ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 50. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1869. Terms: $2, in advance.

THE PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
And Charles County Advertiser,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per Annum. Payable in advance. $2.50 if not in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion.—For rule and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines (or that space occupied) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advetisers extends only to their immediate business.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, calls upon persons to become candidates, &c., inserted as advertisements, at the usual rates. Marriage notices 25 cents.

Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cents per square.

STATE OF MARYLAND
MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company of Baltimore.

OFFICE:—No. 9 NORTH STREET.

THIS Company insures, on the mutual plan, Buildings and Personal Property against loss or damage by fire. The entire profits returned to the policy holders.

B. G. HARRIS, *President.*

Board of Directors:

FRANCIS NEALE, of Neale, Harris & Co.
S. H. CAUGHY, of Noah Walker & Co.
C. MCCULLY, of Poumairat & McCully.
PHILIP T. GEORGE, of George & Jenkins.
B. G. HARRIS, late of Neale, Harris & Co.
HON. GEORGE BRENT, of Court of Appeals.
GEORGE P. JENKINS, of Charles County.
GEORGE COMBS, of St. Mary's County.
feb 26–1y

SERVICE AFLOAT
IN THE
Sumter and the Alabama!
DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

By Admiral RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the late Confederate States Navy.

THE above work will be issued in a few weeks to subscribers, complete, in one royal octavo volume of nearly 800 pages, illustrated with a fine line Engraving on Steel of the Admiral and *fourteen* engraved Portraits of the Officers of the Sumter and Alabama, together with Six full page illustrations in Chromo tints, engraved expressly for this work from original designs furnished by the author.

It will be neatly printed from new type, and furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

In Extra Cloth, full gilt back and side stamp	$5 00
In Library Style, full sheep	6 50
In Half Turkey Morocco	7 50
In Half Russia, full gilt	7 50
In Half Calf, full gilt	7 50

This work will be sold only by subscription, and cannot be obtained except through our authorized Traveling Agents.

To ENERGETIC MEN and WOMEN a rare chance is offered to make money.

☞ Agents wanted in all parts of the country, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Send for Circulars and see our terms, with a full description of the work. Address

KELLY, PIET & CO., Publishers,
BALTIMORE.

WM. H. BLANDFORD, of Port Tobacco, has been appointed Agent for the sale of the above work in Charles county, Md.
jan 22–3m

WARRANTED
GARDEN SEEDS.

WE offer for the present season an unusually large and fine stock, to which we invite the attention of our friends. All of our seeds are put up by us with great care, especially for our own trade, and *warranted to grow.*

OUR NEW
Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue for 1869
CONTAINS
DESCRIPTIONS OF OVER 350 CHOICE VARIETIES,
(*including the most desirable novelties,*)

Directions for Planting and Culture, and other useful information, and is mailed to our customers FREE; to others desiring a copy, on receipt of 10 cents.

CHOICE & RARE FLOWER SEEDS.

By special arrangement with Mr. JAMES VICK, we furnish to our costomers all the choice and rare Flower Seeds contained in his large collection, at his regular prices. In the

NURSERY DEPARTMENT,

We offer our usual large and full assortment of FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES, VINES, SMALL FRUITS, &c., and mail Price List to any one desiring.

EDWARD J. EVANS & CO.,
Nurserymen and Seedemen,
mh 5—6w YORK, PA.

PRINTER'S INK.
A Good Article.

THE INK with which this issue of THE TIMES is printed is from the GRAY'S FERRY PRINTING INK WORKS OF C. E. ROBINSON. It is clear, works clean, and is of a good color. Our brother Printers can judge of its quality by comparing it with Ink from other manufacturers.

E. WELLS,
Port Tobacco Times.

J. A. DUSHANE, Manufacturer of Printing Paper, No. 40 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, is sole Agent for the sale of the above Ink.
Dec. 18, 1868—3m*

TEA—Imperial Tea, a prime article. If you are not pleased with it bring it back and your money will be refunded. Also Gunpowder and Japan Tea. For sale by
jan 8 E. A. SMITH, Agent.

