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Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. XVII. PORT TOBACCO, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1861. NO. 37.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TO THE PEOPLE OF CHARLES COUNTY.

The present day only is ours. We cannot recall the past or foresee the future. We can act now, but who can say what will be done or can be done to-morrow. Our lot has been cast in troubled times. Our Union is already broken, whether rightfully or wrongfully, the deed is now done. With its causes now is not the time to deal. It is time to deal with the facts as they exist. These facts are ominous enough. The Federal troops in the South are abandoning weak forts, and spiking the cannon and arming and manning the stronger. From all parts of the South comes the sound of military organization. Every Southern steamer is freighted with the implements of war. The sound comes not alone from the South. The Black Republican clubs of the North are arming and drilling.

The Federal Government issuess an order to remove cannon from Pittsburg and the order is met by a mob protesting against their removal. The Secretary of State, Treasury, and War have resigned. Trade, commerce and agriculture are prostrate. Every Southern State, except one, has spoken, or is preparing to speak and to act. Maryland alone is as voiceless as the grave.—She, who is to bear the brunt and burden of the battle, if the battle comes, is unprepared, unarmed and unorganized. She, whose voice might even now avert this direst of all calamities, is dumb. Do the people of Charles county wish in these days of dread and danger to inaugurate, for the first time in their history, the policy of "masterly inactivity?" Do they intend to wait until the great struggle is over and then to the victor cry out in the craven's plea, "Lord deal gently with thy servant, for I have done thee no evil?" Do they expect by a neutrality, which is not even armed, to obtain mercy from Massachusetts and Ohio, or respect and aid from Virginia and Alabama? As well might a frail ship, lying between two masses of ice, which a resistless tide drives together, expect to escape being ground to powder. But it is believed that the people have no such wish or intention. They desire to be heard on this the gravest of questions. They have again and again earnestly and respectfully requested the Governor to convene the Legislature and he has refused. While we are satisfied that the Governor is actuated in his refusal by good motives, yet to his refusal we cannot consent. Some of the best and wisest of the political party to which the Governor belongs have been the foremost in urging the necessity of his so doing. His refusal is his own individual act and not that of his party. Before the momentous question now agitating this country mere party questions have sunk into the dust. There let them remain.

There is a remedy full and ample in itself, and warranted both by the example of our forefathers and the exegencies of the times. In the days immediately preceding the Revolution a Convention sat again and again in Maryland without any authority from any power, except directly from the people themselves. This Convention at one time discharged legislative functions. It took all precautions against the impending storm and so when it burst it found the State prepared. Governor Houston of Texas obstinately refused to convene the people of Texas. They took the matter in their own hands and the Sovereign Convention of Texas meets this month. But it is not necessary to refer to examples. A Sovereign Convention of the people can be called and held by the people at any time they please, without regard either to Governor or Legislature. It is an inherent and unalienable right of which no power can deprive them. It is their great safeguard against misrule and oppression and the great reserved power which no free people can ever part with. Great emergencies alone justify the use of this great reserved power. We believe that this great emergency has now arisen and that the delay of even a day is fraught with danger, and so believing, it is recommended that the people of Charles county assemble in the several election districts of Charles county, in Primary Meetings, on WEDNESDAY, 16th of January, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., and elect twenty Delegates from each district, to meet in County Convention on the following MONDAY, which County Convention shall elect three Delegates to a State Sovereign Convention, to meet in the City of Annapolis, or Baltimore; and also open correspondence with the other Counties and City of Baltimore on that subject. And that there may be a full and fair expression of the will of the people, whether or not they desire to be heard in Sovereign Convention, it is further recommended, that the people in Primary Meetings appoint Judges of Election, and vote by ballot for the delegates to the County Convention, and shall endorse on their ballots "For a Sovereign Convention" or "Against a Sovereign Convention." (An equal number of each ticket will be printed at Port Tobacco.) For the convenience of the people the Judges of the last election are requested to act as Judges of the Election, and attend from 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.

Every man in the County is most earnestly requested to attend the Primary Meetings and vote. Let the voice of the people be fully and fairly heard. Now is the time for old Maryland to speak—to speak calmly, wisely and firmly. She may yet reunite the broken band, or failing in that, she may still avert the horrors of a civil war by a just mediation, and failing in all, she will still have the proud consciousness that she has done her duty.

