Wyoming Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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Poetry.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN, EAR HATH NOT HEARD."

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
One half of the miracle land—
That lies just over the waters of life,
Just beyond its shoals, and its strand,
Where our tears change to pearls, our sufferings to joy,
Our dress becomes gold, without an alloy.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
One half of the mysteries there;
The pearly gates, with their legions of guards,
Or its blossoms, and fruits so rare,
Of the pastures so green, and the waters so still,
Where the sanctified hosts may wander at will.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Scarce a note of the harmony sweet—
That echoes and rolls o'er those mountains of bliss
The blood washed spirits to greet—
Who, weary of life, have severed its ties,
And mounted by faith to their home in the skies.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
But a tythe of the mystical lore,
Of the country where prophets and patriarchs meet,
To part from their kindred no more;
But dying, they left us in letters of gold,
The blessed assurance—they're safe in the fold.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
But *faith*, has these mysteries scanned;
And folded its wings, with the beautiful hope,
Of "that rest," in the "unknown land;
We shall go *not* out from the country so fair,
For sickness and death shall enter not there,

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One day a farmer's lazy boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
That welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the old man shouted in his ear---
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a ploughman's phrase,
The lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"---
"I can." said he and manfully
He seized again his hoe,
And the old man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row,

The lad this text remembered,
And proved the moral well.
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage then! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Always hoe out your row.

THE TEST:

OR LOVE IN A HOGSHEAD.

"They put everything on runners while the snow lasted, for it does not usually tarry long. Buggy seats, carriage tops, crockery crates—all are in the question. And I even saw one of the finest horses in the city drawing a hogshead on wooden runners, in which were seated a gentleman and lady. They were a fine looking couple and bore off the palm for fast driving, as well as the ludicrous looking sleigh conveyance."—Letter from Chicago.

Ah reader! and thereby hangs a tale.

It was a New Year's day in that far famed city of the West—even in the New Year's day of '56. Since Christmas, winter had set in, in good old fashioned earnestness. Snow had fallen to the depth of several inches, and being firm and hard, made excellent sleighing—a rare thing in the city.

Indeed our winters seem sadly degenerated of late being much more mild and free from snow than in the days of our fathers; perhaps to accommodate themselves to our failing health and strength: for this latter fact is but too apparent.

Yet this New year's day seemed more a type of the old time. It was cold, yet not too cold, and the sleighing was excellent. Everybody who had a suitable conveyance, or could get one, even at any price, was out enjoying the rare sport; only the more keenly to be enjoyed for its very rarity It was indeed a gala day; bright and beautiful still in the human hearts beating so joyously beneath!

Earnest Hammond sat in his counting room busily engaged in attending to the reception of a large quantity of goods just arrived. He was young yet; but fast rising in wealth and position. Born in the East, he had brought with him all the habits of strict attention, pleasure must be waived. Therefore, when he did give himself to its enjoyments, it was with double zeal. Naturally warm hearted and impulsive, and social withal as such a person must always be, he keenly enjoyed society. And when he entered it, he was ever a welcome companion, both with his own and opposite sex. And now closing his books with a look of satisfaction and relief, he determined to give himself to the pleasure of this annual gala day.

While business was pending he had closed his ears and eyes to all else; but now he could not fail to hear the unusual stir in the streets, and to feel that while he had been engaged within doors, all had been life and commotion without. When he came forth the street presented a most novel scene. A more motly, incongruous lot of vehicles it were not not easy to imagine. Such life and hilarity are always infectious, and Earnest soon caught the spirit He, too, would join the sledgers; but how?

He inquired at several stages for a sleigh. None were to be had. Yet he was not easily daunted, and, moreover, had an unusual share of perseverance.—He owned one of the finest horses in the city; of that he felt sure He remembered, too, that in a remote part of the stable where he had usually kept him, he had one day noticed a pair of wooden runners. He would see if in some way a conveyance might not be planned. His Yankee ingenuity must be brought to the service.

He soon reached the stable. The runners were found, and in good order. But now for the other part. A hogshead that for some reason or other had been sawed apart and nicely cleaned, stood before him. Instantly a part of it was upon the runners. In a few moments a comfortable seat was added, and he was ready for a drive.

But now arose another difficulty, unthought of before. He must have a companion—a lady of course; else half the enjoyment would be lost. But who would it be? Who would be seen even with him in such a conveyance as that? Excuse his vanity, reader mine. He knew he was a favorite. Indeed, he could not help knowing it. But this was a special occasion. "All the world was out."—Whom could he find brave enough to dare it? He must see.