BONE DUST, BONE DUST!
GROUND BY OURSELVES,
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES. ALSO
GRIMES'
Patent Raw-Bone Phosphate,
AT $40 PER TON.

THE past two years have fully realized the RAW-BONE PHOSPHATE to be the Cheapest and Best in the Market, and unsurpassed by the highest priced Guanos. Its adaptation to Wheat, Corn, Oats, Buckwheat, Tobacco, Garden Truck, Grasses, &c., has been fully and most satisfactorily tested. Finely ground and suitable for drilling, put up in Bags of 167 lbs. each.

☞ READ THE FOLLOWING CERTIFICATES, and call at our Warehouse and examine hundreds of a similar character from those who have been using it with the most satisfactory results.

O. P. MERRYMAN & CO.,
Sole Manufacturers,
WAREHOUSE, 54 *South Gay Street, betw. Lombard & Pratt,* BALTIMORE, MD.

Bowley's Quarters, Baltimore Co. Md. November 21st, 1868.

Messrs. O. P. MERRYMAN & Co.

Gentlemen:—The Raw-Bone Phosphate I bought of you last Spring, I applied to Corn by the side of Peruvian Guano in equal quantities, and if there was difference at all, it was in favor of the Phosphate. My Corn Crop was excellent. I applied it also upon Oats and Potatoes with the most satisfactory results. I prefer it decidedly to Peruvian Guano from the fact, that whilst the Guano spends itself upon the growing Crop, the effects of the Phosphate can be strongly seen in the Crops following. Some that I applied to Potatoes by the side of Fish Manure, made a splendid yield, the Fish turning out an abundant Crop of Vines, the Phosphate the Potatoes. I have used it this Fall upon my Wheat, and at this time it looks as well as I could desire.

GEORGE EDWARDS,
Overseer of Dr. Wm. H. Keener.

12th District, Baltimore Co., Nov. 11th, 1868.

Messrs. O. P. MERRYMAN & Co.

Gentlemen:—I applied the Raw-Bone Phosphate purchased of you last Spring on my Corn, side by side with one of the most popular and expensive Fertilizers in the Market, and I could see no difference; yours was fully equal to it. I also applied it to Turnips with perfect success. It gave such entire satisfaction that I used nothing else upon my Wheat this Fall. I sowed the most of it the latter part of September, and at this time it bids fair to make as good a Crop as I ever produced by the use of Peruvian or any of the expensive Guanos.—I have every confidence in it. It is only to be tried to be appreciated.

Yours, respectfully,
JOHN E. WILLIS.

Anne Arundel Co., Md., Nov. 10th, 1868.

Messrs. O. P. MERRYMAN & Co.

Gentlemen:—In answer to your inquiry as to what I think of your Raw-Bone Phosphate purchased in July last, allow me to say—I gave it a fair trial on Cabbage by the side of three other Fertilizers of acknowledged merit, and found it equal if not better than the other, and at less eost. I am so well satisfied with it, I intend to use it the coming Spring.

Yours, truly,
REZIN HAMMOND.

FOR SALE at Manufacturers' prices (the cost of transportation added) by

WM. BOSWELL & CO.,
feb 26–3m Port Tobacco, Md.

THE ORIGINAL
HOWE SEWING MACHINES.

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., original inventor of Sewing Machines, is the Machine that we sell, and we will guarantee it to do better work than any Machine sold.

This is the Machine that received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a Gold Medal and a Silver Medal at the Paris Exposition, 1867, being the grandest combination of prizes ever given at any Exhibition for any article whatever.

We furnish with every Machine all that any Company does, and sell as low as any first-class Machine is sold, and we refer to every person using our Machines without a single exception.

J. F. McKenney.,
136 West Fayette Street, Baltimore.

ALSO AT 37 GERMAN STREET

We sell all the leading Machines, *both new and second hand.*

EXCHANGING,
RENTING,
REPAIRING,
And everything in the Sewing Machine line.