Signed by SAML. COX,
P. STONE,
W. MITCHELL, and others.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND,

BY WM. H. COLLINS, OF BALTIMORE.

[AN EXTRACT.]

I now propose to present to you what would be your condition if in any mad hour you abanden your present resting place in the bosom of the Union, and make Mason and Dixon's line, which separates you from Pennsylvania, the northern boundary of the new government into which you would enter.

It seems to me too clear for question that the government of the North, which, no doubt, would continue under the present Constitution and with the present name of the "United States of America," would be superior in maritime power to that of the South into which you are supposed to have entered. What then would be your condition? Look at the map of your State—you will find there a straight line of about two hundred miles separating you from Pennsylvania. That line is purely artificial, and can be defended only by your keeping a superior military force ready to take the field, trained and equipped for battle. On that line a rapid march of one or two hours would reach the Potomac at Cumberland. The possession of Cumberland by an enemy would cut off your coal fields on which a large part of your people depend for fuel—and would stop all trade and traffic on your principal railroad west of Cumberland.

Your State is also divided by the Chesapeake Bay into two portions of unequal size, and if the North would, as she must, be the superior maritime power, she could, by a few vessels of war, command the Chesapeake Bay, control the mouth of the Patapsco, seal up the port of Baltimore, and prevent aid or communication from the one shore to the other.

On the Western Shore your State gradually narrows, without a single military point, to the mouth of the Potomac, where that noble stream meets the Chesapeake Bay. The tide-water of the Potomac extends a mile or so above Georgetown—below which is a noble stream incapable of being forded. If your brethren at the South were to send an army to defend, you, no military man at the head of that army would ever allow himself to be placed in front of an enemy below the tide-waters of the Potomac. The first point in military strategy is to secure a safe retreat in the event of misfortune. This rule would imperiously demand that he should never allow himself to be forced below the tides, and in the event of defeat, he would be forced to cross the upper waters of the Potomac and to leave Maryland to her fate.

Your commercial emporium is within some thirty miles of this defenceless northern border without any obstruction to the march of an enemy except the brave hearts of Maryland's sons. Your white population is about six hundred thousand—and you would thus be brought face to face with a government, three of whose States nearest to you, Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, contain a white population of near ten millions of people—to say nothing of other great and powerful States of the supposed Northern government.

Should you enter into a new Confederacy of the South the first thing you would have to do would be to drive the General Government out of Washington. I take it for granted that the government of the North would still claim to be, and bear the title of the "United States of America," acting under and governed by the present Constitution. Think you that this powerful government would slink away like a whipped hound, at your bidding, and retire from the prestige and advantages it would enjoy from exercising its functions at our present Capitol? Never! If human nature can ever be read in advance, I repeat it, never!

If you attempt to drive the President, elected according to the forms of the Constitution, from the place assigned him by that Constitution for the exercise of his high functions, think you that the teeming millions of the North would not rush to the rescue of the government? The North may be slow to anger, but the gallant Southron may well look to his numbers, his armor, and his strength, when he meets the slower and cooler courage of the North fairly roused into action.

People of Marylad, if you ever desert our present Union, remember that the secession of the District of Columbia to the General Government has left you no retreat except what you can hew with your swords. Your secession from the present Union is to close the gates of the Capitol and to refuse to allow Congress or the President to enter. It would be to surround the District of Columbia by a foreign State. To do this would be to leave those who would still be in the estimation of the world the "United States of America" to abandon the Capitol, and surrender the archives of the Government and the noble buildings erected for its use, or to fight to maintain them. Can you question the choice? Can you doubt it? It is the same blood that flows in the veins of the North as of the South, and who ever knew Anglo-Saxon blood that did not know how to look calmly at the flash of the sword! If that blood has been partly crossed by the German, the Scotch, the Irish and the French, do you know that those races have been up with the foremost in a thousand battle fields? During our Revolution, it was a son of New England who nobly declared, when placed at the head of the Southern army, "I will re-conquer South Carolina or perish in the attempt;" and he did it. Courage is a quality that belongs to our country—to the North as well as the South, to the East as well as the West.

But suppose you succeed in driving the General Government out of Washington. What then? Created and supported by the patronage of the General Government, it might revert to you as the original grantor. But what would it become? Would it not be a waste and a ruin? What would be the effect of the destruction of the city of Washington on the adjoining counties of Maryland bordering on the Potomac? Just such, or nearly such, as the destruction of Baltimore would produce on the value of property in Baltimore county and other counties adjacent thereto. What would be the value of your railroad to Washington, now the most profitable of all our State investments?

