

# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEGDED BUT TO TRUTH TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XIV.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, 0 AUGUST 26, 1858.

NUMBER 33.

## Select Poetry.

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

From the New York Mercury.  
BY GEORGE W. COOK.  
Gushing from a hill side  
Comes a little stream,  
Gently flowing onward  
Like a fairy dream,  
Till it madly dashes  
Now by rocks & beet—  
Winding like a serpent—  
Rushing onward yet.  
Now it strays thro' meadows,  
Clothed in beauty green,  
Now o'er banks and rushes,  
Gain its waves are seen.  
Thus it bubbles forward  
Till its goal is won—  
Mingling with the ocean,  
Calm its waters run.  
So the course of life is  
Youth flows sweetly on,  
Manhood, with its struggles,  
Quickly comes—is gone.  
Then old age advances,  
Soon our weary feet  
Tread the path to heaven,  
Care no more to meet.

## Select Miscellany.

### THE SISTERS SHALOTT

BY JOHN THORNHURY.

It is certainly an unpleasant circumstance to look so much like another person as on occasion to be taken for that person, especially if the one after you happens to be the sheriff. Only the other day we were reading of three witnesses in a murder case in Virginia, who so closely resembled one another as to challenge the suspicions of the counsel on the other side, who began to think that he had been called three several times, whereas, it turned out on investigation, that the three men were all brothers, and brothers at a single birth.

Very much such a case as this was that of the sisters Shalott. With these two striking exceptions, that they were but two instead of three, and that they belonged to the opposite sex. Otherwise two sisters would answer very correctly to the description given of the three brothers; being so exactly alike that any counsel on the other side would certainly feel excused for forgetting his gallantry and straightway challenging them.

What perplexed some people still more, too, was the fact that one of the sisters was already married. For all that, however, they still continued to live together, and to dress as nearly alike as usual. With priggish young men—for the sisters Shalott were yet young themselves—it made a world of difference whether they were married or not; for whereas, in a state of maidenhood, it was the easiest of matters to address them as Miss Shalott—in a state of matrimony for at least one of them, it would be a very nice and discriminating talent that would call on the instant know which to call Mrs. and which Miss. This the young men—who affected them—began very sensitively to feel.

Among the many admirers of the twin sisters Shalott was a stockbroker named Pikey; not a very poetical name to be spoken, perhaps, but still good enough for all practical purposes, and not out of the way at all for a man who deals in the retail dry goods line. Mr. Pikey was an industrious person, attentive to his business, good at heart, and not the homiest man in the world either. He went pretty deeply into the silk, shawl, thread-and-needle, and female furnishing interest, and always managed to make his annual receipts come out some ways ahead of his expenses; so that any kind of an accountant could readily see that he was getting the better of the world—in a pecuniary sense, at least—every day.

The sisters Shalott went in to shop it at the store of Mr. Pikey almost every pleasant day. They bought laces, and embroideries, and fringes, and now and then a silk dress, and pins and needles. They traded just as other ladies would trade, and in exactly the same articles of merchandise. Mr. Pikey himself always sprang to wait upon them if he was in; and if he chanced to be out at the time, the intelligence of their call served to fill his heart with a seriousness not much unlike downright sadness. It was known to Mr. Pikey that one of them was married. He had been told which, many and many a time. The single one had been repeatedly pointed out to him. But the very next time he saw them together, he might as well have tried to tell on what day of the month they were born, as to say which was the married and which was the single one. Still admiring the unmarried one as much as he did, it would be the most hazardous of all things for him to fall in his attention to either, inasmuch as the slightest one might turn out to be the very one for whom he meant the partialities. Thus was Mr. Pikey in rather unhappy circumstances; the rocks were roaring on the one side, and the whirlpool ravenously sucking on the

other. The best he could do would be to keep guessing at it, and sometimes, a great way beyond or behind the real line. Whenever, therefore, the two sisters came into his store to shop a trifle, Mr. Pikey invariably addressed them each as "Miss—Shalott, Miss—ah,—this is very cheap at that price," he would say. "I don't see how I can afford these goods at any less figure, Miss—ah," and "I should be very happy to let you have them lower. I should—ah, if I could," it was forever Miss—ah; never Mrs.—A thousand times rather would he call the married one Miss than the unmarried Mrs. Married ladies rather fancy being thought maids yet; whereas few girls are over fond of being addressed as if all their matrimonial hopes and speculations were at an end. We appeal to their own selves to know if this be not so.