The finest assortment of Cotton, Silk, and Thread in the city. Extra fine Machine Oil Needles for all kinds of Machines can be sent by mail. feb 12

FLOUR.
WILLIAM R. HOWARD,
Flour Dealer and Commission Merchant,
No. 2 Spear's Wharf, Baltimore.

☞ Good to Choice Fine, Super, Extra and Family Flour, suitable for retailing, constantly on hand. [feb 26–3m

CITY-MADE KIP BOOTS, Brogans, Ladies' Rubber Boots and thick sole Morocco Shoes; Men, Women and Children's Shoes.
jan 8 E. A. SMITH, Agent.

ORANGES, Lemons, Candies, Figs, Almonds, &c. For sale by
jan 8 E. A. SMITH, Agent.

PLOWS! PLOWS! PLOWS!
Just received, a lot of S. & M. and Titus Plows. P. H. MUSCHETT.

Selected Poetry.

From Appleton's Journal.

MAY EVENING.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The breath of Springtime at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Through all the silent rooms.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks, that through the wakening meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn where, 'mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies.

Now sleeps the humming-bird, that in the sun
Wandered from bloom to bloom;
Now, too, the weary bee, his day's work done
Rests in his waxen room.

Now every hovering insect to his place
Beneath the leaves have flown;
And through the long night hours the flowery race
Are left to thee alone.

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras,
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass
And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
Wind of the blooming year!
The gentle presence, that was wont to bless
Thy coming, is not here.

Go, then; and yet I bid thee not repair
Thy gathered sweets to shed,
Where pine and willow, in the evening air,
Sigh o'er the buried dead.

Refresh the languid student pausing o'er
The learned page apart.
And he shall turn to con his task once more
With an encouraged heart.

Bear thou a promise from the fragrant sward,
To him who tills the land,
Of springing harvests that shall yet reward
The labors of his hand.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound
And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest, in thine airy round,
No sorrow of the past.

And whisper, everywhere, that Earth renews
Her beautiful arrry,
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews,
For the return of day.

Selected Miscellany.

BROTHER JOE AND I.

Turn back, O memory, and paint for me the features of Brother Joe! The grass has grown green above him, years and years. His merry brown eyes and curls of hair are but dust and ashes now.

But memory, faithful to her trust,
Calls him in beauty from the dust.

And I see him to-night as I saw him one bright, sunny afternoon in October, when he and I sallied forth to spend the hours as we chose. We bent our steps to the "Chestnut," as we called the friendly, grand old tree, beneath whose spreading branches we had played ever since our wayward, uncertain feet could carry us thither.

We had a "play-house" 'neath that old tree, and we thought it a marvel of architectural skill—that play-house built of pieces of boards; and it had a real fire place, composed of broken bricks. It was carpeted with moss, which we brought from the woods near by.

And sticks across the opening laid,
Were gravely called the doors.

And what a wealth of broken china was there! But the crowning joy was a great, black earthen tea pot, which an old lady had given me. To be sure, it was minus a nose, but what of that? As Joe said, "what does a tea pot want of a nose?"

I proposed to keep house, and Joe readily acquiesced; he being my husband, and we had a numerous family of rag babies, of all ages and sizes.

I seated myself upon the only chair our house afforded—a section of a beech log sawed of a convenient length—and proceeded to dress my children. Joe, with a lordly air, ordered me to vacate the seat, putting forth the masculine argument, "I am a man, and I've got to have it."

I was not convinced. I refused to abdicate; whereupon he threatened to leave me, and go to the pond frog hunting.—This last argument brought me to my senses, and to my feet at the same moment.

Joe calmly seated himself, took out what he called a knife, (it had half a blade,) and began to carve out an impossible boat. I meekly suggested that the whittlings would be hard to sweep off the carpet.

"Pick 'em up," was Joe's most ungracious reply; and I having the threat of the frog pond before my eyes, did not dare to urge the matter.