If the city of Washington is to become a waste and crumbling ruin, may my eyes never again rest on the noble pile devoted to the government of our country! May I never again behold the lofty monument being erected to the memory of the Father of his Country! May my feet never hereafter tread the sacred soil of Mount Vernon! No! Before you destroy the Constitution and the Union, which are the true monuments of Washington's glory, let Virginia take his sacred ashes and commit them to the pure stream of the Potomac. Let Maryland destroy the lofty shaft on which stands the peerless form of the mighty dead! Let Congress demolish the still loftier shaft now rising to his memory on the banks of the Potomac, and order the return of every block of marble which has been contributed by foreign States in honor of his name, with the frank acknowledgment that his countrymen are not worthy to behold a pile erected to his honor, because they have repudiated the work of his hands and broken to pieces the Government of liberty and law which he devoted his life to construct.

If Maryland were to join a new government of the South—I put it, people of Maryland, to your better judgment—how long would she remain a slave State? With no right to demand from the North the surrender of the fugitive slave, except under a Union and Constitution which she is supposed to have abandoned, and with the certainty that her soil would either be occupied by an enemy, or else be the battle field in all contests, wars and invasions by the North this side of the Alleghanies, would not policy, would not interest, would not safety, [illegible] the South for security, where the labor of the slave has long been more profitable than with you? Under these circumstances would you not in a year or two, of necessity, cease to be slave owners? And what would be your condition as a free State in alliance with the slave States of the South? Would they trust you, would they love you, would they treat you as their equal? I leave the answer to your calm and deliberate judgment.

* * * * * *

In the event of secession by Maryland, what would Delaware do? She is a small State, it is true, but her course would be of the greatest importance to Maryland in her new associations, as the refusal of Delaware to go with us would add more than one hundred miles of free border to our State.—Delaware has now less than two thousand slaves—a number scarce equal to that of single individuals in the South. Bordering on the Delaware river and bay for the larger and richer part of her State, Delaware is bound to Pennsylvania by all the ties of commercial, political and social interests. She has no heavy stake in slavery, and in a few years, under any circumstances, will become a free State. This result would follow almost immediately if she were to go with the South, for reasons similar, but still stronger, than those which would press on Maryland. If she remain in the Union under the present Constitution, she would be protected (as would Maryland also be, under a similar course) by the guarantees of that Constitution as to her slave property—the passing off of which would, in that event, be scarcely accelerated in either State. Delaware was the first State to accept the Constitution, and I doubt not that her patriotism, her duty, as also her interests, will keep her steady at her post. If Maryland secedes, she must count on two hundred miles of free border separating her from Pennsylvania, and a hundred miles of free border, separating her from Delaware.

People of Maryland, what is this right of a State to secede from the Union? Have you held it in former days, or your fathers before you? Has it not been denied by a vast majority of the powerful intellects of our country—of her best and ablest statesmen? Whether it assume the form of nullification or secession, is it not rebellion? The noblest orator of our country, in the finest passage he ever uttered, said:—"For the gentleman to speak of nullification, and yet say that it would stop short of secession, rebellion, disunion, is as if he were to take the leap of Niagara and cry out that he would stop half way down." If secession means rebellion I understand it. If that rebellion fail, it is treason. If it succeed, it is revolution. This I also understand. Rebellion and revolution are ancient words, and have often been enacted under all the forms of government in the world. I deny, and the vast majority of you have always denied, any other mode of breaking up our government than by resorting to these ancient modes, which, for intolerable oppression, have been practised throughout the world.

To the extent of the powers possessed by the General Government, under the Constitution, she is a unit—as much so as any government in the world. She can be destroyed only as other governments may be destroyed. If she be guilty of oppression and abuse we have, under the Constitution, the courts, the ballot-box, and the system of checks and balances growing out of the different construction of our Senate and House of Representatives. If these fail, outside of the Constitution, if the grievance be intolerable, and no other hope left, we have the universal right of rebellion. These are our safeguards, and I have the strong assurance that without resorting to the last terrible remedy, the former will, in the end, prove sufficient to secure all our rights.

