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### POETRY.

#### THE HAPPIEST TIME.

BY N. A. BROWNE.

When are we happiest? When the light of morn  
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;  
When cheerful sounds upon the fresh winds borne,  
Till man resumes his work with blither zest;  
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen.  
Are we happiest then?  
Alas, those roses! they will fade away,  
And thunder tempests will deform the sky;  
And summer heats bid the spring buds decay,  
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry,  
And nothing beautiful adorn the scene,  
To tell what it hath been.  
When are we happiest? In the crowded hall,  
When fortune smiles and flatterers bend the knee?  
How soon, how very soon such pleasures pall!  
How fast must falsehood's rainbow coloring flee!  
Its poison flow'rets brave the sting of care  
We are not happy there.  
Are we the happiest when the evening hearth  
Is circled with its crown of living flowers;  
When gentle round the laugh of artless mirth,  
And when affection from its bright urn showers  
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?  
Bliss! is it there thou art?  
Oh, no! not there. It would be happiness  
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be;  
Those brows without one shading of distress,  
And wanting nothing out eternity;  
But they are things of earth, and pass away  
They must—they must decay!  
Those voices must grow tremulous with years;  
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;  
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,  
And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb:  
If happiness depend on them alone;  
How quickly is it gone!  
When are we happiest, then? O, when resigned  
To whatever our cup of life may bring;  
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind  
Creatures of earth; and trust alone in Him  
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain;  
Oh! we are happiest then.

### MISCELLANEOUS

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.  
A TRUE HEROINE.

The Irish as a nation are often accused of insincerity; and it must be confessed that, judged by the standard of our duller temper, their very vehement professions of attachment do often appear uncalculated for and exaggerated. Yet where in truth do we ever meet with more touching instances of real, unselfish devotion, than are sometimes exhibited by the poor uneducated sons of Hibernia?  
A case in point occurred, not many weeks ago, in this city. A young physician, greatly beloved by his friends and associates, was taken suddenly ill; after remaining a day or two at his own office, deprived, unavoidably, of all those soothing attentions which none but women can offer in the hour of sickness, the young man rapidly grew worse, and the kind lady at whose table he took his meals generously insisted upon his instant removal to her own house, that he might be within reach of that careful tenderness which the alarming peculiarities of his case demanded. The disease was scarlet fever of the most malignant and dangerous type.  
On the day of his arrival, among other inquirers, there came a tidy, respectably dressed girl—an Irish girl—with many, very many and most anxious questions as to the patient's condition;—and when they had all been answered—when every thing had been told her of good or bad, connected with his disorder—she lingered still, still hesitated, as though there was yet a something in her heart that could not find its proper utterance.  
"Are you acquainted with Dr.—, my good girl?" asked the lady. "Do I know him, is it?" "Oh yes—she knew him well—quite well—knew him long before he came from the old country. He had once attended her through a long and dangerous illness; and—now burst forth the pent-up se-

cret—he had surely saved her life by his skill and care, and she had come to ask the kind lady—could she—might she, only be permitted to stay in the house until his recovery, and in her turn watch over, and wait upon him?"

She had been living out, it appeared in the neighborhood, as nursery maid; but her employers, in their dread of scarlet fever, objected to her daily visits of inquiry at the Doctor's office, so the affectionate creature had unhesitatingly given up a good place and hastened away, delighted at the thought of being useful to her benefactor, and showing her gratitude for his former kindness by tendering her services to him as a nurse.

A look of scrutiny, turned upon her as she told her simple story, was met by one as thoroughly pure and honest in its expression, that after a moment's pause, a willing consent was given to the arrangement, and with noiseless tread, but with an expression of relief, as if the weight of the world had been lifted from her bosom, the warm-hearted girl bounded up stairs, and took her station at the bed-side of the patient.

It was a melancholy case altogether. The mother and the sisters of the young man, though written to, were as yet far away, and his weary hours were still farther embittered by the knowledge that if he died they would be left utterly destitute—the property upon which they all lived being entailed upon him, the only son, and reverting at his death to the next male heir of the family.

But to return to the more immediate subject of this sketch. From the hour of her first assuming the duties of nurse, she never left him, day or night, for a single moment, unless to bring for his comfort and relief such things as the other girls of the house, in their fear of infection, were too much terrified to carry up to his room. The symptoms soon became too marked to leave any more than a faint hope of ultimate recovery, but the courageous girl never suffered her feelings to overcome her; her manner is described as calm and self-possessed to a singular degree, the features generally motionless, and the voice without a trace of agitation in its tone.

