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Political.

Mr. Greeley's Speech at Louisville.

Citizens of Louisville, standing on this soil of Kentucky, I ask you, who are my associates in the great liberal movement of the day, to bear testimony with me to certain truths. First, is it not true that we desire a government of just and equal laws, which shall extend equal favor and equal protection to every American citizen? [Applause and cries of "That's so!"] Is it not true that while we demand the repeal of all disfranchisement, of all proscription of all Americans because of the part they bore in our late struggle, that we desire that no man shall be disfranchised, that no man shall stand on an equal platform with ourselves? Is not that a fact? [Cries of "Yes, that's so!"] Is it not true that we have no expectations, no purpose, no understanding that the rebel debt shall be paid, or rebel soldiers pensioned, or the slaves emancipated by the result of the war paid for? Is it not true that we have no purpose, or expectation, or understanding that any of those things shall be done? [Applause, and cries of "You are right!"]

Now, fellow-citizens, I wish to call your attention to an aspect of this struggle which has not yet been presented. There is no class of our citizens, no part of the American people, who have so real and great an interest in the success of our government as the colored people of this country. Though they know that we admit their rights are perfectly secured by the constitution, and that no one can go back, that it is still their real interest that their rights shall not be only accorded, but that they should be fully accorded; that there shall be no opposition, no objection to their enjoying just the same political and civil rights that you do; it is their interest more than yours, or mine, that all contention concerning black men or white men shall absolutely cease; that every individual shall be judged and estimated according to his worth, with no respect whatever to color or condition.

If our government succeeds there is no party, there is no considerable faction, there is really nobody left in the field opposing or objecting to their standing on the common platform of American nationality. [Applause.] I say then that it is their clear interest that our government shall be welcomed and ratified and approved by the entire American people, and yet it is a very discouraging fact presented to us that there is no other class so generally and so bitterly opposing us as they are. There is no other class, as a class, who insist so thoroughly or misrepresenting in misrepresenting us. I say not this to excite prejudice against them. They are ignorant and their ignorance is not their own fault, though it is their and our misfortune. They are misled, and we are calumniated in their ears.

I have been repeatedly asked to contradict assertions that I have been a negro trader. Even on my way to this place, one quadroon girl on hearing me speak, said: "I would like to stick a knife into his heart. He sold my mother into Richmond, Virginia." [Laughter.] I can imagine no reason why lies like that should be told. I can imagine no reason why good men and women should not everywhere denounce and refute them.

It is, I say, the misfortune of the colored people—a misfortune of our people—that they as a class are steeled against us. They will not hear us, they do not believe us. They are told that this movement is a contrivance to get them enslaved again, virtually, if not absolutely, and that all the pretensions of the Cincinnati platform and the Baltimore endorsement in favor of equal rights are frauds, are lies. "If this party succeeds," says Mr. Wendell Phillips, "you must conceal your property and take care of your wives."

Now, fellow citizens, I state these facts here, not that I would have you think any worse of these misguided people. I state them because I want you Kentuckians to realize that ignorance is public peril—that you cannot well afford to have part of your people growing up in the dense unacquaintance with public men and public affairs—that they can be deceived and misled as this people are. You must take care that they shall be educated so that they shall be too wise, too well informed to be thus misled and misguided.

Fellow citizens, if our movement should prevail, as I trust it will prevail, we will sweep away all this refuse of lies in three months. We will say to the colored men, we proffer you nothing except the protection of the laws, the same for you as for us. You have your living to earn as well as we. You will have to use all your abilities, all your energies, all your faculties, and make the most of them you can. The laws do not favor you, but they will

thoroughly protect you, and in three months, if we succeed, the colored people will be so disabused that the same men can never deceive them again, never again.

But suppose we fail, and we may fail. If the colored men did not believe that the power was against us, that money was against us; if they did not realize that the treasury, the army, the 100,000 officeholders were all banded against us, in force which they believe we cannot overcome, they certainly would not be so universally hostile to us. Why they think we cannot succeed, and they want to be upon the winning side. That is part of it, but they are also deluded in regard to our purposes.

We say we are not your enemies, we will not be your oppressors, we will not, though you have done us an injustice; we will try as well as we can to have your children educated and enlightened, so as that the mistakes you have made cannot be made over and over again. There is where we stand.

