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### Selected Poetry.

From the National Intelligencer.

A few weeks since we spoke of the Hon. Wm. C. BRADLEY, of Vermont, on the occasion of his visit to this city the past winter. He is indeed a gentleman of rare intellectual accomplishment, and we are much pleased to have the opportunity to publish, for the first time, the following production of his lyric muse. It is a beautiful production of a man far advanced in life, and was written at the request of his grandson, to be used at the ordination of his fellow-students of theology.

#### ORDINATION HYMN.

##### PART I.

Where erst in Eden's leafy shade  
Man newly felt his Maker's breath,  
Ere fair temptation's charms had made  
This world a scene of sin and death;  
No second tongue was needed then  
To tell the Almighty's high behests;  
The still small voice could come to men  
And find an answer in their breast.

But when debased the torpid soul  
Gleam by his messengers awoke,  
Amid the thunder's solemn roll,  
The tempest's blast, the lightning's stroke,  
Then rose the altar to his name,  
And crowds the ritual splendor saw,  
Heard prophets sing and priests proclaim  
The awful terrors of the law.

At length the FULLNESS from above  
To earth the high commission bore,  
And spoke to man of peace and love  
As never mortal spake before,  
And conquering Death, the risen Lord,  
Gave forth his great and last command,  
And bid his brethren spread his word,  
To every soul in every land.

##### PART II.

O, thou Most-High, all good, all just,  
Look down from Heaven, thy dwelling place,  
Behold thy servant take his trust,  
And aid him with thy helping grace  
To work thy work, to do thy will.  
To speak thy praise, to preach thy word,  
Promote all good, repress all ill,  
A faithful steward of his Lord.

Found him on thine eternal rock,  
Make him a shepherd of thy care,  
Heavenward to gently lead his flock  
And in his arms thy lambs to bear;  
To walk upright in wisdom's ways,  
In which the blessed Jesus trod,  
Until the "well done" comes with praise  
Fresh from his Father and his God.

### Miscellaneous.

From Dicken's Household Words.

#### THREE WIVES.

I have besides my town residence in Cecil street—which is confined to a suit of apartments on the second floor—a very pleasant country house; belonging to a friend of mine in Devonshire; this latter is my favorite seat, and the abode which I prefer to call my home. I like it well when its inclosing glens are loud with rooks, and their great nests are being set up high in the roosting branches; I like it when the butterflies, those courtly ushers of the summer, are doing their noiseless mission in its southern garden, or on its shaven lawn before the front; I like it when its ballustraded roof looks down upon a sea of golden corn and islands of green-orchards flushed with fruit; but most it pleases me when logs are roaring in its chimneys, and Christmas time has come. Six abreast the witches might ride up to them, let their broomsticks prance and curvet as they would. If you entered the hall by the great doors while Robert Chetwood and myself were at our game of billiards at its further end, you could recognize our features.

The galleries are studies of perspective, and the bare, shining staircases are broad as carriage ways. The library, set round from the thick carpet to the sculptured ceiling with ancient books, with brazen clasps, and old-world types, and worm-drilled bindings. The chapel, with its blazoned saints on the dim windows, and the mighty corridors with floors of oak and sides of tapestry, are pictures of the past, and teach whole chapters of the book of history; Red Rose and White Rose, Cavalier and Roundhead, Papist and Protestant, Orangeman and Jacobite, have each had their day in Old Tremadyn House. When the great doors slam together, as they sometimes will, to the inexpressible terror of the London butler, they awake a series of thunderclaps which roll from the basement to garret; many a warning have they given, in the good old time, to Tremadyns hiding for their lives, and many an arras has been raised and mirrors slipped to right and left at that menacing sound. To this day, Robert Chetwood often comes anew upon some hold in which those who ruled before him

have skulked—sometimes in his own reception rooms, but more commonly in the great chambers where he puts his guests. These chambers are colossal, with huge carved pillars bearing up a firmament of needle-work, and dressing-closets large enough for dining rooms. Every person of note who could or could not by possibility, or date, or circumstance, have slept therein, has had the credit of passing a night within Tremadyn House, from the Wandering Jew, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, down to Charles the First, Peter the Great, and the late Emperor Nicholas. There has been more than one murder in the Red room, several suicides in the Blue, and one ghost still haunts those spots in expiation. Tremadyns in lace cuffs and wigs; in scarlet and ermine; in armor from top to toe, line both the galleries—sold by the last Charles Surface of a dissolute race, for ten pounds ten shillings a head.

