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AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Port Tobacco Times

PORT TOBACCO:

Friday Morning, August 13, ... 1875.

Southern Outrages.

There are some "Southern outrages" (remarks the *N. Y. World*,) on which the Radical press in the North does not dwell; these are the outrages committed by ignorant and brutal negroes and their carpet-bagging leaders on the country and society. Leflore County, Mississippi, which was carried for Grant by three to one, affords a fair specimen of the work of these men. It possesses one negro who is the clerk of three courts and a United States Commissioner. He has been eleven times indicted for misconduct; he is accused of perjury, embezzlement and forgery, and of having been an accessory to murder; he has robbed the county of $30,000—no difficult matter, for none of the Supervisors, all of whom are colored, can write—his accomplice in a mail robbery is in Albany Penitentiary, and yet the Republicans of Leflore County are about to "vindicate" him by electing him to the Legislature. There is yet hope that we may see him in the Senate at Washington, unless the honest people of Mississippi are happily able to break the chains of the carpet-baggers as their brethren in Alabama have done. Like leader, like followers. The negroes, emboldened by his promise to secure them pardons, revel in crime and mock the law. The jail is filled with criminals. In the past month four negro murderers have been hanged; while two of these were swinging in air another negro attempted to commit a rape within a mile of the gallows. Within two weeks a negro had been arrested for killing his child, and a negro woman for shooting two of her children and two of her neighbors. Add to this, United States Marshals scouring the country and two-thirds of the lands sold for taxes, and what a picture is presented of one of the three States in the South that yet groan under Radical misrule!

Senator Thurman's Speech.

The speech of the distinguished Senator of Ohio gives no uncertain sound. It has a clear ring, is manly, frank and decisive in tone. He stands by every word he has heretofore uttered in regard to the financial question, is consistent with his record and faithful to his convictions. Nothing less was expected by those who have followed his public career, and nothing more was required by the political situation. So much for the personal part of his utterances.

An attempt has been made by certain organs of speculators and a class of designing politicians who are not troubled with scruples or principles to raise a clamor over the currency plank of the Democratic platform in Ohio, and thus ignore or keep out of view the vital and practical issues upon which the people of that State are to pass judgment in October.

Bad as in our view is the platform of the Ohio Democrats concerning the currency, it is no worse in any respect than that of the Republicans, who all of a sudden, after having debauched the public credit and depreciated the paper issues which they uttered, are assuming a virtue they do not possess. Who is responsible for the policy which has brought the country to its present pass? Who made the legal tenders inferior to their face promise by an invidious discrimination? Who packed the Supreme Court in the interest of great corporations and monopolies to uphold this financial policy? Who created the system of extravagance, corruption, and fraud by which the people have been robbed and taxed at the same time, until the last ounce broke the camel's back, and the burst bubble scattered bankruptcy over the land?

The Republican party alone is answerable for these evils. They have had complete possession of the Government since 1861 in every department. In Congress their majorities were crushing, intolerant, and proscriptive. A feeble minority struggled in vain against the most shameful and selfish legislation. Every protest was denounced as disloyal, and every man who raised his voice of warning was branded as a rebel. That was the only answer when the vices, dangers, and consequences of a reckless system were pointed out.

But it is said the policy was made necessary by the war. Necessity is always a ready plea. Granting that the exigency did require extraordinary means, and that these paper issues were justified while it lasted, does that relieve the Republican party in any way? More than ten years have passed since the war ended.—During that time they have not only taken no step forward to restore the public credit on a sound footing, but every act has been in the opposite direction, until the country to-day is in a far worse condition than at the close of the war.

The only pretence made of returning to the right road, was at the last session of Congress on the heels of an inflation bill passed by the very men who concocted this scheme in caucus, and did not dare to defend or explain it in open Senate. That act proposes to resume specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879, without making the least real provision by which that desirable end may be reached. It is an audacious deception on the face of the law, and designed, as Senator Thurman truly says, to tide over the Presidential election. They might just as well have passed an act to pay off the public debt on that day, for one is as practicable as the other. An eighth part of the whole allotted time has already gone by, and instead of "surplus revenues" to be used for this purpose, as the Sherman sham provides, the moderate estimates of the Treasury have fallen behind hand.

