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POETRY.

From the Boston Courier.
OTHELLO IN CONGRESS.
OR THE APOSTROPHE SAUSAGEVOROUS.
Most potent, grave and reverend Representatives,
My very noble and approved porkomians,
That I have gobbled up this greasy sausage
It is most true. True I have bolted it,
And wiped my chops with an old newspaper.
The very stretch and grin of my voracity
Hath this extent—no more. Rude are my jaws,
And little graced with niceties of slobbering.
For since these gums of mine had seven year's teeth,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their keenest action upon head and pluck,
And little of the whole hog can I squeak
More than pertains to feats of a broiled whisker,
And therefore leanly have I grieved my grinders
In munching for myself. Yet by my patience
I will a round, unvarnished tail deliver
Of my whole course of pig; what tripe, what trotters,
What big black puddings and what mighty sausages
(For such pork-feeding I am charged withal,
I gormandized in greasy dignity.)
Sweet piggy loved me—oft delighted me,
And piggyish was the story of my life,
From year to year, the nibbles, bites and chumpings,
I grieved it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment when you caught me at it.
And I can speak of the most slippery lardings,
Of moving accidents by skewer and gridiron,
Of hair breadths 'scapes enough to singe your bristles,
When squealing granters died on point of fox,
Of perils in smoke-house and dripping-pan,
Of being baked in the insolent dough,
In pot-pie slavery. Of my muzzling since,
And tit-bits in my Congress history,
Wherein of antics vast and speeches idle,
Fisticuffs, fudge, and fibs whose heads touch heaven,
'Twas my bad luck to hear—such was the gammon
Of swagging cannibals that each other eat—
The Anthro puffing—the men whose tongues
Are broader than their shoulders—mighty bores.
Yet still the "House affairs" kept me from dinner
—All empty chaff and draft!—which I observing,
Clapped a fried sausage in my breeches pocket,
Wrapped in a ragged "Madisonian."
Whereof by parcels I had something snelt,
But nought distinctly. So I clutched and bit it,
Before high Heaven. 'Twas fat; 'twas passing fat,
'Twas peppery; 'twas wonderous peppery!
I wished I had not bit it; yet I wished
Ohio pigs had made me such a sausage,
So catwampusly to be clawed up.
—Off this end I dodge.
You quiz me for the sausage I have munched,
And I stomp you to bite a harder one.

A silk-dyer enriched his sign with this neat parody on Goldsmith's beautiful lines, "When lovely woman stoops to folly."
WHEN LOVELY WOMAN TILTS HER SAUCER.

When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain,
Whatever made a lady cresser?
What art can wash all white again?
The only art the stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsold dress above her,
Of proper color, is—TO DYE.

A milliner in Boston, harping on the same string, thus put forth, some time since, her claim to custom:
When lovely woman longs to marry,
And snatch a victim from the beau,
What charm the soft design will carry?
What art will make the men propose?
The only art, her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And "wring his bosom," is—TO DRESS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the National Press.
DIALOGUES OF OLYMPUS
BETWEEN THE GODDESSES
COLUMBIA AND BRITANNIA.
BY LUCIAN, JUNIOR.
NUMBER III.

[Britannia sitting solus in a grove of fine trees near a fountain.]
Brit. I wonder what keeps Monsieur Guizot so long. He should have been here before this time. I am afraid some accident has happened to the railroad cars. Oh! here he comes looking like the personification of Justice.
[Enter Monsieur Guizot, puffing and blowing, with a great pair of scales on his back.]
Brit. Ah! Monsieur Guizot, I am glad you are come, and have brought your scales with you. When did you leave Paris, and how is my dear friend, Louis Philippe?
Monsieur G. Eh bien—I leave—vat you call? I leave—eh bien—I did leave de day after to-morrow.

Brit. The deuce you did. Then I suppose you come by anticipation.
Monsieur G. No, madam. I did come—vat you call? eh! I did come in von granda balloon.

