residing at a distance, and available, sub-  
scribe, pay for and send them a copy.  
4. If you have any printing you wish  
done, do not "jew" the editor down to  
a starvation price, and when he comes  
to make a purchase of you "spike on the  
tail."

5. If you have any advertising or job  
work to be done, take it to the paper  
supported. A man who is always run-  
ning away from home with his business  
little deserves the patronage of the com-  
munity in which he lives; and as far as  
we are concerned, such will receive  
"the cold shoulder."

6. Do not run off to the city to get  
your handbills, labels, cards, &c., brin-  
ged, because forsooth, you can get a re-  
duction of a few cents in price. Sup-  
port your own as you would wish to be  
supported. A man who is always run-  
ning away from home with his business  
little deserves the patronage of the com-  
munity in which he lives; and as far as  
we are concerned, such will receive  
"the cold shoulder."

7. If you have the control of any legal  
advertising, send it to your political  
friend. This kind of business pays  
better than any other, and the more  
you send to the editor of your paper,  
the better for him and it. In pro-  
portion to the amount of receipts of a pa-  
per, is an editor enabled to make it use-  
ful, amusing and entertaining to the  
community in which it is published.

8. Do not expect much of a paper,  
when an editor is driven to be his own  
composer, proofreader, pressman and  
devil, and has to rear his day in peace  
and quietness in the vain search for a  
quarter to buy something for his dinner.

9. Do not expect the editor to make  
honorable mention of you or your busi-  
ness every few weeks, for nothing.—  
The space in a paper, and a man's time,  
are worth something and every notice  
comes back to the recipient in dollars  
and cents. An editor should not be al-  
lowed to go hungry, bareheaded, or  
dirty. They "eat drink and wear just  
like other people."

10. If the editor owes you a shilling,  
do not chase him from "rosy morn till  
balmy eve" for it and when you get the  
balance on the other side, "cut the gen-  
tleman's acquaintance."

11. "Finally, my brethren, if you  
wish to properly sustain your paper, do  
not, in the name of your God, and in  
peace with God and man, and occupy a  
seat in paradise after death, practice the  
Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you  
would wish they would do unto you,"  
under like circumstances.

A rather plain spoken clergyman  
once took for his text, this passage in  
the Psalms.

"I said in my heart, all men are liars."  
Looking up, apparently as if he saw  
the Psalmist standing immediately be-  
fore him, he said:

"You said so in your haste, did you  
David? Well, if you had been here,  
you might have said it after matured  
reflection."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No, sir, no exceptions whatever."

"Now, Judge, I guess you are mis-  
taken—suppose, for instance, I should  
brandy punch him, what then?"

"No levity in court, sir. Sheriff, ex-  
pose this man to the atmosphere. Call  
the next case."

A fashionable doctor lately informed  
his friends, in a large company, that he  
had been passing eight days in the  
country. "Yes," said one of the party,  
"it has been announced in one of the  
journals." "Ah!" said the doctor,  
stretching his neck, very important,  
"pray in what terms?" "In what  
terms?" Why, as well as I can remem-  
ber, it is nearly in the following:—  
"There was last week seventy-seven in-  
terments less than the week before."

## The Plague of our First Baby.

That first baby was a great institu-  
tion. As soon as he came into this  
world, he took command in our house.  
Everything was subservient to him.—  
The baby was the balance wheel that  
regulated everything. He regulated the  
temperature, he regulated the food,  
he regulated the servants, he regulated  
me. For the first six months of that  
precious existence he had me up on an  
average of six times a night. "Mr. Blif-  
kins," says my wife, "bring that light  
here, do; the baby looks strange; I am  
so afraid it will have a fit." Of course  
the lamp was brought, and of course the  
baby lay sucking his fist like a little  
white bear as he was. "Mr. Blifkins,"  
said my wife, "I think I feel a draught  
of air, I wish you would get up and see  
if the window is not open a little, be-  
cause baby might get sick." Nothing  
was the matter with the window, as I  
knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins says  
my wife, just as I was going to sleep a-  
gain, 'that lamp, as you have placed it,  
shines directly in the baby's eyes—  
strange you have no more consideration.  
I arranged the light and went to bed a-  
gain. Just as I was a dropping to  
sleep again, 'Mr. Blifkins,' said my  
wife, 'did you think to buy that broom  
to day for the baby?' 'My dear,' said I,  
'will you do me the injustice to be-  
lieve that I could overlook a matter so  
essential to the comfort of that inesti-  
mable child?' She apologized very  
handsomely, but made her anxiety the  
scape goat. I forgave her, and without  
saying a word more to her, I addressed  
myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said  
my wife shaking me, "you must not  
snore so, you will wake the baby." "Just  
go—just go," said I half asleep,  
thinking I was Solomon Singlo. "Mr.  
Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get  
up and hand me the warm gruel from  
the nurse lamp, for the baby?" "The  
dear child! if it wasn't for his mother,  
I don't know what he would do. How  
can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?" "I  
suspect my dear," said I, "that it is be-  
cause I am tired." "Oh, if it is very  
well for you to talk about being tired,"  
said my wife; "I don't know what  
you would say if you had to toil  
and drudge like a poor woman with a  
baby." I tried to soothe her by telling  
her she had no patience at all, and got  
up for the posset. Having aided in  
sustaining the baby's requirements, I  
stepped into bed again with the hope  
of sleeping. "Mr. Blifkins," said she  
in a louder key. I said nothing "Oh,  
dear!" said that estimable woman, in  
great apparent anguish, "how can a  
man, who has arrived at the honor of a  
living baby of his own, sleep, when he  
don't know that the dear creature will  
fill till morning? I remained silent,  
and after a while, deeming that Mrs.  
Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched  
myself for repose. How long I slept I  
don't know, but I was awakened by a  
furious jab in the forehead by some  
sharp instrument. I started up, and  
Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in the bed  
adjusting some portion of the baby's  
dress. She had in a state of semi-con-  
sciousness, mistaken my head for the  
pillow, which she customarily used for a  
nocturnal pillow. I protested a-  
gainst such treatment in somewhat  
perforated terms, pointing to several  
perforations in my forehead. She told me  
I should willingly bear such trifling  
things for the sake of the baby. I in-  
sisted upon it that I didn't think my  
duty as a parent to that young immor-  
tal required the surrender of my fore-  
head for a pin cushion. This was one  
of many nights passed in this way.—  
The truth was, that the baby was, as  
what every other man's first baby is,  
an autocrat—absolute and unlimited.