Mr. Pikey found one of the sisters in his store, on a certain evening, moving towards the door just as he came in from down the street. He was wonderfully glad to see her,—shook hands very heartily, laughed contagiously to think of his good fortune,—felt a momentary perplexity because he could not tell whether it was the married one or not—and finally resolved to believe she must be the Miss Shalott after whom his heart had for a good time been yearning.

He offered to wait upon her home, though one of his young clerks in back kept up a mysterious dumb show at him all the while, which he seemed too obstinate to comprehend. Of course she would not reject so polite an offer from a gentleman, and accepted his escort with many thanks. On the way he opened the secret places of his bachelor heart quite generously to the fair lady at his side, improving his long coveted opportunity to the utmost. He was gracious beyond what he thought he could be himself.—How he chattered! How he turned everything into pleasant ridicule! What a gallant carriage he suddenly put on, as if it were the most easy suit he ever wore! What a gay talk he made on every imaginable scene or circumstance that came in their way!

Before he reached home with her, he had given her an urgent invitation to attend next fashionable concert with him; and had, moreover, been made extremely happy on hearing that she would certainly go. It was only two evenings off—how very elated it made him! He took her hand as he parted with her on the door step, and once more remonstrated her of the engagement; she replied to him with all the gaiety she could muster, and promised to be ready and prompt at the hour. And so he left her.

As soon as he got back to his store, the smart young clerk tackled him.—"Well, Mr. Pikey," began he, "I think you made a little mistake to-night!"—"How's that?" asked his employer, with a look of alarm and confusion.

"Oh, nothing; only you went home with Mrs. Chester, when you probably thought you had Miss Shalott on your arm."

"The —" but Mr. Pikey checked himself, and looked down on the floor as if he was just then expecting a message from China on the other side.—"John," said he to his clerk again, "are you sure that was Mrs. Chester?"—"I know it was," he answered, "I can tell her if anybody else can. I should be willing to bet my whole year's salary that that was her!"

Mr. Pikey did not want to get the young man's salary away from him exactly; but he would rather have given four yearly salaries, than have been so dreadfully victimized. "Why couldn't she have just set me right herself?" he asked himself. "I've a good mind to get mad about it!" But then he might show his temper to the wrong one, and that would never do.—His hands, he began to think, were tied. But the reader might ask why Mrs. Chester could not have the kindness merely to undeceive him. In the first place, how did she know that his gallantry was not intended expressly for her? and in the second place, he rather dislikes to make such a private piece of family intelligence public—the sisters had an understanding about this matter, and were very desirous to carry the mistake as far along as it would go, just for the fun of the thing. That was the most there was to it. As for Miss Shalott's seriously thinking of receiving the attentions of Mr. Pikey with a view to matrimony, it was all nonsense. Well, but Mr. Pikey was in honor bound to go to the concert, and did go. But thinking he might rather "come up" with Mrs. Chester for her trickiness towards him, he went to her house on the appointed evening, and called for Miss Shalott. She came. "Will you soon be ready to go out with me?" "Where, pray?" "Why, to the concert, of course! I have your promise to that effect."

Mr. Pikey resolved now that he would try and set some distinguishing mark upon their faces; and so he turned his eyes scrutinizingly from one to the other. But it was utterly impossible for him to tell one from the other, except that one was dressed to go out, and the other was dressed to stay in.—In fact, he thought himself rather more puzzled than he was before.

The affair was compromised, however, and both ladies went. And they were still wickered enough to dress exactly alike again!

But Mr. Pikey's was a resolute heart. He determined not to be vanquished yet. As long as there was life, there was hope. So he thought proper to crowd on.

And thus the acquaintance kept along, always pleasant for both and all parties. For him, it was spiced and varied with many little uncertainties attendant on the identity of the two ladies in question. When he was as certain as he could be who one of the sisters was, he collapsed in a twinkling to find, as he almost invariably did, that he had been making himself agreeable to the wrong one. These little misapprehensions kept Mr. Pikey's curiosity in a state of perpetual excitement. They whetted his thoughts into a remarkable sharpness, so that it is to be believed he never fairly went to sleep on any subject, night or day, at all.

Matters running on thus for one month after another, Mr. Pikey began to show symptoms of impatience. He desired to get at the heart of the mystery. He wished now to know whether he was in fact to become brother-in-law to Mrs. Chester.

