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L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Select Poetry.

HOW TO MARRY.

BY PHYZZA.

When you get married, don't marry a poet,
A jilt nor a vixen, nor yet a coquette;
But marry a maid—that is, if you can—
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl that is healthy and
Lively, and full of good sense and cheer;
With more in her eye than you hear from
her tongue,
And though she be freckled or burnt to
a tan,
Yet she is the girl for a sensible man.

With riches will wretchedness often in
life
Go linked, when your riches are got with
a wife;
But marry, and make all the riches you
can,
Like a bold, independent, sensible man.

Look out for a girl who is gentle and
kind,
And modest and silent, and tells you
her mind;
If she's wise as bewitching, she'll welcome
the plan,
And soon be the wife of a sensible man.

Then cherish her excellence wisely and
kind,
And be to small foibles indulgent and
blind,
And so you make happy, if anything can
The wife of a sober, intelligent man.

Select Miscellany.

A FOURTH OF JULY VISIT TO BOSTON.

BY AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

I believe I hadn't told ye nothin about
going down below, tw independence, a
number o' years ago, nor yet a coquette;
But marry a maid—that is, if you can—
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Now the fact is, I've allus heard tell
as the gentlemen in Boston was master
class and perille tw all woman folks,
but I snam, I never was so put upon,
scoer, as I was in that ractick city.

"Tho' I must say that the few men I
met arter comin out o' the depo, was
mirackulously perille, and ractly urged
me ter take a ride in a hack, or a—
I forgot what they call them other
two-wheeled sort o' go-carts, I tole 'em
I was ekactly oblige tw 'em, but I'd
jest ekactly as lives walk, I'd ben
settling so long. At that one 'em look
at others, and put his thumb on the
end o' his nose, and made believe play
on a jaw-sarp, with his fingers. Poor
feller! I spoke he was deaf and dumb,
and could't noy talk by writen words
with his fingers on air. I've heard uv
whuch things afore."

"Wall, purty soon, I met a boy, an
says I, 'can you tell me, my lad, which
would be the nighest road to the Bos-
ton taverner?' I says I, 'what shall I
dew?'"

"Sartin'," says he, "take the fust
street ter the right, then turn down the
second left-hand corner, right on thro'
a court, up an alley-way, under an arch,
and you will come to a tip-top tyng up
place, with the tallest kind uv food."

I want no wisera I was afore, for I
want used to following such kind uv di-
rections as that, so I traipsed on a spell
longer, and then I asked another young-
ster to pilot me out the way.

"Any grass growin in your shoes?"
says he, as pert as you please.

"What's that ter you?" says I, "an-
swere a civil question, can't ye?"

"Whereupon he cut a stick, a hollerin'
but."

"I say, graniny," (a pretty ter call an
unserfitted daniel like me, want it
now?) "bring us a few nutcases next
time ye come down, will ye?" What
sarey little sarpenes them Boston boys
be, ter be sure. The next person I asked
the way was a man.

"Faith and be jabers," says he, "an
is it meself, an' me a stranger in the
country'd be, after showing other folks
the way, win a divil a fut uv it I can
lay eyes on meself an' trath?"

I began to be afeared I should be kept
a stoppin' about town all day long; but
bym by I cum up with a ruther shabby
looking feller, that said he could show
me jest the place for me to put up at,
an' insisted on carryin' my portman-
tee.

Arter walkin' on a spell we cum tw
a grate brick buildin', with more signs
an' you could shake a stick at, all over
the front on't, (he said that was the fa-
shion for city taverns) that proved to be
the very place he was looking for.

I was dreadfull sort o' confused by the
racket in the street, and I was glad
enough to git on't; so down stairs I went
inter a grate big room, O, my heavens,
how hot 'twas—not round with forty-
seven tables, some on 'em covered with
nasty plates an' heaps of fish-bones an'
potater skins beside uv 'em, an' several
men, with whitish aprons on, a clearin'
of the dirty dishes, an' puttin' on clean
ones. Then there was some more men
a cookin' all sorts uv things, at a queer
kind uv stove stretchin' away along on
one side of the room. Gentlemen kept
coming down the steps, an' settin' down
ter the tables as though they felt per-
fectly ter hum, and callin' for this and
that, and other things; and eatin' as
though every mother's son uv 'em
hed made a bet that he could swaller his
vitels quicker than any other man
o' 'em.

