



PORT TOBACCO TIMES,

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. XIII.

PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1857.

NO. 430

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY E. WELLS,
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 two insertions—12 lines of small type or 14 of large type constituting a square—and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement it will be published until forbidden, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Communications addressed to this office must be post paid.

Selected Poetry.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far below a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
But if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove humanity but base?
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' feelings as your own;
If you're the first to fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known,
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHARGE OF MAY. A LEGEND OF MEXICO. BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

There was a day when an old man with white hair sat alone in a small chamber of a national mansion, his spare but muscular figure resting on an arm-chair, his hands clasped, and his deep blue eyes gazing thro' the Winter sky. The brow of the old man furrowed with wrinkles, his hair rising in straight masses, white as the driven snow, his sunken cheeks traversed by marked lines, and thin lips, fixedly compressed, all announced a long and stormy life. All the marks of an iron will were written upon his face.

His name I need not tell you was Andrew Jackson, and he sat alone in the White House.

A visitor entered without being announced, and stood before the President in the form of a boy of nineteen, clad in a coarse round jacket and trousers, and covered from head to foot with mud. As he stood before the President, cap in hand, the dark hair falling in damp clusters about his white forehead the old man could not help surveying at a rapid glance, the muscular beauty of his figure, the broad chest, the sinewy arms, the head placed proudly on the firm shoulders.

"Your business?" said the old man, in his abrupt way.

"There is a Lieutenantcy vacant in the Dragoons. Will you give it to me?"

And dashing back the dark hair which fell over his face, the boy, as if frightened at his boldness, bowed low before the President.

The old man could not restrain that smile. It wreathed from his firm lip, and shone from his clear eyes.

"You enter my chamber unannounced, covered from head to foot with mud—you tell me that a Lieutenantcy is vacant, and ask me to give it to you. Who are you?"

"Charles May!" The boy did not bow this time, but with his right hand on his hip, stood like a wild young Indian, erect, in the presence of the President.

"What claims have you to a commission?"

Again the Hero surveyed him, and again he faintly smiled.

"Such as you see!" exclaimed the boy, as his dark eyes shone with that dare-devil light, while his form swelled in every muscle, as with the conscious pride of his manly strength and beauty. "Would you—" he bent forward, sweeping aside his curls once more, while a smile began to break over his lips—"Would you like to see me ride? My horse is at the door. You see I came post haste for this commission?"

Silently the old man followed the boy, and together they went forth from the White House. It was a clear, cold Winter's day; the wind tossed the President's white hairs, and the leafless trees stood boldly out against the blue sky. Before the portals of the White House, with the reins thrown loosely on his neck stood a magnificent horse, his dark hide smoking foam. He uttered a shrill neigh as his boy master sprang with a bound into the saddle, and in a flash was gone, skimming like a swallow down the road, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze.

The old man looked after them, the horse and his rider, and knew not which to admire most, the athletic beauty of the boy, or the tempestuous vigor of the horse.

Thrice they threaded the avenues in front

of the White House, and at last stood panting before the President, the boy leaning over the neck of his steed, as he coolly exclaimed—"Well—how do you like me?"

"Do you think you could kill an Indian?" the President said, taking him by the hand, as he leaped from his horse.

"Aye—and eat him afterwards!" cried the boy, ringing out his fierce laugh as he read his fate in the old man's eyes.

"You had better come in and get your commission," and the hero of New Orleans led the way into the White House.

There came a night, when an old man, President no longer—sat in the silent chamber of his Hermitage home, a picture of age trembling on the verge of Eternity. The light that stood upon his table revealed his shrunken form resting against the pillows which cushioned his arm-chair, and the death-like pallor of his venerable face. In that face, with its white hair, and massive forehead, everything seemed already dead, except the eyes. They deep gray-blue shone with the fire of New Orleans, as the old man with his long white fingers, grasped a letter post-marked "Washington."

"They asked me to designate the man who shall lead our army, in case the annexation of Texas brings on a war with Mexico"—his voice deep-toned and thrilling, even in that hour of decrepitude and decay, rung through the silence of the chamber, "there is only one man who can do it, and his name is Zachary Taylor."

It was a dark hour when this boy and this General, both appointed at the suggestion or by the voice of the man of the Hermitage, met in the battle of Resaca de la Palma.

By the blaze of the cannon, and beneath the canopy of battle smoke, we beheld the meeting.