## Decidedly Cool.

The truth of the following story is  
vouched for by the Missouri correspon-  
dent of Harper's Monthly:

Not a hundred miles from here, some  
six months ago lived a fair widow, pos-  
sessed of those shining qualities that  
most dazzle and charm the bachelor.—  
She was young, handsome and very  
wealthy. Mrs. Jackson took an east-  
ern tour last summer; and was beset by  
ungainly suitors—pudent and anxious lov-  
ers—among whom was a Kentucky law-  
yer, quite a promising man, but so en-  
amored did he become of this fair wid-  
ow, that he left a lucrative practice at  
home, and followed her through the en-  
tire route of fashionable travel. He  
met her at Baltimore, Philadelphia and  
New York; he danced with her at Sara-  
toga and Newport; and when the season  
was drawing to a close, he happened to  
be with her at Niagara, and on the Ohio  
river, and even at St. Louis, when she  
was almost home. He was always  
pleading professional business as the  
reason for his excursions here and there;  
but he managed to plead his own suit  
out of court when courting the widow,  
though he saw no evidence of a verdict  
coming in his favor. At length Mrs.  
Jackson stepped on board the boat at  
St. Louis, to go up the Missouri to her  
own residence, when, to her surprise,  
the indefatigable advocate presented  
himself, as fresh as a May morning.—  
The widow exclaimed, as she met him—  
"Why, Mr. Jones, I thought you  
were going to return to Louisville?"  
"Mrs. Jackson, my dear madam,"  
replied the lawyer, "I am here to renew  
the offer of my hand, and to beg your  
acceptance."

"Really, sir, I think I have been suf-  
ficiently explicit, and that you had no  
encouragement to pursue the matter."

"But I hoped, madam, that my devo-  
tion and perseverance would be finally  
rewarded."

"Do you mean, then," said the wid-  
ow evidently softened, "that you really  
had no other business in going this  
journey with me than to prosecute this  
suit?"

"None in the world, but the hope of  
winning you."

"Then you shall be rewarded," she  
replied, with a merry twinkle in her ro-  
saceous, beautiful eyes, which the lawyer  
mistook for a sweeter passion, "thou,  
my dear sir, you shall be rewarded."—  
Tell me now as a gentleman, how much  
money you have spent on this tour?"

"You really wish to know?"

"Certainly, I do."

Mr. Jones took out his note book,  
and soon reported that he had spent  
nearly five hundred dollars.

"Well," said the lovely widow, "I do  
not wish any one to lose by me," ex-  
tending her purse to the lawyer.

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs.  
Jackson?"

"I mean what I say; take it; take it;  
and pay yourself for your summer's  
work on my account, and let us be  
quits."

And he did take it; and the widow  
had to borrow money to get home.—  
The widow was taken all aback by the  
lawyer's cool acceptance of the gold,  
but he consoled himself with the idea  
that if she would not be his bride,  
she was at least fair game.

With a wife, a husband's faults  
should be sacred. A woman forgets  
what is due to herself when she con-  
sents to that refuge of weakness, a fe-  
male confidant. A wife's bosom should  
be the tomb of her husband's failings,  
and his character far more valuable in  
her estimation, than his life; and vice  
versa.

If an ugly woman is beloved, the  
passion is a desperate one; for it must  
arise from a strange weakness or infatua-  
tion on the part of her lover, or from  
charms more secret and more invincible  
than those of beauty.

"Bill, what brought you to prison?"  
"That constable, sir!"  
"And had liquor anything to do with  
it?"  
"Yes, Eliza teased me so; I had to  
lick 'er."

A speaker at a stamp meeting out  
West, declared that he knew no east,  
no west, no north, no south! Then, said  
a bystander, you ought to go to school  
and learn your geography.