The election in Ohio cannot affect the financial question. But looking to the Presidential contest and the hope of a healthy change in the administration of public affairs, the position of Ohio at this time is of an importance which rises far above the success of candidates or the advancement of any personal ambition. The Republican party is rotten to the core. Corruption has extended from the centre to the circumference. Rings rule the Government, hold the President with a strong grip, own members of the Cabinet, shape legislation, and subsidize subordinates in every sphere of the public service. Frauds on an immense scale crop out in every direction. Tens of millions are stolen from the revenues, and this loss is added to the burdens which weigh down and dishearten labor, enterprise, and energy. The worst is not known, and never will be until this party is routed and the Administration changes hands. Even then much of the evidence of guilt will be destroyed or carried off. But the last and only hope is to crush out Grantism and all connected with it.

This is no time for theoretical discussions on finance, whether good or bad. What is now wanted is to keep Ohio in line against the iniquitous and demoralizing system which has imperilled free government, a free press, and free speech, brought bankruptcy on the land, and struck down States as if they were satrapies. Let the truth not be disguised. Every vote cast for the Republican party is a vote against reform and retrenchment, against honesty and purity, and against a return to those first principles by which alone the country can be rescued from the danger that beset it.

A victory in Ohio for the Republican party would be heralded over the Union as the triumph of Grantism, a vote of confidence in the Administration, an approval of all its excesses and rascalities, and as a set back to the popular demand for change. The effect of it would be little short of a calamity, which every patriot, whether in favor of hard or soft money, ought to deplore and strive to prevent. First save the ship from the hidden rocks which threaten destruction, and then look after her rigging.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Selected Poetry.

LADY, SCHOOL THY HEART.

BY M. A. RICE.

Lady of the sparkling eye,
With the soft luxuriant hair,
Beauty beams in every glance,
Thou art passing fair;
And thy thoughts are free and gay
As the summer winds at play;
Beauty is a glorious dower,
Didst thou trust its magic power?
Gentle are the words of love,
All is bright below, above;
This enchantment may depart:
Therefore, lady, school thy heart.

Lady, there are many eyes
That on thee will kindly beam,
Winsome as the sun's last ray
On the rippling stream:
But there may be one deep glance,
Caught amid the flying dance,
That will haunt thee like a dream,
Making all else worthless seem;
And to mock thy misery,
It was never meant for thee;
Rouse thee ere the seal is set;
Teach thy fond heart to forget.

Lady, there will come to thee
Visions beautiful and bright,
Bathing thy immortal part
In resplendent light;
Spirit music thou shalt hear,
Never borne to mortal ear;
Glorious things too bright to last,
Oft renewed, as often past;
Glimpses of a purer world,
When spirit-wings shall be unfurled;
Struggle against a heart of care.
Lady, breathe the purer air.

Lady, passing years may throw
Shadows o'er a brow so fair;
Steal away thy cheek's warm glow,
Silver thy dark hair;
Now thy life is in its spring,
But autumn yellow leaves will fling
Above the withered flowers that lie
On the cold earth so silently.
Live, a woman firm and true,
Swayless by the passing breath;
Nerve thy soul by noble deeds,
To cope at last with death.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

HOPE DEFERRED.

BY MAURICE EGAN.

Miss Selina Martin lives over the way. She is an old maid. It is her habit to come over every day, and borrow Mrs. Evergreen's newspaper. As I write in the little sitting-room I hear her talking to Bessie.

"As a general thing," says Miss Selina, "I don't think much of the French. They ain't my style. Their Paris communes, low-necked dresses, and general carryings on don't suit my ideas—but, then I'm kinder strange."

To hear Miss Selina's tone, you would naturally think that she was the *one* pattern of morality left in this degenerate age.

"There's some good among them, I'll allow," she continues, "some of 'em know their places, and I've got one of that kind. Picked her up lookin' for all the world like a scared chicken among a lot of emigrants t'other day. She's not like the usual run of hired gals. Bless you, no! I took her because she can't speak much English, and a girl who can't speak English, isn't likely to have followers; and if there's anything I set my foot on, it's followers."

And Miss Selina having secured the paper took her leave in virtuous triumph.

I was curious to see the "hired gal" who had at last succeeded in pleasing the ancient maiden.

Having finished my writing, I took a book, and sat down at the window; but when I have my choice between studying books and studying people, I always prefer the latter, and so the book was neglected.

After which, the postman stopped at Miss Selina's door, and a young girl, in a white cap, which covered all her hair, came out to take the letter. If you have been an invalid at any part of your life, your whole world made up of the space between four walls, you have learned to study small things, finding, like the melancholy Jacques, "sermons in stones," and deepest meaning in the veriest trifles. There was a little romance in the way the girl took that letter. Her hand went out eagerly to meet it, and she read the direction on the envelope. Then the expectant light faded from her blue-eyes, and the blush-rose tint left her cheeks. She closed the door, her manner expressing sad resignation, and left in my mind the impression that I had discovered a link in the life story of Miss Selina's hired girl.