Once indeed, and once only, toward the end of her service, her hands pressed convulsively against her eyes and her bosom heaving with emotion. But the tears were resolutely forced back—the feelings bravely gulped down, and in one moment more the devoted girl had turned the handle with a quiet touch, and resumed her duties by the bed of death.

The poor sufferer was attended by a host of medical friends, but the fiat had gone forth; a "still small voice" had whispered to him that he must die. And he did die, calling upon his mother and wondering how she would be able to bear the tidings of his loss.

Amid all the exclamations of sorrow and consternation around, not one word was spoken by the poor girl who had been his untiring watcher so long. A stranger might have almost imagined her an uninterested spectator of the scene—"a hireling who cared for" her charge—but those who knew her better could observe that she never moved from his side—never lost sight of him for a single instant. It was she who closed the starting lids—bound up the head, and prepared him for the coffin. And all in utter silence—not a word of sorrow came from her. The pale cheek and trembling hand were the only interpreters of the feelings with which she did it all.

At length the last sad offices were to be performed. They persuaded her to leave the room for a short time, and when she returned the body was removed from the bed, and the coffin—oh, bitter disappointment! the coffin was screwed down.

Then indeed a wail of despair escaped her lips. She could see no reason for such haste—there was time, plenty of time before them—and what had she done that she should not be allowed one look—one last look—before they took him away and shut him up forever?

Being made to understand, after a time, the necessity in such cases of immediate burial, she suffered the men to depart without further remonstrance—but within the next half hour she had quietly borrowed a screw driver—shut herself into the room—withdrawn every screw in the coffin lid—and gazed, oh! who shall say with what bitterness of feeling?—upon the face within; then fastening the lid down again, remained tranquil, nay almost happy, in the thought that her hand was the last that had been laid upon his brow—her eye the very last that had rested upon his features.

After the funeral, when the few valuables belonging to the deceased were collected together, she was asked whether she would not wish to keep something in remembrance of him, and was told that she might take for that purpose anything she pleased.

"May I—sure, then, I'll take this"—laying her hand eagerly upon it. It was an old handkerchief, soiled and rumpled, which the young man had worn around his neck during the last hours of his illness, and which, in the bustle and confusion, had been left on the bed just where it had been thrown after his death.

The friends urged her to make another choice. "No," she would have that, and only that.

They asked her to take something in addition, at all events, something of more value.

"No, to—nothing but that—she wanted nothing more."

One gentleman pointed out the possible danger of her selection, and warned her at least not to hold it so near her person.

"But by this time the poor girl had become impatient at the opposition. "It's mine now—sure, sure I may do what I like with my own."

And with the word, the handkerchief was drawn tightly round her throat, and the two ends thrust deep within her bosom; and one who stood nearest her could hear the almost whispered words, "He did me nothing but good in life and I'm sure he won't hurt me now."

It is unnecessary to say with what feelings the relatives looked upon her, when they heard of her devotion to the lost son and brother; she was immediately offered a home among them, but it was gratefully declined; her duty was accomplished and she preferred returning to the lowly and self-denying course of life in which her lot was cast.

From the London Punch.

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. Caudle thinks it "High Time" that the Children should have Summer Clothing.

There, Caudle! If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame for you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! What do I want now? Why do you ask me what's wanted, if you'd like any other father. What's the matter and what am I driving at? Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never! it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? If it's painful—why so often do it? Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think a little of people's feelings, and less of your jokes.—Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is any thing that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pockets for every thing. It's dreadful.

Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like no body else's children? What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle! how can you ask! Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say—What of it? What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Brigg's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say 'Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May!'—You didn't see it? The more shame for you—you would, if you had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure these Brigg's girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it? No, Mr. Caudle, the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children, that make 'em comfortable at their devotions; poor things! for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?

Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't, and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggses and the Browns again; no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? A good deal I must think of Church, if I think so much of what we go in? I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off

with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle.

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you lie in your bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it, the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from, who're best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make the things go as far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh, Caudle—very easy, to people who don't feel.

Now, Caudle dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, after all. I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you have told me. How much money do I want? Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susannah, and Mary Ann, and—What do you say? I needn't count 'em you know how many there are? Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em. Now, don't swear at noblemen of the land, and ask me what they've to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you are so hasty, Caudle.

How much? Now don't be in a hurry? Well, I think with good pinchin'—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.—What did you say? Twenty fiddlesticks? What? You won't give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle, I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. You gave me twenty pounds five months ago? What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I have had is nothing to do with it.

What do you say? Ten pounds are enough? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. They only want bonnets and frocks? How do you know what they want? And you won't give more than ten pounds. Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses? You often fling that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody—depend upon it, Caudle—it's the way to make the world think anything of you.