At last I got ractick uv waitin', for
'twas past one o'clock, an' I was gettin'
hungry myself, though I did'nt ekack-
ly like ter take some o' the cookies out
of my basket, an' go to eatin' on 'em,
with so many men folks about, an' ev'ry
on 'em a staryn' away at me as though I
hed'nt no bizness to be there at all. So
up I goes to one o' the men 'at was a
cookin', and made him a keroby, an' says
I, "but overboard!"

"What'll ye hev?" says he, a whoppin'
a monstrous great slice uv beef-
steak off uv a gridiron on tew a platter,
and hackin a grate gash inter it, ter see
if 'twas done.

"Be ye very fell, jes' now?" says I.
"Not quite so full as we was," says he,
a lookin at the empty table.

"I don't mean down here," says I,
"but overboard!"

"Dunno nothin about 'up over-
board,'" said he.

"Wal, can you tell me," says I,
"where I can find the tavern-keeper?"

"What tavern-keeper?" says he, a
staryn' at me with mite and main.

"Why, the landlurd uv the tavern, up
over this eve kitchen," says I, pretty
sharp, for I begun ter think he was a
reglar stoopid, and did'nt know B from
brookstick.

"This is an eatin' sullen," says he,
short as pi-erust, "an' there ain't nothin
in't but a toe-doctor's office, and a pot-
tery's shop, and a beddin' and cookin'
room, and a washin' room, and a trap-
door, and a fust floor above."

"Goodness sakes alive," says I, "you
don't say so; then where has that pesky
boy gone to with my portman-tee?"

"We don't keep no boy," says he;
"an' if you've got one, you'd better
keep an eye on 'im, that's all I've got
ter say."

An' at that, he turned round tw
a feller that was a fryin' tripe, an' said
somethin' tw 'im about some woman
or other that seemed to be a goin' crazy;
I should ha' liked to hev asked who she
was, an' all about it, but I was so took-
en up with my own forty-nit circum-
stances, that I could'nt think uv other
folks no more.

"I want my boy," says I, "only one
I cum across in the road; an' he offered
tw show me the nighest road ter the
tavern, an' said this was one, and now
what do you s'pose he's gone and done
with my portman-tee?"

"Hooked it, most likely," says he.
"O massy on us," says I, an' my to-
ther gown an' all my go-to-meetin' fix-
ins in it, what shall I dew?"

"Speak ter the poleaxe," says he.
"Where is it?" says I, "I can't waste
my time no longer botherin' with the
likes uv you. This ain't no place for
winin', nuther."

I thought that was a purty strong
hint for me to be a goin, an' go I did;
an' I ain't set eyes on my portman-
tee from that day to this.

Wal, a man with a frock on, drivin
a load of hay, did make out, at last, ter
show me the way to the tavern; an'
a mighty stylish place 'twas, tew.

I went up the steps, an' rapped. No-
body cum ter the door, or even bid me
"Walk in;" so I made bold to go right
straight in. A man in the entry shows
me up to a magnificent long flight of
stairs into a nice, large bed room, with
a harness wooden carpet on the floor.

Bym by, a grate big bell went a rarin'
about the house, up stairs and down
stairs, a ringin, O, my!—was an
Boghorn's did, that time the poor crea-
ture got afeared uv a hornin's nest. Ar-
ter that racket stopped somebody rap-
ped at my chamber door, an' said din-
ner ready. Purty time for dinner,
thinks I ter myself, but however, I fol-
lowed a bull parcel of folks down stairs
inter a hall, and set down to a grate
long table. Purty quick, one o'
the men that was a loafin' around the
room cum and set a plate o'—dish wa-
ter, as nigh as I could make out, right
afore my face an' eyes, and then sloped.

I made out ter worry down a few spoon-
fuls of it, but every body else did
not. Then a man from behind reached over
and grabbed it away again, and asked
what I'd hev.

"I did'nt see no great shakes uv vit-
tles ter chuse from," says I, a looken
up an' down the table; "nothin but sate
an' potatoes an' greens."

"I'll bring you whatever you call
for," says he; "jest look at your bill o'
fair."

"Where is it?" says I. He reached
over and pushed a little printed paper
right afore me.

"Land sake," says I, "I'm so awful
nigh sighted that I could'nt make out a
wurd uv that fine print, if 'twas set
in my bason. Wont you be so good as to

read it out loud to me, if there's any
hurry about my knowin' its contents?"

He took up the paper and went ter
readin, but somehow or nuther I could'nt
understand hardly a word he said; and
I'd e'en a most mad uv my mind 'twas
writ in some forin language. Besides,
the folks on 'tother side o' the table was
a heven such a good time a laughin an'
tutturin that I was half crazy ter find
out what 'twas 'at tickled 'em so. So,
when he cum to smathin' at sounded
like "Putty face-grass," I got out uv all
sumner uv patience, an' says I, "Don't
hev any more of that outlandish gibber-
ish, but jest tell me if you happen ter
hev any biled vittles in the house."

