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EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY L. G. GOULD.

"Fearless and Free."

\$1,50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. JULY 26, 1855.

Vol. 12, No. 6.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One square, or less 3 insertions), and Rate (\$10, \$20, \$30, etc.).

All over a square charged at two squares.
Advertisements inserted till forbid: the
expense of the advertiser.

JOB WORK

Executed at this Office with neatness and
expedite, at lowest possible rates.

Pen, Paste & Scissors.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.
Laziness travels so slowly that poverty
soon overtakes her.
The fellow who slept under "the cover
of night," complains that he came very near
freezing.

Poetical.

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

I loved thee once—but I have learned
To banish hence that thought—
To check the heart which vainly burned
With love that has been sought.

Miscellaneous.

THE QUIET MAN.

BY THODORE S. FAY.

You would have been delighted with him.
He was so unobtrusive, so thoroughly imbued
with the spirit of stillness. He was a living
rebuke to everything in nature. His tongue
was a superfluity. The rose that unfolds its
soft leaves noiselessly in the green-house, and
blooms, and withers, and says never a word,
and an existing thing might have envied, or
a stream that lapses along delusively with-

box, asked if he did not think Major Eaton
sadly missed?
"No, sir," replied Alfred. "I wish they
had hanged him; he has been ringing in my
ears these six months."
A friend shut his mouth; the person shut his
box, and the bell rang for breakfast. A cup-
ping an invitation to accompany him to his re-
treat, we landed at Newburg, and crossed over
the river to a farm house, at some distance in
the interior. I had only time to spend a day
and night with him. He was fond of reading
and had brought with him a few choice au-
thors, to be enjoyed in uninterrupted seclusion.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the
solace of the sick, and the support of the dy-
ing; and while other books may amuse and
instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar
triumph of that book to create light in the
midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow
which admits of no other alleviation, to direct
a beam of hope to the heart which no other
topic of consolation can reach; while guilt,
despair, and death vanish at the touch of its
holy inspiration. There is something in the
spirit and diction of the Bible, which is found
peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of
the plainest and most uneducated minds.

The Poor and the Rich.

The honest, hard working part of our com-
munity, however much they may excel them
in intelligence and refinement, are looked up-
on by some proud world as aristocrats, as
entirely beneath their notice, but these are
only mere exceptions. If a person shows
himself to be worthy, he is here cheerfully wel-
comed by the good and great, what ever his
rank, and if his birth be alotted to it, it is not
with scorn and contempt, but with admiration
and respect, for having surmounted the obsta-
cles which were in his pathway. We ten-
times see the poor man's son rising early, be-
fore the labor of the day can call him forth,
and assiduously poring over his books while
others are eagerly pursuing pleasure, or are reposing
in the arms of Morpheus. The flushed cheek
and fire in his eye shows his firm resolve and
high purpose. A rank that boy as he arrives at
manhood. Those intellectual powers which he
has cultivated so long and faithfully have well
repaid his care and pains. Wealth and influ-
ence are his. He may fill a commanding place
in the pulpit, or prebance chair with his elo-
quence the multitude that throng the halls of
our National Congress. If his voice is the
voice of right, he may exert an influence which
will be felt by his country long after "life's battle
has been fought," and he has rested from his
labors.

The way to Discontinue a Paper.

There are several ways practised in discon-
tinuing papers. But only one correct way—
and that is to ascertain, either by calling on
the Publisher in person, or if that is imprac-
ticable, by letter, the exact amount you are
in arrears, and then pay it.

A Big Story.

An old gentleman who had a neighbor
rather addicted to telling large stories, after
listening one day to several which rather taxed
his credulity, stated that he himself could
tell a bigger one still; and he proceeded to
relate the following:

Seven Born Fools.

The angry man—who sets his own house
on fire that he may burn his neighbor's.
The envious man—who cannot enjoy life
because others do.
The robber—who, for the consideration of
a few dollars, gives the world liberty to bang
him.

Alas! Poor Ireland.

