

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XIV.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O SEPT., 30, 1858.

NUMBER 38.

Select Poetry

MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY MARY A. KEARLES.

In a little fairy valley,
Where the oak and maple twine,
Where the red flowers bloom,
Is this pretty home of mine.
Where the wild flower's bloom
And the robins love to come,
And the brightest sunbeams linger,
Is my little cottage home.
I have heard of fairer countries
And of skies that brighter seem,
Where the flowers are ever blooming
And the trees are ever green,
And of cities with their splendor,
Far beyond the ocean's foam,
Yet I am well contented,
With my pretty cottage home.
To be sure no terraced gardens
Are around my simple cot,
No choice exotics, yet as sweet
The wild geranium and
No peak except the forest,
Where the red deer loves to roam,
Yet Nature seems to bless me
In my quiet cottage home.
Some boast of fame and glory,
And others sordid wealth,
Yet I care not for their glitter
With the blessed boon of health.
The king may claim his palace
And the titled lord his dome,
They know not the enjoyment
Of a simple cottage home.

Select Miscellany.

ADVENTURE IN SMITHBURG.

BY JOHN BRADSHAW.

"Make you a pair before Saturday night, sir," said the shoemaker.
"Can't wait," said I, "going out of town, by the next train."
"Oh! well, now I think," replied he, "here is an uncommon nice pair that may be will fit. They were made for a gentleman that didn't take 'em; too small across here, you see. Try 'em on, sir? Ah! yes, so, exactly. Why, they fit like—they'd been made for you!"
They did fit tolerably well, so I took them. In five minutes more I was seated at the case in Chatham street, and in half an hour more was steaming and rattling away out of the city, towards my destination. I was going on a collecting expedition to that secluded "little rural paradise," Smithburg, which, as you are aware, is situated about a hundred miles back of the City Hall, and is about the same number of years behind the metropolis in "modern improvements." One of the Smithburgers was in debt to my employers, (the great house of Naryred & Company) of whom you have no doubt heard, on Pearl street, just below Fulton. The aforesaid Smithburger was rumored to be on the eve of "suspension," hence my hurried journey. He remembered that these events occur red two years ago, at which year debts were still collectable.
"The shades of night were falling fast" when the train deposited my carpet bag and myself at the Smithburg station. I was soon ensconced in the tavern; an ambitious wooden structure, very gaily white, and very lavish of piazza without, which qualities were counterbalanced by its being very dirty and even cramped for room within.
When I went over in the evening to the store of the delinquent debtor, I did not find him; and a brief conversation with the people whom I did find, served to inform me that I had come on a fruitless errand. He had not only suspended, but had departed out of Smithburg to parts unknown. He was a dead loss, so far as Naryred and Company were concerned. All that could be done with him was to put him down on the debit side of the profit and loss account. There was nothing for me but to go back.
"And when does the next train go down?" inquired I of mine host at the hotel.
"No train down until 11.55, A. M.," was the curt response.
Just my luck. No money, no assets, no collection, and now no train. I should have to stay fourteen hours longer in this dismal country tavern.—Tired and ill-humored, after nodding an hour over the same paper I had read the day before in town, I took my candle and took myself off to bed.
It must have been near midnight, when I was suddenly aroused by a thundering explosion.
"Bang!"
Bewildered and sleepy, I sat up in bed, trying to make out whether Naryred & Company had "burst," and were unable to pay ten cents on the dollar; or whether I was aboard a Mississippi steamer which had "collapsed a fue," and was about to be scalded with hot steam; or whether—
"Bang!" suddenly went a second explosion, and I made out to comprehend that something was being fired off under my window. Jumping up, I rushed to the window and peered out. Sure enough, there was a crowd of men and boys gathered around what looked like