There were two or three young ladies, who had long claimed his special regard, and he felt sure he was not entirely indifferent to them. He had even been observing them of late, striving to learn the true character of each. This he found, as gentlemen and ladies usually meet in city life, rather a difficult matter How he yearned to see through the false surroundings into the true and inner life beneath! He was rather old fashioned in his notions, it must be confessed; but he did care more for the real than the artificial—more for the heart than the outer adorning. But how would it end? Would he be wiser than his sex? It was indeed a difficult question but he did not quite despair.

Ella Campbell had long been of the first in his esteem. But recently he had thought her somewhat vain and superficial, caring more for the outer than the inner man, and he had been cautious in his attentions to her. He would test her now.

Driving briskly to the door and throwing reins over his horse, he quickly rang the bell. A servant at once ushered him into the parlor, where sat the lady of his thoughts. She greeted him warmly; but on hearing the object of his visit and the unique conveyance he had brought, she plead a previous engagement, and at once excused herself.

Earnest Hammond was gifted with a good share of penetration; and when not previously blinded, read character well. Now, instinctively feeling how it was, he politely withdrew. And while he rode gaily away, Ella Campbell sat pouting in the room, unthought and uncared for by the moving mass without.

Earnest's next visit was to the house of Square Reed. Here he had long been a frequent and welcome visitor, and was always received quite "like one of the family," as the Squire often said, looking knowingly at his two girls, Charlotte and Bella.

Charlotte was the older and handsomer of the two; and beauty is always attractive especially with the men. She was the favorite, too, in society. But at times Earnest had turned from her to the gentle graceful Bell, with her pure heart, and piquant, innocent ways, almost with a feeling of love for the latter.

Her's indeed was a character to study. Timid and retiring when in the presence of strangers, she was yet singularly artless and confiding with those she best knew and loved.

There was a dash of independence, too and a vein of romance in her heart, pleasant and refreshing to meet. She was graceful and plain it is true, but there was a character and strength there, also.—Though her sister might best please in a crowd, she would be better known and felt at home.

All this earnest felt; still beauty fascinated him. Not that Bella was ugly.—Oh no! But she was not beautiful, either; at least, save in the loving eyes and hearts of those who best knew her. Earnest liked them both. It were difficult indeed, to determine which was the favorite.

As he neared the door he said, within himself, as one often will in cases of doubt. "A look or a word shall decide between them. If one or both refuse to ride with me, it shall be a sign that all is over.—But if one excepts—why, then who knows what may come of it? I am twenty-eight now; "old enough, as my partner told me yesterday, "to be married and have a home of my own." And so I am.—We shall see—we shall see."

Two faces were at the window as he drove up. One brightened visibly, and the other as visibly paled; while a mingled expression of scorn and disappointment passed over her fine features.

"Good morning, ladies, good morning! exclaimed he, as he entered their presence. I find myself in rather an awkward position just now, and need some one to help me out. I must have a drive this morning, yet have been unable to obtain any conveyance save the one you saw as I drove up. What shall I do?" And he looked to Charlotte for an answer.

"An awkward position, indeed! answered she. "You had best drive alone."

"But must I?" he asked somewhat sorrowfully.

Bella looked up quickly; but she did not speak.

"Surely, you do not think a lady would be seen in such a conveyance?" continued Charlotte with a slight toss of her beautiful head.

Again Bella looked up while a painful flush suffused her cheek. She was sorry her sister had spoken—sorry for her, grieved for Earnest. She felt sure, too, that she could not have denied him—that whatever *he* should ask would not be improper or wrong. How then could her sister speak thus?

Charlotte noticed the expression, and half read its meaning. She did not much like the reproof it conveyed; and turning to her she said, somewhat scornfully:

'Perhaps my sister will go with you. Will you, Bella?"

"Will you Bella?" the young man repeated earnestly, as he bent over her a glance which thrilled through every part of her being.

For a moment the blood rushed over her brow and neck, the next it receded, and she answered gaily:

"And why not, indeed!"

"But *will* you go Bella?" again asked Earnest, in that straight manner which ever characterized him.

"I should like it of all things!" answered the enthusiastic girl, forgetting the emotion of the moment before.

"But remember how we are to go," continued Earnest quickly.

"Yon will be the observed of all observers," added Charlotte.

"And what of that?" called back the delighted girl. as she was half way up the stairs.

In a moment she was ready, and, gaily bidding her sister good bye, she was soon seated beside Earnest, and they drove rapidly away.

Charlotte half repented her momentary pride when she saw the tender glance of Earnest, as he placed her carefully upon the seat, and drew closer the folds of her large, warm shawl in which she had shown the good sense to wrap herself.—But it was too late now; so taking a book she prepared to spend the morning alone. In the meantime Earnest and Bella had joined the motely throng moving as rapidly through the city.