To that end, which will be allowed to be a very commendable one with all honorable suitors, he went over to the house one evening, and invited Miss Shalott to go with him to the evening's amusement. For reasons probably satisfactory to herself, she went. She enjoyed the entertainment much, and returned home again in spirits that even Mr. Pikey thought remarkable.

Once in the parlor, with her outer garments laid aside, Mr. P. began to make himself extremely agreeable. He spoke of the state of his feelings, of his hopes, of what could not fail to bring happiness to him as long as he lived, and so forth, and so on. Miss Shalott saw well enough how the breeze had set in to blow, and therefore dexterously made some trifling excuse for momentarily leaving the room. But only for a minute or two; for in she came again, and sat down to listen attentively to the secret confession of her lover.

And Mr. Pikey took up the tender tale anew, and made a clean breast of it. He loved her—and he could keep it from her not a moment longer. He had wound her name in with the thoughts of his own, and those two names must become one. His heart was all hers, and there, too, was his open hand. Would she accept? Would she say no, and send him, soul and body, into a state of indescribable misery? or would she answer yes—no matter in how low and gentle voice, for he could hear it—and so warm his frosty heart with joy forever? He hung in silent suspense on her lips for an answer.

"Why, Mr. Pikey," replied the lady at his side, affecting the greatest surprise in the world, I think you must be laboring under a great mistake! I am Mrs. Chester! I am not my sister!"—"Stop, stop!" he cried, in an agony of confusion and chagrin. "Did not she just go out of this room?"—"I think she did, most certainly."

"And isn't this she who has just come in again?"—"O, no, my dear man. She went up stairs a moment; meantime, I thought you would feel a little lonely, so I came in to help entertain you!"

Was there ever such luck? Pikey took his hat and went home sad and dejected. He felt mortified, disappointed, but determined to sleep upon the matter and try again. The following day was Sunday, and Pikey stationed himself at the corner of the street, which commanded a view of the house where the sisters lived. Soon after, there came forth Mr. and Mrs. Chester, arm in arm, followed by Miss Shalott. "Now is my time!" exclaimed Pikey; and he made a bolt for the sister who was walking alone. He was right this time; he felt strong in his assurance. He sat by her side at church, and walked home with her, never for a moment losing sight of her, and all the way whispering such tender things, that Miss Shalott's face was radiant with blushes.

She acknowledged to a little coyness and intrigue between herself and sister to puzzle him; but that evening she said yes, and within a month, Mr. Pikey and Miss Shalott were married.

"I think you must allow, madam," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself—not even their age can make them respectable."

Two classes of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy when they have no money in hand to pay for, and those who are such notorious rascals that they can't get trusted.

If you wish to be truly polite, exhibit real kindness in the kindest manner—do this and you will pass at once in any society without studying the rules of elegance.

## Kiver up, Stranger, till the Gals Undress.

There is a spot in the south west part of this state, known as the "Fiery Fork of Honey Run," a delicious locality, no doubt, as the run of "honey," is accompanied by a corresponding flow of "milk," and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and "peach" is the evidence of sublimity contentment every place they have peaching.

"Honey Run" is further distinguished by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising one apartment—neither more nor less—is renowned for never being shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder—its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces, clearly showing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their own apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and "niggers," and as many lodgers as deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the Fiery Forks—the old lady having pointed out his bed—felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to turn in, though the mosquitoes were trumpeting all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, and sought the door step; the "niggers" stuck their feet into the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed looking pillow; the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, "gals" and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters, finally, in downright recklessness, seated himself upon the "downy," and pulled off his coat. Well, he pulled off his coat, and then he folded his coat, and then he whistled, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do for him to sleep in his muddy trousers; and then he undid his vest, and then he undid his shirt, and then he suddenly an idea of her father's possible embarrassment seemed to flash on the old woman, she cried:—"Gals, just turn your backs round till the stranger gets into bed."

The backs were turned, and the stranger did get into bed "less than no time," when the hostess again spoke:—"Reckon, stranger, as you ain't used to us, you'd better kiver up till the gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and though he did "kiver up" as desired, some how or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs soon stowed away, for there were neither laces to undo, nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him. "You can unkniver now, stranger; I'm married folks, and you ain't afraid of 'em, I reckon!"

