

# PORT TOBACCO TIMES,

## AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.



VOL. III

PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1847.

NO. 2.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
BY E. WELLS, JR.  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, if paid within six months, \$1 50  
if not paid within six months, 2 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.—\$1 per square for three insertions—12 lines of small type or 14 of large type constitute a square—25 cents for every subsequent insertion. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications addressed to this office must be post paid.

### POETRY.

#### A SONG—OLD ZACK TAYLOR.

VERSE—Old Dan Tucker.

Old Zack Taylor's a queer old coon,  
He fights hard battles and wins them soon;  
He lays the "Greasers" out quite tasty,  
And never takes his "soup too hasty."  
Chorus—Old Zack Taylor, bold and steady,  
Sometimes "rough," but always "Ready."

When rifles crack and swords are flashing,  
And bullets through the ranks are crashing,  
When cannons roar and muskets rattle,  
Old Zack, fronts the storm of battle,  
Old Zack Taylor, &c.

When Old Zack mounts his proud war steed,  
The "Greasers" run with wild stamped;  
"Run you rascals," do not fail, or  
I'll gabbage you all, says this Old Taylor."  
Old Zack Taylor, &c.

When Santa Anna, such a noodle,  
Heard Old Zack playing Yankee Doodle,  
His "cork leg" ran with railroad speed,  
And still keeps running—it does indeed.  
Old Zack Taylor, &c.

I'm off in a hurry, at every peep,  
"Dot and count one," says the old cork leg;  
"Good bye Zack," and his cheek turned paler,  
"I'm not the first who has cheated a Taylor."  
Old Zack Taylor, &c.

Our glorious eagle never cowers,  
Our country's foes are ever ours;  
Our proud flag floats o'er brave defenders,  
For Old Zack Taylor "never surrenders."  
Old Zack Taylor's bold and steady,  
Sometimes Rough but always Ready.  
\* Mexicans.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Port Tobacco Times.

#### MISS BRIDGET CRIMPLE'S GUNPOWDER-IMPERIAL TEA DRINKING PARTY.

Were you ever in the...  
Or were you ever harassed for a month at a time with a bad cold, which alternately attacked the head and chest, causing one day the nose to run streams of limped water and the next the bronchial vessels to be in a state of titillation from partial congestion? If you are a stranger to these three conditions of horror, then you cannot appreciate my present state nor enter fully into my feelings. I am singularly constituted. Every full moon I have an attack of the blue devils. Why cruel fate has thus decreed I know not. I sometimes think myself a lunatic, and others I believe have come to the same sage conclusion. I am now hard pressed by my old enemy, and by way of shaking him off, I am forced to note down the suggestions of a confused mind.

The first idea then which pops into my head is the table-talk of a party of old maids, assembled at a gunpowder-imperial tea drinking, at which I was an honored guest. It is well known, I believe, that this portion of our fair sex, without an exception, are much addicted to the habit of tea drinking. They cling with greater tenacity to their favorite beverage, than does the toper to his grog; the smoker to his pipe, or the chewer to his tobacco. I cannot account why all old maids should be so fond of tea, unless it exerts a peculiar soothing influence over their temperaments, which at this time of life are rather excitable and morose. But then this surmise as to the cause, cannot be entertained when we look at the effects. You never saw an old maid steamed up with Young Hyson, Bohea, or Imperial, that had not greater volubility of tongue than ever, and that was not more disposed to do greater injustice to all things around her. How and why this I know not, but still, it is a fact which must be conceded, that all old maids are proverbially fond of tea.

Well to proceed—I had just returned from a pleasant walk the other afternoon, when upon my table I found a nicely folded note, written in a fair hand and addressed to myself. It ran thus—

Miss Bridget Crimple presents her compliments to Mr. — and solicits the honor of his company to tea, at her house, on Tuesday evening next, Rose-bud Cottage, April 26, 1847.