It is not for the sake of the proscribed alone that I speak. Every community has the right to the best services of all its citizens. Men say to me, "Why, you don't want to elect Toombs, or somebody else, do you?" No, I don't want to elect any of these men, but I want the people to do. Who are you and am I to say whether they shall or not? It is not a question for me, but whether American citizens, whom you say have the same rights to vote and hold office for men they prefer, or shall be compelled to vote for men you prefer.

So long as you have a proscribed class in the country, men all around them, honorable, generous men, will feel I ought to be proscribed the same as that man. The difference was only by accident. He happened to take an oath or fill an office before the struggle that I did not. His guilt was no more than mine. Accident only makes him proscribed and leaves me free. So that so long as there shall be a proscribed class in this country, proscription will rankle in the hearts of millions of Americans who feel that they themselves are condemned and banned in the fact which doomed their leaders.

Now, fellow-citizens, why do we condemn proscription? They are mistaken who say there are only two or three hundred left now, forbidden to exercise the common rights of American citizens. It is not so. There are thousands. There are 5,000 disfranchised in the State of Arkansas alone and the men who hold them disfranchised expect to carry that State against us by virtue of that disfranchisement. But it is not the number of proscribed men who, as not under this ban, feel themselves proscribed because others are for an offense which was their offense as well.

The question reaches not several hundreds but several millions of our people. Well they say what do the people care about this? The banks are making money, the people are prospering, manufacturers are thrifty, who cares that a few hundred or thousand men are disfranchised? I care. I say a war which ended nearly eight years ago ought to have had nearly all its bloody traces wiped out before this time. [Applause.]

I say that while we have often been amused with promises of general amnesty, the government of the country has practically been controlled by men like Senators Morton and Chandler, and General Butler one of which Senators is saying: "Well then all may forgive rebels if they will but I never can." Now that spirit is not one which should rule a republican country. A republican should be generous and faithful, generous to errors whereof the very last evil consequences have long since faded away.

Grant that it was wrong, indefensibly wrong; grant that the whole Confederate movement was as heinous as you please, still it was utterly defeated.—It became a lost cause and there is no more probability and I say no more possibility of another serious attempt to divide the American Union than there is of an attempt to disrupt and destroy the solar system. Never before did the Union stand so strong as today. Never was its future so assured as to-day and never did any movement result in a more complete and utter discomfiture than the Confederate movement. Then I say seven and a half years after the last shot was fired in behalf of that movement, it is time for amnesty complete and perfect; it is time for oblivion of offenses that so long since passed away.

Fellow-citizens, we stand on the principles embodied in our platform. Those principles our adversaries do not assail. They confess judgment, but they insinuate that a purpose is therein declared which is not our real purpose, and that we mean something utterly different, and therefore proceed to attribute to us purposes which we never cherished, which we positively

disavow and which they ought to know are utterly absurd. The most important of them are utterly forbidden by the constitution and they know it.—No man can go to Congress or be chosen President without taking a solemn oath to sustain the constitution which absolutely forbids the payment of rebel debts or payment for emancipated slaves.

I commend my case to the sober judgment of the American people. I ask them to judge us without prejudice, without passion and with a spirit unflinching by wrath and vengeance. I ask them to judge us as citizens who are sincerely trying to do what we believe best for our country, and I do trust that passion and prejudice will not prevail; that we shall be judged as we are and not as we are represented, and a beneficent triumph, which will increase the value of every acre of land in the Southern States, which will increase the product of these States, make their people harmonious, black and white, and make them live in a more trustful, peaceful and fraternal relation than they have hitherto held towards each other, will be secured. I trust this result will be attained and that generations to come shall rejoice over the inception, progress and triumph of the liberal movement. [Applause.] Friends, I bid you good night. At the close of his speech Mr. Greeley retired amid cheers.

Poetry.

LIFE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

A baby played with the surplice sleeve
Of a gentle Priest—while in accents low
The sponsor murmured the grand "I believe."
And the Priest bade the mystic waters flow—
"In the name of the Father, of the Son,
And the Holy Spirit!"—Three in One.

Spotless as a lily's leaf?
Whiter than the Christian snow!
Not a shade of sin or grief—
And the babe laughed sweet and low.

A smile fitted over the baby's face—
Or was it the gleam of its angel's wing
Just passing then, and leaving a trace
Of its presence, as it soared to sing.
A hymn, when words and water win
To grace and life a child of sin.

Not an outward sign or token
That the child was saved from woe—
But the bonds of sin were broken,
And the babe laughed sweet and low.

A cloud rose up to the mother's eyes—
And out of the clouds grief's rain fell fast;
Came the baby's smiles and the mother's sighs
Out of the future, or the Past?
Ah! gleam and gloom must ever meet,
And gall must mingle with the sweet!