One great Tremadyn dynasty has passed away; Robert Chetwood, late banker in the city of London, not so long ago banker's clerk, now reigneth in their stead. The Tremadyns came in at the time of the siege of Jerico, or thereabouts, and the Chetwoods about ten years before the siege of Sebastopol; but there the advantage ceases. There is no man kinder to the poor, no man more courteous to all men, no man, whatever his quarterings, in all Devonshire, with a better heart than Robert Chetwood. Tremadyn House is open to the country, as it ever was, and his old London friends are not forgotten; a hale and hearty gentleman, indeed, he is, but he has many troubles; he is as happy as any man bereaved of children can be, and it was the loss of them that made him buy the house and give up his old haunts and busy ways—

He saw the nursery window wide open to the air,  
But the faces of the children they were no longer there,  
and that, whenever it may be, is too sad a sight to look upon.

But what a wife the old man had, to make up, as it seemed even to me, for all! I say to me, for one of those lost children, a maiden of seventeen, was my betrothed bride, the gentlest and most gracious creature eyes ever looked upon; I think if I could write my thoughts of her, I should move those tears who never saw her face, when they read "Gertrude died." She gave herself to me; the old man could never have given her. I say no more.

This is why Tremadyn House has become to me a home. It pleases Robert Chetwood to have his friend's son with him, above all, because he was his daughter's plighted husband, and my father's friend is trebly dear to me as Gertrude's father. When the Christmas has dispersed, and the great house is quite emptied of its score of guests, I still remain with the old couple over the new year. They call me son, as though I were their son, and I call them my parents. If Heaven had willed it so, dear Gertrude and myself could have hoped for greater wedded happiness, more love between us, than is between those two. "Perhaps," he says with a smile I never saw a young man wear, "perhaps it is that my old eyes are getting dim and untrustworthy, but Charlotte seems to be the dearest and most pleasant looking in all the world." And his wife makes answers that her sight is just as little to be depended upon. To each of them has come the silver hair, and the reverence with it that alone makes it beautiful; and if their steps are slower than in youth; and is not because their hearts are heavier; they are indeed of those, so rare ones, who make us in love with life down to its close. They always seemed to me as having climbed the hill together their whole lives long, and never was I more astonished than upon this new year's eve, when Mrs. Chetwood being with us two in after dinner talk, as custom was, when all her guests were gone, her husband told this history. He had always talked quite openly to me.

A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Robert, seventy-two;  
and then, at the end of another year of love and confidence, I could not resist inquiring of them how long they had been one.

"Well, on my word, George," said the dear old lady, "you should be more discreet than to ask such questions."  
But her husband answered readily:  
"This thirty years. I've been a married man myself this half a century."  
"Why you don't mean to say—" said I.  
"Yes, I do," he interrupted. "Of course I do. Charlotte has been my wife too long I hope to be jealous now of either Kate or Mary; but I loved them each in turn almost as dearly as I love her. Charlotte," he added, turning towards her as she sat in the great arm chair, "you don't mind George being told about my other two wives, do you?"  
"I don't mind your talking of Mary much," she answered, "but get over that young Kate's story as quick as you can, please."  
And I really thought I detected a blush come over her dear old face while she was speaking.