Now they drove close down to the water's edge, where far as the eye could reach, one saw nothing but the clear blue waters of the lake, with its masts and sails making one think he were upon the Atlantic coast, instead of so many in the interior. Anon they looked upon the wide spreading prairie now pure and white with the new fallen snow, and stretching far away till it was lost where earth and sky seemed to meet. Then again they were swiftly passing through the wide and level streets of the city.

Oh! there is life and exhiliration in thus giving one's self up to the enjoyment of the hour! Nature is a good mother to all; and when we give ourselves into her keeping, she will ever fill the heart with joy and gladness. Would that more such exercise—more out-of door exercises were freely so completely within doors, as many do in winter, enough to drive all the roses from the cheek, all joy and gladness from the eye and all freshness from the heart, making one old and dead before his time.

The spell of the hour was upon them; and as they sped merrily along, Earnest felt his heart warm more and more toward the pure and artless girl by his side. He had known her long—he had known her well and she had ever seemed the same—ingenious, truthful, noble and good. He wondered how even for a moment, he had ever thought of another: for she seemed to him, then all that his heart would ever wish or desire. But could she ever be his? or was she destined for another? The thought made him desperate. He could not endure it for a moment. The question must be decided at once, and with him, to resolve was to act.

They had been talking gaily of the scene around them—or Bella had been talking, he listened—for amid the multitude of vehicles in the street, each had to attend pretty carefully to his own; when turning to her with another one of those glances thrilled through every fibre of her being, he said, and his voice was low and earnest as he spoke.

"Bella, I am a business man, and shall do things up in a business fashion. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

The girl looked up astonished. She had long liked him—liked him better than any other on earth; but she had never dreamed of being *his wife*. He was so much older, so much wiser than she—for she was scarce eighteen, and in heart a very child—why did he not take her sister? She could not apprehend it all; and almost doubted if she had heard aright.

For many moments she did not reply, Earnest observed her closely, and half guessed in her truthful face the unuttered thought. she was about to speak, the ludicrousness of the scene burst upon her, and she laughed outright. It was his turn now to look astonished.

"Why Bella, what is the matter?" he soon asked, somewhat hurt.

"Only think! making love in a hogshead? laughed the mischeivous girl more merrily than before. "Who ever heard of such a thing!" and this time Earnest joined her even at his own expense.

"Well, well, no matter where," continued he, taking the little hand that lay for a *moment* outside her shawl. Do you love me, Bella? and will you be my wife? Answer me truly; *will you be mine?*"

"Yes Earnest, yes! but I must laugh nevertheless. The scene is entirely and wholy ludicrous. Quite a new order of romance!" and again her laugh rang out loud and clear as the song of a bird.

And this time Earnest joined in it as heartily as she. He could well laugh now; for had she not promised to be his? No matter *how*; she was to be his, *all his*!—And as he pressed her hand at parting:—

"Laugh now as much as you like, but to night I shall call to appoint the wedding day, and arrange for its ceremonies. So, good morning, dearest! and in a moment he was gone.

That night all was arranged; Squire Reed and his wife giving a full and free cousent; and in just six weeks from that time Bella Reed became Mrs. Earnest Hammond.

"THE WAR A FAILURE."

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Such is the language of Scripture. But, suppose we omit the first part of the above sentence—which we print in *italics*—would we be justified in asserting that the Scriptures declare *'there is no God!'* Clearly not. It would be a clear and distinct misrepresentation of the Word of God. It would be palpable *lying.* No one will dispute this; no, not even Mr. Jordon, Chairman of the Republican State Committee.

And yet Mr. Jordon, in his late address, has *lied* just as palpably. In speaking of the last Democratic National Convention, he asserts that the Convention declared *"the war a failure."* Whereas, the distinct language of that Convention was, *"for the purpose of restoring the Union,* the war was a faiture." How can Mr. Jordon look an honest man in the face after perpetrating such a barefaced falsehood? Or how can any truth-loving citizen follow the lead of a man who will thus attempt to cheat by lying.

Time has proven the perfect correctness of the Democrats at Chicago. The last official declaration of Douglas was, that *"war is disunion."* The Democrats repeated the declaration at Chicago in 1864. Three years have since passed away. The Union is still dissevered. "The war still exists," says Congress. Therefore, the declaration of the Democrats that *"for the purpose of restoring the Union,* the war was a failure," was emphatically true.

An Old Statesman Speaks.