"You can hev a biled dish if you de-
sire it, marm," says he as though he'd
swallowed a ramrod.

"A biled dish?" says I, "no, I'm
oblige tw ye, but if ye'll hev ter
bring me a good-sized chunk uv corn
beef, with a little cabbage and parsnip,
an' a raw onion, sliced up in good sharp
vinegar, jest for a relish, I'll thank ye
kindly."

I must say, Boston folks is grate on
staryn; ev'rybody at the table seemed
ter be a tryin to get a good look at your
humble servant. Wal, wal, I've always
heard tell 'at gentiness must expect ter
be gawped at by the vulgar herd; that
kind uv passid me, and so I made out
a very tolerable meal, afore I got thro'
with it.

Arter supper, which went nothin very
alumin' on'y bread and butter an' pre-
serves, set right on to the bare table,
(though, I must say, ev'rybody hed a
little teeny teeny table cloth on it, even
the Boghorn's neck, way of in a string.)
I thought I should like ter hev a light,
ter look over the newspaper a boy gin
me in the street—tenzed tew cents out
uv me though afterwards, so I did'nt
make much by his present. So down
stairs I went, an' arter huntin round a
spell, made out ter find the kitchen, an'
asked on o' 'at help for a candle.

She kind o' laughed, and says she,
"If you want anythin hereafter, jest
ring your bell, an' some on us will bring
it tew ye."

"Much oblige tw ye," says I, "but
I don't see how I could do that, when
the only bell I've got is round poor lit-
tle Boghorn's neck, way of in a string."
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stairs I went, an' arter huntin round a
spell, made out ter find the kitchen, an'
asked on o' 'at help for a candle.

"Spunky," says one uv the men, "for
one that's just come down."

Then the rest on 'em stomped, and
hooted, and out uv like a pack uv crazy
critters, I was half heart ter pieces, and
made for the getten-out place as tight as
I could lick it.

An awful-looking old middle-pate
that made a kind uv garden uv the end
of his nose, an' grew the sort uv posies
they call tiddy-blossoms all over it,
(you'd better git with-grass or Canada
thistles into your fields, by all odds, than
ter raise a crop uv red top on the end
of your nose,) held out his hand to
me, and says he, "Give us yer paw, ole
gal, and let's hev a shake."

I did'nt mind nothin 'bout 'em, but
kept right on, till a little wizzled-up male
biped, (the men's callers call 'em female
this, and female that, and female tother
thing, and it's a poor rule that won't
work both ways,) with a nose like a par-
rot and an eye like a hawk, stopped me,
and says he, "What'll yer give ter see a
man with a brick in his hat?"

"Not the fust red cent," says I, "I've
seen enough for one day." And the very
fust thing that I did when I got out on
ter the common was ter make tracks for
the depo, as fast as I could leg it. Not
once did I stop, tho' I seen the sojers out
to mater, and heard one of the officers a
hollerin' out tew 'em somethin about
their arms 'thar' ground, I suppose that
they'd come out with their swords and
bagonets as dull as a door nail, insted
uv givin'ing 'em a tech of the grind-
stone, as they ought ter ha' done!

I didn't breathe free till I got ter the
cars, runnin' over full they was, tew.
For massy's sake, dew hold on a bit, says
I, "What's yer packer?" Wait till I
get a poor creature gets her gown on, can't
ye?"

"Wal, be spy about it, then," says he.
So I clawed on my clothes anyhow it
cum handy an' opened the door. In they
cum, an' one on 'em made a dive at the
lamp, an' did smathin' tew it, I could'nt
make out what.

"Be ye the landlurd?" says I.
"I ain't nobody else," says he.
"Wal," says I, "how much be ye a go-
in' ter charge me for puttin' up here a
few days?"

"Tew dollars a day," says he.
"Shut uv ain't, tho'," says I.
"Wal, be spy about it, then," says he.
So I clawed on my clothes anyhow it
cum handy an' opened the door. In they
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in' ter charge me for puttin' up here a
few days?"

"Ma, ma, where ara my flowers, ma?"
said a bright eyed boy of six summers,
as he entered the room where his moth-
er was sitting. "I have looked in my
cup, and there is not one in it," he con-
tinued.

"Your flowers withered, so I threw
them away," replied his mother.

