



# The Port Tobacco Times

## AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXVII. No. 3.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1870.

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 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 forbidden, and charged accordingly. 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.  
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.

**MORO PHILLIPS'**  
GENUINE IMPROVED  
**Super-Phosphate of Lime.**  
STANDARD GUARANTEED.  
REDUCED IN PRICE,  
And Improved in quality by the addition of Potash.  
This article is already too well known, to require any comments upon its Agricultural value. Ten years experience has fully demonstrated to the Agricultural community, its lasting qualities on all Crops, and the introduction of Potash gives it additional value.  
Price, \$52 per Ton, 2000 lbs.  
DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.

**PURE PHUINE,**  
SUPERIOR TO PERUVIAN GUANO.  
Patented April 29, 1860.  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**MORO PHILLIPS.**  
Price, \$52.00 per Ton, 2000 pounds.  
DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.  
For Sale at Manufacturer's Depots:  
**1105 DELAWARE AV.**  
3 Doors below Chestnut St.,  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
AND  
**95 SOUTH STREET,**  
BALTIMORE, Md.  
And by Dealers in general throughout the country.  
**MORO PHILLIPS,**  
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.  
ap 1-7m

ESTABLISHED 1843.  
RELIABLE FERTILIZERS.  
**THE ANDREW COE SUPER-PHOSPHATE.**  
The Best Fertilizer Known!  
Manufactured solely by  
**E. Whitman & Sons.**  
PRICE:  
\$60 per 2000 lbs. in Bags of 160 lbs. each.  
GROUND BONE—\$41 per 2000 lbs.  
BONE MEAL—(One grade finer than Ground Bone), \$47 per 2000 lbs.  
BONE FLOUR—(Ground very fine) \$60 per 2000 lbs.  
PREPARED LAND PLASTER—\$2.50 per bbl. of 320 lbs.  
The above are all the best of their kind, and parties ordering can rely upon getting an excellent article.  
Terms Cash  
All orders must be accompanied by the cash or satisfactory references given and subject to sight draft.  
**E. WHITMAN & SONS,**  
145 Pratt St., opposite Maltby House,  
BALTIMORE.  
Manufacturers of and dealers in Agricultural Implements and Machinery, Field and Garden Seeds, Fertilizers, &c. [mh 25-3m]

ESTABLISHED 1843. ESTABLISHED 1843.  
**GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS.**  
Wholesale and Retail.  
**E. WHITMAN & SONS,**  
SEED MERCHANTS,  
145 Pratt St., opposite Maltby House,  
BALTIMORE, Md.  
Keep a large and complete stock, embracing every variety of GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS. Prices as low and Seeds as fresh and genuine as those of any other first-class Seed House in the United States.  
Seeds sent by mail, postage free, to all parts of the country, (this does not apply to heavy Seeds, such as Corn, Beans, &c.) thus enabling Farmers and Gardeners to always get at low prices fresh and genuine SEEDS.  
Send for Price List.  
Merchants and Druggists supplied upon favorable terms.  
Also, sole manufacturers of the  
**The Andrew Coe Super-Phosphate,**  
and manufacturers of and dealers in AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and MACHINERY, FERTILIZERS, &c. [mh 25-3m]

RECEIVING NEW GOODS all the time at  
**R. L. WOOD'S,**  
No. 62 Corner King and Fairfax sts.,  
mh 18 Alexandria, Va.  
**SUGAR, Molasses & Coffee,** at low figures  
Call and see them. For sale by  
**E. A. SMITH, Agent.**

**TO CORN GROWERS.**  
**J. J. Turner & Co.'s**  
AMMONIATED  
**Bone Super-Phosphate.**

**ANALYSIS:**  
Ammonia..... 2.83  
Soluble Phosphate of Lime..... 29.51  
Bone Phosphate of Lime..... 19.07  
For Corn, Oats and spring crops generally it has no superior. Very high concentrations have also been paid its efficacy in the growth of Wheat and Tobacco the past three years, ever since its introduction. Composed of the most concentrated materials, it is richer in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphates than any other fertilizer sold, except our "Excelsior," and is made with same care and supervision—uniform quality guaranteed. Fine and dry, in excellent order for drilling. Packed in bags and barrels.  
Price \$55 per Ton.  
**J. J. TURNER & CO.,**  
43 Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.  
ap 1-3m