The stranger happened to be "married folks" himself; he unknivered and tucked his head with a complacent indifference as far as the ancient lady was concerned; but with regard to the "gals," he declared that his half raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that he ever experienced.—J. M. Weld.

A GOOD REPORT.—Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, was once running for Congress with an opponent of unusual large stature, and on the stump one day the discussion became exceedingly warm. Whereupon the large man said to Stephens, who is small and delicate:—"Why, sir, I could button your ears back and swallow you whole!"

To which rude remark, Stephens retorted:—"And if you did, you would then have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head!"

The laughter which followed effectually dissipated the ill humor which was gaining ground. "Mother wants to know if you will please to lend her your preserving kettle—cause you know we wants to preserve?"—"We would with pleasure, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never used it since."

"Well, you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, only we seen you bringing home a new one."

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which was pointed the following:—"I give this field to any man that don't know how that may be, but it is plain enough that a good deal of original sin is the consequence of coarship."

GOOD JAM.—Crowd ten fashionably-dressed ladies into one stage-coach.—"That may be very good 'jam,' but we'll not be helped to any, we thank you."

## At Rest.

"She is at rest," said the village pastor, as we stood around the shrouded figure of the dead. How sweet, how consolatory, these words seemed when applied to her who lay in a dreamless slumber before us! The form whose dim outline could be seen through the white coverments of the grave, was wasted to a mere shadow of its former symmetry, and the cold hands folded over the silent heart were so thin and so transparent that you could see the pulsing vein.

There was nary a silver thread in the dark hair, gathered back from the broad forehead; a deep furrow on the pale and rigid face. Care and sorrow had swept the bloom from the cheek, and cast a gloomy shadow over the spirit which had now taken its flight heavenward.

She had learned bitter lessons in human suffering; her home had been darkened by death, and her husband and child had long been tenants of the tomb. The rosy visions of childhood had thus melted away like the tints of the rainbow; the bright passion-dreams of youth had fled; the hopes and plans of mature years had been grasped by the iron hand of adversity. Friends had deserted her and love had grown cold. Her existence was a perpetual struggle, yet amid every trial, every misfortune, she kept her faith undimmed. The silver cord was broken now; she was free from toil and grief, she was at rest. Like the tempest-tost mariner she made the perilous voyage of life with her gaze fixed on the day star of Eternity; and in that peaceful heaven beyond the river of Death her sweet repose is endless. What can be more soothing than the thought of eternal rest?

It comes to us with its calm and holy influences, when the young pass away from earth, and even in our lamentations for them; it is cheering to know that they have escaped the snare of the world—that they will never mingle in the wild strife for wealth and distinction; and never feel the blighting breath of anguish. When the poor die in peace we rejoice in the belief that they have found repose in the better land. There no storms come, and no clouds of sorrow lower, but the weary are at rest.

Old Master Brown brought his ferrule down—his face was angry and red—Anthony Blair, go seat you there, along with the girls," he said. Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air, and his chin down on his breast, crept slowly away, and sat all day by the girl that loved him best in all the world.

At a recent examination of a student at a law school, the question was asked what ought to be done with a man who committed suicide?—"Well," said the student, "speaking as a member of the profession, I should say that he ought to be made to maintain the child."

A lawyer got into a war of words with another member of the bar, and knocked him down remarked, "I'll make you behave like a gentleman, you scoundrel!" "No you won't," cried the other spitefully, "no never, I defy you, you can't do it."

"Will you please permit a lady to occupy this seat?" asked a gentleman to another, the other day in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was obliged to "vacate." "She is," replied the other, "and she is a good one, and let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a cigar in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" said his friend. "Oh confound it," said he, "father and mother were so saucy I couldn't stand it any longer, and I quit 'em."

An Ohio editor recently attempted to describe the powerful effects of warm weather, and here is one instance:—"A small negro boy indignantly leaped up against the sunny side of a house yesterday, and fell asleep. In a few minutes he began to snore, and in three quarters of an hour he ran all over the yard. His mother dipped him up in a wash-tub."

A young lady became so dissatisfied with the person to whom she was engaged to be married, that she dismissed him. In revenge he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters but the address."

A person reading funeral services at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased and asked one of mourners, an Emerald. "Is this a brother or a sister?"—"Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."

## Hearts.

Hearts are of different kinds, and of widely different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds; about one kind the wall is high and strong; and to surround it is a work of extreme difficulty, but if you can get inside, you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that enclosed garden; and it is worth hard labor to gain admittance there.