What do you say? Where did I pick up that? Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes! though you don't give me credit for it.—Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a farthing.

No, sir, no! I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.—What do you say? You'll give fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no! Not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give me twenty—no, it's no use your offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love!—twenty—and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty—  
"My impression is," writes Caudle, in his comments, "that I fell asleep, sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye before I promised the twenty, and as man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

Mr. Caudle purchases and sends home a "Pet Monkey." The consequences thereof.

Now Caudle—in the name of all that's hideous—what do you intend to do with that ugly ape you set here to-day? Isn't it enough, Caudle, that we should have the mouths we have to feed already, but you must squander money upon zoological quadrupeds? Not a quadruped? What is it then? There, Caudle, now you needn't "hem"—you haven't got a cough—its all sham; and I should like to know what's

to be done with the beast? Beautiful specimen? It's a nasty, flat-nosed, ugly brute, it is; and I'm not to be annoyed with foreign apes—I'm not! It's quite enough to have the care of you, without such monsters in the house. Elegant ringtail? I tell you I care neither for his head or tail. He shall never have a moment's peace in this house! You never knew anything that did? I'll fix your "beauty"—now, depend on't. Apt to bite? I've no doubt of it. I always thought it just inhuman enough to have recourse to such unnatural spite. You know I hate animals, Caudle, but you can make a pet of an ugly monkey, while your poor wife is neglected and abused—but I'll pisen him, I will! Keep clear of the reach of his teeth? I'll room him out of the house—that's what I will. It's quite sufficient for one woman to endure his master. A pretty nose? I'll flatten it closer to his ugly face than nature did originally. Heavens! Caudle, what is that? Mary! For pity's sake what has happened? Overturned the water—containing my best China tea set? A pretty pet is this, Mr. Caudle, to domesticate! A little playful only? And is this the satisfaction I get after the crockery is smashed! Break him of such tricks? I'll break his neck. Caudle, will you send him off directly? You won't? Then, Mary, I'll—no, I won't: I'll not be hasty. Caudle! but I can't endure this treatment long! I can't—Caud—Caudle! Are you dead? There it goes again! Caudle, don't you hear that crash? You hear nothing but my noise? I tell you, Caudle—Well, Mary, what now? Would his tail round the astral, and is dragging it up the back stairs? Caudle! Oh yes! you'll start now the mischief is all over. Why can't you hurry, Caudle? Don't you hear the cut-glass shade? Aigh!—Ugh! Oh! murder! Skash! Here he comes straight into the parlor. Catch him! Stop him! Caudle!—Mary! Don't let him in! Shut the door, Mary!

So, you've secured the monster, have you, at last, Mr. Caudle! Now, Caudle, and you know it—I'm mistress in my own house, and we haven't come to taking "boarders" yet. No? No, sir, and what is more, we chan't! That baboon gentleman must go out. Do it? You know I can't do it. When he content? No, I shan't, Caudle. You say you gave but six-pounds-ten for him. Only six-pounds-ten for him? Caudle, you ought to have a guardian. A pretty penny, surely! Now, Caudle, you're not going to sleep in the chair there! Caudle, I say! I haven't done with the monkey yet! Caudle! Caud— I'll be hanged if he isn't snoring!

"The last sound I heard that night," continues the MSS, "was a heavy blow upon the pavement. My pet monkey had jumped from the window, and we found him in the morning lying near the portico, with a broken neck!"

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.—An old lawyer of the city of New York, tells a good joke about one of his clients:

A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons.—The stolen articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer — was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and, seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity or idiocy, he instructed the prisoner to put on as silly a look as possible, and, when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawing manner, with idiot expression, the word "spoons." If successful the fee was to be twenty dollars.—The court proceeded to business; the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner: "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Spoons!" ejaculated the culprit.

The court put several questions to him, but "spoons," "spoons!" was all the answer it could elicit.

"The fellow is a fool," said the judge; "let him go about his business."

The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall the counsellor tapped his client on the shoulder saying:

"Now, my good fellow, that twenty dollars."

The rogue, looking the lawyer full in the face, and, putting on a grotesque and silly expression, and, winking with one eye, exclaimed:

"Spoons!" and then made tracks.

A HINT TO THE PASSIONATE.—Dr. Caldwell, an American writer on physical education, contends that a well-balanced brain contributes to prolong life, while a passionate and turbulent one tends much to abridge it—and if persons knew how many dangers in life they escaped by possessing mildness of temper, instead of the opposite disposition, how eager would be the aim of all men to cultivate it.