Maryland has no more right to secede from the Union than Florida, or Louisiana, or California. The rights of all the States, old and new, are equal. This is the admitted doctrine. Shall Florida, or Louisiana, or California, have the right to secede from the Union on the ground of State sovereignty, or of reserved State rights?—We bought the first two with the money of the General Government, and California we acquired by the old fashioned process of conquest. All that these three States have—their lands and all their rights—they got from the Government of the United States. I admit they are equal to the old States, and no more, and the old States are equal to them, and no more. But surely a right of secession cannot be claimed by any one of the three States named; and if not by them—it cannot be claimed by any other State, because all the States are equal.

I have heard much for some years past about the *sovereign* States of this Union.—It is the fashion of the day to speak of our States as *sovereign;* though it is conceded that a State cannot have an army or a navy, or declare war or make peace, or make treaty with a foreign power or with another State, or have ambassadors, or lay duties on imports, or coin money, or pass any laws in violation of the Constitution of the United States or the acts of Congress passed pursuant thereto. The several States, no doubt, have reserved all rights of legislation, &c., which have not been granted to the General Government. But is it not an abuse of language to call the State *sovereign?* I call your attention to this view because I believe the contrary doctrine has prevented the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law by the strong hand of the national power. The States most deeply interested in the execution of that law have, for many years, had the executive of the country of their own selection; but they were unwilling to enforce [illegible] legislation of Northern States, b[illegible] same results might be brought home to themselves, in regard to void legislation of a different description. The truth is, the General Government should enforce, if necessary, with the whole power of the Union, all its laws passed in pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution, in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, without regard to the laws of any State passed in contravention thereof. This is the ancient doctrine—it is the true doctrine.

Selected Miscellany.

KISSING.

A kiss is like a sermon: "It requires *two heads* and an *application.*" It deals with the hidden spirit by means of tangible symbols. It is like faith, in that it is "the substance of things hoped for." It is the language of affection, the echo of love, and the concentration of bliss; it is of "good report," and pleasing to our ears; it is eloquence "dwelling with sweet accents upon the lips." It is both vocal and instrumental music, giving "vocal expression" to spirited "harmonies" in a language and with a sentiment intelligible in all languages and in all ages. It is the "seal" of a father's blessing; the witness of a mother's love, the "guarantee" of a brother's protection, the "surety" of a sister's devotion, the "gate" to a lover's heaven, and something that *mere* friends have nothing to do with.

It is very fashionable for Misses of a certain age to insist that "it is all foolishness, and decidedly sickening."

We never hear such an expression without thinking of a circumstance that actually occurred, somewhere in Indiana, if we rightly remember. A gentleman stopped at a house by the wayside for information as to the route he was taking, and found a woman ironing, with her little child trying to amuse itself upon the floor; the little one was some two and a half years old, very neatly dressed evidently scrupulously cared for, and eminently handsome. The gentleman while talking to the mother picked up the child and kissed it; the little one looked up in such perfect astonishment that the gentleman remarked, "Why my little dear, one would think that you were not used to being kissed." The mother answered for the child, "I don't believe, sir, that she was ever kissed before in her life. I'm sure I never did such a thing, and never knew its father to." The Lord have mercy on that child and send it somebody to love it, was the gentleman's prayer, as he made sure his wallet was in its place, and took himself out of the house as fast as possible. Not to know the holy kiss of a mother, the fondling embrace of a father, the earnest lip press of brothers and sisters, is to fail in the development of the soul in an essential and vital degree; and surely what is so wondrous holy in infancy, so refining in childhood, so worthy in parents and so prevalent upon the hearthstone is not a matter to be disposed of with a sneer, or dismissed with a "Pooh!" Kissing, like the marriage bells or the blessed truths of the blessed Bible, never wears out; it is, like them always new, fresh and interesting; and for the same reason, viz: it deals with the affections, which, unlike the intellect, loves the familiar; delights in the old, and is coy of the new and strange.

The variety of kisses is not small. There is the kiss paternal, the kiss fraternal, the kiss connubial (and pre-connubial), the kiss reverential, the kiss delightful (to an affiance), the kiss hypocritical, and the kiss promiscuous.

The last two varieties are the only ones to which we object. We have often thought in reference to the kiss promiscuous, one of the blessings of the man over the woman consisted in being relieved of this conventional duty; it seems to us in very many instances, like casting pearls before swine; and in illustration of the old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt." A man or woman who makes himself or herself common in this respect, must not wonder if they are not always appreciated.