Brit. A very pleasant way of travelling, Monsieur. But I see you have brought your scales to weigh that saucy young minx, Columbia. I wonder where she is—Oh! here she comes. What an evergrown monster! If we don't give her burnt brandy, or something else, to stint her growth, she'll turn ogress and eat us all up, one of these days. I do believe she has grown a foot since yesterday.

Monsieur G. Pardieu! He be one she giant, sure enough. I am much fear she will keep my Balance de Power all into von piece.

Brit. How shall we get the great overgrown creature into your scales. We must try to put her into a good humor; for as to forcing her, that is out of the question.

Monsieur G. Eh—hah! bien—I shall persuade her. I have brought de granda present of baby-clothes for mamselle, eh!

Brit. Oh fie, monsieur. You know she's a young lady, and won't like the insinuation.

Monsieur G. Vat you mean by insinuation, eh? Young lady no mind such badinage in Paris.

Brit. Hush! here she is. (Enter Columbia.) Ah! my dear pupil, how do you do? I'm rejoiced to see you. Let me introduce monsieur Guizot to you—just from Paris—a very old friend of mine—ever since the day before yesterday. (Aside.)

Col. (Curtseys) What is he going to do with that great pair of scales? Is he a grocer? (Aside to Britannia.)

Brit. Why, my dear moppet, he wants to know exactly your weight, for he has been told you are the longest and heaviest person of your age, that ever was known in the world. You must indulge him, dearie. He has a passion for weighing people, and if he finds any one everweight, he puts them on a regimen until they are brought to a proper size. This he calls establishing the Balance of Power. It is a harmless foible, and you must indulge him—now wont you? that's a good soul.

Col. Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Do you take me for a jockey, monsieur, that you want to know whether I come up to the proper weight?

Monsieur G. No, mamselle, no. 'Tis von grande policy—vat you call? etat—you grow too big—you weigh too much—eh, bien—I shall put you in de grande balance, and cut you off like one von piece of fromage—so come to de proper balance and weigh no more den your neighbors—eh?

Col. And pray, Monsieur Guizot, what business is it to you, whether I grow too fat, or weigh more than my neighbors? I'd have you to know, I'll grow just as fast as I please—as big as I please—and weigh as much as I please. It's none of your business, I reckon.

Monsieur G. Pardonnez, mamselle—you say true—'tis none of my business—but my particular friend, maitre Jean Bull, he no like you grow so big—he little scared—and so he come to my master, His Majesty de King of de French—and he say, "My good friend, Monsieur Guizot, you must weigh Mamselle Columbia in de great balance, and if mamselle be too heavy—*viola*—you must cut off one of de leg."

Col. Cut off my leg! Upon my word, Monsieur Guizot, I am very much obliged to you.

Monsieur G. Oh, mamselle! (Bows to the ground.) De obligation all on my side. Is mamselle ready? (Prepares the scales.)

Brit. I'm afraid there's a storm brewing. There's a very devil in her eye. (Aside.)

Monsieur G. Is mamselle ready?

Col. Ready for what?

Monsieur G. For de Balance of Power, mamselle. Please to step in. I assure you there is no harm meant—none in de world.

Col. Why you impudent varlet. Do you come here to treat me as a grocer would his tea and sugar, or a farmer his pig?

Monsieur G. Only de Balance of Power, mamselle. (Bowing.)

Col. Do you think I'll allow you to cut off one of my legs, if I outweigh such a weasel-faced pedagogue as you?

Monsieur G. But de Balance of Power, mamselle. (Bowing.)

Brit. I see she'll never consent by fair means—but I'm resolved she shall be weighed, and there's an end of it, monsieur! **Monsieur G.** Eh bien?

Ha! ha! ha! (Pushes the scales up and down, alternately, and sings.)

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down, O;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round, O!"

Good day, Monsieur Guizot; my compliments to His Majesty the King of the French, and please to tell him my weight exactly. (Exit laughing.)