"Capt. May, you must take that battery."

As the old man uttered these words he pointed far across the ravine with his sword. It was like the glare of a volcano—the steady blaze of that battery, pouring from the darkness of the chapparal.

Before him, summoned from the rear by his command, rose the form of a splendid soldier, whose hair, waving in long masses, swept his broad shoulders, while his beard fell over his muscular chest. Hair and beard as dark as midnight, framed a determined face, surmounted by a small cap, glittering with a single golden tassel. The young warrior bestowed a magnificent charger, broad in the chest, and small in the head, delicate in each limb, and with the nostrils quivering as though they shot forth jets of flame. That steed was black as death.

Without a word, the soldier turned to his men.

Eighty-four forms, with throats and breasts bare, eighty-four battle horses, eighty-four sabres, that rose in the clutch of naked arms, and flashed their lightning over eighty-four faces, knit in every feature with battle fire.

"Men, follow!" shouted the young commander, who had been created a soldier by the hand of Jackson, as his tall form rose in the stirrups, and the battle-breeze played with his long black hair.

There was no response in words, but you should have seen those horses quiver beneath the spur, and spring and launch away. Down upon the sod with one terrible beat came the sound of their hoofs, while through the air rose in glittering circles those battle scimitars.

Four yards in front rode May, himself and his horse the object of a thousand eyes, so certain was the death that loomed before him. Proudly in his warrior beauty he rode that steed, his hair floating from beneath his cap in raven curls upon the wind.

He turns his head—his men see his face with stern lip and knit brow; they feel the fire of his eyes; they hear not "men forward!" but "men follow!" and away like an immense battle engine composed of eighty men and horses, wroten together by swords—away and on they dash.

They near the ravine; old Taylor follows them, with hushed breath, aye, clutching his sword hilt, he sees the golden tassel of May, gleaming in the cannon flash.

They are on the verge of the ravine, May still in front, his charger flinging the earth from beneath him, with colossal leaps, when from among the cannon, starts up a half clad figure, red with blood and begrimed with powder.

It is Ridgely, who to-day has sworn to wear the mantle of Ringgold, and to wear it well! At once his eyes catch the light now blazing in the eyes of May, and springing to the cannon he shouts—

"One moment, my comrade! and I will draw their fire!"

The word is not passed from his lips when his cannon speak out to the battery across the ravine. His flash, his smoke have not gone, but hark! Did you hear that storm of copper balls clatter against his cannon; did you see it dig the earth beneath the hoofs of May's squadron.

"Men, follow!" Do you see that face gleaming with battle fire, that scimitar cutting its glittering circle in the air? Those men can hold their shouts no longer. Rending the air with cries. Hark! The whole

army echo them. They strike their spurs, and worried into madness their horses whirl on and thunder away to the deadly ravine.

The old man, Taylor, said, after the battle, that he never felt his heart beat as it did then.

For it was a glorious sight to see that young man, May, at the head of his squadron, dashing across the ravine, four yards in advance of his foremost man, while long and dark behind him was stretched the solid line of warriors and their steeds.

Through the windows of the clouds some gleams of sunlight fell—they light the golden tassel on the cap—they glitter on the up-raised sword—they illumine the dark horse and his rider with their warm glow—they reveal the battery—you see it, above the further bank of the ravine, frowning death from every muzzle.

Nearer and nearer, up and on! Never heed the death before you, though it is certain. Never mind the leap, though it is terrible. But up the bank and over the cannon—hurrah! At this dread moment, just as his horse rises for the charge, May turns and sees the sword of the brave Inge on his right, turns again and reads his own soul written in the fire of Sackett's eyes.

To his men once more he turns, his hair floating back behind him, he points to the cannon, to the steep bank and the certain death, and as though inviting them, one and all, to his bridal feast, he says,

"Come!"

They did come. It would have made your blood dance to see it. As one man they whirled up the bank, following May's sword as they would a banner, and striking paddy home as they heard it, that word of frenzy, "Come!"

As one mass of bared chests, leaping horses and dazzling scimitars, they charged upon the bank; the cannon's fire rushed into their faces; Inge, even as his shout rang on the air, was laid a mangled thing before his steed, his throat torn open by a cannon shot; Sackett was buried beneath his horse, and seven dragoons fell at the battery's muzzles, their blood and brains whirling into their comrades' eyes.