**TO TOBACCO GROWERS.**  
**"EXCELSIOR."**  
Containing Ammonia..... 6 per cent.  
Super-Phosphate equivalent to Bone Phosphate of Lime..... 57 " "  
We again call the attention of the farmers of Maryland and Virginia to our EXCELSIOR, composed of 700 pounds of No. 1 Peruvian Guano, and 1,300 pounds of Soluble Phosphate of Lime (bones dissolved in sulphuric acid), potash and soda, forming the most concentrated, universal and durable fertilizer ever offered to the farmer—combining all the stimulating properties of Peruvian Guano, and the ever durable fertilizing properties of Ground Bones.  
Excelsior is in fine dry powder, prepared expressly for drilling, and can be applied in any quantity per acre, however small; and it is the opinion of many close calculating Farmers after TWELVE years experience in testing it side by side with other popular fertilizers that an application of 100 pounds of Excelsior is equal to 200 to 300 pounds of any other fertilizer or guano offered for sale, therefore is fully 100 to 200 per cent. cheaper.  
Twelve Years' Experience in the Growth of Tobacco.  
In Maryland and Virginia has demonstrated beyond doubt that Excelsior has no competitor in the growth of that staple. It is the unanimous opinion of the Tobacco Planters of Maryland, that from the application of Excelsior the crop is heavier, of finer quality, cures earlier and better, and is not so liable to suffer from decay, as when other fertilizers are used.  
Uniform Quality Guaranteed.  
The very best evidence we can offer of the value of our Excelsior as a crop grower and fertilizer, is the fact of its being imitated and counterfeited in this and other cities.  
Farmers should see that the ANALYSIS and name of J. J. TURNER & CO. are branded on every bag in RED LETTERS. All others are counterfeits.  
Price \$65 per Ton.  
**J. J. TURNER & CO.,**  
43 Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.

**PLANTERS OF CHARLES!**  
Secure Large Crops of Tobacco, Corn, Oats and Grass,  
AND  
IMPROVE THE FERTILITY OF YOUR LAND,  
BY USING  
**Baugh's Raw Bone Phosphate,**  
Which has been in use over 15 years.  
**PROMPT AS PERUVIAN GUANO,**  
PERMANENT AS BONE.  
Highly Improved and Standard Guaranteed.  
The following gentlemen are using it in Charles county, to whom interested parties can refer for information as to its value:  
A. G. Chapman, Esq. [R. H. Edelen, Esq., G. P. Jenkins, Esq., J. G. Chapman, Esq., Thos. I. Gardner, Esq., M. Chapman, Esq.]  
For sale by cargo, ton or single bag by  
**GEORGE DUGDALE,**  
Manufacturer's Agent,  
55 South Street, Baltimore.  
Also for sale by **THOMAS PERRY,** Alexandria, Va. mh 11-3m

**CAUTION.—THE EUREKA AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,** first introduced in 1863 by the Allegheny Fertilizer Company, is and has been since 1867 exclusively manufactured by the Company's Lessees, at the Company's own works, Pittsburgh, Pa., and at no other place and by no other person or persons whatsoever.  
This Fertilizer was first sold in this city in 1865 by Messrs. Babcock & Seward as Agents for the Pittsburgh Manufacturers; afterwards by Messrs. Woodruff, Griffith & Hobbitz in the same capacity, and since the Spring of 1869 by Messrs. Walker, Dorrsey & Co., No. 86 Spear-wharf, who are now, and have been for the past twelve months, Sole General Agents for the States of Maryland and Virginia.  
The exclusive right of the Allegheny Fertilizer Company to the name "EUREKA" as a trade mark for its Fertilizer, has been recently vindicated in a case tried before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Maryland, in equity, and a perpetual injunction granted against Messrs. Woodruff, Griffith & Hobbitz, to restrain them from the appropriation of the word "Eureka" as a name for a Fertilizer, the manufacture of which has been recently started in Baltimore.  
Persons at a distance, who have heretofore used "Eureka," and desire to use it again, will take notice that the genuine article is manufactured exclusively at Pittsburgh, Pa., and that every bag is stamped with the name of the Allegheny Fertilizer Company and the place of manufacture, SEWARD & EMEISON, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
In offering this celebrated Fertilizer, which has met with such marked success and given entire satisfaction (even when tried by the side of Peruvian Guano, or the best artificial Fertilizer), it is only necessary for us to say it will be kept up to its highest standard. EUREKA is put up in bags containing 167 lbs. For sale by  
**WALKER, DORSEY & CO., AGENTS,**  
ap 2-2m 86 SPEAR'S WHARF, Baltimore.