"It is rather less than half a century ago," he began, since I first set foot in this beautiful Devon county. I came down on a short holiday from London, in the summer time, to fish, and I brought with me, besides my rod and basket, a portmanteau full of clothes and about twenty-five pounds

in gold, which was the whole amount of my savings. I was junior clerk in a house at that day with one hundred and twenty pounds a year, with as much chance of becoming a partner as you, my poor bridegroom, George, have of sitting on the woolstack. From the top of Tremadyn House I could point you out the farm house where I lived, and will some day take you to see it, a mighty homestead, with a huge portico of stone, and flights of stone steps leading to the upper chambers from without. On the side was the farm yard filled with swine and poultry, with open stalls for cattle, and enormous barns, not so well kept or so neat, perhaps as the present day requires, but a perfect picture of plenty; on the other stood the cider presses, and beyond, the apple orchards, white with promise, red with fruit, made the air faint with fragrance; half orchard was the garden, too, in fruit, through which, beneath a rustic bridge, my trout stream wandered. Charlotte, you know the place—have I not painted it?"

"You have, Robert," she said. The tears were in her eyes, ready to fall, I saw.

"There, then I met Katie. The good man of the house was childless, and she his cousin was well cared for as his own child. It was no wonder, George; the dark oak parlor seemed to need no light when she shone in it. Like a sunbeam gliding over common places, whatever household matters busied her she grazed. Some sweet art, seemed to lie in her, superior to mere neatness, as high-heartedness excelled pride. I put on salmon flies to catch trout. I often fished without any hook at all. I strove to image her fair face in the clear waters, by the side of that hapless similitude of myself—the reflex of a forlorn youth in his first love. I did my best at hay-making to please her. I took eternal lessons in the art of making Devon cheese. I got at last so far as to kiss her hand. I drew a little, and she sat to me for her portrait. We sallied out a mushrooming and getting wild flowers, and on our way sang pleasant songs together, and interchanged our little stories of reading. On the eve before my long put off departure we were thus roaming; we had to cross a thousand stiles—the choicest blessing of this country I used to think that she and I had instead of offering my hand to her over, I held out both arms, and upon my life, George, the dear girl jumped right into them; and that was how I got to kiss her cheek."

"What shocking stories you are telling, Robert," said Mrs. Chetwood, and certainly she was then blushing under her lace cap to her white hair.

"Well, my dear, nobody was there except Kate and myself, and I think I know what happened, at least as you do—so," he continued, "after one more visit to the farm-house, Kate and I were married, she gave up all her healthy ways and country pleasures to come and live with me in the busy town; studious of others' happiness, careful for others' pain; at all times forgetful of herself; active and diligent, she had ever leisure for a pleasant word or kind action; and for beauty, no maid or wife in the world was fit, I believe, to compare with her; to you, George, who knew and loved our dearest Gertrude, I need not describe her mother. She was not long with me, but it soon seemed as if it must have cost my life to have parted with her; yet the girlish glory faded, and the sparkling spirit fled, and the day has been forgotten, though forgotten never, which took my darling Katie from my side."

The old man paused a little. Mrs. Chetwood kissed him softly upon the cheek.

"My second wife," he resumed, "was not so young, and certainly had not the outward graces of my first. She was beautiful, too, in the flower as Kate was in the bud; her face had not the vivacity, nor her eyes the dancing light of Katie's, but there sat such serenity upon a lovely landscape when the sun is near its setting—a look which no man ever tires; Mary bore me children, and then, much as I loved the sapling, it seemed to me the full fruit was dearer yet. She was no country girl from the Devon Dales, but a town lady bred. I had a great house by that time, with all things fitting about me, and my sphere was hers. The pearls suited her pleasant brow, and crowned her still raven tresses as becomingly as the single rose in her hair had adorned simple Kate. I think, if I may say so without ingratitude for my present great happiness, and with the leave of my dear Charlotte, that the happiest hours of my life were spent during the days when our two children's voices rang cheerily over the house, and some little scheme of pleasure for them was my every day desire and Mary's. Even at the terrible time when boy and girl were being taken from me in one, never did that patient mother seem more dear to me; for when the hush of sickness stole upon us at first, to the day when that white procession left our doors, what a healing spirit was she! When we thought the thickly folded veil of sorrow had fallen over us forever, how tenderly she put it aside!