I read and re-read the note attentively, and then involuntarily exclaimed, "What in the devil is the matter with old Miss Bridget

Crimple. She must be coming out surely. I never heard of her having invited a young gentleman to her house before. I wonder if she will have any young ladies on the occasion. There is something in the wind right upon it. I will go, that is reduced to a certainty, all things willing." So with this determination I hopped the Polka step, hummed a line or two from a sentimental song and then eased off upon a monthly magazine. I was kept in a sort of nervous state until the long-wished-for Tuesday evening arrived. When it did come, had any one peeped into my chamber about a couple of hours before sunset, they would have seen me before the glass trying to tie a beau Villar's knot; with my face cleanly shaved, my hair oiled and perfumed, my Strohmeyer pants fitting gaiter-like over a pair of Harman's broad-toed boots, and my white vest with a standing collar stiffly starched, fitting my person with unwrinkled precision. I had not as yet put on my Paris coat, for my vallet Caius Martius, of ebony complexion, was standing a one side brushing the motes from its glossy black surface. When he had finished he handed it to me, with a low bow saying, "Messa, when you puts on dis switch tail de repression upon de young ladies will be regular killin'." I think, I can't see how they can desist de charms of sich a nice young gump-man any how—he! he! he!" "Ah! Caius, you are always disposed to flatter me—come that will do now, just go to the stable and saddle my horse and have him here in double-quick time." "Certainly sir," and with a broad grin he went. In the mean time I whirled about the room, sometimes peeping into the glass and thinking to myself that after all, when dressed, I was not such a bad looking fellow. I began to believe with Caius, that I was almost irresistible, and if the ladies had any taste I thought I was calculated to produce a few sighs, and cause a considerable disturbance about their finer feelings. In a few minutes Caius announced that my horse was ready. So with the joyous hope of meeting with the fair forest girls and spending a pleasant evening, I sat out in a fast canter for the house of Miss Bridget Crimple.

It becomes me now to speak in reference to Miss Bridget, so that my readers may have some idea in regard to so important a personage. She is then, first, a spinster, with a good deal of gaul and worn-out worked up in her composition, which sweet ingredients have been rendered a little more pungent since she was married by inconspicuous means, and that was a pot of coffee. This however was not a large drinking party. Instead of coffee there was on the right of Miss Bridget a black earthen tea pot, through the spout of which poured a current of steam scented with the odor of the gunpowder-imperial. Upon the fire was a large iron tea kettle boiling briskly. In each corner dosed two cats—near the chair of Miss Bridget stood a one-eyed fire, with tail tightly curled anxiously looking up in the face of his mistress for something to eat. When tea was dishd out the tongues of this interesting party began to revolve like the paddles of a steam boat under a high press of steam. Miss Spinky commenced by saying, "Have you heard the news?" "No! No!" was the answer of all. "What is it?" "Well you see they say Alice Jones is going to marry Frederick Dawson!" "What a pity," observed Miss Dubbs. "Yes, indeed," said Miss Sniffle. "I thought Alice had more sense. I would not marry such a man if there was no other in the world. Do you know that this young man gets drunk, gambles and is spending his money fast? Lor me, how foolish some of these young girls are! I am surprised at Alice's mother. I wonder she don't put a stop to it. Alice might be a very fine girl, but poor thing she has been spoiled by the attentions shown her, and she is very weak-minded, you know." "Oh!" replied Miss Bridget, "old Mrs. Jones thinks Mr. Dawson is rich, and so fond is she of money that she would be willing for Alice to marry any sort of character provided he had wealth. Don't you see how she invites no one but rich young men to her house, and how she hooches them up?—don't tell me—can't you see what she is after?—And she pretends to be religious too, when she is going to all the balls in the neighborhood and having card parties at her house for the young folks! Yes, and the next Sunday she will come to church and look as sanctified as a saint. Oh, what a world is this!" "Yes, ladies," observed Mr. Shanks in a deep hoarse voice, "it is a very wicked world and the people, instead of growing better, are becoming worse." Here there was a pause of about a minute. I felt afraid to speak lest I might bring upon myself this battery of vituperation. Miss Dubbs was on the eve of finishing the fourth cup of tea, when she let out upon a certain Mr. Muggs and his wife. "Now, there is John Muggs who has just been married a twelve-month, and he treats his wife like a beast. Sally Stiggins came to my house yesterday and told me they had a regular fight; but I believe he is not to blame, for they say his wife drinks." "Is it possible?" exclaimed all. "Yes," continued Miss Dubbs, "and what's more she swears like a trooper." "I'll be bound," replied Miss Bridget, "the poor woman is not so much to blame." "Don't tell me about these men—I know