**GARDEN SEED.—Onion Cloves and Extra Early Peas, &c., for sale at LACEY'S.**

**Selected Poetry.**  
**SPRING.**  
"The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,  
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;  
And with it comes a thrill to be away,  
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—  
A feeling that is like the sense of wings,  
Restless to soar above these perishing things."  
'Tis Spring—balmy Spring,  
And will flowers fling  
Their fragrance o'er earth's wide dominion;  
'Tis May—blooming May,  
And the mind soars away  
Upon Fancy's wild, restless pinion.  
Let us haste to the woods,  
To the green shady woods,  
Where blossoms their perfumes are shedding;  
Upon each breeze is borne,  
And Nature her carpet is spreading.  
Let us stray through the vale,  
Where the sweet-scented gale  
Blows fresh from the South's sunny-bowers;  
Where above us is heard  
The wild notes of the bird,  
And the earth is garished with flowers.  
Let us go to the fields,  
Where Nature reveals  
The choicest gems of her making!  
Where the zephyr's mild breath  
Moves soft o'er the heath,  
The buds from their lethargy waking.  
We will stop at the brook,  
In a sweet, sylvan nook  
And gaze on the water's calm motion.  
Gold fish we will see  
There sporting in glee  
As wild and as free as the ocean.  
Three hail, joyous Spring,  
Whose scenes ever bring  
Relief to the mind and weary;  
Who, smiling so bright,  
Puts Winter to flight,  
And drives him to his home so dreary.

**Selected Miscellany.**  
From the Printers' Circular.  
**THE POWER OF LOVE.**  
A Kafr Legend.  
BY JESSIE E. RINGWALT.  
One of the most exquisite of our old fairy tales is the beautiful story of "Beauty and the Beast." The graceful invention of one of the most ingenious of European nations has given us the legend, with its deep, inner moral; yet we find the story reproduced in all essential points in the rugged outlines of a primitive legend taken unchanged from the unadorned recital of a savage Kafr. The tale is unorthodox in its native simplicity; but it only needs a slight touch of author-craft to finish it into all the polished proportions of its French rival; and to those who value legendary lore, the following story will find a special charm in its rude simplicity.  
A certain king married two sisters, but he loved and esteemed one of them so much more than the other, that he made her his chief wife, and she was called the Queen, and treated with great respect. The neglected sister was very angry at this favoritism; but she strove to hide her jealousy and hatred under an appearance of loving devotion, and insisted that no one but herself should take care of the royal children. When the Queen's son was born, he was given into her charge, and the treacherous woman displayed much affection for the babe; but it soon sickened and died; a like fate befell a second and a third child, until the Queen, in great grief, declared that her sister must never again touch any of the royal children.  
The King still continued to love his wife so devotedly, that he refused to degrade her from her rank, although the accidents which destroyed the successive heirs to his title gave him the right to replace her by another wife, who would secure the succession to his family. At length the unfortunate Queen gave birth to a fourth son; but she was still the victim of an evil fate, for this child was formed like a snake.  
About the same time the jealous sister also gave birth to a child, a strong and handsome boy, and she, therefore, triumphed over the unfortunate Queen; but even the charms of the pretty infant could not win the King's affection from his beloved wife; and, despite the remonstrances of the head men of his nation, he still maintained her in her chief rank, and treated her with additional honors.  
Years passed by, and the boy grew lusty and active, and was named Unsimba