Yes! upon her baby's laughter
Trickled tears—'tis always so—
Mothers dread the dark hereafter—
But her babe laughed sweet and low.

And the years, like waves, broke on the shore
Of the mother's heart and her baby's life—
But her lonely heart drifted away before
Her little boy knew an hour of strife!
Drifted away on a summer eve
Ere the orphaned boy knew how to grieve.

Her humble grave was humbly made
Where roses bloomed in summer's glow—
But her lonely heart drifted away before
Her little boy knew an hour of strife!
Drifted away on a summer eve
Ere the orphaned boy knew how to grieve.

He floated away from his mother's grave,
Like a fragile flower on a bright stream's tide;
Till he heard the moan of the mighty wave
That welcomed the dead to the ocean wide.
Out from the shore and over the deep,
He sailed away—and he learned to weep!

Furrowed grew the face once fair—
Under storms of human woe;
Silver gray the bright, brown hair;
And he walked so sad and low.

And years swept on as erst they swept;
Bright valedictoria—'tis ever so;
Wherever he sailed—he ever wept,
And a cloud hung o'er his brow.
Over the deep and into the dark,
Not one he knew where sank his bark.

Wild roses watched the mother's tomb,
The world still laughed—'tis ever so;
Go, lonely, to the baby's doom,
They laughed so sweet and low.

Selected Miscellany.

THE BEST BOOK TO READ FIRST.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

"The best book to read first?" said Judge T., repeating the question I put on entering his office as a law student. "That's the best book to read first—and last, too," he added, laying his hand on a well-thumbed "King James' Bible," on which less dust had been suffered to accumulate than I have often seen on the same volume on a "professor's" parlor table.

"But I didn't come here to learn to preach," I answered, a little pertly. "Yes, you did," replied the Judge. "And the better you preach every time you get before a jury, the better you'll succeed."

"I'll prove it," said he quickly, noting my look of incredulity. And wheeling round his chair, bringing his legs to a cross, and using his ear for a pen rack, he proceeded:

"The first year after my 'admission,' I was elected State's Attorney. My maiden case was one of the petit larceny. Bill Dawkes, one of those trifling, 'good' sort of fellows—so called

because good for nothing—had been found in recent possession of a carcass of mutton, which the owner had left hanging out over night, and which 'non solum inventum' that is to say, 'turned up missing,' in the morning.

"I drafted the indictment with great care, charging, with painful particularity, that one William Dawkes, yeoman, not having the fear, etc., but moved and seduced by a certain personage whom it was then common to include in every indictment as an 'accessory before the fact,' on etc., etc., one carcass of mutton of the value, etc., of the goods, chattels and personal property of the Pelatiah Potts, out of the possession, and against the will of the said Pelatiah, feloniously, and with force of arms, did steal, take and carry away.

"What's the matter," I asked sharply, when my friend Bob C. burst out laughing on hearing me read over this, my first professional production.

"It's the best joke of the season!" said Bob, with another guffaw.

"What is it?"

"Why, that pun—calling a sheep thief a yeoman."

"My office was a scene of confusion at the end of five minutes. Bob's head had gone through the glass door of my book-case; two of my three chairs lay with broken legs; and Bob and I had a pair of black eyes between us. It was more than a month before either spoke to the other.

"But I'm wandering from the point. "In due time the prisoner was brought up for trial, Old Polifox appearing for the defence.

"Old P. was a character. The only law book he had ever read was 'Swan's Treatise for Justices of the Peace,' but in that, and the Scriptures, he was powerful. He had a way of quoting and applying the latter which, in a religious community, made it difficult to oppose him without incurring a suspicion of orthodoxy. His forte lay in carrying the jury, whom he generally succeeded in convincing that he and they were on one side, and his adversary on the other. His style and grammar were original.

"I had set my heart on winning that case. If I could only beat Old Polifox before a jury, my cap would be feathered.

"I had carefully written out my 'opening,' and when I read it over to Nellie Wynne, to whom I was 'paying attention' at the time, she said it was 'real nice,' which, I knew, was feminine for 'bully'—an encomium I felt not a little proud of.

"When the case came on, I 'spoke my piece' without a blunder. I cited many authorities to prove that he in whose possession stolen property is found soon after the theft, is in law, presumed to be the thief. I was prepared to prove, I said, that the property in question had disappeared at the dead hour of night, when all honest people were in their beds, and had been found, at early dawn, in the smoke-house of Dawkes, the defendant.