something about this Mr. John Muggs—he was very near going to the penitentiary for forgery, and is no better than he should be." "I wish he had gone," said Miss Sniffle. "It would have saved his poor wife a good deal of misery. Oh! have you heard," continued Miss Sniffle, "that Mary Dun has behaved very badly?" "No! How?" "Why, she ran off the other day with Peter Coal, the blacksmith's son. Old Dun is furious—has disinherited her, and wont suffer her to come to his house." "I am glad of it," exclaimed Miss Dubbs, "it serves him right. Old Dun was a perfect hog. He treated that child shamefully. They say when he took a whim he would lock her up for two days at a time, and feed her upon bread and water. Oh, the old brute! I should like to be his wife for a short time; I lay I would lead him a dance." Here Miss Sniffle stopped to catch her breath and wipe the perspiration from her sunny face, which was now flushed by the heat of the gunpowder-imperial. In the name of common sense, thought I, what is coming next? I would give any thing reasonable to get clear of this party. I tried to change the topic and edge in a word now and then, but it was no go. Miss Spinky, upon the filling up of her eighth cup, commenced a tirade against all denominations of Christians except her own. She contended that half of the preachers now-a-days were hypocrites and only preached for money. When she had finished her desecration of the clergy, she flew off in a tangent upon one Mr. Moony. "Yes," said she, "there is Moony riding about in a fine carriage and living like a nabob, when this very day he owes our family one thousand dollars. He conveyed his property and then took the benefit. I believe there is no justice in this land. And there are his daughters as proud as peacocks. Do you think they would speak to me at church last Sunday! I suppose they thought they would be degrading themselves, ha! Never mind, they will suffer for it yet." By this time the sixteenth tea pot had been exhausted of its contents. The cats had left the corner and were mewling about the table. The little dog's patience had tired and he was pawing the lap of Miss Bridget. The party now arose from the table, and I felt as if a mill stone had been taken from around my neck. Mr. Shanks and Miss Spinky remained in the supper room while the rest went into the parlor. I thought when at supper Miss Spinky smiled upon Mr. Shanks very graciously. I now felt assured that love was at the bottom of it, and true I soon heard that this Miss Spinky was very anxious for a husband; that she was practising the theory of Levi Snoffenslidengutz, and was then making a demonstration upon Mr. Shanks' tender affections; that she had made the same assault upon the hearts of several other gentlemen but had not as yet been successful. And how could she succeed when her appearance was enough to frighten all sentiment from the soul of the most romantic. She was short and chunky, pigeon-toed and round shouldered, with a face like a small pumpkin, having eyes, nose and mouth cut into it with a penknife. I did not envy Mr. Shanks his fair one. Whether he reciprocated her love I know not, but certain it is while I was trying to entertain the ladies in the next room we heard a loud smack like a cork flying from a bottle. It started Miss Bridget from her chair, who went to see after the young doves, and though Miss Spinky protested it was nothing but the stopper which had popped out of the yeast jug which sat in the corner, yet I concluded, as did the others from their looks that the lips of the two lovers had come in too close a juxta position. They both after this interruption joined our party looking somewhat confused. Miss Dubbs got into such a fit of laughing that several times I thought some of her stays would give way. Miss Sniffle looked as if the "green-eyed monster" was preying upon her vitals. And Miss Bridget was trying to compose matters by asking me about the members of Stag Hall. Says she, "What sort of a club is it? I hear you are all very bad—fond of frolicking and don't care for the ladies." "Not so, mam," replied I; "your informer has basely slandered us. Our club is devoted to mysterious, literary and scientific pursuits, and no set of gentlemen can be found who possess more gallantry or who are more devoted to the fair." Miss Bridget seemed to doubt, and here the conversation ended. It was now growing late and time for me to take my departure; so after partaking of some of the sweet things which were handed around, I made my bow and was off for home as fast as my horse could carry me. What a change when I felt the fresh air! How I enjoyed the stillness of the night after coming out of such a Pandemonium! The moon shown brightly down. The stars twinkled in their azure vault like isles of light. No sound could be heard save the clattering of my horse's hoofs. I fell into a state of musing. I reflected upon the character and condition of old maids;—asked myself the question, for what were they destined?—and answered, what! A political idea struck me, that it would be policy in every State to legislate strictly in reference to this portion of creation; that it would be well to erect a large building for their accommodation, one part of which should be occupied