or the Wild Cat, while the child of the Queen was known as Umamba or the Snake. This monster still continued to be the only child of the Queen, and with her became the object of the King's fondest care, having servants to attend upon him, and a house built for his exclusive use; while Unsimba, like his mother, was treated with distrust, and received no special token of his father's favor.  
At length Unsimba reached manhood, and, as is the custom, two damsels, sisters, and daughters of the king of a distant nation, came to look at the young men belonging to the country, with the intention of choosing husbands from among them. The eldest of the two wandering princesses selected Unsimba, and they were betrothed amid much rejoicing.  
A great feast was made in honor of the event, and all the young men and women were invited. The King presided as host, and brought with him his favorite Umamba, whom he placed beside him in the seat of honor; but the damsel ran away shrieking with terror at his appearance, and could only be pacified by the repeated assurances of the King that the Snake was his own and only son.  
The feast was followed by a dance, where, according to custom, each damsel was asked in turn to name the youth whom she preferred before all others. One after another they proclaimed their choice; but the younger princess was also asked to select one of the youths present, all were amazed and confounded to hear her utter the name of Umamba.  
The young men whispered to each other that the princess, being a stranger, had forgotten the names of the guests, and that she had chosen the Snake by mistake, and they secretly warned her of her blunder; but to their amazement the young girl repeated her choice even more firmly than before. Even the respect due to the King could not prevent the guests from exhibiting their surprise at her choice; but Unsimba listened with jealous rage, for he despised his unfortunate brother, and burned with anger at the thought that the wretched Snake should be chosen by the princess, who, more beautiful and graceful than his own betrothed, he had also hoped to wed.  
When the dance was over, the youngest princess went straightway to the house of Umamba; and the Queen was there with her son; the mother saluted the stranger kindly, and then said to her, "It is true that you have chosen my son at the dance, but you would not also choose him for your husband?"  
"And why not?" exclaimed the beautiful damsel; "if I love him, may I not take him for my husband?" Then she smiled gaily and continued, "Need I fear him? You do not think that he will eat me up? I have no dread of your Snake son, for I love him!"  
Then the mother left the house, rejoicing greatly; and Umamba in a gentle voice, asked the damsel to close the door, and spread his sleeping mat upon the floor.  
But the young girl merrily objected—"Why must I obey you? You ought to wait upon yourself! It is not my duty to serve you!"  
But the Snake's voice was full of tender sadness and entreaty as it continued to plead—"Nay, but do as I desire you, if you love me. Will you not help me?"  
Then the princess hastened to do as he required, and as she performed the task, the Snake groaned as if in great anguish. The young girl was moved with compassion, and gently urged upon him any service that might diminish his pain.  
"Can I not help you—save you from this misery?" she asked in tones of loving sympathy.  
"Aye," moaned the Snake, as if in great torment; "hold fast to the pole of the tent, and with the other hand grasp me firmly, so that I may straighten myself, and be freed from this agony."  
Bravely the girl did as she was desired; she caught the pole firmly, and then grasped the reptile. The smooth skin slipped between her fingers, and she shuddered with dread and horror at the touch; but her hand clasped fast over the serpent, and she closed her eyes in fear while she struggled to prevent the snake from escaping from her hold. But in a moment a voice at her side bade her to look up, and she raised her eyes to behold a youth of surpassing beauty standing near