We each pursued our respective avocations for a long time, in perfect silence. At last Joe started suddenly to his feet, stretched himself upon tiptoe, and gazed earnestly across the fields.

"What do you see?"

"Nothing," said Joe, and resumed his seat and his carving. Suddenly he broke out:

"Let's have dinner. You run up to the house and ask mother for suthin' t'eat."

[A very comprehensive phrase that with children. It means, first and foremost—bread and butter. What could mothers do with children were it not for this staple production? It means bits of pie and pieces of cake, and in short, not to put too fine a point upon it, it is anything left over of the dinner.]

I hesitated a little, for my mother was a most notable housekeeper, and the least bit of a scold, and hated muss and crumbs; and eating between meals, in her creed was one of the deadly sins. Presently Joe gave me a warning glance, nodded his head significantly toward "the pond." It was the glance of the "married man's" eye. I rose hurriedly, consigned my latest created rag baby to its cradle of birch bark, meekly praying Joe to rock it while I was away. He nodded an assent, as I ran as fast as I could for the house.

Mother was in one of her happiest moods and gave me what I asked, without delay or question. I made haste back to my own house—to my babies and Joe. The house and babies were there, but Joe was nowhere to be seen.

I put my plate down upon the ground, too shocked and paralyzed to hold it. I felt I was deserted. My heart sank down in my bosom like lead, and a few hot tears stained my cheek. Then I sprang to my feet, saying in the coolest tone of voice possible, "I'll tear down the house! I'll never play with Joe again—never. He is a mean, hateful boy."

"Who is?" said a voice near me.

I turned quickly, and saw Hattie Moore standing within my house.

"Who is so mean?" she inquired again.

"Joe!"

Then I told her all my woes—all my cruel wrongs, all my bitter sufferings.

"It was real mean in Joe," she said; "I am sorry for you—real sorry."

But somehow I knew she wasn't sorry for me. I knew she was in love with Joe herself.

"Did you see Joe anywhere?" I asked her, after a little pause.

"Yes, I saw him and another boy going across the lot."

I knew that "another boy" meant Tom Bowers—a boy with red hair and freckled face, and I hated him as cordially as I ever have been able to hate any one since.

And Joe had gone off with *"that boy!"*—left his wife—his home—his five or six small children, for the sake of being off with *"that boy!"*

I nursed my wrath in silence, and played my part well before company; got supper; set before my guest the food which was intended for my absconding husband.

I ate nothing; food was then—and is now—dust and ashes to me, when my heart is full of trouble. Hattie enjoyed her supper remarkably well, chattered and laughed all the time.

When the sun was just above the top of the "old oak stub," Hattie said she must go, and wanted me to go a little way with her. So I put on my shaker, and handed her hat at the same time, and I went with her as far as the "saw logs," our careful mother never allowing us to go farther.

We separated there, Hattie running towards home as fast as the wind, I thought, and I walked back slowly, swinging my shaker by the strings.

There was a large, flat rock by the road side, where we always played a great deal. It was the goal for all our foot races. Joe was always betting a cent, or an apple, or a handful of pop corn, that he could beat me in a run to the "flat rock," and he always did beat, and won the apple or corn from me, and when I refused to pay over, he resorted to force, and by his superior strength compelled me to yield.

I took my station at the rock to await the coming of Joe, for I knew he would drive home the cows, and he must pass this way. Presently I saw the cows coming over the hill, and following close upon their heels was Joe. He came bareheaded, carrying his palm leaf hat under his arm.

Turn backward, oh Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.

Bring back brother Joe to me! Let me see him as I saw him on that autumn sunset, years and years ago! Brown, bare feet; loose linen blouse; blue check trowsers; brown curls, all wind-tossed and tangled; clear bright eyes, through which looked a sunny, honest soul. Ah, my eyes are blurred now—my lip quivers—when I think of thee, my brother Joe!

