

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 52.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 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.
Advertising Rates.—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion. For rate 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 the advertiser's business is concluded. The privilege of annual advertisements 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.
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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.

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Feb 26-1y

BONE DUST, BONE DUST!
GROUND BY OURSELVES,
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES. ALSO

GRIMES' Patent Raw-Bone Phosphate,
AT 80 PER TON.

THE past two years have fully realized the value of the Raw-Bone Phosphate. It is 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 CERTIFICATE,
CATS, 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. MERRIMAN & 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. MERRIMAN & 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. MERRIMAN & 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. I gave 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. MERRIMAN & 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 cost. 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.

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

NOTICE To Merchants, Traders, and Others.

ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic, in Charles County, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be the proprietor of any house or place for the purpose for which a license is made necessary by the laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same.

On or Before the First Day of May, 1869.

under the penalties prescribed by said laws for the infraction thereof.

Those interested are notified of the following requirements of the License Law:

Traders License.—The amount to be paid by traders for license (the amount of stock at the principal season of sale to be given under oath) is as follows: If the applicant's stock in trade does not exceed

Over \$1,000 and not over \$1,500	\$12 50
1,500 "	15 00
2,500 "	22 50
4,000 "	30 00
6,000 "	40 00
8,000 "	50 00
10,000 "	60 00
15,000 "	80 00
20,000 "	100 00
30,000 "	125 00
40,000 "	150 00

The applicant must either make oath, as heretofore, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the county where he is engaged in business, or of the amount of the stock of goods at the principal season of sale; or the oath may be administered by a Justice of the Peace, when the person wanting the license applies through an agent. If the latter course be adopted, the following form will be deemed a sufficient compliance with the act:

Charles County, to wit:
On this—day of—1869, before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for said county, personally appeared—, and declared that he intends to apply for a trader's license, under the 24 section of the act of January Session, 1858, to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Charles county, and that the amount of the stock of goods which he generally kept on hand by him (or by the concern in which he is engaged, in case it is a partnership), at the principal season of sale, (or if the applicant has not previously engaged in such trade, that the amount of the stock of goods which he expects to keep, &c.) does not (or will not) exceed \$—

Sworn before
If the oath be administered before a Justice of the Peace out of the county in which the application is made, there must be attached the certificate of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the county in which the Justice resides.

Persons who sell or trade in fish in March, April and May, are required to obtain a license.

Licenses to Ordinaries and Tavern Keepers.—The licenses to ordinaries and tavern keepers to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer in quantities less than a quart, at any one time, are as follows: Provided, that the applicant shall first be recommended to the Clerk by two respectable freeholders of his immediate vicinity, and shall make oath before said Clerk that he has bona fide (and without intending to evade the requirements of this article,) provided and expects to maintain six good beds, with sufficient covering therefor,—and three rooms more than sufficient for the private use of said ordinary keepers,—with stabling and provender for five horses at least; and if said applicant resides in the city of Baltimore, that he has provided and expects to maintain twelve good beds with covering as aforesaid, and six rooms.

The said applicant is also to make oath before the Clerk as to the rate of rent or annual value of the house at or in which the business to be authorized by the license may be done, or intended to be done.

If the rental or annual value is not	
Over \$100	\$25 00
100 and not over \$200	40 00
200 "	55 00
300 "	70 00
400 "	85 00
500 "	100 00
750 "	125 00
1,000 "	150 00
2,000 "	200 00
3,000 "	250 00
5,000 "	400 00
10,000 "	450 00

Licenses to Retailers of Spirituous or Fermented Liquors or Lager Beer.—The amount of license to be paid by retailers of spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer are as follows: If the value of their stock in trade be

\$500 or less	\$18 00
Over 500	25 00
From 1,000 to \$2,000	30 00
2,000 to 4,000	40 00
4,000 to 6,000	50 00
6,000 to 10,000	75 00
10,000 to 20,000	100 00
20,000 to 30,000	150 00
Over 30,000	200 00

No license shall be granted to sell spirituous and fermented liquors or lager beer, in quantities not less than a pint, for the sum of eighteen dollars and sixty cents, unless the person applying therefor shall also obtain a license to sell goods, chattels, wares and merchandise, paying therefor the sum heretofore prescribed according to the amount of his stock in trade.

N. B.—By instructions received from the Treasury Department at the Clerk's Office, all persons applying for a license of any kind (except marriage licenses, which are the same as heretofore,) will hereafter have to pay the fee of fifty cents for issuing the same, making a total of fifty cents as stated above.

The fee of fifty cents has heretofore been charged to the State.

WILLIAM M. MORRIS,
Sheriff of Charles County.