a dilapidated anvil, ramming down a third discharge.
It must be election day in Smithburg, thought I, and they are rejoicing over the result. Confound the successful candidate whoever he is, making such an infernal racket. Just then one of the youngsters caught sight of me, standing in my shirt-tail at the window. He hurriedly spoke to the others, and then shouted:
"Boys, let's give him three cheers!"
"Hoo-oo-oo-raw."
"Hoo-oo-oo-raw."
"Hoo-oo-oo-raw-a-aw."
I shrank back, and crept shivering into bed, just as gun number four went off, amid another set of cheers. Then there was a bonfire, blazing up so suddenly into the window, that I thought the house had caught fire. Then there was a "Hail Columbia," Yankee Doodle, on a cracked fiddle and a wheezy clarinet. At last belated quieted down, and I, wondering considerably what it was all about, fell asleep.
But if I was mystified about the doings of the night, I was considerably more puzzled by the goings on in the morning. My host met me with a most profound bow, and was deferentially solicitous about my health. The bar-keeper bowed respectfully, rose to his feet, (staring hard, meanwhile) as I walked through. The chambermaid dropped as many as fifty curbsome ones after another, when I happened to meet her in the hall, and so overwhelmingly civil was everybody, that I half imagined I had stepped out of free and easy America into courteous France.
On looking around, I perceived that the house had miraculously changed, overnight. The scrubbing brush must have been busy since daylight, for the floors were freshly scoured, and the windows glistened with polish, while the furniture was "set round" in the primest kind of order. The landlady, although it was the slatternly hour of eight o'clock in the morning, was arrayed in majestic black silk, and her cap, with its multitudinous cherry colored ribbons was miscellaneous to behold. Mine host evidently had his Sunday black suit and had thrust himself into a clean shirt, starched to an extent which kept him as perpendicular as a granular.
It must be, thought I, that this is country fair day; or perhaps they are going to have a wedding in the house.
"By the way, what was that firing for, last night?" I inquired.
"Oh! a mere six pounder, sir; but the best we have in Smithburg. The boys thought they must have it out in honor of your arrival."
"In honor of my arrival!" ejaculated I, taken aback.
"Yes, your Excellency. But breakfast is ready. Will your Excellency walk in?"
My arrival, my Excellency! I was astonished with the sudden distinction with which I found myself invested, that I could only mechanically walk in and seat myself at the breakfast table.
Certainly the "hotel" had put forth its most strenuous efforts to get up that breakfast. There were broiled chickens and chickens fried; there was a huge turkey, there was roast sirloin of beef; there was a cold leg of mutton, and a hot leg of veal; there was ham and eggs, and egg without the ham; pork and beans; beef steak; cutlets and chops; cabbage, peas, cauliflower, tomatoes, and other vegetables *al libitum*; sausages, hominy, oysters, clams, salmon, shad, buckwheat cakes, biscuits and johny cake; pickles to any extent, pies, cakes and sweetmeats; and what ever else entered into the head of a country house-wife to put on a breakfast table, and a great deal of the spread was thought of before for such purpose. And my solitary chair was the only one set for this repast. It was appalling.
For attendants, I had the landlady and the landlady, the young lady "magnificent" in ribbons and jewels, and the bar-keeper, brass coat and blue buttons, and an enormous display of wristband. They all four bustled about, running over each other in their eagerness to serve me, while the host, rubbing his hands, and smiling apologetically, remarked:
"Sorry we have nothing better to give you, sir; but your coming so privately, last night, took us rather by surprise. Hope you'll be able to make a breakfast, sir."
I ate breakfast in amaze, cogitating whether the extraordinary attentions could be the result of that wide spread fame of Naryred & Company, or whether I had really achieved a distinguished reputation without being aware of it.—At any rate the breakfast was substantial, and no illusion. I inwardly resolved that I would always patronize this tavern whenever I came to Smithburg.
Presently I observed indications that I was not only the object of attention, but of curiosity. Faces, as of persons standing on chairs, appeared behind the panes of glass over the door, and when I looked, the faces ducked out of sight. When I turned away, they reappeared, or were succeeded by others, standing in turn. The window opening on the street was denuded all at once, and on turning round to see the reason, I surprised a crowd of urchins, piled in tiers, flattening their noses against it with intense staring, all of whom vanished as I looked. The landlady, by incautiously opening the door which led to the kitchen,