Notwithstanding all that we have said we are not slow to confess that in many cases the practice is carried to unseemly and ridiculous lengths. What sense is there in a lady's receiving every feminine caller with the same expression that she would greet the return of a long absent brother or husband? Is it not a hypocritical lie for Mrs. Jones, to thus express affection for Mrs. Quidnunc, when in her heart Mrs. J., wishes Mrs. Q., at home? Is it not outrageous to be expected to put a mother's lips to everybody's baby, clean or dirty?

[The following anecdote comes in very well here, to prove that there is something *very natural* in kissing:]

"As a weary traveller was winding his way through the mud in a far west region of the country, he discovered a young maiden seated in front of the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the cabin, and asked the girl for a drink of water. He drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and the dime. The traveller was about to resume his journey, but the girl, never before having seen a dime, asked: 'what am I to do with the dime?' 'You may use it any way you wish,' he replied; 'it is yours.' 'If that's the case,' said she, 'I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss.'"

Rearing Children.

1. Children should not go to school till six years old.

2. Should not learn at home, during that [illegible] the alphabet religious [illegible] applied.

3. Should be fed with plain, substantial food. at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed-time.

5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea, or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattrasses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire, or rubbed with the hands till perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast till half an hour before sundown, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.

8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper, but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property, or against good morals.

10. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do, do it and be done with it.

11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.

12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed-time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.—*Journal of Health.*

WINTER RULES.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air keep the mouth resolutely closed, that, by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevents those shocks and sudden chills, which frequently ends in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease.—Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open window. Let more covering be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach, in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk.—Valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed. Never put on a new boot or shoe in the beginning of a long walk.

☞ A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse; and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, 'I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find *I have fallen off.*

☞ A literary gentleman of London claims that the word "whig" was derived from the initials of the party motto, "We hope in God."

☞ Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow; your last speech is the one remembered.

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveller in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the pariries, near Cario, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tin ware and a broken delf article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrwful-looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said "you seem to be in an awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken back by his polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble."

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us, said the man in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you," remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say stranger, as how she'd so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked their afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there warn't a pootier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head, now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, ther's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Leboe, a capital shoe-maker, who although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear, now," groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?"

"Why she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are to earn a living!"

SEEING THE ECLIPSE.—The Providence Post narrates the following experience of a highly respectable citizen of good moral character, in search of the eclipse:

Got up at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. Looked for the sun, but couldn't find it.—Concluded I was up too early. Went to bed.

Got up again at half past five. Saw something they called the sun. Looked red. Went down town. Sun looked whiter, and bright as a tin pan. Thought I would go home and get breakfast. Noticed the breakfast room looked dark. Opened the blinds, when it looked lighter.

Seven o'clock. Went down town again. Sun shining very bright. Tried to look at it but couldn't. Thought I would take a glass—*Took one.* Smoked it. Thought I could see any eclipse.

Eight o'clock. *Took another glass,* thinking it might be a better one. Smoked.—Could see a patch on the sun's face. Grew bigger. *Took another glass*—smoked.—Looked first rate.

Half past eight. Things didn't look right, but could see something. Thought the trouble might be in the last glass. *Took another.* Saw the biggest kind of an eclipse. Saw the sun, and the moon. *Took another glass.* Saw two suns and two moons.—*Took another glass.* Five or six suns, ten or fifteen moons, all mixed up, and seemed to be drunk.

Nine o'clock. Couldn't see much of anything. Concluded I was sun struck.—Thought I would go home. Saw an omnibus and thought I would get it. Turned out to be Swarts's what d'ye call it. Tried another, another, and got in. Went home in a coal cart. Think eclipses are humbugs, besides making people have headaches.

THE MAN WHO DON'T PAY THE PRINTER. May he be shot with lightning and compelled to walk over plains of gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes and a chestnut bur for an eye stone.

May every day of his life be more despotic than the Dey of Algiers.

May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman.

May his sheet be sprinkled with cowhedge and with bed-bugs, and fleas be the sharers of his couch.

May 240 nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his wife be always cross, and his baby ever on the squall.

May his demijohn always be full of blue devil rot gut.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire and his fishing line break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders.

May a troop of printer's "devils," lean, lank, gaunt and grim, and a regiment of cats, catterwaul under his chamber window each night.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he to —— the Legislature.

☞ Any fool can make a woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.