Brit. Monsieur Guizot!
Monsieur G. Eh bien?
Brit. We've established the new Balance of Power.

Monsieur G. Begar, he von dem all-or-se al-alligator—and a little bit of de snapping turtle. He make von Balance of de Power, vid von dem big vengeance. (Scene closes.)

From the Knickerbocker.

"BOTHERATIONS OF WOMEN."

A new correspondent "Joe Miller, Jr.," discusses to some purpose upon "The Botherations of Women;" albeit he has rather overlaborated his exordium, as well as a few of his illustrations. He contends that there is no man, bachelor or Benedict, ancient or juvenile, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that since he first wore his long-tailed coat, 'the whole sex, from the 'help' in his mother's kitchen to the girls at meeting, and from them up to the young ladies who play the piano,' have not been a constantly-going-on, a never-ending and out-and-out Botheration. We are presented with a 'sample' of our sex, as an embodied and 'fixed fact' in this regard. While shaving in the morning, his thoughts dwelling the while upon the young lady with whom he flirted last evening, he cuts a gash in his cheek at sight of a beautiful damsel at an opposite window, who is watering flowers; 'now bending down to pick out a decayed leaf, and now lifting her sweet face, blooming with health, to look after some stray "morning glory" which her small white hand would 'train up in the way it should go.' Breakfast over, he hurries down Broadway to the marts of trade, and scuds like a business-man through crowded streets, on 'change, and in all public places, his thoughts distracted and his calculations spoiled by the apparition of some daughter of Eve, who has chanced to trip past him in all the witchery of her dress, her complexion in face and figure; her elegant dress swelling round her person after the latest fashion; with one hand deposited in her side pocket, her face cast down, innocently and gracefully sucking the knob on the end of her sun-shade, or biting with her small white teeth its ivory ring. Who could resist attractions like these? In an instant his thoughts steal from art to nature. Notes, discounts, purchases and sales flee from his excited brain. All the joys of a happy home rise before him—a fond wife and merry children. And now fancy runs over a space of twenty years; and in his mind's eye he sees a long train of beautiful daughters, all walking the streets, sucking the knobs of future parasols in the same graceful manner as the beauty who has just passed him. 'It is a curious fact,' says Mr. Miller, jr., 'that although the whole sex have conspired together for one object, they have yet various methods of operation, all tending to the same grand result—botheration. There are some of the softer sex, of an amiable turn of mind, who think that the quiet system is the best, and they prefer to gain their objects by wheedling. Others, having greater confidence in the assumption of authority, prefer to adopt a commanding manner, and trust to their powers of compulsion. While a third class prefer a well-directed course of teasing, believing that continual dropping wears away the hardest stone. The sex may be divided into three grand classes; namely: COAXERS, DRIVERS, and WORRIERS. Let us glance at them for a moment in their order.

And first: when did women ever cease COAXING! when will they cease? Coax! why, they coax from the cradle to the grave; it comes as natural to them as smiling. In early life, or mature years, it is all the same. If we are children, it is 'Auh! do now; if you don't, 'pon my word, I'll never speak to you again! Ah, I think you might; I think you're mean if you don't. If we are 'children of a large growth,' it is: 'Dear William, wont you, for my sake now?—only once! I'm sure you can't refuse this one time;' and they languish at you with their sparkling eyes, and pout out their ruby lips so prettily, that for the soul of you you can't refuse; and before you know it, you are completely bamboozled out of your independence and firmness. When Coriolanus threatened to destroy Rome, who was it coaxed him to forego his intention, and spare the city? Why, the women. And when Governor Dorr undertook his last revolution, who was it furnished recruits for his valiant army? The Yankee girls. Just look at the superiority of female tactics in every branch of this 'elegant accomplish-