caused a sudden rustling and scampering, and a suppressed scream, which led to the irresistible conclusion that a bevy had been taking turns there, staring through the key hole.
Breakfast was hardly over before there came a rap at the door, followed by the announcement that some gentlemen were waiting to pay their respects to me. By this time I was past being astonished at anything, so I unhesitatingly desired them to be shown in.—The door was flung open and in bustled a pompous looking elderly man in broadcloth, with a huge gold watch chain, dangling from his fob, a gold headed cane in his hand, and a pair of very red eyes, but a stern determination was written on every feature of it. A lank, solemn visaged individual, and another short, stout and smiling fellow, followed. Behind them, squeezing in so as to completely fill the room, only leaving a respectful circle about three feet in diameter, in front of me, and every one of them staring at me as hard as he knew how.
Advancing to the verge of this opening, the pompous body man, with one arm extended at right angles to his body, and the other thrust beneath his coat tail, addressed me after this fashion:
"Mr. President—Honored and Respected Sir—This is a proud day for Smithburg. Unexpected as was your coming, it is welcome—welcome to our homes, our hearts and our bosoms. Long have we watched your gigantic career, whether in shedding your life blood in your country's cause, upon the plains of Mexico, or in boldly guiding the helm of the Ship of State amidst tempests that threatened momentarily to wreck her on the shoals of a fathomless abyss! But we knew the eye of the American Eagle was fixed upon you; and the result would justify our predictions. We knew that the—ah—shams of vile calumny were aimed at your devoted head; but we knew also that they rankled against an impenetrable shield which would quench them forever into—the ground. Sir, you are welcome. In the name and on the behalf of my fellow-citizens, I tender you the hospitalities of Smithburg, and the freedom of the city, trusting you will excuse the box with which, for the lack of timely warning, we are unprovided.
I stammered out some bewildered acknowledgments in reply to this harangue, apparently to the disappointment of the assemblage who evidently expected from me a speech, in similar style to return. But as their orator had remarked about the box for lack of previous warning, I was unprovided with any speech to make.
Recovering myself a moment after, the spokesman blandly introduced himself as Gen. Smith, and then proceeded to introduce his townsman. "This, sir, is Deacon Jones, one of the first men, a fellow member of the Committee on Reception, of which I have the honor to be the Chairman; Dr. Davis, sir, the other member.
The Deacon and the Doctor grasped my hand, until I thought they would never leave off shaking it. Twice did the Deacon open his mouth as if to speak; twice were his emotions or his modesty too much for him, and the mouth closed again without utterance. Meanwhile others behind, passed forward to be introduced and shake hands in turn.
"Squire Staples, sir, a great friend of yours, and an original Jackson man from the start; Mr. Thompson, our clergyman; Rev. Mr. Peterson; Mr. Betts, Mr. Dobson, Mr. M. Gaire, Col. Williams, Judge Jenkins, (one of our first men, sir,) Capt. O'Flynn, of the Smithburg Guards; Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Simpson; Mr. Schunhausen, one of our hardest working men, sir—true as steel, and regular as election comes around; Mr. Hodges, sir, editor of the Smithburg Weekly Messenger.
"My only regret, sir," said the latter, "is that I have no more of my own name; a lean, cadaverous young man, with a strong odor of Mountain Gahela whiskey." "Is that I had known you earlier, that I might have announced it in an extra this morning."
"It is of no consequence," began I.
"Oh!" said he interrupting, "you may say that, sir, but I cannot suffer so important an event to pass without an extra. Already in type; goes to press at one o'clock."
"Well, I declare," here broke in Gen. Smith, "if there ain't the Post Master at last; I thought it was about time you was getting around. Here, sir, is a gentleman who is bound to stand by you through thick and thin. This is Mr. Higginbotham, our Post Master.
Mr. Higginbotham, his face beaming with satisfaction, grasped me with both hands. "My dear sir, I am under everlasting obligations to you. It will never be forgotten, I assure you, and if work for the party is wanted, I'm the man."
"Higginbotham always was sound as a nut," remarked the general, "taint likely he'll change now since he's got the commission."
"Are you on your way to Washington, sir?" here interposed Deacon Jones.
"If oh, no!" said I.
"Going up to Concord, perhaps, sir?" said Squire Staples.
I also disclaimed the imputation, won-