by the old maids and the other by the old bachelors. Thus, probably, matrimony would be promoted between them and their happiness greatly enhanced; another thing too, some communities would get rid of a species of population not the most interesting. With such thoughts running through my mind I reached home about 11 o'clock, and feeling fatigued, I went to bed to have in a dream a second edition of Miss Bridget Crimple's Gunpowder-Imperial Tea Drinking Party. Your ob't serv't.

You know who.

For the Port Tobacco Times.  
RANDOM PAPERS FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF MARTIN SCRIBLERUS.—No. I.  
Scribimus indocti doctique.—Hon.

There are those who make it the business of their lives to rail against the world in set terms, deploring its degeneracy and wishing it were better, not remembering that they individually help to make up the number of those who dwell here, and also that as there is no chance of our getting another we ought to be satisfied with that which we have. I should not object so much to this if these presumers had earned the right to complain, by putting their shoulders to the wheels of reform and by strenuous exertions endeavoring to carry out those principles and theories of which they ought to be living examples. But they are content with preaching the worthlessness of the human race and never by practice confirm their opinions; and in this respect are not unlike to oaremen, who look one way and row another. This inconsistency in the character of men is not uncommon, and is brought on by the inherent desire we all have for change, the dissatisfaction with things as they are. When old age has crept upon us, and with it increased infirmities, we view not the world as it is, but through the medium of an imagination warped by sickness and disease. We look back to the days youth, when with a sound mind in a sound body we could enjoy the varied repast of pleasure spread before us, when struck with the contrast though not mindful of the causes, we exclaim, "the world is not now as it was." This is manifestly unjust. Because our capacities for enjoyment are diminished, it is no reason why we should bring ourselves to believe the world is changed. Diognes the cynic was no doubt a philosopher, but I consider him as having been from all accounts rather a disagreeable man, one who had not carried out the great ends of existence. As some are said to wrap themselves up in the mantle of selfishness, Diognes under his tub covered himself with the garb of moroseness, and in this trait of his character much resembled some of the canine species. He no doubt had some reason to complain, for as some authors state he was banished his native city for passing counterfeit money. Before we take it upon ourselves to criticise the world, we must show that we are not liable to the failings and follies we condemn, that being superior to, we are not of the "million." But arrogating to ourselves a superior understanding, we cry aloud, "Hoc patrie! heu plebes scelerata et prava," and expect to be looked up to as sages in the moral sphere and listened to as oracles. The world is good enough for us and we are no better than our neighbors, so c'en let us let both it and them alone. There are also those who conceive great plans for reforming the world, calculating by the power of their influence, example and eloquence, to effect a mighty revolution in the minds of men. But their zeal in most cases is greater than their abilities, and from proceeding without reflecting they very often get ahead of common sense and advocate impossibilities. So hounds from over eagerness are apt to overrun the prey they are in chase of. "Rome was not built in day" is an old saying and a good one, and "more haste, less speed" is full of truth. But old maxims and proverbs are not attended to by those who are occupied in carrying out something original. They wish to show themselves wiser than Solomon by proving that there is something new under the sun. That it is laudable and praiseworthy to deviate from the old beaten track, to dare to brave the prejudices of the mass in favor of that which is manifestly better, no one will gainsay. For had not some one done this we had still been groping amid the ruins and rubbish of ancient customs. But prejudices are hard to overcome and mankind at this stage of the world will not be taken by the nose whithersoever it may be expedient to lead them. As in war fortresses are often taken by undermining instead of storming, so opinions must be dealt tenderly with and a change be effected by gradual approaches. It is not sufficient merely to affirm that such causes will produce such effects. Proofs clear as the sun at midday and drawn out with the precision of a proposition in Eu-

clid are necessary. But even these sometimes fail, for  
"Convince a man against his will  
He's of the same opinion still."