Beautiful things are suggestive  
of a purer and higher life, and fill us  
with a graciousness that wins us, and an ex-  
cellence to which we involuntarily do  
reverence.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT—Of those  
who die young, it has been said, "they  
are like the lambs which the Alpine  
shepherds bear in their arms to higher,  
greener pastures, that the flocks may  
follow."

A fool in a high station is like  
a man on the top of a monument—  
everything appears small to him and he  
appears small to everybody.

"Mrs. Snizzle, pa wants to know  
if he may lend himself to your axe a  
little while? He had always rather lend  
than borrow."

Why is legislator a most blas-  
phemous man? Because he cannot take  
his seat without an oath.

## Gerrit Smith on the Future.

In a late discourse to an unusual  
large audience in Petersburg, N. Y.  
Gerrit spoke as follows of a future state:

"I arraign our clergymen for holding  
that the doctrine of an eternal hell must  
be delivered in, in order to salvation.  
For he the doctrine true or false I can-  
not believe that we shall be either saved  
or lost by any views we may entertain  
of it. I now arraign them for their  
undoubted faith in it. No warrant have  
they either to preach or entertain a  
faith in it which is free from all doubts.  
I confess—perhaps to my shame and  
condemnation—that I do not feel a  
deep abiding interest in the next stage  
of our being. Far less concerned am  
I to know what is the future state, than  
to know and 'do' the duties of the pre-  
sent.

I believe in future punishment. It  
is a reasonable doctrine. It is philo-  
sophically and necessarily true. The very  
where our character must determine our  
condition. Every man on dying must  
go to his own place—to the place for  
which his character fits him. The death  
of his body can no more affect his char-  
acter than the breaking of his spectacles  
or cane, as a part of himself. That his  
character will surely remain eternally  
unchanged, I deny that any man has  
the right to affirm. Jude teachers that  
persons fall from heaven. Why then  
may they not rise from Hell? For aught  
we can certainly know, there may be  
room in the world to come for repent-  
ance as well as apostasy. In one sense  
of everlasting punishment, I am an un-  
doubted believer in it, for I cannot  
doubt that the punishment of the sinner  
will be as everlasting as his sin.

"Whist! I confess that I have no cer-  
tain apprehensions of the kind, or de-  
gree, or continuance of either punish-  
ment or future enjoyment, I never-  
theless confidently maintain that enough  
knowledge for me and for all men, on  
this point is, that in the life to come,  
it shall be well with the righteous and  
ill with the wicked; and that the judge  
of all the earth will do right as well as  
all. While earth is our home, let us  
discharge with alacrity and delight the  
duties of earth. In that way, and in  
that way only, shall we be fitted for Heav-  
en. In that way, and in that way only,  
shall we get to Heaven."

I spoke of the future as a place. I  
had perhaps better call it a state.—  
There are millions of heavens and mil-  
lions of hells—that they are, in short,  
as numerous as are the difference in  
moral character, better answers my con-  
ception.

Parson Brownlow W-hopping.

Foremost among the clergymen who  
are not content with preaching the  
Gospel, but must fain meddle with  
other matters, is Parson Brownlow of  
Knoxville, Tenn. While recently at-  
tending the Methodist Annual Con-  
vention, at Nashville, he thus com-  
mented on hoops:

All I regret is that skirtdom is ex-  
panding, and the fashions in vogue are  
still increasing the distance between  
man and woman. At one moment I  
feel like exclaiming, "Oh, that I were  
a boy again!" The next moment I  
feel indignant at the hoops, and feel  
willing to join a regiment of men in a  
vigorous assault upon the rattle, whale-  
bone, cords, brass and steel, that have  
put assunder what God has said ought  
to be joined together. Only think of  
the display on our streets, in the State  
capital, at church, in the parlor, of the  
grand and graceful skirts, looming up  
all round one, fascinating, charming,  
and swinging to and fro, like so many  
things of life. Talk about the grandeur  
of a first-class steamer, of a train of  
cars propelled by steam! Give me a  
train of hoops, under the folds  
of which are so many human locomotives,  
standing five feet ten inches in  
slippers, fired up by the blood of warm  
hearts, and puffing and blowing with  
love, kind words and living smiles, and  
I would show you a sight that would  
run a young man crazy, raise a dead  
bachelor to life, and make an old wid-  
ower commit suicide.

I cannot trust myself on this glorious  
theme; I must desist or go crazy.

It is said that a bachelor grows  
old faster than a married man, but that  
the latter's hair very often comes out  
soonest. What is the philosophy of  
this?

Quarrelling before marriage is a  
sure prelude to misery afterward.—  
Think before you commit yourself to a  
life-long engagement.

If you do, when you are alone, what  
you are unwilling to do in the presence  
of your acquaintances, you respect them  
more than you do yourself.

Why are clergymen, performing  
the marriage ceremony, like cabinet-  
makers? Because they are joiners.

It may seem remarkable that, in  
these days, the greatest part of the  
white-washing is done with ink.

It is supposed that angels do not  
wear dresses. Our fashionable ladies  
are getting more and more angelic  
every year.

Red skirts and red shoes are the  
latest female glory.