"It must needs have happened, that my speech has here been melancholy, but indeed, I should not speak of Mary so. She was the blindest, cheerfullest, most comfortable middle aged wife that ever man had;

behind our darkest trouble a smile was always lying ready to struggle through it, and what a light it shed! One of your refined, immovable females, who except by blessing as a temptation, and submit, precisely the same feelings, to what I call every chastening, would have killed me in a week. George, my Mary acted all times according to her nature, and there was as beautiful and blessed as ever to the lot of womankind. You might all think that Kate and Mary were two sides was the farm yard filled with swine and poultry, with open stalls for cattle, and enormous barns, not so well kept or so neat, perhaps as the present day requires, but a perfect picture of plenty; on the other stood the cider presses, and beyond, the apple orchards, white with promise, red with fruit, made the air faint with fragrance; half orchard was the garden, too, in fruit, through which, beneath a rustic bridge, my trout stream wandered. Charlotte, you know the place—have I not painted it?"

"Kiss me, Charlotte," said the old man, and again she kissed him on the cheek. "And now," continuing he, "let us pour our glasses, for the New Year is coming apace; and please to drink to the memory of my two wives, and to the health of our dear Charlotte, and we will therefore give them in silence, but the third we must drink with all the honors."  
So after those he stood up, glass in hand and said to her:

"Kate, Mary, Charlotte—bride, matron and dame in one, to whom I have been wedded this half century, for I have had no other wife, George—God bless you, dear old heart! I have a merry Christmas, as we ever have had, and I trust it may be permitted to us to have, together, one more happy New Year. Hippi hippi hurrah!" and the echoes of our three times three seemed cheerily to ring all night about Tremadyn House.

#### ABOUT THOSE BOOTS.

"Who dares those pair of boots displace,  
Must meet Bombastes face to face."

Recalling an old laugh the other day, and going to remember what caused it, we brought ourselves of an adventure that poor (now dead) was very fond of relating in years past. It occurred on board Lexington, on her journey from N. York to Providence. The hero was a Vermont man of twenty-five, sharp enough to a horse, and as good a hand in everything else, who was working round home via Providence to Boston. He turned in pretty early, and turned out about sunrise next morning, with the idea of "going up stairs," as he called it. Soon after he had put on his coat and hat, the passengers were astonished by a hideous outcry from "Vermont."

"What's the matter?" asked a quizzical-looking gentleman in green glasses. "Matter? matter enough, I recon!" said Yankee. "Here's some onrighulous individual has gone and stole my brand new cowhide boots; cost me twenty-two York shillings, and left me these ere slippers, made out of yaller dog skin, not worth a darn."

"Hush," said the man with green glasses, "don't speak so loud. It's a common occurrence—on board this boat. Some of the niggers must have done it. Did you never notice that all the steamboat niggers go well shod?"

"Wall I have, old hoss! and that accounts for it, hey. Speak! speak out! It does account for it, hey?"

"Hush!—yes, it does."

"Wall, I'll holler cap'n and get the boat stopped till I find my boots—cost twenty-two shillings in York—I will, by gravy."

"No, no, don't make a row. If you do, the chief will throw them overboard. No, no! you watch the niggers, and when you find the delinquent, take him to the captain's office and make him settle."

"I'll settle him. I ain't going to throw away a pair twenty-shillin' boots, no how."

It afforded much amusement to the man in green glasses and his cronies to see the Yankee shuffling and scuffling about the cabin in yellow slippers, dogging every darky and examining his feet. After a weary search he came to his tormentor and said:

"I'm going up stairs to pirate around there and see if I can't trail 'em."

So up he went, and the cabin passengers could hear his heavy tread and scuff of his slippers all over the deck. By-and-by he came down again, just as a shiny African, with a pair of polished boots in hand, went towards 93, the Yankee's berth. Just as he was drawing the curtain to peep in, Vermont lit on him like a fierce cat, seizing him by the scruff of the neck and yelling:

"I've caught you, you doubled distilled essence of Day and Martin boiled down to the spirit of darkness, and mixed up with the hypersulphate of rascality! After my wall-b, was you? Come along with me."

"Let me go," said the indignant darkey, struggling to get from the iron grasp of his antagonist.