dering what the deuce I should be going to either place for.
"Saw you were travelling privately, like, and perhaps wanted to avoid observation, otherwise we should have got up a celebration for you. Thought you'd just prefer to have us come round, and see you quietly in this way."
Queer ideas of quiet these Smithburgers have, thought I to myself—turning tippy tippy out of a regard for privacy!
"I knowed him," burst in an energetic little man, who had been conversing *so-to-voce* with Dr. Davis at my elbow. "I knowed him! I knowed him any where. Why he's just the picture of himself right over again, that is, without the horse."
"Your Excellency is a younger looking man, than I expected to see," said the Rev. Peterson; "your onerous duties do not wear upon your health, I trust? They must be oppressive."
"Ah! yes," said Dr. Davis, whose plump, oily appearance testified that he took but little of his own medicine, "brain, sir, brain," significantly tapping the spot where his own mental apparatus was located.
"I reckon there's a right smart deal of head work to be done in this situation, sir," said Mr. Dobson, an honest, farmer-like looking man, clad in sheep's gray, addressing the company generally.
"Yes, sir, that's a fact, and fair, ye may say that same," chimed in a chorus from the outside of the circle.
"Would you have any objection, sir," said Mr. Hodges, dropping his voice to a whisper, "to indicate which way, in your experienced judgement, our election is going to go?"
"Why really," replied I, "diving as I do, and taking so little a part in politics, I—"
"I understand," said he, nodding and interrupting, "I understand. Quite right in your exalted position, one can't be too cautious of what he says. You are quite right. I beg your pardon for the inquiry."
Here a dead silence ensued for a brief time, the insiders of the circle being apparently talked out, and the outsiders too much awed by the dignity of the occasion to utter any remarks.
"I wish Lieutenant Reed was here," at length observed Squire Staples; "he'd be a keen delinquent. Probably you did not know him, but he fought with you in Mexico. He's a giant of a fellow, six feet two, and a perfect dare devil."
It struck me that, though I had never been in Mexico, yet, if this belligerent lieutenant entertained the impression that he had fought with me there, he might possibly want to fight with me in Smithburg. So I mentally hoped he would not return before I left.
"May I beg the honor of just one moment's private conversation," entreated a shabby gesticulated person, drawing me aside by the coat button. "I am an attorney and counsellor at law, but business is very poor here. By the way, I ought to mention that I have always worked hard for the party, and never dreamed of asking anything, anybody will tell you so. But what I was going to ask you was whether if I come down your way, there would be a chance of getting an office. I would not think of such a thing if it wasn't for my straightened circumstances. There really don't seem to be anything for me to do up here."
"Ah! thought I, he is thinking of going to New York to practice, and wants to know about renting an office there. So I said, "But what I was going to ask you was whether if I come down your way, there would be a chance of getting an office. I would not think of such a thing if it wasn't for my straightened circumstances. There really don't seem to be anything for me to do up here."
"Yes, I knew that," said he, "I ought to have been on hand at the 4th of March. But you really think I could do something in that way? And about what do you think it would be worth?"
I told him there was a great difference in the rents, that they ranged from fifty dollars up to five hundred and even to a thousand dollars.
"Yes, so I supposed by what I seen about 'em in the blue book. One of them eight hundred dollars would be just the thing for me."
I could not help thinking it would be a long time before he would do business enough to warrant him in renting an eight hundred dollar office. But before the colloquy proceeded farther, it was broken off by the landlord bringing the information that it only wanted fifteen minutes of the time for the down train, and that they were waiting to escort me to the cars.
Having by this time come to the conclusion that Smithburg was one vast asylum, and all its population lunatics, I walked out, the crowd within respectively following, and the crowd without cheering vociferously as I made my appearance.
Captain O'Flynn's Smithburg Guards were drawn up in a line before the door, in their gorgeous uniform of yellow coats with green facings, and blue pantaloons with a red stripe down the side, and were standing in obedience to the order, "Present arms!" They wheeled in marching order; the drum and fife struck up "Hail Columbia!" General Smith took me by the arm; the other two committee men divided between them the honor of carrying my carpet bag; the citizens paired off by twos behind us, and away we marched to the railroad station, a crowd lining the sidewalks, "the ladies" throwing the win-