Still May is yonder, above the cloud, his horse rioting over heaps of dead, as with his sabre, circling round his flowing hair, he cuts his way through the living wall, and says to his comrades—"come!"

All around him, friend and foe, their swords locked together—yonder the blaze of musketry showering the iron hail upon his band—beneath his horses feet the deadly cannon and ghastly score, still that young soldier riots on, for Taylor has said "Silence that battery," and he will do it.

The Mexicans are driven from their guns; their cannon are silenced, and May's heroic band, scattering among the mazes of the chapparal, are entangled in a wall of bayonets. Once more the combat deepens, and dyes the sod in blood. Hedged in by that wall of steel, May gathers eight of his men, and hews his way back toward the captured battery. As his charger rears, his sword circles above his head, and sinks blow after blow into the foemen's throats. To the left a shout is heard; the Americans, led on by Graham and Pleaston and Winslip, have silenced the battery there, while the whole fury of the Mexican army seems concentrated to crush May and his band.

As he went through their locked ranks so he comes back. Everywhere his men know him by his hair, waving in dark masses; his golden tinselled cap; his sword—they know it too, and wherever it falls hear the gurgling groan of mortal agony.

Back to the captured cannon he cuts his way, and on the brink of the ravine beholds a sight that fires his blood.

A solitary Mexican stands there, reaching forth his arm in all the frenzy of a brave man's despair; he entreats his countrymen to turn, to man the battery once more and hurl its fury on the foe. They shrink back appalled before that dark horse and its rider, May! The Mexican, a gallant young man, whose handsome features can scarce be distinguished on account of the blood which covers them, while his rent uniform bears testimony to his deeds in that day's carnage, clenches his hands, as he flings his curse in the face of his flying countrymen, and then, lighted match in hand, springs so the cannon. A moment and its fire will scatter ten American soldiers in the dust.

Even as the brave Mexican bends near the cannon, the dark charger, with one tremendous leap, is there, and the sword of May is circling over his head.

"Yield!" shouted the voice which only a few moments ago, when rushing into death said—"Come!"

The Mexican beheld the gallant form before him, and handed Captain May his sword.

"General La Vega is a prisoner!" he said and stood with folded arms amid the corpses of his mangled soldiers.

You see May deliver his prisoner into the charge of the brave Lieutenant Stephens, who, when Inge fell dashed bravely on.

Then would you look for May once more—gaze through that wall of bayonets, beneath that gloomy cloud, and behold him crashing into the whirlpool of the fight; his long hair, his sweeping beard, and sword that never for an instant stays its lightning

career, making him look like the embodied demon of this battle day.

In the rear of this battle behold this picture: Where May dashed like a thunder-bolt from his side, Gen. Taylor, in his familiar brown coat, still remains. Near him, gazing on the battle with interest keen as his own, the stout form, the stern visage of his brother soldier, Twigg. They have followed with flashing eyes the course of May; they have seen him charge, and seen his men and horses hurled back in their blood, while still he thundered on. At this moment the brave La Vega is led into the presence of Taylor, his arms folded over his breast, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

As the noble hearted General expresses his sorrow that the captive's lot has fallen on one so brave, as in obedience to the command of Twigg's soldiers in battle order, salute the prisoner with presented arms, there come rushing to the scene the form of May, mounted on his well known charger.

"General you told me to silence that battery. I have done it!"

He placed in the hands of Zachary Taylor, the sword of the brave La Vega.

From the Evening Post.

CRINOLINE.

A lady correspondent in the country, after remarking that she surrenders the female costume of the day to our ridicule, inquires of us the exact meaning of the word crinoline. Before answering the question, we must protest against the imputation of having spoken, or desired to speak lightly, of the garment to which she refers. A petticoat is too serious a thing for a jest. We proceed to explain the term crinoline with all the gravity which the subject demands.

The term crinoline is derived from the Latin word *crinis*, which means hair of the head. This word in the French language becomes *crin*, and is generally applied to horse-hair. In colloquial Latin, of the Lower Empire, *crinis* might naturally pass into the diminutive *crinola*, and from this we might easily form the term crinoline, to signify a fabric woven of hair—a finer and more dainty tissue than the common hair-cloth called by the French *crin*.