But there were no tears then. My face sat like a flint, nor even when he stood by my side, close to me, leaning over and holding out his hat, half full of wintergreen berries, did my heart soften toward him. The hurt was too deep. I felt then—as I feel now—if you are my true friend to-day you must be such to-morrow come purring round me to soothe the wound and make me all right again. Out upon such friends—I'll have none of them! Far better to walk the rough paths of the world alone, than to lean upon and trust in friends of to-day.

Joe held up his hat, saying, "see here, Sis! See what I have brought you."

I struck down his hand. The berries were spilled over the ground. He gave me such a look. I shall never forget it. Never. In my dying hour those eyes will be bent upon me.

He turned from me without a word, and went on toward the house. I followed very slowly, so as not to come up with him. I went straight to our play house. With my scissors I cut to pieces every child, and strewed the ground with their remains. I took a bit of brick and pounded all my china to atoms. Then I tore down the house. I left not one board upon another.

When the ruin was complete, it was dark. I went into the house. Joe sat in a corner, eating a bowl of bread and milk. Mother asked me if I wanted some too.

"No!" I answered—"I'm not hungry."

I brushed past Joe without looking at him, and went up stairs. I scrambled up on an old high chest which stood by the window, and leaned out, watching the stars

I can recall at this moment the sounds I heard. An owl, hooting from an old dead tree just in the edge of the wood!—The sharp bark of a dog a mile away!—The tinkling of cow bells, as their wearers munched the cool, dewy grass. The murmur of a distant brook, flowing over its hard bed of sharp rocks. The cry of a loon gone wild with sorrow for the loss of a mate. The faint chirp of the birds as they tucked their heads under their wings. The shrill, grating voice of that hateful thing, always threatening to expose Katy. Why don't she do it, and have done with that ear splitting "Katy did! Katy did!"

I sat there still, when I heard Joe come creeping up to bed. I did not speak to him, though he spoke to me.

"I am going fishing to-morrow, he said

Not till long after Joe was asleep did I leave my perch, and seek my bed.

Sometime in the middle of the nighi I was awakened by Joe.

"Oh! I'm so hot," he said; "I wish I had some water."

I knew he was afraid to get up in the dark and go after it. I pretended to be asleep, and, after tossing and turning restlessly for awhile, he got up and went after the water himself.

In the morning father came to the foot of the stairs, as usual, calling Joe to get up and drive away the cows, and me to feed the chickens, turkeys and geese. I jumped out of bed and began to dress quickly, for my father spoke to be obeyed. Joe did not move, but breathed heavily, as though still asleep. I went down as still as possible, so as not to awaken him, for I wanted father to scold him, and should not have felt sorry to have had him soundly whipped.

When father came in again, and found he had not yet come down, he called, "Joe!" in a tone that brought him out of bed with a bound. When he came down stairs, my father turned towards him with—"Well, young ma—," but the last word died on his lips, as Joe staggered, and would have fallen to the floor had he not caught him.

He was soon undressed and laid upon his "mother's bed," his face burning with fever, hands hot as fire, and eyes heavy and dull. He lay in a stupor, and no efforts of ours could arouse him, only to drink great draughts of water. The doctor soon came, and pronounced the disease typhoid fever.

Oh, the days and nights of weary watching, by the sick bed! But no one thought of me; no one knew why I haunted the room night and day; why I called out Joe's name in my sleep with such imploring tones.

And the days and nights were drearily away, and then came at last, the night of death. I knew it was coming—knew it from the first. I had heard the heavy flap of the wings of blackness through all the weird hours of the night, when they thought me asleep. I had seen the dark waters of the river over which he was soon to pass, when I sat on the stair, with my face covered with my apron, listening to every sound which came from the sick room, till the morning came.

One night my mother did not send me away, but held me closely to her side, and kept her hand over her face. My father sat on the edge of the bed, and held little Joe's pale limp hand, keeping his fingers on his fluttering pulse. Two or three neighbors—men and their wives—stood round the room.