The other has a wall as high and strong, and is hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh, and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you had not for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water.

The trouble with these two descriptions of heart is that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting the walls.

Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in lies open to the passage of all men and cattle; a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to any one, and less to the owner.

But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation but a real one—whose wall is low, and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it; and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs, and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty, and joy, lies the enchanting garden. Delightful flowers invite the way-worn traveler to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls; and a charmed light and glory hover in the warm joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

A Cool Apology. Bill P., is known all over, and Bill was at a ball, recently, in all his glory. All of his necessities for pleasure were at hand—good music, pretty girls, and excellent whiskey. The evening passed off rapidly, as it always does, and Bill had at about one o'clock, become pretty happy. Stepping up to a young lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her. She replied she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"—"Yes, she was."

"Can I dance with you the next time?"—"I am engaged for that also."

"Can I dance with you to-night?"—"No, sir, with some hesitancy."

"Go to Boston!" said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

## Farmers Daughters.

Girls, don't look toward the city with longing eyes; if you would preserve the rosy freshness of your cheeks, stay in the country air and sun. Don't persuade your fathers to sell their farms, and go to town to deal in "dry goods," if you do they will probably lose farm, goods and all. Don't ape village customs by wearing cloth gaiters when you walk,—they are not suited to rough country roads, or by inviting an evening party of your friends to meet at nine o'clock, for that there is bedtime.

When you would adopt a custom, ask if it is suited to country life—not if it is fashionable in the city. Don't stand in awe of a young lady, "just from the city." We would rather look for a wife where there is less starch and carmine—among farmers' daughters who have the glow of health in the cheek and the sparkle of intelligence in the eye.

Rest satisfied to be farmers' daughters; you know not what you would sacrifice were you to change places with the envied city girls. Go to work, and make yourselves and your homes as attractive and lovely as you can. Read and study, and use all the means within your reach to cultivate your minds. Select from your associates of both sexes those who are equally aspiring with yourselves, and meet in social gatherings to improve your conversational talents, and perfectly easy, unembarrassed manners.

Some Lying. Davidson College, North Carolina, contributes a good story of a man with a very bad habit. As it is all about lying, the reader may believe it or not, as he likes. In the old North State lives a certain John Long, who draws a long bow whenever he has anything to tell, and his character for truth and veracity, has been below zero for many years. Captain Johnson had been so taken in by one of John's outrageous stories, that he had said to him in a pet:—"If you make me believe one of your lies again for a month, I'll give you fifty dollars."

John pretended to be quite hurt by the offer and went off. A few days afterward he was riding by the captain's post house, on horseback, when the captain called to him:—"I say! hello! Long! stop and tell us a lie or two this morning!" John rode on, but cried out most dolefully:—"No time for lying now, brother Jimmy, my horse has just been killed in the machine, and I'm going for the old folks."

Captain Johnson ordered his horse, and rode over to see the dead man and offer his services, but found him alive and well, gnawing cotton, and in no danger of the machine. Just then John rode up and demanded the fifty dollars. The Captain declared it was a rascally trick, but he would have had to pay the money if John had not let him off.

A witness was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the counsel at the bar, and before giving his testimony, very earnestly made the inquiry, "Say, stranger, which side am I on?"

On hearing Ikte read in one of the papers that eighteen names were to be used in an attempt to launch the Leather Stocking England. Tom Hood remarks that a few yoke of oxen would be better than the rams.

A modest editor says that no ladies visit him because they cannot get through the door without undressing.

And while they were doing that, the Post says, the modest fellow, we suppose, would go out of his window.

A family numbering sixteen children in Illinois has discovered the advantage of hours; for when they were all taken down with the whooping cough the large girls done she hoping while the smaller ones done she coughing.

Very bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the English beer-tender, who wrote over his shop door, "Beer sold here." Tom Hood, who saw it, said that it was spelled right, because the fluid he sold was his own *Brain*.

A young man stepped into a bookstore and said he wanted to get a "Young Man's Companion." "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "here's my daughter."

Boys are like vinegar; when there is much *John* in them they are always sharp. But we are afraid it may be said of some boys that, from having too much mother in them, they are too sour.

Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—hickory rods take it out of bad boys.

"I see, Madam, that the fools are not all dead yet." "If they were, sir, you would not be alive to tell it."

A catastrophe—the lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop.

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir, I don't want it, I'm sure."