"I put my witness on the stand, and proved the ownership, value and identity of the property, its mysterious disappearance and subsequent reappearance in the constructive possession of the prisoner, and rested.

"Old Polifox sat in solemn silence, his eyes closed, and his red bandana over his head. He asked no questions, and called no witnesses. I was disappointed at the old fellow's giving in so easily. It would take away half the glory of my triumph.

"But I was reckoning without my host.

"Old Polifox slowly got upon his legs, and removing his bandana, and taking up the Bible on which the clerk had sworn the witnesses, began:

"I am grieved, my bretherin'—he always called the jury his 'bretherin'—I am grieved and sore amazed to hear such heathenish doctrines in a Christian courthouse as we've just been a listenin' to. What sez the sakraled volume I hold in my hand? Why, it sez, 'At the mouth of two witnesses let every matter be established.' Now, my bretherin' let me ask what two witnesses—what one witness seed my client hook this sheep? Echo answers 'Nary one!' My deluded young brother has read profane authors to show that findin' of goods on the wrong man's premises is proof of his stealin' 'em. It's a 'presumption of law,' he says, and a great piece of presumption it is, my bretherin'." Now, in this same sakraled volume, we have narrated a case in pint—that of one Benjamin, which you all hear about. A silver cup, with a hundred times this trumery sheep, was diskivered, not 'way off in Benjamin's smoke-house, whar Benjamin moughtn't a ben for a week, but chucked into the mouth of the very sack he was ridin' onto. And yet, my bretherin', the Bible tells us Benjamin was innocent. But, my bretherin', if it was Benjamin's luck instead of my unfortunate client's to be this obayed on trial before you, you would be baffled or deceived, and, singin'

brother, to bring him in guilty, in spite of Scriper, and consign him to a place whar he'd have to wear a coat of many colors of a very different stripe from his brother Joseph's."

"I not only lost the case," said the Judge, but my office at the next election—my attempt to confute old Polifox's Scripture argument creating a doubt, in the mind of the community, as to the soundness of my religious views.

"In all soberness," the Judge continued, "if you want to be a successful lawyer, 'search the Scriptures.'" In them you will find the basis of all that is best and noblest in human laws.—Besides, the words and the phrase of the Bible are the language of the popular heart. Its parables are household words. Its illustrations never miss the mark. I have given you a ludicrous instance of their effect; but it is in the field of pathos and real feeling that their power is irresistible."

"And yet," I remarked, "Old Polifox made them the instrument of gaining an erroneous verdict."

"There you are mistaken," said the Judge.

"It transpired subsequently that poor Dawkes was really innocent—a private enemy, the same person who first directed suspicion towards him, having abstracted the property, and placed it, through malice, where it was afterwards found."

I took the Judge's advice as to the best book to read first.

On the Roof of Notre Dame.

Ah! here is a dingy and grimy old door, leading up great stone steps to the cathedral roof, where the lover of the picturesque may wander for hours without ever wearying. It is a long way up, and the steps are worn and old; millions of feet have made great creases in them. Suddenly you stagger out upon a wide platform, and Paris, threaded by the curving Seine, Paris with its hundred palaces, its giant avenues, its vast towers, its glorious parks, lies spread before you. You feel as if breathing a purer air; you are of the world, yet separated from it. You are elated, jubilant, exalted. The hum and din of the great capital smites but gently upon your ears. A strong thrill of excitement runs through you as you press to the outer railing, and look down from the dizzy height into the place below. Are those ants crawling on their ant-hill, or are they really men in the market-place? As you get tired, and seek a spot to repose, the old woman who has her home in a little house in the belfry, invites you to a place on a rustic bench. Do you drink beer then on the cathedral's top? Oh, yes, indeed, Monsieur, and champagne, too, when parties come to see the sunrise. It is quite the mode now in Paris, Monsieur, for bridal parties to come to the old tower here at early morning to make a champagne breakfast, and to view the sunrise. There was one young lady here some months ago, poor darling! who was so frightened at the gargoyles which she saw on one of the gallery balconies that she swooned, and was carried down-stairs, and home in a cab.