her. At his feet lay the empty skin of a serpent—for it was Umamba!  
The young prince then told how his brothers had, one by one, been slain and that he alone had escaped a like fate by being disguised in the loathsome form of a serpent, which he was compelled to wear until freed from his vile imprisonment by the daring of one who loved him. Even now the spell was not wholly broken, for if she still dared to wed him, he had power to reveal himself to her alone in his true form, while he must continue to appear as a serpent to all other eyes.— Proudly and courageously did the young damsel promise to wed him, despite his unhappy fate; and resuming his serpent form, Umamba hastened with her to his father, who fondly welcomed the beautiful girl, the betrothed of his much-loved child.  
It was now time to commence the wedding march, for it is the custom among the Kafirs for the young girl first to visit the house of the man whom she intends to marry; and if the betrothal is accomplished, the groom then takes her with much pomp back to her father's house, where the marriage ceremonies are completed by a great feast.  
The wedding procession was formed with loud rejoicing, and at its head was Unsimba with his betrothed; but the astonished youths jeered when Umamba also appeared among them, claiming his right to accompany his beautiful princess back to her father, and demand her as his wife.  
The King anxiously urged the revellers to march slowly in consideration of the intimacies of his unfortunate son; but the gay youths and maidens soon neglected his orders, and Umamba and his betrothed were left far behind. As soon as the procession was out of sight, and the prince was safe from observation, he divested himself of his serpent-skin, and the lovers joyously proceeded on their way rejoicing in their mutual affection, until they neared the village governed by the father of the princess, when Umamba clothed himself again in his horrible shape; and the devoted princess entered her father's presence amid the jeers, disgust, and dread of all the people of her nation.  
Bravely did she withstand all the importunities of her parents, and firmly did she adhere to her determination to wed the hideous snake, although her companions fled with dread and aversion at his approach. The King, her father, unable to alter her purpose, lavished honors and welcome upon Unsimba, and prepared a great feast to celebrate the happy choice of his eldest daughter; but the youngest princess insisted upon sharing the honors of her sister, and took her due place at the feast with her betrothed husband at her side.  
Cries of derision and horror were uttered by every tongue, and the damsel was condemned for her monstrous choice; but amid universal execration she calmly assumed her station at the dance with the abhorred serpent-form still at her side.— Then, through the clamor and indignation, a voice powerful, but gentle, was heard, saying, "Lay your hand upon me!"  
The princess recognized the voice and obeyed. She turned and laid her hand gently and lovingly upon her serpent, and in an instant a beautiful youth clasped her in his arms, proclaiming to the astounded assembly, that the charm which had so long bound him was at length broken.— The devoted love of the maiden had freed him, and he would never again be compelled to assume the degraded form of Umamba the Snake.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lately sent the following note to the proprietor of the New York Ledger:  
"My Dear Mr. Bonner—I have just received a curious letter from Michigan, and I give it to you verbatim:  
"OWASSO CITY, Mich., 1870.  
"APRIL FOOL."  
I have heard of men who wrote letters and forgot to sign their name, but never before met a case in which a man signed his name and forgot to write the letter. H. W. B.

A boy eight years old, in one of the public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

Tom Hood died composing—and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity for the undertaker, who wished to turn a lively Hood.