I tried to brush up the small stock of French which had been diligently pounded into my youthful mind at school, and soon made myself useful as an interpreter between Miss Selina and her assistant. By putting "this and that together," I was able to make out Marie Liseau's little story.

Her father and mother were Norman peasants, who lived on a little farm, near Pont Audemer, in Normandy. "We were not rich, monsieur—we three," said Marie, "but we were very happy. Ah, how well I remember those happy mornings in the spring and summer, when my good mother and I would come into Pont Audemer for the market. Many of our neighbors would come also, and we made quite a crowd. The wagons were all filled with fresh eggs, and cheese, and butter, with sometimes red cherries and carrots—not such as you have here, monsieur, but larger and finer, and of the color of gold. And I wore my cap and the wooden shoes—*sabots*—which Miss Selina does not like. Oh, those were happy days! And the carts would stop near the brook on the hill, in the sweet morning air, and Jean Faye was there, and——"

Here her eyes filled with tears, and she would talk no more about France that day. Jean Faye was a young farmer, industrious and well-to-do, and so was Pierre Belin. Jean was as strong and slow as a great ox, while Pierre was short and meager, but wiry and not ill-looking.

These two fell in love with Marie, who, with her innocent blue-eyes, soft rose-like complexion, and gentle manner, might have been the belle of a greater place than a Norman village. Of the two, Marie preferred Jean Faye. Now Jean Faye greatly admired Marie's good looks, but he felt greater admiration for the comfortable *dot*, or marriage portion, which old Liseau had promised to bestow on his daughter. When Pierre Belin was informed by Marie—for her parents left the matter to her—that she could not be his wife, he said nothing; he only smiled, and showed his white teeth—those white teeth which always made Marie think of a dog's.

The day for the wedding drew near. Marie was content, for her parents were happy, and she liked Jean Faye very well.

Marie's parents spent much time in visiting and talking over the match with their neighbors, and one day when they were not at home, and Marie was preparing supper in the kitchen, Pierre Belin entered.

"Marie Liseau," he said, "a lady's carriage, from Pont Audemer, has overturned on the road. The lady has fainted, and they are bringging her here."

Marie hurried away to get her mother's room ready, and the lady was brought in, supported by her coachman and a peasant. Pierre Belin was very officious, and he insisted on leading the way to the room.

The lady proved to be the wife of a notary of Pont Audemer, who had come out for a drive. Her laces, silks, puffs and trimmings amazed the simple Marie. She soon recovered, however, and announced her intention of departing. As she was going down stairs she suddenly uttered a startled exclamation, and asked:

"Where is my diamond star? I had it here—in this bow on my bosom."

They went back to the room, and searched. The star, which Marie had not noticed, was not there. The lady was greatly agitated.

"What will my husband say? she exclaimed, "it was worth five hundred francs!"

In the kitchen they found Pierre Belin. He said that he was certain madame had the cross when she was carried into the room.

"Then," she said, turning to Marie, "you must have taken it!"

In vain, Marie, stunned by the accusation, sobbed and protested. The notary's wife insisted that she was the thief. "This man here testifies that I had the ornament when I was carried into the room. After that you alone were with me. Confess your crime, return the star and I will not appeal to the law."

"Oh, Marie! Marie! I would not have believed this of you!" exclaimed Pierre Belin. "Here come your poor parents, ungrateful girl!"

The old people entered. They were indignant, horror-stricken at the accusation; but they never for a moment believed that their daughter was guilty. Marie begged that the lady might search her. This was not agreed to, the lady refused. Marie must either return the star or pay its value, five hundred francs. The latter was Pierre Belin's suggestion. Five hundred francs made the exact sum of Marie's *dot*. Of course Marie knew nothing of the star, and her father promised to pay the money.

"Jean Faye will not marry a dowerless girl," whispered Pierre Belin to Marie, "but I will."

Marie turned away scornfully.—Pierre only smiled, and said good night.

Everybody in the village soon knew the whole story. The old people were crushed, and Jean Faye refused to marry Marie, not because of the disgrace, but because she had no *dot*.

"At last," said Marie, "I could live there no longer. I said adieu to the old cure and my good parents, and came to America, and the good God has taken care of me. Every day I look for a letter from my home, to tell me that something has happened to prove that I am not guilty."

And yet Marie is cheerful and contented, and I never see her look sad, except after each visit of the gray-uniformed letter-carrier.