Perhaps the good woman or her husband will go with you to see the gargoyles, fantastic figures which serve at once as ornaments and rain-spouts, and which are as goblin-like and ghostly as figures in a fairy tale. As you stand on one of the galleries overlooking the vast descent from the upper platform to one of the lower roofs, you see ranged around, in rows, gigantic figures of dragons, hippogriffs, unnamable monsters and compounds of men and beasts in sportive or ferocious attitudes. They seem to have suddenly descended from some unknown region of the air, and to have been as suddenly petrified. Among these animals and monsters stands the figure of a tall old man, clad in the garb of the Middle Ages, gazing outward into ether with a wild and puzzled expression upon his features. He shields his eyes with his hands, as if afraid to look too carelessly upon some unutterable glory and his long beard is blown back by the wind. Turning a corner suddenly, and coming upon this astonishing figure, it is difficult to persuade one's self for a moment that it is not alive.—From "In and About Paris," by Edward King, in Scribner's for October.

Curious Fish—How They Hunt Food.

There are many fish which hunt their prey singly, as the pike and trout, and the way in which a large pike or trout will course and run down a smaller fish resembles nothing so much as a greyhound coursing a hare. Now the unhappy little fish turns from side to side in its efforts to escape, while its pursuer bends and turns to every motion, following close upon his track, and cutting him off exactly as a greyhound does a hare. Now he rushes a shoal of his fellows, hoping to be lost sight of in the crowd and confusion; but the grim foe behind is not to be baffled or deceived, and, singin'

him out, and scattering the small fry, which fly in all directions, ruffling the surface of the water like a sudden squall of wind in their flight, follows up his victim with unerring instinct.

In an agony of terror the poor little quarry springs again and again frantically from the water, only to fall at last exhausted into the gaping jaws of his ravenous foe, who, gripping his body crosswise in his mouth, sails steadily away to his lair, there to devour his prey at leisure. Other fish hunt their food like dogs or wolves, in packs, as does the bonito chase the flying-fish, and one perhaps of the most fiercest, most savage and resolute of these is the Piari, of South America. So fierce and savage are these little pirates, when their size and apparent capability are taken into consideration, that their feats of destructiveness are a little short of the marvellous. Stand forth, then "piari" of the Caribbean, "black, saw belied salmon" (*Serra Salmo niger*) of Schomburgk; so called, doubtless, from the peculiar adipose fin, common only to the salmon tribe though in no other respect does it resemble a salmon, there being positive structural differences between the species. Let us take the portrait of this fish. Doubtless the reader figures to himself a fish of "lean and hungry look," a very Cassius of a fish, with the lantern-jaws of a pike. But, in fact, the piari is somewhat aldermanic and like a bream in figure, with a fighting-looking kind of nose, and a wondrously expressive eye—cold, cruel and insatiable, and like to that of an old Jew bill-discounter when scrutinizing double paper. There is 70 or 80 per cent. in that eye at the very least, and ruin to widows and orphans unnumbered, if they come in its way. If it were a human eye, the owner would be bound sooner or later to figure at the Execution Dock. The jaw is square, powerful, and locked into a very large head for the size of the fish; and that is a fat, plump head, too, but radiated over with strong bones and gristle. The teeth—ah! they would condemn him anywhere, for here is a fish sixteen inches long, with the teeth almost of a shark.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

What Causes Hard Times.

1. Too many spend money and too few earn it.

2. Too much money is spent wastefully and uselessly, and too little saved and made productive and accumulative by those who need it.

3. We buy too much abroad that we ought to produce at home.

4. We buy too much that we cannot and do not pay for cash down—to much of what we buy being what we do not actually need.

5. We are too wasteful, know too little how to economize, and have too little disposition to do so.

6. We are too speculative, unscrupulous and actually dishonest in our efforts to make money.

7. Too many of us prefer idleness to industry, and too few of us know how to work and derive pleasure and profit from our labor.

8. We spend too much time learning what is not useful, and too little informing ourselves upon the best methods of promoting our material prosperity.

9. We know too much of politics, spend too much time and money as politicians, and know too little about political economy and the science of a stable and economical, successful public policy.

10. Our actions are governed too much by passion, prejudice and partisan feeling, and not enough by a broad, intelligent, liberal and patriotic conception of the duties which American citizenship involves.

11. We are too superficial and impatient, and lack the clear purpose and persistent, patient application necessary to permanent success.

12. We depend too much upon our "sharpness," and "cuteness," and readiness to take advantage of circumstances, and not enough upon earnest, honest labor.

13. We talk and read too much, and think and act too little.

14. We spread ourselves over too great a surface, and thus fail to dig deep enough in one place for the nuggets that will surely enrich us.

15. We lack in that higher morality which frowns down venality and elevates and encourages purity of life, probity of conduct, and a scrupulous regard for a good and honorable name.