ment.' Suppose (understand, I say suppose,) a lady wishes you to kiss her. Now if a man wanted such a thing, the probability is that he would ask for it 'right out,' or it may be, proceed to snatch one without asking at all; but if the damsel desires one of the 'long, long' salutes, of which Byron speaks, how much more finished is her plan of operations! She has some 'great secret' to tell her lover, and gets behind his chair to whisper it softly in his ear; her long curls sweep over his face; her balmy breath spreads incense around him; her 'secret,' by reason of her agitation, is murmured so low that he can't distinguish a word of it; and most naturally, turns his face around to catch her meaning from her eyes; and in doing so, his lips (accidentally, of course,) meets hers; and then—oh! 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' isn't 'a touch to it;' and the most brilliant exploits of military strategy are completely dimmed by this specimen of female manœuvring, which a lawyer would pronounce to be a clear case of 'obtaining a kiss under false pretences.' This is just the way they coax, bewilder, and bother; and if they can't succeed in this manner, they make their next attempt as 'DRIVERS.'

Sam Slick says, 'The men hold the reins but the women tell them how to drive;' and theoretically and practically, such is the fact. A woman will coax, entreat and languish, so long as she can, and men show a disposition to comply; but let these weapons fail, and 'presto change!' She comes out a perfect tyrant; scolds and berates us, if we are only 'courting;' boxes our ears, or smacks our mouths, if we are 'engaged;' and lectures, scratches and thumps us if we're 'married.' One who is a good subject for 'driving,' stands no chance at all. Every effort which he makes to extricate himself only plunges him deeper in the difficulty; and finally at one start he finishes the matter forever, and we see him safely secured like a big catfish with a string through his gills. Did you ever remark a juvenile pussy after she has achieved the conquest of a poor insignificant mouse: how, she hits it a spat and sends it here, and then to balance matters gives it another and sends it there; how she shakes, cuffs and knocks it about until it is almost breathless, and then should it umphantly, and seems to say, 'You are away if you dare!' If so, then you have some slight idea of the situation of a poor fellow who is a good subject for 'driving.' He gets a hit here, which sends him bang into a tea-party; then whack! comes another which sends him clear into the middle of next week, at a picnic party; and whip! comes a toss up into the air, and he alights on his feet at a fashionable ball. And one-half of the time the unfortunate man is unconscious of his mal-treatment; thinks it all very nice; that he is doing the agreeable, and making all these arrangements himself; when in fact the whole affair is managed by the lady to suit herself; and yet she has the address to make him believe that he is the author. And he stands like a calf about to be led to the slaughter, while his enemies are getting the dripping-pan and basting spoon ready for his roasting, and he is at this moment being regularly 'done brown.'

We see occasionally in the newspapers accounts of marriages which take place 'after fifty years' courtships,' and every one is shocked to think of the great waste which has taken place, when an expeditious 'driver' would have brought the wooer up to the popping-point immediately, if not sooner. The matter is very simple. Five or six hints of the superior attractions of Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, with an occasional going to church with one or the other, or both; and then a softness of voice, and a sort of 'Do n't—speak-to-me-but-go-right-away-and-ask-my-pa'-ativeness,' in his presence, will soon bring affairs to a crisis. It is all very nice for a beau to have no rival, but it is sometimes the source of great prostration, when one or two appearances of some good-looking man with whiskers, would have sharpened up the ideas of the lagging admirer, wonderfully, and he would have been in great haste to have married his innamorata for fear some body else would get her. It is said that there are other ways of 'driving' which are not quite so pleasant, but as the present generation has been made very well acquainted with some of the ways in which it is done, it is thought hardly necessary to discuss the matter here; yet those who wish to study this branch of the science, are referred to the melancholy narrations of the patient and long suffering Job Caudle. But to change the sad picture, suppose that 'in conclusion' we say a word or two of 'WORRIERS.'