The house next door is being repaired, and employed there is a young Irish carpenter, who sings scraps of old-world tunes at his work all day. I notice that he watches Marie's flitting to and fro on her errands with much attention. He is a handsome, frank, honest-looking fellow. The other day the water-pipes that supply the houses on the opposite side of the street got out of order, and Marie had to come across several times with a bucket; but each time the Irishman gallantly filled, and carried it over for her.

One good turn deserves another, at any rate, Marie thinks so. Not long after, the Irishman, whose name, by the way, is Phil Malone, sat down on the curbstone to eat his dinner. He drew from his pocket some articles which at once proclaimed him to be an uncared-for bachelor—some thick slices of bread and a *chunk* of meat.

Marie had been watching from behind the blinds, for she darted across the street, made a rapid speech to Phil, seized the uninviting eatables, and in fifteen minutes made her appearance with a covered plate.

"Oct sure, this beats everything!" I heard Phil exclaim, and I knew that Marie's culinary skill had made a transformation. Luckily, Miss Martin was out.

* * * * * *

To-night, just after the gas was lit, Marie came into my sting-room. She smiled, blushed and looked very happy.

"Will monsieur come to church with us to-morrow?" she asked, demurely. I stared.

"Monsieur is surprised, perhaps?—*Eh bien*, I am going to become Phil's wife to-morrow. Oh, I am so happy!"

And she drew a letter from her pocket.

"It came to-day," she said. "Phil has not seen it yet. Read it, monsieur."

I read it. It was from the notary's wife Pierre Belin was dead; and, dying, he had confessed that he had found the diamond star on the kitchen floor, and kept it. The writer begged Marie's pardon, and enclosed a draft for one thousand francs (about $200), by way of reparation. She also stated that the young farmer, Jean Faye, would soon start for America to claim his bride, now that she had her *dot*.

"Let him come!" cried Marie, laughing. "He will find that I have not waited!"

"Girls are all alike," said Miss Martin, sadly, "all alike, whether American, German, Irish, or French; they *will* have followers. Such is life."

Blunt Doctors.

It is a curious fact, but yet remarkably true, that some doctors, in proportion as they are sharp, are also generally blunt. They are cute in detecting ailments, but blunt in expressing their opinions thereupon. One of these notable physicians was Dr. Radcliffe, who died about a century and a half ago.

The last part of his name was strikingly characteristic of him, for he was a rough and abrupt as a cliff, and sometimes very "steep" in his charges.

A notorious usurer and miser, named Tyson, once came to him, disguised as a poor man, in order to save the fee.

Radcliffe, however, recognized him, and showed him no consideration, though he gave him good advice.

"Go home, sir, and repent," he roared, "The grave is ready for the man who has raised an immense estate out of the spoils of orphans and widows. You will be a dead man, sir, in ten days."

And so it was. Tyson died within that time, leaving three hundred thousand pounds (a million and a half dollars) of his ill-gotten gains.

Dr. Radcliffe was as plain to kings and queens as to common people, and they had to put up with it, too, for the sake of his strong common sense.

When the Princess Anne once sent to him, he returned word by the messenger that "She had nothing but the vapours, and was as well as any other woman in the world, could she but think so."

For this he was dismissed from the court, but though the doctor could do without the court, the court could not do without him. The Princess Anne became sick, sent for him when her husband, George, of Denmark was dying, and Radcliffe told her no midicine would keep him more than six days, as it proved.

When called in to attend King William, he told him it was of no use trying to cure him. If the King gave up drinking so much wine he might live three or four years, but no skill could do more.

His Majesty was finally seized with dropsy, and asked the doctor what he "thought of his legs." Radcliffe replied:

"Why, truly, sir, I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

William was naturally offended, and would not see the blunt doctor again.

Importance of Mothematics.

In the recent eloquent dedicatory address of President Seelye, of Smith College, Mass., the importance of mathematical knowledge was illustrated as follows:

"It would be easy to show the increasing importance of mathematics to practical life, the assistance it gives the sailor and the engineer, and our indebtedness to it for the most highly prized comforts of our civilization.—But it is not for its practical utility that I advocate its place in the higher education. That utility, indeed, is due to the study, which had no thought of practical results. Nor does it owe its place to its importance as a mental discipline, although the testimony of many generations of educators bears witness to its value as an intellectual exercise. Rather would I justify the prominence of mathematics in the higher education because it is the study, above all others, which gives us a knowledge of the mind in Nature. To it, more than to any other source, we are indebted for what we know of the physical sciences. Long ago its importance in astronomy was recognized. It made familiar to our common schools the secrets of the earth's motion, of day and night, of the changes of the moon and the tides. Problems in the starry firmament, about which the wisest sages for centuries were hopelessly puzzled, mathematics has enabled school boys to solve. Yet its triumphs in astronomy represent only a fragment of what it has accomplished in the physical sciences. Sound, light, electricity, heat, have all become subject to mathematical formulas; and algebraic signs explain to us not only how the subtle forces, unrecognized by any human sense, make the music of the spheres, but how they interpret for us the music which we hear, the colors which we see, the warmth which we feel. So wonderful have been the results of mathematical analysis that modern scientific discovery has been forced to introduce it into all departments of physical science."