"Not as you knows on, you rambunctious old wool-grower" said the indignant Yankee: "I've handled severer colts than you be." And he dragged the terrified black up the cabin stairs, followed at a safe distance by the gentleman in green glasses and his companions.

Bringing the culprit before the captain, he told his story, and agreed to abide his decision. "Of course an explanation followed with a verdict for the defendant, and the plaintiff sentenced to pay ninnepence to the injured African.

"Sold, by maple!" said Vermont. "Here, nigger, here's a quarter, and give me the butes; but if I can catch that man in the green goggles, pickles me if I don't throw him into the Sound."  
It is needless to say that while the boots were only half on, the gentleman with green glasses disappeared, and was the first man to make himself scarce when the boat touched the wharf of Providence.

#### THE NINE LIZARDS.

BY DI VERNON.

It was "our Mary" that told me the tale. Mike Brady was at work in the harvest field; when getting tired, he laid himself down beside a hay-cock, and fell asleep. A small stream ran gurgling by at a short distance from his resting-place, and while he lay snoring away like—like anybody that snores, with his mouth wide open—a lizard, creeping from the water's edge, took the opportunity of walking quietly down his throat. The poor fellow immediately awoke, almost choked to death; but when he stood upon his feet, and recovered his consciousness, the lizard was comfortably ensconced in his stomach, and Mike knew nothing about it.

However, after that day, he became sickly and thin, but his appetite increased accordingly; and although he devoured enough at a meal for six or seven men, he was all the time nearly starved to death. He sought the Doctor, who, after catechising him pretty severely, came at last to the right conclusion, and proceeded to act accordingly.

First, he made Mike eat about fifty salted herring, until he was so full he couldn't swallow another morsel. In a little while, poor Paddy's thirst became intense, but not one drop of water would the Doctor allow him. In short, he was not permitted to take a drink until his raging thirst caused him the most terrible agony. Then the Doctor ordered a tub of water to be placed on the floor, and making Mike get down on his knees over it, and open his mouth, he held him in such a manner that he could not even moisten his parched tongue.

In about two minutes, the lizard, whose name, no doubt, was "Lizy," began to crawl up the throat of the terrified man. It had no sooner leaped from his mouth into the water, than another and another reptile of the same species followed the first, until no less than nine slimy lizards left that man's stomach. The Doctor then pulled him away, gave him a glass of brandy, which he had no sooner drank, than he fainted. Another dose poured down his throat brought him to life again, however, and—that is the end of the story.—*Porter's Spirit.*

"WHITE FOLKS BLAME FOOLS."—A friend of ours, (says the U. S. Review,) near Tampa Bay, in Florida, employed a number of New York mechanics to do a piece of work. It was a Government contract, and required particular dispatch. The men worked as Northern mechanics know how to work. Old Jube, one of their employers' slaves watched them out of the corner of his eye for several days.

Something was evidently working in his mind which puzzled him badly. At last he came up to the foreman of the gang and said:

"Mass' Charles, what a debil you all work so for, eh?"

"To earn money, Jube."

"Money!" said Jube, "money great ting. You work so up Norf, Mass' Charles?"

"Yes, Jube."

"You make a great deal money?"

"Not a great deal, Jube; spring, summer and fall we do well; but work is slack in winter time, and if we get around again to spring, and make both ends meet, and keep the baby in something to eat and drink, and a house to shelter them, we generally think we have done well."

"S'pose you sick, Mass' Charles, who take care of you?"

"Then work stops, and we get very poor, and suffer great privations."

"Dat'll do, Mass' Charles," said Jube. "I thought white folks sensible people.—Taint nuffin of de sort. Work, work, nuffin but work; git sick, and nobody take care of 'em. White folks blame fools.—Jube work too. Nebber hurt himself working in," though Jube get sick, Miss Sallie come down and nurse him. Mass' Bob send a boat seventy miles up the river to git a white doctor for him. Norf good 'nough for white folks, but recon ole Jube stay at home."

And old Jube went off in a state of dignified satisfaction.

"Samuel, my darling little sonney," said an aged mother, "I've not seen your book for some days or more; where is it?"