The hours crept on. Words are powerless to describe the terrible fear, grief and remorse that possessed my soul; fear that he would die without forgiving me; grief, that he was drifting out upon that dark and lonesome sea, and I should never see him any more; remorse, that I had so cruelly repulsed him when he sought forgiveness and reconciliation. And yet I remembered feeling even then, in that solemn hour of death, the old hurt throb with pain. And I did not forget, if I forgave.

Sometime toward the dawn there was a stir—a bustle. My mother started up, grasping my hand tightly, and drawing me up close to the bed. Little Joe lay there, the shadow of my brother Joe.—Curls heavy and damp with the dews of death! Eyes open and his passing soul looking its last look upon all the loved ones!

When they rested on me, he stretched out his arms with a cry of—"O Gerty, I'm going home! Come too!"

I threw myself upon his bosom, and darkness shut me in.

When I awoke again, I was weak as an infant. I could not raise my hand to brush away a fly. I began to frame the question, "Where's Joe?" But at the first word, my mother sprang to the bedside, and clasping me in her arms, wept over me.

Little by little I learned that I had been very sick; that Joe was gone; that I should never see him any more.

After a while, as I grew stronger—but yet not able to walk, my father took me in his arms, one sunset, and carried me to brother Joe's grave. It was beneath the old chestnut tree, where so often we had played, but where I should never come again.

O brother Joe, I shall surely find you in the Summer Land when I go! I am not reconciled to thy death! I have never ceased to grieve and weep for thee! I would thou wert here to-day, my precious, dearest brother Joe!

FACKS ABOUT DE BALL.

BY JUNIUS BRUTUS BROWN, ESQ., ARTIST IN WHITEWASH.

Havin heerd de big boss radicals a fousand times declar
Dat de black folks and de white folks was perzackly on a par,
At dare word I 'solved to take em, and so I made a call
On de gents dat peddled tickets for Grant's 'nauguration ball.

Dey was settin 'fore a table, lookin mity proud and stiff,
An dereckly dis chile show heself, dey all began to sniff,
Ses de cheerman, "who are you, sah?" ses I, "a man and brudder;"
But he shuk his head as if he meant, "I'm damned if you am, nudder."

Ses I, "Scuse me, my good bosses, I don't mean no offence,
I'm a wool-dyed black republican, in de berry strongest sense,
And me and my old ooman—she's jam up at heel and toe—
To your 'nauguration breakdown, hev concluded we will go.

Den I hauls out two good fivers, but says Shenk, "My niver friend,
Boff your kuller and your principles is quite a recommend,
But you see dis ting is privit; we're pleased to hav you call,
But we cannot sell you tickets, not on no account at all."

Turnin up dar 'leden noses, dey all motioned to de door,
And one whispered to de messenger, "turn out dat nigger bore,"
So bein quite disgusted, I left de sneakin croo,
And darned 'em all for mean white trash, by way of an adoo.

Black Sam, a water at de ball, allows he neber see,
Sence Goramity let him lib a more promiscus spree:
Nobs, loafers, belles, and skallywags, all goin it togedder,
Like butterflies and tumbler-bugs, and hoptoads in a medder.

De ladies dey was bussled round, dar skarts and paniers tored,
De gemmen lost dar hats and sacks, and some of dem was floored;
And sich a fite for oysters, creams, boned-turkey and champane,
Sam hopes, for human nater's sake, he'll neber see again.

I'm berry glad we did'nt go, sich rows don't correspond
Wiv de refined and butiful of Africa's bo mond;
At kullard parties all de gents am quiet and polite,
De black eleet don't lower demselves to skramble like de white.

And now my breddern far and near, I close wid dis remark,
Keep yourselves allays to yourselves, with your own kuller spark,
And don't let 'malgamationists your wives and daughters rool;
As de Lord parts goats and sheep, you must part de har and wool.

☞ The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker:

"Ha! there you are," cried a lady, who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again."

"Yes, madam," he coolly replied, "burning it."