A shade of disappointment passed
over the little boy's face, and he said:
"Oh, ma, I'm so sorry; they were the
sweetest flowers I ever saw."

"But they were withered, and no longer
sweet," said his mother.

The boy looked very thoughtful, and
said slowly, as if talking with himself—
"They were beautiful, very beautiful—
roses, lilies, forget-me-nots, and star
flowers; and, oh, how like stars they
looked; and I love withered flowers, too."

Then his dark eyes grew bright, and
he spoke in a livelier tone. "Ma, will
you tell me where you threw my flow-
ers? I can gather them all up again in
my cup, and then fill it with cold water,
and they will soon look fresh, and be al-
most as sweet as ever."

His mother smiled at his floral enthu-
siasm, and told him where to look for
his withered treasures. With deep in-
terest I watched the child as he care-
fully gathered the flowers which seemed
so worthless. Then I thought of an-
other garden, and other flowers; of that
great garden called Society, and of the
thousand flowers that are constantly
blooming and withering there. But
alas! who among human flowers cares
for the withered ones? Who will pro-
fess to love them? or what hand will
kindly gather them when scattered and
faded?

Who will bestow one smile upon
them, or speak one word of hope and
encouragement that might serve as the
pure water to renovate their bloom?—
Little does the world know of the many
star flowers that are crushed and with-
ered by earth's blighting influence, and
which, were it not for the inhumanity
of their fellows, might bloom again with
nearly pristine beauty.

Oh ye cursed and withered ones! It
matters not whether you might have
prevented your misfortunes, or wheth-
er your lot was inevitable; if you are
fallen, it is enough. Society will cast
you out, and retain many more un-
worthy within her bosom.

For you, earth has no city of refuge;
yet despair not, for Heaven is ready and
waiting to smile upon you. The world
may claim to be too pure, too holy, to
seek after your welfare, redress your
rough, dark pathway.

But he who allows not even a sparrow
to fall to the ground without his notice,
will keep a faithful record of your
wrongs and suffering and will finally
gather home in glory all his withered
human flowers.

An Anecdote of Horace Ternet.
The memory of this great painter is
marvelous, and at the end of twenty or
thirty years, he can at will recall a form
a movement, an attitude. One of his
friends said to him, "His head is like
a chest of drawers; he opens it looks and
finds each memory in its proper place."

One morning he ran against the Marquis
de Pastoret on the quay of the Louvre.
The latter uttered an exclamation of sur-
prise—

"What has become of you my dear
friend? One meets you nowhere. It is
years since I have seen you. Have you
not arrived from India?"

"You jest, Marquis," replied Horace;
"it is but six months since I have shaken
hands with you."

"You are mistaken when might that
happened?"

"In the gardens of the Tuilleries. A
lady was hanging on your arm."

"May I be hanged if you have not
rapid drawing which he no sooner show-
ed to the Marquis, than the latter ex-
claimed—

"Yes, a lady, and a very handsome
one too! Wait a moment and I will sketch
her for you."

Horace then took out his memora-
ndum book, and with a pencil made a
rapid drawing which he no sooner show-
ed to the Marquis, than the latter ex-
claimed—

"Good heavens! yes it is the Duches
de V— In truth I did conduct her
one evening to her hotel, on the Quay
Voltaire, and we did cross the Tuilleries.
But how the deuce do you contrive to
draw, at the end of six months, a face,
a figure, a dress which you only saw for
a moment?"

"Pooh! that is a trifle," replied Horace,
smiling.

"A trifle for such a trifle, however
they would have burnt you in the fif-
teenth century. I take the sketch—
Farewell my dear seer."

At a Virginia prayer-meeting, the
chorister being absent, the presiding el-
der, whose name is Jeeter, called upon
one of the deacons and said, after read-
ing a hymn,

"Brother Moon,
Will you raise a tune?"
The deacon lifted up his voice, but, in-
stead of singing at once, he inquired,
"Brother Jeeter,
what's the metre?"

This being satisfactory answered, Dea-
con Moon pitched in and pitched the
tune.

"Some fellow says that a woman's
heart is the sweetest thing in the world
—a perfect honeycomb, full of 'cells.'"

"Why was Noah not a Jew? Be-
cause he took Ham into the Ark."

"Let those who would affect singu-
larity with success, first determine to
be very virtuous, and they will be sure
to be very singular."

"What weapon does a young lady
resemble when acquaintances pass hers
in silence. A cutlass."

"A French comedian is out with
a farce entitled 'A Journey Round my
Wife.'"

"Gold is an idol worshipped in all
climates without a single temple, and
by all classes, without a single hypo-
crite."