Inquisitive Mrs. Hooper.

She was one of those inquisitive old women who would seem always to have an interrogation point concealed about them. And as is generally the case with a person who is hard of hearing, her voice was painfully audible within the range of a sixteenth of a mile.

"Anybody sick at your house?" she inquired of Mr. Sampson, the young dry-goods man, who has been married a year, as he measured off three yards of cheap calico and asked her, with a subdued smile, "Is that all?"

"A—that is—my wife isn't very well," said Sampson, growing red clear to the back of his ears as he noticed four ladies in different parts of the store exchanging significant glances.

"Hey?" remarked the good lady, with her hand at her ear, in a voice which started a horse that was hitched across the street.

"I said that my wife wasn't very well," shouted Sampson, his face suffused with a lively purple, and the veins at the top of his head distended; and as Mrs. Shephard, who was buying flannel at the other end of the store, said something in a low tone to Mary Carter, who responded "Tehe," Mr. Sampson wished we was a balloon.

"Oh-h!" answered the old lady in a tone of high-keyed indifference. "What's the matter with Lizy now, cholry morbus?"

"She ain't very well," said Sampson; "shan't I show you anything more?"

"Hope Lizy ain't going to be sick," continued Mrs. Hooper. "I see you a'going for the doctor early this morning', and sez I to Mr. Hooper, 'I wonder who is sick to Sampson's.'"

Mrs. Hooper's voice penetrated to the precincts of the apothecary shop opposite, and Chandler, the clerk, took his place in the store door, and listened with a grin, while several small boys gathered around the door.

"No, I guess not!" shouted Sampson, vaguely, and wondered if the thermometer wasn't up to 120 degrees in the shade.

"She ain't got the neuralgy, hez she?" said Mrs. Hooper, untying the corner of her pocket handkerchief, whence she extracted the price of the calico.

Harker's boy, who is fourteen years old; and lives opposite to Sampson, snickered so long and so loud as he heard this question from his post of observation in the store door, that he grew hysterical, and was led forth by the tip of his ear into the street by Sampson's clerk, amid the derisive shouts of the other boys.

"Guess I'll run in on my way home," said the unconscious Mrs. Hooper. "What did I understand you to say was the matter with her? Sence I got to be deef I ain't so quick at hearin' as I was," and the old lady leaned over the counter with her left ear canted upward in an interrogatory manner.

Fortunately Sampson's hired girl came breathlessly into the store and told him he was wanted at the house right off, and, as he grabbed desperately at his hat and fled, the domestic was immediately surrounded by the female customers, and, above the eager, half audible whisperings of them all, was wafted the voice of the maid servant, the burden of whose answer was:

"She's a-doin nicely. Its a boy, and weighed eight poun's."—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

Startling Depreciation in Value.

A very intelligent old darkey was met by an ante-bellum friend the other day for the first time since the war, and the old man's delight in seeing one of Massa's tickler friends in olden times was unbounded. After a hearty hand-shaking and a protracted laugh peculiar to the Southern darkey, the gentleman asked:

"Well, Uncle Joe, how are you getting along in the world?"

"Sorter slow, Marse ——. Ben had rheumatiz right smart lately, and things ain't gone 'zactly right no how," replied the darkey.

"A great many changes have taken place since I last saw you, Uncle Joe. Death has taken your old master away, the family are scattered about the four quarters of the globe, the farm is divided up, and strangers occupy the old house. It makes one feel right sad, Uncle Joe, to think of the changes that have been wrought by old father time."

"Yaas," replied Uncle Joe. "You 'member when I was a slave I worked hard at odd times, and made money 'nuff to buy myself. I paid old massa $1,000 for my freedom."

"Yes," said Mr. ——, "I remember it."

"Wish I had dat money now," mused the old darkey.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. ——; "it would be quite a fortune for you."

"Lots o' fortune, Sar," said the old man mournfully; "and every time I think about it I kinder rue de bargain. Nigger was wuff a thousand dollars then, but now he ain't wuff a cuss.—Mighty changes in dis world, Massa." *Vicksburg Herald.*

The best way to keep a man quiet is to educate him. The less a man knows, the less he thinks others know.