The custom of making this fabric of hair is a part of the dress of women in some countries in this wise:

Everybody knows that from very ancient times the habit of wearing haircloth next to the person has been frequent among religious penitents or others who desired to subdue the animal appetites or control the natural propensity to self-indulgence and luxury. The harshness of the material, which constantly made itself felt, reminded the penitent of past offences, and the ascetic of his duty. There are examples of persons who have worn the hair-shirt all their lives from the time they assumed it. It is said that a certain illustrious penitent was ordered by his confessor to wear an undergarment of haircloth. As she could see no congruity between piety and dirt, her notions of cleanliness obliged her to place between the haircloth and her person something that could be washed; she therefore gave the prescribed material the form of a petticoat, an ingenious manufacturer having undertaken to supply a fabric that in smoothness and beauty of texture should be far superior to the haircloth worn by monks and nuns. Thus was woven the first piece of crinoline, and thus it became the material of a lady's undergarment.

The legend proceeds to relate that, as the examples set by distinguished persons in dress are followed by the rest of the world, and thus become fashions, the use of crinoline was adopted by all who wished to recommend themselves to the illustrious lady already mentioned, and finally passed into general use. At first the petticoat constructed of this material was of very modest dimensions. It was then the flower in its bud; but in process of time it gradually unfolded and expanded like a cabbage-rose, until at length it attained the magnificent, full-blown circumference which is now given to it, and in the midst of it the lady stands entrenched like the kernel of a coco-nut. Such is the tradition; but we must regard it like other legends, and cannot assure our correspondent of its absolute historical accuracy.

There are some who assign to the crinoline petticoat a different origin. They say it was devised by a female philanthropist, who had given much thought to the inadequacy and insufficiency of the petticoat which has generally been in use. Even with the aid of hoops the garment was not always satisfactory. It is Ariel, we believe, who says in Pope's Rape of the Lock—

"Oft have I known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale."

This benefactor of her sex, therefore, fell on the expedient of employing haircloth instead, for two reasons—first, that it was the dress of religious persons, worn as a suit of armor against the assaults of the Evil One; and secondly, because by the testimony of all poets, the material has a marvellous potency in overcoming and rendering submissive the male tribe.

With hairy springs we the birds betray,
Sight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race estimate,
And beauty draws us by a single hair."

If a single hair can have such an effect on the contumacious, reasoned the lady, what must be the power of a whole petticoat manufactured of hair?—and thus, according to this second theory, the crinoline petticoat sprang into existence.

All do not take the same kindly views of this innovation. There are some who hold that in the appearance of the crinoline petticoat were foreshadowed many of the calamities of the present day, and other calamities yet to come. The Romans called a comet *stella crinita*, a hairy or long-haired star; and Milton speaks of a comet that—

—"From its horrid hair
"Shook pestilence and war."

A friend of ours who thinks that there is a great deal of truth in what the world calls the superstitions of past ages, has little doubt that this phenomenon of the inroad made by haircloth into our female costume portended the bloody Crimean war, and is almost positive that it foreboded the present epidemic at Washington and the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott, which has set the country in a blaze. These are points on which we offer no opinion; and the latter of them, owing to its complication with our domestic politics, is an extremely delicate subject. Our hope is that what we have said has thrown some light on the question proposed to us by our fair correspondent.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.—A writer in the Savannah Republican selects the following passages from the Bible and Shakespeare's works. They show that the great dramatist was familiar with the sacred writings:

Bible.—The Apostle says: "But though I be rude in speech"—2 Corinth., chap. xi., verse 6.

Othello.—"Rude I am in speech."

Bible.—"Shew his eyes and grieve his heart"—1 Sam. chap. xi., v. 33.

Macbeth.—"Shew his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible.—"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death"—Psal.

Macbeth.—"Lighted fools the way to dusty death."

Bible.—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun has looked upon me"—Sol. Song, chap. 1, v. 6.

Merchant of Venice.—"Mistake me not for my complexion—its shadowy livery of the burning sun."

Bible.—"I smote him—I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him"—1st Sam., chap. xvii, v. 35.

Othello.—"I took him by the throat, the circumsised dog, and smote him."

Bible.—"Opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of months"—Job. chap. iii., vs. 1, xvi.

Macbeth.—"May this accursed hour stand, aye accursed in the calendar."

Bible.—"What is man that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou crownest him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hand"—Psalm vii, v. 4, 5, 6.

Hamlet.—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable. In action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a God. The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

Bible.—"Nicanor lay dead in his harness."

Macbeth.—"We will die with harness on our back."

A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you one question. Has a man got a right to commit a nuisance?"

"No, sir; not even the Mayor."