"I know where it is."

"Well, where?"

"Well, it's only lost a little, kinder, in the barn, or round out of doors, summers, I guess 'raps in the garret, or behind the wood pile."

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there, replied the lady, would make it a desert."



### Horticultural.

From the Southern Planter.

#### WORK IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

*Asparagus beds*, should be forked this month. In the Planter last year, the process was described, and it is only necessary to add now, that the object of thus stirring the earth, is to break the crust formed during the winter, so as to give free ingress to air, light, and heat to the roots. After the beds have been well worked, they should be dressed with old, well rotted stable manure, to the depth of several inches, as a top-dressing.

*Beets*,—sow in drills, about eighteen inches apart, and cover the seed in to the depth of two inches. The soil ought to be very generally the richest in the garden. It is a good plan to sow beets, carrots, parsnips, and salsaf, all in one bed, observing for each the directions given for sowing beets. Of course the seed should be put in separate drills, though in the same bed.

*Celery*.—Sow white, solid celery this month, in very rich land, deep and friable; and, if possible, in a shady spot. When the land is not shaded, select that part which is least exposed to the action of the sun.—Farmers who raise tobacco plants, would do well to sow this vegetable with their tobacco seed, in the beds which are made for the rearing of tobacco plants. Such beds are always prepared with great care, especially to have them free of weeds and grass; and this is equally needful for celery, which is very small when first it appears above the earth.

*Cabbage seed* may be put on warm borders this month, at least, the flat dutch, drum-head, and Savoy varieties. Cabbage plants in hot-beds, should have air freely now, when it is not too cold. On warm, sunny days, the sash should be raised and the air admitted freely, to harden the plants preparatory to their removal. By the fifteenth or twentieth of March, the plants may be set out in the garden.

*Cucumbers*, and *Melons* also, may be planted the last of March or first of April.

*Kail*.—Spring kail or as it is sometimes called rape seed. Sow a full crop during the month of March.

*Kidney Beans*, may be planted any time this month. Towards the last of the month, prepare the ground for Lima beans, and put down the poles for them. This should always be done before the beans are planted. After the poles are put down, plant the beans, and continue to plant until a good stand is secured, which is oftentimes a matter of great difficulty.

*Lettuce*, for the most part, is planted in the fall, but the variety known as "India Cape," a very beautiful and valuable variety,—sow now for summer use. This is the only variety of which I know, that stands the heat of summer well. The other varieties run to seed too quick. Lettuce is so highly esteemed among all classes, that there surely can be no need to urge its cultivation.

*Melons*, as already stated, may be planted the last of March or first of April.

*Onions*.—Sow the seed immediately, to raise a crop for pickling purposes. White Portugal is the best variety. This is also the season for planting the onion button or bulb.

*Ochre*.—Sow ochre the last of March or first of April; and, if desirous to economise space, it may be stuck in an out of the way corner, where you can put nothing else.—It is chiefly valuable for soups, and by many persons is highly esteemed as a seasoning.

*Parsley*, sow broadcast, on borders or other convenient places, as it will grow anywhere.

*Peas*.—Sow extra early, and other early varieties during March, and the first of April, sow Marrow fat. By sowing a new parcel every two or three weeks, the table may be constantly supplied throughout the whole season, whereas, if a full crop be put in at this time, there will be more than enough for consumption at one time, and then all the vines give out together.

*Potatoes*, for summer use, should be planted immediately. Those now are only for summer, and the seed which are to be planted later in the year, should be kept in a cool, dry place, to prevent sprouting.—At a future period we shall have much to say concerning this crop.

*Radishes*, are of several kinds. Sow turnip root variety at once; and later in the month, the long kinds. To have these good, a new crop must be sown every ten or twelve days, as they continue fit for use but a short time.

*Spinage*.—Sow immediately, in drills, separate from each other fifteen or eighteen inches. After covering the seed in the drill, trample them well, to promote speedy development.

In addition, the first of April, sow *Nasturtium*, for pickles and sauce, and in a small well-selected bed, in a warm, sunny part of the garden, put a few tomatoes and egg-plants.