We are not liberal enough in our sentiments towards each other, especially in matters political and theological. Of late years the most popular leader in party is he who has the greatest command of words, and who with this advantage can heap on his opponents the full quantum of abuse. If a man wishes to become acquainted with the history of his forefathers and even of his own family and private life, he has only to put himself before the people as a candidate for some public office and his desires will be gratified. He may be somewhat astonished at his previous ignorance in many respects, and may even have the exquisite pleasure of reading that his great-grandfather was hung, or that he himself in infancy developed traits of character likely to bring him to the same interesting fate. But after a while he becomes accustomed to these things and take them as a matter of course. And this illiberality is carried to almost as great an excess among those whose very conduct should be an epitome of charity. A slight difference on doctrinal points is enough to excite the most bitter feelings and even personal animosity between two religious sects, until at length if either had the power it would like Mahomet proffer its opinions in one hand and the sword in the other. The Puritans to escape persecution crossed the ocean and underwent innumerable hardships and trials, and yet were no sooner firmly established on this soil than they denied to others that for which they had suffered so greatly, religious toleration. Might makes right and mankind seem to have forgotten what is truly called the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Small things in the aggregate form immense bodies. The ocean is composed of drops, the seashore of grains of sand. Small causes often result in great effects. A spark may blow up a city. "Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed cæpe cadendo." If a point is to be gained press forward steadily, unswervingly, but let your course be marked by prudence. The fable of the contest between the sun and wind to deprive the traveller of his cloak is a good illustration. The wind with all its blustering effected nothing, while the quiet, but resolute influence of the sun soon caused him to throw it aside. D.

### AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.  
COL. CAPRON ON THE RENOVATION OF WORN-OUT LANDS.

DEAR SIR,—I have frequent letters from different parts of this State and Virginia asking my experience as to the effects of different manures—particularly Guano, and of my success in renovating these worn-out lands, the *motus operantis*, &c. Now my farming operations being of secondary consideration in my general business, I cannot spare the time from my other occupations to answer in detail the various communications, and therefore have concluded to reply to them generally, through your very valuable paper, and hope it may reach through this channel every one of my correspondents. For to this paper, and other agricultural publications, together with a natural fondness for the pursuit, I am indebted for whatever success I have met with. You know my whereabouts in this desert of old fields, gullies and poverty grass, and are well acquainted (as who is not, who has ever travelled from the city of Baltimore to the seat of Government) with the total barrenness of the land, generally. I, therefore, need say but little on the general character of the land to start with; and will begin by giving the reasons for my first attempting, what appeared at that time, a Herculean task, the renovation of these barren old fields.

Having been reared amidst the green fields and lowering herbs in one of the most fertile regions in the State of New York, could not look upon the barren face of this country, without its producing a feeling of melancholy. I came to the conclusion it would never do for me, to plant myself down here with the expectation of making it a permanent residence, with such a prospect always before me; I therefore resolved either to change the general aspect of the country, in this respect, or leave it. The former appearing the most feasible, I made the effort, and I have the satisfaction to say, that as far as the vision extends from my residence, I have succeeded.

This country with all its faults, has redeeming qualities. Favored with Heaven's greatest blessings, universal health and a never-failing supply of the purest spring water—with a soil possessing naturally the elements of fertility, a beautiful rolling surface covered with clumps of trees, which for richness and variety of foliage, and beauty of proportions,—for landscape or beauty of poses, cannot be surpassed in the world. It is not indebted to heaven for its appearance, but to that which is the cultivation too generally neglected of the Southern States.

There are two ways, Mr. E. renovating these old fields, one demanded frequently in your paper. (Continued on fourth page.)