April 9, 1869—1M1

JUST RECEIVED, from the large and extensive Patent Medicine Dept. of A. L. Scott & Co., of Cincinnati and New York City, FIVE CASES OF PATENT MEDICINES of every description. Consumption, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c. cured immediately by the use of Scott's Medicines. Horse Powders also for sale, and Books relating to all Diseases of Horses. Call and examine the stock yourselves. Rates destroyed by the thousands. W. C. BRENT.

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 E. A. SMITH, Agent.

Selected Poetry.

DRIFTING.

[The following poem, by T. B. Read, is one of the most beautiful of its kind to be found in the English language. The poet has succeeded, not only in clothing his language in all the soft voluptuous beauty of the tropics, but has caught and retained in his lines, the dreamy ecstasy of his Elysian revelry, enjoyed as only one can enjoy the sudden transition

"From lands of snow to lands of sun."
The poem is a favorite with elocutionists, and no other selection affords such rich and sparkling play for the reader's powers.]

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvius Bay,
My winged boat
A bird aloft,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far vague and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
Overlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:—
With dreamy eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled—
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erwelled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid
Are gamboling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rock like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Where deep bark goes
Yon Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows:—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Selected Miscellany.

THE STRANGER GUEST.

A Touching Highland Romance.

In a little post town among the Highlands of Scotland, far away from any great city, there lived a few years ago, a woman much respected and well-beloved, though of a lowly birth and humble fortune—one Mrs. Jean Anderson. She had been left widow with one son, the youngest and last of several promising children. She was poor, and her industry and economy were taxed to the utmost to keep herself and her son, who was a fine, clever lad, and to give him the education he so ardently desired. At the early age of sixteen, Malcolm Anderson resolved to seek his fortune in the wide world, and became a sailor. He made several voyages to India and China, always, like the good boy he was, brought home some useful present to his mother, to whom he gave also a large portion of his earnings.

But he never liked a seafaring life, though he grew strong and stalwart in it; and when about nineteen, he obtained a humble position in a large mercantile house in Calcutta, where, being shrewd, enterprising and honest, like most of his countrymen, he gradually rose to a place of trust and importance, and finally to a partnership. As his fortune improved, his mother's circumstances were made much easier. He remitted money enough to her to secure to her the old cottage home, repaired and enlarged, with a garden and lawn; and placed at her command, annually, a sum sufficient to meet all her wants and to pay the wages of a faithful servant, or rather companion; for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. Anderson never found time and freedom for the long voyage and a visit home; till at last, failing health and the necessity of educating his children, compelled him to abruptly wind up his affairs and return to Scotland. He was then a man somewhat over forty, but looking far older than his years, showing all the usual ill effects of the trying climate of India. His complexion was a sallow brown; he was gray and somewhat bald, with here and there a dash of white, in his dark auburn beard; he was thin and a little bent, but his youthful smile remained full of quiet drollery, and his eye had not lost all its bright lustre and gleeful sparkle by poring over ledgers and counting ruses.

He had married a country-woman, the daughter of a Scotch surgeon, and had two children, a son and daughter. He did write to his good mother that he was coming home, as he wished to surprise her, and test her memory of her sailor boy. The voyage was made in safety.

One summer afternoon, Mr. Malcolm Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young, beak-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage.

At peace I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled—
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
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Where Summer sings and never dies,—
O'erwelled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

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From lands of sun to lands of snows:—
This happier one,
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With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
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Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

"Ah, mon' it's little ye ken about mitherers, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added, "An' here has he been for sae lang a time, that ye has lost the Scotch frae in your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"Ah, then it's likely ye ken something of my son, my Malcolm Anderson?"

"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There may be many of the name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, a man about my age and size, with something such a figure-head?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow, proudly, "but he is younger than you by many a year ago, and, begging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight, wi' hands and feet like a lassie's; he had brown curling hair; sae thick and glossy; and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snow, and big blue een, wi' a glint in them, like the light in the evening star. Na! na! ye are a guid enough body, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave, but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying, "Gin ye has traveled a' the way frae India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery, come down, and let us set on the supper."

The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it. Mrs. Anderson reverently asked a blessing. Bid a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery, come down, and let us set on the supper."

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himself to say to her—"I am your son." He asked himself, half-grieved, half-amused, "Where are the unerring natural instincts I have read about in poetry, and novels?"

His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish. "I thank you, madam," he answered, "it does seem to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if so be you have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah, ye mean porridge. Yes, we have a little left frae our dinner. Gin it to him, Margery. But, mon, it's cold."