The Dublin Nation contains a horrible
picture of Ireland from the pen of Mr. Duffy.
He says:
"No words printed in a newspaper or else-
where will give any man who has not seen it,
a conception of the fallen condition of the
west and south. The famine and the land-
lords have actually created a new race in
Ireland. I have seen on the streets of Gal-
way, crowds of creatures more dejected than
the Yahoos of Swift—creatures having only a
distant resemblance to human beings. Gray-
haired old men whose dull faces had hardened
into a settled leer of mendicancy, senous
and semi-lunatic; and women filthy and
more frightful than the harpies who, at the
single of coin on the pavement, swarmed in
myriads from unseen places, strong, scream-
ing, shrieking for their prey, like some
monstrous unclean animals. In Western, the sight
of a priest on the street gathered an entire
pauper population, thick as a village market,
swarming around him for relief. Beggar chil-
dren, beggar adults, beggars in white hair;
girls with faces gray and shivered, and the
grave stamped upon them in a decree which
could not be recalled; women with more
touching and tragical aspect of lingering starv-
and self respect not yet effaced, and among
these terrible realities, imposture shaking in
pretended fits, to add the last touch of hor-
rible grotesqueness to the picture! I have seen
these accursed sights and they are burned in
my memory forever. Away from the town
other scenes of unimagineable horror disclo-
sured themselves. The traveller meets groups and
even troops of wild idle lunatic-looking pau-
pers wandering over the country, each with
me tale of extermination to tell. If he penetr-
ates into a cabin, and can distinguish ob-
jects among filth and darkness, of which an
ordinary pig-stay affords but a faint image, he
will probably discover from a dozen to twenty
innards in the hut—the eldest cotter—clut-
tered together, and breathing a pestilence.
What kind of creatures men, women and chil-
dren living in this dung-hovel, what kind of
children reared here to grow up into a gen-
eration I have no words to paint."

Twelve Rules for the Year.

- 1. Get married—if you can; but look for
your leap. Love matches are romantic—nice
things to read about—but they have bromine
in them, now and then; so say like Marvel,
Eq.
2. Unite in overthrowing the fashion which
translates civility into love.
3. Go to church at least once a week.
4. Whenever you see a lecture advertised,
set the evening upon which it is to be deliv-
ered apart for reading fifteen pages of a good
book.
5. Circulate no scandal.
6. Avoid all kind of spirits—particularly
spirit rappers.
7. If in the theatre, or other public place of
amusement, do not level your opera glass at
strangers.
8. Never notice the clothing of persons at-
tending divine worship, nor stand in front of
the image of God after the service.
9. Never ask another man what his busi-
ness is—where he is going to—where he
came from—when he left—when he intends to
go back, or the number of his dollars. You
may inquire as to the state of his health and
that of his parents, sisters and brother—but
venture no farther.
10. Defend the innocent, help the poor, and
cultivate a spirit of friendship among all your
acquaintances.
11. Never speak disparaging of women, and
endeavor to conquer all your prejudices.—
Believe all persons to be sincere in the reli-
gion which they profess.
12. Be economical, but not parsimonious or
niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but
not idols. Live within your dollars, and never
borrow money in anticipation of your sala-
ry.

Mysteries on every side.

The world is full of mysteries. The cham-
ber in which the infant opens its eyes is a
universe of mysteries. The father's voice, the
mother's smile, reveal to it slowly the mys-
teries of the world. The child solves
many of these mysteries; but the circle of
knowledge is enlarged, its vision is always
bounded by a veil of mystery. The sun that
wakens at morning, and again at night looks
in at its window; the bird that flies; the tree
that shades its home, and in whose branches
the birds come and sing before the dawns are
died, the clouds with shining edges that move
across the sky, calm and stately like the char-
iot of an angel, are all mysteries. Nay to
ground upon man there is not a thing which
the hand touches or on which the eye rests, which
is not enveloped in mystery. The flower that
springs at your feet—who has revealed the
wonderful secret of its organization? Its
roots shoot down, and leaf and flower rise up
and expand into the infinite abyss of mystery.
We are all enigmas; we are enigmas through an
unknown wilderness; they travel at night by a
flowing stream they feed their horses, set up
their tent, and build a fire, and as the flames
rise up, all within the circle of a few rods
around a distinct and clear in its light. But
beyond and bounding this, are rocks dimly
seen, and trees with vague outlines dimly stoop
forward to a lake; and beyond the branches
and wild unknown animals howl in their dark
reins of night and silence. Such is the light
of man's knowledge, and so it is, bounded by
the infinite realms of mystery.

Advice to Young Men.

There are thousands of men who possess
wealth which has been obtained at the neglect
of intellectual cultivation. Those who give
half of their fortune if they could set back
and have the leisure for mental culture, which
we are all to enjoy, are throwing away. Let this
be no longer. Commence now to devote an hour
or two each evening to study. It may be dif-
ficult at first, but will be easier as you proceed,
and at length it will become the most deligh-
ful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes
the man. Do not suffer yourself drawn by
too much enjoyment either in business or plea-
sure, to neglect your mind. Your intellect will
be permanent. Every hour
expended in this manner will return you five
hours of the most elevated enjoyment in af-
fairs.
Nay is this all. As you become intelligent,
your opportunities for usefulness will increase
and you can be the benefactor of your race.—
With an increase of usefulness comes an in-
crease of enjoyment. The better able you
become to help others, the better qualified you
will be to help yourself. Do not then rife
away the best of your existence in low and
frivolous pleasures, which will only degrade
you, and impair both your usefulness and suc-
cess in after life.

I'm Coming.