**A BLACK DEMOSTHENES.**  
Part of a speech delivered at Carroll, Miss., in May, 1869, by Henry Boyed, colored, on the subject of the adoption or rejection of the seceding Constitution, disfranchising twenty thousand of the most intelligent white citizens of the State, which Constitution was voted down by the colored vote in June, 1869.  
MY COLORED FRIENDS:  
I appear to-day in your interest alone. The white man is able to take care of himself; and as you can all see, I have not one drop of white blood in my veins, (laughter.) I am a regular, old-fashioned, plain corn-field nigger, and have not the capacity to instruct white people as to their duties, even if I had the will. I was a slave from my birth—I always endeavored to serve my master faithfully according to that letter of the Bible which reads: "Servants, be obedient unto your masters, for this is right." And I can lay my hand upon my heart to-day and say before God, that I entertain no ill-will toward any white man on earth, and least of all toward my old master and his sons, whom I loved as my own brothers, and with whom I played in boyhood. In all our neighborhood romps, frolics and fights (for boys will fight,) they stood at my back, as I did at theirs whenever it came to the pinch, and, thank God, I will do so yet. I will stand by them so long as they stand by me, whether the oppression comes from the Yankees, or from whatever else it may. Whenever it comes to my making choice between white men, I shall prefer those of my own section to all the carpet-baggers in the world.— There ain't very much difference between white men and Yankees, and whenever you find it all you'll find it in the white man's favor. White folks are all out pretty much out of the same cloth, and both sections have made their love for the niggers subservient to their own interests, as all men are selfish by nature and can't help it, and I can't blame them.  
When the late war broke out, I am free to acknowledge, I was mighty glad of it, somehow felt that my freedom was going to come out of it some way or other, and, as I am perhaps as selfish as a white man "I tell you I didn't do—" well, I didn't cry much at the prospect. Well, when the first company left my county for "white Virginia" to fight the Yankees, I enlisted with "the balance of them, and went along as first cook and head waiter for one of my young masters. I had a pretty good time, too, for while the white folks were out fighting and marching, and suffering and dying, I was lying back with the meat and bread wagons. I felt, for once in my life, it was a pretty good thing to be a nigger after all—for the white man wouldn't let me fight alongside of him, and after I heard the first shell go off, God knows I wasn't very anxious to do it either. I knew if I had been along on the Yankee side I wouldn't have had such easy time, for as selfish as the Yankees be, he never objected to getting somebody to do his fighting for him whenever he could. Not he. Some folks say he was willing enough to let the South do it all during the Mexican war.  
I used to be right smartly amused hearing the white folks talk. My young master came in one night after a battle, and says he, "Henry, we've just had a big six hours' fight. We whipped the d—d Yankees like smoke and drove 'em thirty-six miles. Think I to myself, "Humph! pritty good driving—all in six hours, too!" But a heap of people think the nigger is a fool.  
Well, I sorter thought, maybe, the Yankees were really fighting to free the niggers. But they didn't keep the wool over my eyes long. I watched 'em mighty close. One day the news came into camp that Mr. Lincoln had done issued his proclamation, saying that if Mr. Davis would lay down his arms and come back into the Union and go to paying tariff again the Southern people might have their niggers! "Think I, humph! Mighty poor chance to get any freedom from you, Mr. Lincoln. I tell you what I felt mighty bad for a long time. I had the blues so bad I was almost black. I think in two weeks I fell off twenty pounds. I was so 'fraid Mr. Davis was going to do it I couldn't sleep. But by-and-by the good word came that Mr. Davis said 'he'd be d—d if he'd do any such thing; I ain't fighting for niggers—let the niggers go; I'm after my own freedom first before anything else in the world.' I tell you my heart jumped right up in my mouth. "Think I, bully for Jeff Davis! He's my man!" Ah, my friends, if the Yankees had been in Mr. Davis' place you'd been in a cotton patch to-day, with the whip after you, instead of sitting up here in this courtroom hearing me speak. But don't you see the difference between the Southern man and the Northern man? The Northern man never missed the chance of taking care of the dimes first.  
And now the carpet-baggers come here and tell us they are our friends, and the Southern people our enemies; they tell us they set us free. Oh, yes, they've done it, all no doubt. They set us free about like Ben Butler set the spoons free!— They done it all to help the Yankees and to injure the Southern man; they can't fool this nigger. I know who brought the

negro to this country in the first place; the Northern man brought us here and when they began to loose money on the nigger they put the nigger in their pockets—sold him down South, and then, to keep the South in the Union to make her pay taxes, they turn around and set the nigger and the mules and spouses free; and they wouldn't have set anything free (excepting the spoons) if they could have got the South back into the Union without it.  
They promised him "forty acres and the mule." I know five niggers that starved plain to death waiting for that mule and that forty acre. I'd like to know where the carpet-bagger got his forty acres! You all remember the dey took the Lord up into a high mountain, and promised if he'd fall down and serve him he'd give him the whole world, and the old scoundrel knew all the time he didn't own a foot of land on the continent.  
The carpet-baggers ask me to east my vote to keep the white folks down. Now all I ever wanted was to get on a level with the white man. I never wanted to get above him. They say a nigger is better than a white man in Cincinnati. Well, that may be the truth—in Cincinnati.— But it ain't true here. It is my interest to stand by the Southern men, and it's my wish, too. Whatever law is made to affect the white man's plantation also affects my little cotton-patch in the same way.— The three-cent tax on cotton hurts me worse than it does the white man. But it puts money in the Yankee's pockets.  
They want to disfranchise the white man, and make the nigger put them into office. Would they have passed a law allowing niggers to vote if they hadn't thought the niggers would vote the Republican ticket? Never, never, NEVER. Who believes otherwise? Not this nigger, certain. The Yankee brought the nigger here from Africa for selfish purposes, and now they want to vote him for selfish purposes.