When a man can't be led, he must be driven; and when he can't be driven, he must be worried. There's a smile when he's willing, a frown when he's sullen, and

a scolding when he's stubborn. The fact has long been ascertained, that teasing is the most delightful thing which a woman can do; it is so easy, so pleasant, and puts her in such an amiable state of mind. Just let her get fair game, an old bachelor for example, and *don't* she worry?—first one way and then another. Now it is, 'why don't you get married, Mr. Simpkins? I'm sure you're old enough?' And then, 'Oh! who'd have such an old dried up 'specimen' as you are? Or if it should be a coquette, with some ill-used victim dangling after her, looking as thin as a fishing-rod and as lugubrious as a sick monkey; sighing like a bellows and groaning like a dry cart-wheel; then if she does not care about 'driving' him to extremities, but prefers to worry him for the fun of the thing, what happy opportunity to exercise this amiable characteristic! She goes with him to a ball and dances all the evening with Mr. Johnson; she engages to go with him on the next Sabbath evening to hear the Rev. Dr. Poundtext preach, and before he reaches the house she is off with Mr. Jenkins; he visits her and finds her so much entertained with the conversation of Mr. Jones, that she does not look at him all the evening; and all this time the unfortunate wight views the whole proceeding in much the same light as a little dog looks at a big one, when the big one runs away with the little one's bone; 'grins horribly a ghastly smile;' tries to make believe that it is a good joke, a very good joke, while all the time rage is gnawing at his heart, and every circumstance portends that there will shortly be a grand blow up.—Positively it is a shame that they worry the men so; and yet 'some people' say that they are not so much to blame after all.—'They say' that the men encourage them in it, and as long as they do so, they must expect that the women will smile, provoke, bother and tease them. Now, if an unfortunate, love-stricken youth is troubled by the smile of beauty, do you think that if she knows it to be the fact, she will 'stop it?' Not a bit of it! It is more than likely that on the next occasion that she sees him, she will smile more sweetly than ever; and he, silly fool! instead of bracing up his nerves, and flying to 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' what does he do? Why, like a frightened horse, he rushes into the flames after all his eyes wide open! So that heart; and if any accident happens, let the coroner's jury bring in a verdict of 'Saved him right!' All of which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our 'loving' readers, here and elsewhere.

LICE ON FOWLS, BIRDS, &c.—Fowls, chickens, and others of the feathered race often suffer much from vermin. There is a very small insect, much smaller than the common hen louse that is very destructive, often causing the death of the hen on her nest, or causing her to leave her nest, often just before the time of hatching, to the great loss and disappointment of the owner.

These lice are not common where there are but few hens, or when they have a good range and roost in open situations. When they roost in a close place, these insects generally appear in the warm season. They are of a pale color when hungry, but when they have free access to hens they are filled with blood and are of a dark color. When magnified they look like a wood tick.

They are very hard to kill, far more so than the more common hen louse. We have been told by two persons who have much experience in keeping poultry and birds, that whale oil soap, so valuable for destroying insects on vegetables, is the best remedy for lice on all the feathered tribe even for the delicate Canary bird. The oil soap is used very strong, adding barely enough water to dissolve it, then take the fowl, chick, or bird by the bill, and souse him in all but his eyes and mouth, and rub the liquid into his feathers. It is said that it will not harm them.

Whitewashing every part of the hen house, nests and all, has a good effect in preventing hen lice. When they are in the nests, they should be cleared out, brushed or washed, the old straw burnt, buried or removed to some distance, and a fresh lot supplied. Strong scented herbs in nests have been recommended, and camphor too, but we have tried them in vain, as it regards the small lice or ticks. Lard or butter are often used to kill lice on chickens or hens, but we have found that dry snuff put on them in a few places causes them to scamper very quick, so that in an hour or two after not one will be seen, and this seems to have no unpleasant effect on the fowls. This was recommended some months since by one of our correspondents. Constant attention is necessary to guard against this evil, else fowls, birds and chickens will die before it is known that any thing is the matter with them.—*Boston Cultivator.*