"Yes, I'm coming," rang out from the silver
voice of a child, through the half open door of a
house on our street, we were passing the other
day. We saw no one, but the sweet musical
tone still lingered in our ears as we passed on,
and we thought to ourselves, yes, my child,
you are coming. Coming from the guileless
sunny floor garden of childhood's glory, and
beauty, and joy, into a world of thorns, and sin,
and suffering—from the sweet harmony of in-
fantile melody and gladness into a world of
barb disorals, and human deformity—coming
from the warm lips and kindly embraces, and
gentle words of mother's love, into air made
poisonous by the breath of the slanderer's
lungs—a world full of rude jostlings, where
the traveller need be firm in nerve, and strong
in sinew, or he is pushed aside, and trampled
under foot—a world full of cutting and bitter-
ness, that almost turns to gall the few cups of
Eden's nectar, still kept pure from the effects
of the fall. Coming from the sweet peace of
your loved heaven of home, into a "strange
land," where there are backbitings and envy-
ings, and falsehoods—man striving to over-
reach his neighbor,—yes neighbor, whom he
daily greets with a smile and a profession of
friendship,—all hurrying, running, snatching,
clutching after yellow gold; crazed with its
serpent charm, forgetting the very ties of na-
ture, and locking up forever all its kindly sym-
pathies. Coming also to be avaricious and
vain, and cold-hearted as the rest of mankind;
and coming, too, to the same narrow home to
which we all hasten.

Smart Butcher.

"Why is it my son," asked a mother of a ten
year old, one day, "Why is it, that when you
put your bread and butter down, that it is al-
ways with the butter side down?"
"I don't know; it hasn't oughter had it—
The strongest side ought to be underneath,
hadn't it, ma? and this the strongest butter I
ever seed in my life."
"Flush up! It's some of your aunt's chur-
ring."
"Did she churn it? Why, the great lazy
thing, what you want?"
"Na, the yere butter. To make that poor
woman churn it; it's strong and rank enough
to churn itself."
"Be still, Zilas; it only wants working over."
"Well, mark if I was, you, when I did it, I'd
put in it lot's of lasses."
"You good for nothing fellow! I've ate a gre-
at deal worse in the most aristocratic boarding-
house."
"Well, all great people of rank ought to eat
it."
"Who people of rank?"
"Cause it's rank butter!"
"Yarn, you! What makes you talk so
smar?"
"The butter is taking the skin off my tongue,
mother."
"Zilas, don't lie. I can't throw away the
butter; it don't signify."
"I tell you what to do with it, marm; I'll
keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the
flies keel over and die as soon as they touch
it."
"Zilas, don't exaggerate; go to the store and
buy a pound of fresh."
Exit Zilas.

The Editor.

It is a noted fact, that editors of newspapers,
are left to the mercy of every tongue; the scru-
tinizing eye of the million is constantly fixed
upon every word and action; criticism of every
grade, the man of letters, and the man of ig-
norance, stand sentinel, ready to censure, if
perchance he does not suit their views of mat-
ters and things. If an editor presumes to
speak his opinions through his columns upon
any subject whatever, he is certain to get a
tongue lashing from some source or other.—
If he cringes and undertakes to please every-
body, he has every one hold of his ears, and
receives more kicks than pennies. The life
of an editor is one of many bright as well as
dark hours; for he has the satisfaction of know-
ing that through his labors much good is done,
and that he is doing it for the use of his ad-
vanced world, indeed, he is one of ignorance
and crime. Through the press all men seek for
information; and it acts as the lever to time
and business. But let me ask the difference
between editors of newspapers and certain pub-
lishers, the one acts outright without fear or
favor, while the other, as a viper in the grass,
strikes unaware, and endeavors to crush his
victim at one fell blow. His foul, stammering
tongue, constantly at his work, straining every
nerve and using every means, for the downfall
of his fellow men.—Jackson Standard.

A Scene at the Gate of Paradise.

A poor tailor, being released from a trouble-
some world and a scolding wife, appeared at
the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he
had ever been in Purgatory.
"Na," said the tailor, "but I have been
married."
"O!" said Peter, "that is all the same."
The tailor had scarcely got in before a fat,
turtie eating alderman came puffing and blow-
ing.
"Hallo! you fellow," said he, "open the
gate."
"Na, no fast," said Peter, "have you ever
been in Purgatory?"
"Na, said the alderman, "but what is that
to the purpose? You let in that poor, half-
starved tailor, and he has been in Purgatory
no more than I."
"Na, he has been married!" said Peter.
"Married?" exclaimed the alderman, "why,
I have been married twice!"
"Then go back again," said Peter "Paradise
is not the place for fools."
SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Have a
good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dread-
ful cold when requested "to favor the com-
pany." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a soci-
ety. Never leave your curl-papers in the
drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when
you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged
if you don't like your partner. Abjure ring-
lets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know "what
there is for dinner. Nuts are bad if you are
going to sing. Get married to some fine young
man, if you can—at all events, get married.