**Daniel Webster on Church Going.**  
Many years ago, when Daniel Webster was at the summit of his commanding influence, upon a certain Sabbath, he entered a small Methodist church in the vicinity of Washington. The number of persons in attendance was few, and the house and furniture were of a very inferior description. The preacher, who was a plain, unlettered man, who had never enjoyed any advantages of education, but who did possess a heart warmed by the glow and excellence of the Gospel.  
At the close of the services, as Mr. Webster was leaving the house, a clerk of one of the departments, who had been present, accosted Mr. Webster and expressed regret that a man of his eminence and extensive information should have been compelled to listen to so plain a discourse.  
"You mistake!" replied Mr. Webster. "I have been deeply interested and moved by the sermon. As you say, the preacher has no learning from books, but he is evidently been instructed by the highest of teachers—the Spirit of God. We go to church, sir, not merely to have our minds enlightened, but to have the emotions of our hearts awakened and excited towards divine things. This ignorant man, as we call him, has attained a reach of knowledge which no mere learning can give. He has taught us our duty to God. May we perform it?"—Christian Witness.

**The Baby that was Sick.**  
Baby was much worse; it had not only sucked its thumbs, but waggled its toes. It could not continue long. The doctor, with a grave face, entered the sick room. Biddy rubbed her mistress with camphor. Mr. Phillips stood by wiping his eyes with the drapery of his seat at the door.  
"Oh, doctor, doctor! will it die! Only save it, and you may take all I have!" cried Mrs. Phillips, wringing her hands. "I'll get down on my knees and thank you forever."  
"Keep your sitting, marm, keep your sitting," said the doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff.  
"Don't keep me in suspense! only look at its precious little arm! What is it?" For the love of heaven tell me—let me know the worst."  
"Well, marm, if I speak out, you promise not to blame me?" asked the doctor, gravely.  
"No, no!"  
"Marm," said he, with his long face still more elongated, "it's my opinion as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bedbugs, or else it has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description."  
"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do you mean to insult us?"  
"By no means, sir—I repeat it."  
"No, you don't!" yelled Mrs. P. "It's enough to insinuate that I have bedbugs, to say nothing of your libel on that little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you mean, cheating, insulting old vagabond!"  
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I used to be right smartly amused hearing the white folks talk. My young master came in one night after a battle, and says he, "Henry, we've just had a big six hours' fight. We whipped the d—d Yankees like smoke and drove 'em thirty-six miles. Think I to myself, "Humph! pritty good driving—all in six hours, too!" But a heap of people think the nigger is a fool.  
Well, I sorter thought, maybe, the Yankees were really fighting to free the niggers. But they didn't keep the wool over my eyes long. I watched 'em mighty close. One day the news came into camp that Mr. Lincoln had done issued his proclamation, saying that if Mr. Davis would lay down his arms and come back into the Union and go to paying tariff again the Southern people might have their niggers! "Think I, humph! Mighty poor chance to get any freedom from you, Mr. Lincoln. I tell you what I felt mighty bad for a long time. I had the blues so bad I was almost black. I think in two weeks I fell off twenty pounds. I was so 'fraid Mr. Davis was going to do it I couldn't sleep. But by-and-by the good word came that Mr. Davis said 'he'd be d—d if he'd do any such thing; I ain't fighting for niggers—let the niggers go; I'm after my own freedom first before anything else in the world.' I tell you my heart jumped right up in my mouth. "Think I, bully for Jeff Davis! He's my man!" Ah, my friends, if the Yankees had been in Mr. Davis' place you'd been in a cotton patch to-day, with the whip after you, instead of sitting up here in this courtroom hearing me speak. But don't you see the difference between the Southern man and the Northern man? The Northern man never missed the chance of taking care of the dimes first.  
And now the carpet-baggers come here and tell us they are our friends, and the Southern people our enemies; they tell us they set us free. Oh, yes, they've done it, all no doubt. They set us free about like Ben Butler set the spoons free!— They done it all to help the Yankees and to injure the Southern man; they can't fool this nigger. I know who brought the