"Never mind, I know I shall like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl, and beginning to stir the porridge with his spoon. As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a slight start, and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh, saying, in answer to his questioning look:

"Ye minded me o' my Malcolm then, just in that way he used to stir his porridge, gin ye were my Malcolm, my poor ladie!"

"Well, then, gin I were your Malcolm," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scotch dialect, and in his own voice; "or gin yeer braw young Malcolm were as brown, and bald, and gray, and bent, and auld as I am, could ye welcome him to your arms, and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could ye mither?"

All through this touching little speech the widow's eye had been glistening, and her breath coming fast; but at that word "mither," she sprang up with a glad cry, and tottering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her again and again; kissed her brow, and her lips, her hands, and while the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks, while she clung about his neck and called him by all the dear old pet names, and tried to see in him all the dear old young looks. By and by they came back, or the ghosts of them came back. The form in her embrace grew cooler; love and joy gave it a second youth, stately and gracious; the first she then and there buried deep in her heart—a sweet, beautiful, peculiar memory. It was a moment of solemn renunciation, in which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long. Then, looking up suddenly into the face of the merchant, she said:

"Where has ye left the wife and bairns, Malcolm?"

"At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—two good spare rooms I have large closets, well stocked wi' linen I have been spinning or weaving 'a' these lang years for ye bath and the weans."

"Well, mother dear, now must rest," said the merchant tenderly.

"Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye've me down to tak' my lang rest. There'll be time enough between that day and the resurrection to find my hands in idleness. Now 'sould be unc' irksome. But go my son, and bring me the wife—I hope I shall like her; and the bairns—I hope they will like me."

I have only to say that both the good woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that night, and many nights after, in the widow's cottage, whose climbing roses and woodbine were but outward signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness of the love within.

The Eternal Hymn.
How they sing—those cheerful little fellows to those branches which will swing to and fro across the open doorway! One, two, and then a third strikes in, to show that he can sing as well. They understand Sunday wonderfully well. Or, better, I suppose they keep Sunday every day. There is no inconsistency between their Sunday and their week-day lives.—Sing away little fellows, there are no better hymns than those to-day all around the world. As the world turns to-day there is sounding something better than a perpetual morning drum-beat. To-day, as land after land flashes into the sun, there is a perpetual morning prayer going up to God from that Church which he sees as one though we subdivide it so. And every day, as the land turns to meet the sun, there is poured upward this chorus of praise, which does not know, perhaps, that it is praise,—and yet is perpetual—has been ever since Adam was. An eternal hymn of bird and beast, going up to the God of life! Great God!—how beautiful this world is! Sound and sight always delighted, never bewildered.—Spring crowded with wonders, which we say we never fall before; nay, which we never did before. For, thank God, if one power of our nature does grow as we grow older, it is this with which we so enjoy nature.—From the Ingham Papers.

The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his age and his fondness for the bottle he should have thought it worth while to marry.

"A wife was necessary," he said; "they began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

How to punish a hungry man—drive a steak into him.

WHOM DO GREAT MEN MARRY.

Women, of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is seen in the lower ranks, and on the whole make worse mistakes. They, however, generally show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether it be good or bad.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married, and lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterwards.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made a sagacious wife and an excellent empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl, because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

Shakespeare loved and wed a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom they fell in love while they worked together in the plow field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting, literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, and so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs where, in the marital vows, were so severely observed and sincere affection existed.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the law.

Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow; she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony she mounted the horse behind him and they rode home together. It was late in the evening, and they found the fire out. But the great statesman bustled around and rebuilt it, while she seized the broom and soon put things in order. It is needless to say that they were happy, though Jefferson died a poor man on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with rolls of bread under his arm and his pockets filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children, fortunately, were neither diseased or idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "State rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

Gen. Sam Houston lived happily with a squaw wife, while Gen. Ben Butler was divorced from an accomplished lady.

Edwin Forest, the great tragedian, married a beautiful actress from whom he was divorced.

Gen. Fremont married the daughter of T. H. Benton, against the latter's wish, which obliged him to elope with her on a stormy night. The union proved a happy one in spite of the squally beginning.

Horace Greely married a school mistress, whose beauty was questionable, but whose sense and goodness satisfied one of the greatest men of his time.

Gen. Sherman married the daughter of Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, who was a member of Gen. Taylor's cabinet. This alone would have been a good start in life for any young man.

Jeff Davis, for his first wife, won the hand of Zachary Taylor's daughter.

Gen. Grant married a Miss Dent, of St. Louis. She apparently has more sense than show, and is therefore fit for a President's wife.—Phren. Journal.

Colton says, "I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was an honest man in the world. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world, but it is very possible that some one should know himself.'"