☞ If a seaman should turn back every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make headway in the voyage of life.

☞ As you stand by your young bride when you are married, so stand by her forever afterwards.

☞ Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want carrying out.

From the St. Mary's Beacon.

IN THE RIGHT CHANNEL.

One of the most hopeful indications of the "better time coming" for our section is to be found in the fact that our people are gradually withdrawing their attention from mere personal politics and directing it to the improvement of their farms and the bettering of their material condition. No good citizen, of course, will abdicate all interest in public affairs. The little virtue that is left in public life is entitled to be credited to the supervision which honest voters have exercised in particular localities. This should not only never be relaxed, but it would be well to tighten as well as extend it in every direction.—But it is easy to do this without making one's self a violent cross-road politician. We can form a pretty accurate opinion of the character and capacity of a political aspirant without following him, to the neglect of home business, from the beginning to the end of a campaign. Campaign excitements which lead to the loss of time and the expenditure of money should be avoided or, if we must be excited, let us agree to get excited about our own and the future of our children, regarded from a vulgar dollar and cent standpoint. If we take care of our children and ourselves, we shall be very apt to take care of the country.

Embarked, then, from the new standpoint, what should be done? As we are all, or nearly all, down at the heel, we should make up our mind to go to work in the fields or elsewhere with our own hands; we should impress upon our wives and grown daughters the necessity of doing their own household and garden labor; we should make our children, in school intervals, assist our exertions, and the whole household, as long, at least, as there is a dollar of debt hanging over it, should be made to practice a reasonable self-denial. We live too sumptuously, dress too fine and work too little. The pride of keeping up appearances is one of the greatest evils of our society. We have seen better days, and don't like that our lady wife should be caught practising at the wash tub. We have sported a buggy and pair, worn fine raiment, have been hand and glove with the highest, have "drank the Lybirn Sun to sleep," and he don't relish that our old cronies, who have been more fortunate than we, should discover us fetching water for dinner. And we are weak in the same way in regard to our children, especially our grown daughters. They are now studying with our approval the Grecian Bend in the parlor when they should be out in the kitchen studying how to bake bread. We have got to come down, and to bring our families with us, to economy and work, and the sooner we do this the better. We are pleased to believe that our society is slowly but surely gravitating to these conditions. We shall probably wince a little when we first touch them. This is to be expected. Generally, the medicine that is the most beneficial is the least palatable. Time and use, however, will reconcile one even to Epsom Salts, and so work and self-denial, after a while, may become established habitudes of our people. When this shall be, we may all discover that misfortunes are sometimes blessings in disguise, and appreciate also the lesson which the poet has taught us—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Statistics of Inebriety.

Dr. McKinley, of St. Louis, says the *Medical Reporter* of that city, has compiled, after a very careful research, some very interesting and startling statistics of inebriation in the United States. By him the following statements are made:

Taking the population of this country at 40,000,000; of 300 men, 122 never drink spirits at all; 100 drink moderately, but not to intoxication; 50 are ephemeral drinkers; 25 drink periodically, called "spreeing;" and 3 are habitual inebriates. To every 178 who drink, 3 are confirmed inebriates; 25 are periodical drinkers; 50 are ephemeral drinkers.—One confirmed inebriate to every 55½ of men. Of 700 women, 600 never taste alcoholics of any kind; 30 taste wine occasionally; 17 taste ardent spirits; 36 drink ale or beer constantly; 14 drink ardent spirits periodically, and 3 are habitual inebriates.

Predominance in confirmed inebriates of the sexes: 3 men in every 178; 3 women in every 100; 1 confirmed inebriate to every 33⅓ of women. Fewer women drink than men; but a larger proportion of them become habitual drinkers. Debauch drinkers rarely become habitual, but periodical drinkers; the latter rarely become habitual inebriates, as the violence of their drinking is too great; and leads to disgusting satiety, and hence to intervals of sobriety.

☞ "I wish you wouldn't give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an account against him of long standing.

"And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

☞ The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.