16. We do not teach our children that they must, nor how to, earn their own living, and are too willing to commit them to a life of easy unscrupulousness, depending on their skill as makeshifts rather than upon their solid acquisitions as men and women.

17. We roll about like stones that gather no moss, enriching carrying corporations and speculating capitalists, and defrauding ourselves of the substantial profits of our own industry.

18. We are devotees of show rather than substance, and pay homage to the glitter of a "success" which is but a

robe covering filth, rottenness and corruption, social, commercial and political.

19. We build too many churches and cultivate the Christian virtues and spirit too little; we have too many schools and too few real teachers; we have too many false theories and too few true ones; we are too undivided in certain directions and not enough so in others; we adhere too closely to what we ought to depart from, and refuse to take hold of that to which we ought to cling.

20. In short, we are too much what we ought not, and not enough what we ought to be!

Suckering Tobacco.

A correspondent in southern Missouri gives the following delightful picture of society in that delectable region:

Driving along the road we encountered a slender, sallow female, with arms bare to the shoulders, and not much clothes on, if we except the copper-colored petticoat, who was working a small patch of tobacco. The work was that of pulling off the shoots which are known as "suckers," and crushing the monstrous green worms. I enquired if we could get a drink of water. She spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice with a "chirt," and said: "That's the spring over yander, and that's a gourd in it."

Having slaked my thirst with a highly medicated fluid, which tasted strongly of old horse shoes and hoop-iron, I sought to strike up a conversation. In passing to the spring, I saw a man with a very red and scorched face and two fearfully bunged eyes, sneaking off in the corn.

"Is that your husband back there?" I enquired.

"Him! Not much I reckon, My old man's gone down in the bottom to see if he kin kill a mess o' squirrels or mebbe a young turkie. That's Arkansas Jim, the ornarist, triflinist, good-for-nothinest whelp this side o' the Nation. He hangs round and helps my old man with the hoes, but he ain't worth his salt. Come out o' thar, ye durned gal, an' show yourself. Yesterday he took a cow down to Breaher's, we sold it for some, an' he got hoit o' some whisky, an' got drunk as a matter o' course. Then he got into a fight, and the other feller ruther got away with him, I guess. I wish he'd a killed the blasted beast!"

"What is that truck?" I enquired innocently, pointing to the tobacco.

"Well, stranger," she replied with a twinkle in her black eyes, "you must be awful green not to know that. Why, that's turbacker. We raise a little for our own use. People may say what they please, but I tell you turbacker's a great comfort. I couldn't git along without it. I say, stranger, hev ye got any store turbacker about ye? I got plenty o' twist, but I like nary the best."

Unfortunately! I don't chew, but offered her a cigar.

"A seegyar! Well, I generally smoke a pipe, but I don't mind tryin' your seegyar jest for a change."

She wiped the green gum of the suckers on her petticoat, and took the offered cigar, while I struck a match. After a few puffs she said: "Well, I rather like this. It's one o' them what they call Havannars, ain't it? Mighty nice tasted, but it don't go to the spot like the pipe. I say, stranger, wouldn't ye like to see my old man? Jest hitch yer hoes, an' tell the nigger to come in out o' the sun, an' I'll blow the horn for him to come up."

I mildly suggested that I was afraid the "old man" might get jealous—that men with good-looking wives were subject to the complaint.

"Jealous? I'd like to see him try that on me. I'd give him sumthin' to be jealous for. He knows dern well that I'm all right; and that I won't have any airs put on over me. Ez for bein' good-looking, I've seed the time, stranger, when you might hev said so, an' told no lie, nuther. But havin' the ager, and a raft o' young uns, and livin' like this takes the starch outen a young gal mighty quick, I tell you. This is a mighty fine country for cows, but it's h—ll on wimmin. Mornin', stranger. Next time ye see a patch o' turbacker you won't hev to ask what it is."

WHAT IS AN EDITOR?—An exchange answers the above question thus: "Why, he is the man who reads the newspapers, writes articles on most any subject, sets type, reads proof, works press, folds mails, runs on errands, saws wood, draws water, works in the garden, talks to all who call, is blamed for a hundred things which are nobody's business but his own, helps people to get into office (who forget all about it afterwards), and frequently gets cheated out half his earnings. He puffs and does more to build up a town than any other body, and the miser and fogey are benefited thereby, yet they will say that the Editor's paper is of no account, will not advertise or take the paper, but will borrow it.—Who wouldn't be an Editor."