Hon. Thomas Ewing, one of the old, able and trusted Whig leaders, and afterwards a Republican, has recently written a letter, defending his son, Gen, Hugh Ewing, from the charge of having stolen any portion of Jeff. Davis' library. He gives the statement a flat denial, and then after stating that out of four sons, and two sons-in-law, five of them were in the federal army, and that he himself made war speeches, closes thus:

"This will, I trust, be received as a fair record of family loyalty, so far as the war is in question; but never having sworn allegiance to Summer, or Thad. Stevens, or any of their ilk, and having opinions of my own, as to the constitution and sound public policy I have ventured to differ from this [illegible] some particulars, and chiefly in

I think there is yet something left of the old Constitution, and that we ought to try and save the piece; that the South is sufficiently crushed and humbled, without putting them under military rule, or letting loose a flight of confiscation vultures, to fatten on the carcass; and especialy I do not think the President ought to be impeached because he differs in opinion with the two Houses of Congress and because he will not hold still while they whip him with nettles."

The reflecting, honest and respectable in the Republican party are fast leaving that organization. The ultra unconstitutional and disgusting every man in its ranks who has a just regard for liberty, peace and fraternity.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insect. He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gives Saturn his rings and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf a delicate tint, and made the sun to nourish the violet. And the same Being notices the praises of the cherubim and the prayers of the little children. There is but a breadth of air and a beating of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us that we are powerless, and he all powerful and that the last pulsation here is but the prelude. of endless life hereafter; we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our losses. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs them.

WHISTLE.—Next to laughing whistling is one of the most philosophical things in which a fellow of good spirits can indulge. Whistling is a popular prescription for keeping up the courage—it might be said good spirits. Some genial philosopher has well said on this subject, that whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but works more constantly. A whistling cobler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks.

Recipe for Making love. Take two parts sugar, three of soft soap, a little sage plenty of summer savory add a little wine; mix well together, and leave the whole to "sett" for two or three nights. It is best taken while hot.

Wise and Otherwise.

Why is a tender-hearted person like a house-keeper with little furniture? Because she is easily moved.

When were there only two vowels? In the days of *no a* (Noah) before *u* and *i* (you and I) were born.

Other goods may have declined, but the rise in hoop-skirts on the street is at times startling.

Of all the absurd hats ever seen, the Japanees hat is the worst. It is a plate with a button on the top.

The man who had to lower his shirt collar to pass under a railway bridge, arrived in New York last week. He was laboring under a slight attack of "collary morbus."

A man who has a wife or sweetheart named Lize is not to be believed in anything, for he's always sure to tell Lize about everything.

A shoemaker out West has advertised for "a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots with a good moral character."

Mr. Kent, of Natchez, was astonished the other day by receiving a bill of lading boxes of tom cats. It should have been tomato catsup.

Why are young ladies kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they wo'd that men should do unto them.

PRENTICE'S LAST.—A young man in Iowa after his father's decease, married his stepmother. He liked her so well as a son, he thought he could go a step-fa'ther.

A man who had been teased to death for many years by a virago of a wife, when she died had the following inscription engraved upon the head stone of her grave.

"Here lies my wife, and heaven knows, not less for mine than her repose.

[illegible] and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Kase de tickin ob de watch am on de inside, and de tickin ob de fedder bed am on de outside."

FACE AND FIGURE.—A young speculator, having married a very homely girl, worth something over two hundred thousand dollars declared that it wasn't the face of his wife that attracted him so much as the figure.

ROMANCE.—The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight, find there is some virtue in baked potatoes. For taking the romance out of young folks, marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

Inspired by the example of a lady writer, whose latest production is called "Only a Woman's Heart," it is rumored in literary circles that a gentleman of reputation as a story writer has in preparation a new novel to be styled "Only a Man's Pluck."

A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out:

"Poor fellow, how he did like good fires! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires."

A story is told of a soldier, who about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was.—"It is ex———," He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "ceedingly cold."

A TOUGH YARN.—I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin' after ducks in father's skiff, so in we got, and sculled down the river. A proper sight of ducks flew up and down the river, I tell ye, and a few of 'em lit down by the marsh and went to feedin' on mussels. I catched up my powder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazing clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldnt' swim a jot; so I sez to Uncle Zeke, "You're a pretty clever fellow' let me take your powder horn to prime;' and don't you think the'stingy critter would not. "Well," says I, "you're a pretty good diver, and if you dive and get it, I'll give you a priming." I thought he'd leave his powder horn, but he didn't; he stuck it in his pocket and down he went—and there he stayed."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Johnathan added. "I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin, the powder out of my horn into his'n?"