dows open and waving white handkerchiefs; the little boys with sticks and paper caps marching alongside, and Gen. Smith all the way pouring into my ears the deep regret that they had not time to get up a more befitting "celebration," and urgent entreaties that I would repeat the visit when Congress adjourned.
Arrived at the cars just in season, I parted from my hospitable friends on the platform, with their hand shaking and a whispered entreaty—"Don't forget the office," from my shabby gesticulated friend; and as the train moved off, nine stentorian cheers from the assembled gathering, actually drowned the locomotive's whistle.
I had become so used to adulation and admiration by my morning's experience, that I half expected to be greeted with similar demonstrations aboard the train, and half wondered whether the city bells would not strike up a peal of welcome in honor of my return, and whether I should find General Sanford with the first Brigade of N. Y. S. M., waiting at the depot to escort me to the City Hall.
I walked home to my lodgings without exciting any attention in the streets. Reaching there I pulled off my new boots which had proved rather tight, and sat down in easy slippers to rest and cogitate upon my singular adventures.
Some writing on the inside of the lining of one of the boots attracted my notice. I took it up, and read in a large round hand, "FRANKLIN PIERCE."
The mystery was explained! In hastily purchasing ready made boots, I had bought a stain made for the President. When I set them out over night to be blacked at the "Smithburg Hotel," the waiter had read the name, and communicated the important secret to the landlord, from whom it had spread like wild fire through the town. I had been passing with the Smithburgers for President Pierce!
I have not ventured to show myself in Smithburg since. I have never heard of Gen. Pierce's going there; so I suppose they are not undecided to this day.
P. S. If you print this story in the Knickerbocker, don't let any copy of it go to Smithburg.
Dress in the Cars.
Speaking of old clothes—in the name of dust and ashes, don't "dress up" to ride five hundred miles in the cars in the summer time. That gentleman over there lives in mortal fear for his immaculate castor. Every five minutes he removes and carries it—now with his handkerchief, now with his elbow. Every five minutes he thinks it against the car, and straightway takes it off to note the effects of the collision. No he gets it, by holding it in his lap like a pkin of butter, and now he puts it up in the rack to roost. He hangs it on a hook and it slips off. He places it upon the seat beside him. There! a man has sat upon it and finished it! Just so with his "bran new" coat. The clodders fly less on it, and the dust settles shamelessly on it, and the urchin behind him attempts to write with a doughnut on its glossy back. Just so with his vest—his wedding vest, wrought with silver-poles in white silk. It looks like the canvass of a circus coat in October, and nothing will cleanse it, except by the grace of chalk and camphene.
He is a very nice man, no doubt; we notice his hair is parted behind with geometric accuracy, and he wears lemon-like kids, but the man before him in the loose linen coat—price \$1.—and a hat that Billy Barlow might have sung of
"All around my hat I wears a weeping willow,"
and a vest as sleek with wear as an unshortened pier-cute, is a far more sensible man than he; and he ventures a shrewd guess could buy him, and keep him vital, if he pleased.
And there's a woman in a white hat, all trembling in white snow drops and white roses, and blue and white plaid silk. This minute she looks like a lily just plucked, but in about four hours after, one might fancy she had selected her dress pattern from an old continental flag. And then how "worked" she looks, and how troubled she seems, and yet how very fine she thinks she is, and almost wishes the poor lady in black and white check, who has, perhaps, under that plain globe of hile thread a ring that, like the circle of Gyges, could buy field life invisible.
Happy is the traveler who is poor enough to have old clothes, and proud enough to wear them; for pride, after all, is more than half a virtue, while vanity at best is almost too weak to be a vice.—Chicago Journal.

The Power of Music.
Some years ago a tall, gaunt, knock kneed, red-headed, cross-eyed lunatic named Hoosier, who was a hunter of classic Wabash, conceived the idea of making a visit to the home of his progenitors in old Kaintuck. He did so—ranted round among the girls some, and was, of course from his native impudence, and unearthly ugliness, the observed of all observers. One morning the whole neighborhood was astonished with the news that the ugly Hoosier had eloped with Mrs. B., an amiable, good looking woman, wife of Mr. B., and mother of half a dozen little B's. For two long years the disconsolate husband mourned over his untoward bereavement; at the end of that period, however, to his utter astonishment one day, in popped Mrs. B., looking as bright and rosy as ever. After the first joyful greeting was over, the injured B. thus addressed his truant spouse:
"Nancy, how could you take up with that that onairly ugly Hoosier, and leave me and the children all forlorn, as you did?"
"Well, Josh," said Nancy, "that thair ugly critter from Indianny was a leetle the best whistler I ever heard; I used to think you could whistle some, but I never heard whistlin' as is whistlin', until I heard him. He whistled my senses clean away, and I follered him away on that account. A short time ago, however, he ketchted the measles, and they spilt his whistlin' forever—the charm was broken, and so I concluded to come back to you; but oh! Josh! that Hoosier was the awfulest whistler that ever pucker'd!"
Hints to Parents.
Anticipate and prevent fretfulness and ill-temper, by keeping the child in good health, ease and comfort. Never quiet with giving to eat, or by bribing in any way, still less by opiates.
For the first few months avoid loud and harsh sounds in the hearing of children, or violent lights in their sight; address them in soft notes, do nothing to frighten them, and never jerk or roughly handle them.
Avoid angry words and violence both to a child and in its presence; by which means a naturally violent child may be trained to gentleness.
Moderate any propensity of a child, such as anger, violence, greediness for food, cunning, etc., which appears too active. Show him no example of these. Let the mother be, and let her select servants such as she wishes the child to be. The youngest child is effected by the conduct of those in whose arms he lives.
Let a mother feel as she ought, and she will look as she ought. Much of a child's earliest moral training is by looks and gestures.
When necessary exhibit firmness and authority, always with perfect temper, composure, and self-possession.
Never give a child that which it craves for, and avoid being too ready in answering children's demands, else they become impatient of refusal, and self-will.
Never promise to give when the child leaves off crying. Let the crying be the reason for not giving.
A man, traveling with his wife, saved himself in a railroad collision, but she was killed. When he reached home he missed his umbrella, and applied to the directors for it; but it was not com- mitted—none of them had seen it.—And now, in speaking of the accident, he always says,—
"Yes, on that day I lost a bran new umbrella and my wife."
There is one great advantage that the Ocean Telegraph possesses over the land lines. The operators were have to go out on horseback and climb poles to make repairs. There is some talk of making a contract with the Lobster family to keep the line in order, as they are all good climbers.
A Western editor publishes a long leader on "Hogs." A rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.
"Mr. Lemon has come over to our party," said a politician, exultingly, to an opponent. "Well, if your party has nothing stronger than lemon aid to recruit with, it must be in a bad way."
"Of all things, endeavor to settle peace in thy own breast. If thou canst not find tranquility within thyself, 'twill be of no purpose to seek it elsewhere."
A man very intoxicated was sent to duance vile. "Why did not you bail him out?" inquired a bystander to a friend.
"Bail him out," exclaimed the other, "you couldn't pump him out."
An old bachelor of Oxford, Miss., worth \$150,000, recently found a newborn female babe hanging at his gate. He has adopted it, and given it the name of "Eureka Gate."
When a man chooses the rewards of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.
It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said in company, "I drink your health," but "my service to you, sir."