NEVER MARRY FOR A FORTUNE.

We over-
heard a poor unfortunate get the following
pockloger, the other day, from his better half.
You good-for-nothing fellow!" said she,
"what would you have been if I had not mar-
ried you? Whose was the bacon liver, whose
the pig trough, whose the frying pan, and iron
hoop bucket, but mine, when you married
me?"
The question now is—"What has be-
come of Turkey?"

"The Ladies' Repper," is the title of a
sheet just issued in New York. It is edited
by a single lady, and advocates matrimony and
baby-jumpers.
"Is it with narrow souled people," says
Swift, "as it is with narrow necked bottles;
the less they have in them, the more noise
they make in pouring it out."
"Be careful how you make love to a cross-
eyed girl. You can't tell what she is ex-
pressing her sweet glances at yourself, or Mr. Jones,
opposite."
"Waiter, bring me some corn," said a
boarder to a green Irish servant. "Hay!" said
Paddy, leaning down to catch the accent.—
"Na, no—corn?" replied the guest.
A very low, dressed a lady at a party with a
very low-necked dress and bare arms, ex-
pressed his admiration by saying that she out-
stripped the whole party.
A school mistress advertised lately for an
assistant accustomed to confinement. She re-
ceived an answer from the mother of twelve
children.
"Solitude is the despair of fools, the tor-
ment of the wicked, and the joy of the good. It
is alike pandemonium, purgatory, and parad-
ise—according to the soul that enters it."
"Is the spring put forth no blossoms, in
summer there will be no beauty and in autumn
no fruit; so if you be trifled away without
improvement, ripe years will be contemptible
and old age miserable."
A person out West is offering for sale
grass seed gathered from the "ranch of rest-
itude." A religious professor fears that the
path must be sadly overgrown with grass as it
is so little traveled now-a-days.
FUNNY.—To hear a young man whose philo-
sophy denotes love of sour-kraut and lager
beer, cursing the "d—d Germans," while his
own father is hardy able to speak English
plain enough to be understood.
A judge out west has decided that "kiss-
ing a lady" while "coming through the rye"
is legal. This has an important and interest-
ing bearing on the rye culture and the happi-
ness of mankind in general.
"Sambo, what kind ob keys would it
take to open de gates ob Sebastian?"
"Well, I guess, it's 'No' keys."
"Na, dat isn't it, Sambo." "Well, what is it den, Ju-
lius?"
"Why, Yan-kees; yah! yah!"
A soldier on trial for habitual drunken-
ness was addressed by the president: "Pris-
on-er, you have heard the prosecution for ha-
bitual drunkenness, what have you to say in
defense?" "Nothing, please your honor,
but habitual thirst."
AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I will and be-
queath to my beloved wife Bridget, all my
property without reserve, and my eldest son
Patrick, one half the remainder, and to Den-
nis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is
left, it may go to Terrence McCarty."
A New Haven paper, describing the lo-
calities of three prominent institutions of that
city says: "The Medical College is on the
road to the Cemetery; the Divinity College on
the road to the Poor-House, and the Law
School on the road to the Jail."
Occasionally we come across an adver-
tisement worth pondering over. Here is one
on "em: "The subscriber is open to contract
for the washing of a few respectable families
in a superior manner and on reasonable terms.
Great attention paid to ladies. Address &c."
"You can do anything if you only have
patience," says our old foggy uncle, who made
his fortune by being planted in the old town
when corner lots were worth only ten dollars
an acre, and waited till he woke up one morn-
ing to find them worth three dollars a foot.
PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.—"My son," said
Mr. Smith to his boy who was devouring an
egg, "do you know that chickens come out
of eggs?" "Ah, do they, father?" said the
young hoper, "I thought that eggs came out
of chickens." Mr. Smith stared at his son,
and was silent."
Pleasure owes its great zest to anticipa-
tion; the promise of a shilling fiddle will keep
a school-boy in happiness for a whole year.—
The fun connected with its possession will
expire in an hour. Now, what is true of
schoolboys is equally true of men. All they
differ in is the price of their fiddles.
PRESSED FOR COPY.—An editor of an Irish
newspaper being hard pressed to furnish a few
lines of copy to fill up a column, told his fore-
man "to kill a child at Waterford." "We
have killed the child, and still want two
lines," was the reply. "Well, then contri-
bute the statement."
"Why," said a gentleman, in the course
of an argument on the price of putty, "it's as
plain as that two and two make four."
"Tha, also, I deny," retorted his antagonist,
"for two and two make twenty-two." The
gentleman settled several inches in his boots,
and politely offered his opponent his hat.