negro to this country in the first place; the Northern man brought us here and when they began to loose money on the nigger they put the nigger in their pockets—sold him down South, and then, to keep the South in the Union to make her pay taxes, they turn around and set the nigger and the mules and spouses free; and they wouldn't have set anything free (excepting the spoons) if they could have got the South back into the Union without it.  
They promised him "forty acres and the mule." I know five niggers that starved plain to death waiting for that mule and that forty acre. I'd like to know where the carpet-bagger got his forty acres! You all remember the dey took the Lord up into a high mountain, and promised if he'd fall down and serve him he'd give him the whole world, and the old scoundrel knew all the time he didn't own a foot of land on the continent.  
The carpet-baggers ask me to east my vote to keep the white folks down. Now all I ever wanted was to get on a level with the white man. I never wanted to get above him. They say a nigger is better than a white man in Cincinnati. Well, that may be the truth—in Cincinnati.— But it ain't true here. It is my interest to stand by the Southern men, and it's my wish, too. Whatever law is made to affect the white man's plantation also affects my little cotton-patch in the same way.— The three-cent tax on cotton hurts me worse than it does the white man. But it puts money in the Yankee's pockets.  
They want to disfranchise the white man, and make the nigger put them into office. Would they have passed a law allowing niggers to vote if they hadn't thought the niggers would vote the Republican ticket? Never, never, NEVER. Who believes otherwise? Not this nigger, certain. The Yankee brought the nigger here from Africa for selfish purposes, and now they want to vote him for selfish purposes.

**Daniel Webster on Church Going.**  
Many years ago, when Daniel Webster was at the summit of his commanding influence, upon a certain Sabbath, he entered a small Methodist church in the vicinity of Washington. The number of persons in attendance was few, and the house and furniture were of a very inferior description. The preacher, who was a plain, unlettered man, who had never enjoyed any advantages of education, but who did possess a heart warmed by the glow and excellence of the Gospel.  
At the close of the services, as Mr. Webster was leaving the house, a clerk of one of the departments, who had been present, accosted Mr. Webster and expressed regret that a man of his eminence and extensive information should have been compelled to listen to so plain a discourse.  
"You mistake!" replied Mr. Webster. "I have been deeply interested and moved by the sermon. As you say, the preacher has no learning from books, but he is evidently been instructed by the highest of teachers—the Spirit of God. We go to church, sir, not merely to have our minds enlightened, but to have the emotions of our hearts awakened and excited towards divine things. This ignorant man, as we call him, has attained a reach of knowledge which no mere learning can give. He has taught us our duty to God. May we perform it?"—Christian Witness.

**The Baby that was Sick.**  
Baby was much worse; it had not only sucked its thumbs, but waggled its toes. It could not continue long. The doctor, with a grave face, entered the sick room. Biddy rubbed her mistress with camphor. Mr. Phillips stood by wiping his eyes with the drapery of his seat at the door.  
"Oh, doctor, doctor! will it die! Only save it, and you may take all I have!" cried Mrs. Phillips, wringing her hands. "I'll get down on my knees and thank you forever."  
"Keep your sitting, marm, keep your sitting," said the doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff.  
"Don't keep me in suspense! only look at its precious little arm! What is it?" For the love of heaven tell me—let me know the worst."  
"Well, marm, if I speak out, you promise not to blame me?" asked the doctor, gravely.  
"No, no!"  
"Marm," said he, with his long face still more elongated, "it's my opinion as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bedbugs, or else it has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description."  
"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do you mean to insult us?"  
"By no means, sir—I repeat it."  
"No, you don't!" yelled Mrs. P. "It's enough to insinuate that I have bedbugs, to say nothing of your libel on that little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you mean, cheating, insulting old vagabond!"  
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