Dignity of the Printer's Art.
Surely if there is any occupation followed by man, that should be regarded as ennobling and elevating, it is that of the printer. The printer is the world's school master. It is the printer who teaches the world's "young idea how to shoot." Let printers, then, hold up their heads, and live lives that will honor their profession, and their profession will certainly honor them. In the early progress of printing in England, printers were invested by act of parliament with many of the privileges granted to the nobility; and the act, we believe, still remains on the statute book. B. F. Taylor says the following poetic tribute to the workers in the "art preservative of all arts."
"The printer is the Adjutant of Thought and this explains the mystery of the wonderful world that can kindle a hope in no song can—warm a hart as no hope can—that word 'war,' with a head in hand warmth in it, for the author and the printer are engineers together.—Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadix at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this whereby they bombard the ages yet to be."
"There at the 'case' he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than the equipment of thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon, with the ring of spear and shield gradually on to 'the latest syllable of recorded time.' This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it."
"The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toils. Oh! it is not work, but a sublime right he is performing, when he thus sights the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grandeur—curve than missiles ere before described—fling it into an age unborn.—He throws his coat indeed; we but wonder, the rather, that he does not put his shoes from of his feet, for the place where he stands is holy ground. A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star, it died upon the ear. But the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence, like a wounded bird, and emits it anew with wings, and sends it forth from the Ark that had preserved it, and it flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the drawing of a spring morning."
"I don't think you need trouble yourself to visit me any longer, Doctor."
"But, my friend, I had better visit you as long as you are in danger." "Oh, sir, I fear then I shall never be out of danger."
A chap was asked what kind of a gal he preferred for a wife. He replied, "One that was not a prodigal, but a frugal and a true gal, and one that suited his conjugal taste."
BOASTING.—The game of brag is a pitiful one whether played by a nation or an individual. It is better to show what we can do than to tell what we can do. Facts are better endorses than words.
"Whose pigs are those, my lad?"
"Why, they belong to that there big sow." "But I mean who is their master." "Why, the little 'un, sir—he's a grand un to fight."
"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."
Girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly, because they are angry and sometimes because their lips are disposed to meet yours half-way.
Why should a straw hat never be raised to a lady in the street? Because no matter how much you can shake the chapeau, it can never be felt.
"I am told, Miss, that your lover plays and drinks." "Oh yes, sir, he plays the flute divinely, and drinks continually at the spring of Helicon."
Pretty Excuse for a Wife-Beater.—The treasure which we value most we hide.
The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind, finds himself blown all over town.
It is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body; we are half dead ere we understand our disorder, half cured when we do.
PEN—A lever, small enough to be used by any man, but strong enough to raise the whole world.
The fellow who attempted to "cloak his sins," found that he couldn't begin to find a garment large enough.
METAPHYSICS.—Words to stay the appetite till facts are ready. Feeling for a science in the dark.
It is said that Middleton the fashionable caterer is an upholder of woman's rights—and lefts.
"Cable" hats are already advertised for sale.