"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and as no man has a right to commit me, I move for a nonsuit."

The question has been carried up.

A GALLANT DYER.—A lady being in want of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, and something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked:

"Are you the dyeing man?"

"No, ma'am, I'm a living man, but I will dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

There is a man out West so forgetful of faces that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

The speaker who "took the floor," has been arrested for stealing lumber.

A queer fight recently took place in an artist's room between two striking likenesses.

Wasn't it mean in Powers to chisel a Greek slave out of a little piece of marble?

An enthusiastic gentleman, in speaking of the courage of his adored, said, "She would walk up to a cannon's, or a lover's mouth without shrinking a muscle. Brave girl!"

From "The Soil of the South."
MAXIMS FOR YOUNG FARMERS AND OVERSEERS!

The following ten maxims are respectfully dedicated to young planters and overseers, in the hope that in this day of agricultural progress they may effect some good:

FOR YOUNG FARMERS.

1. As soon as you have planted your crop, be sure to make a calculation how much you will make. If you have made liberal allowances for bad seasons, sickness and such subtractions, you will probably be not more than two-thirds over the mark; but then, you will have had all the pleasure of anticipation, and you can easily convince yourself that your arithmetic was right, if something else was wrong.

2. Be sure not to plough deep. Geologists say the earth is a hollow globe, and you might get through the crust. Besides, if the current philosophy be true, that the interior is liquid fire, you might get your feet burnt.

3. The old adage that "time is money," may do well for the face of a Yankee clock, but is altogether beneath the philosophy of Young America. Therefore, lie in bed till your breakfast is ready, and be sure to go a fishing every Saturday evening. Your corn and cotton will grow as well while you sleep, as when you are awake; and if the grass grows too, who cares for grass?

4. Scientific agriculturists make a great noise about rotation of crops. Don't believe a word they say. "Rotation of crops," indeed! Wonder if the rotation of the wagon wheel don't land it in a mud hole at last? Bug who? Every body knows that good land makes more cotton than poor land—so continue to plant your best field in cotton as long as you please. If it wears out, you can go to Texas.

5. As you value your future prospects in life, and your reputation as a physiologist, never suffer a curry-comb to scratch the sides of your mules. It wears them out, (the curry-combs,) and curry-combs cost money. If the pores of their skin should be clogged up with dust, they can rub themselves against a tree or the corner of the fence; and everybody knows there is a glorious luxury in scratching!

6. If you are an overseer, and a young one at that, look sour at your negroes the first day and kick up a general row the second. Africans are nothing but brutes, and they will love you the better for whipping, whether they deserve it or not. Besides, by this manly course you will show your spunk. To be sure, a half dozen may take to the woods, but this is no loss to you.

7. Be sure to make your office a sinecure. Congressmen, Judges, and civil officers generally, do so, and why may not overseers? To this end, ride once in the forenoon to where you can see your hands, and then gallop off to some store, blacksmith's shop, or wherever you can find a crowd to listen to your interesting conversation. This is the only way "to magnify your office."

N. B.—Whatever else you may neglect, never forget to put yourself in the possessive case in regard to your employer's property—say "my negroes, my mules, my cotton," &c. Your employer is a lazy skunk, and has no right to anything.

8. Swear like "our army in Flanders," yourself; but whip every negro on the plantation who dares to use profane language—the *ebony scamps*, what right have they to imitate their overseer?

9. If your horse becomes lame, or from any other cause cannot carry you, as in No. 7, seek some "boundless contiguity of shade," where you can enjoy a comfortable snooze—nothing like "atum cum dignitate."

10. If your employer desires you to plant his corn in a manner different from that which you think best, be sure to spoil every thing in its cultivation. You will then prove to him that his plans are wrong, and yours right.

CLOD THUMPER.

WOULD-BE POETS.—I will tell you, sir, said Mr. Porson, to an unfledged poet, what I think of your poetical works—they will be read when Milton's and Shakespeare's are forgotten—but not till then. The would-be poet sloped.

"When a feller has reached a certain pint in drinkin'," said an old soaker, "I think he order stop."

"Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

It is said that the personage who first wore hoops is lady Saturn, one of the ladies in waiting upon the sun. High authority for fashion, that.

Children talk of what they are doing, young people of what they will do, and old people of what they have done. The present, the future, the past.

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?"

"I'm mourning over departed spirits," was the answer.

It is said that the kind mothers that the East have grown so affectionate that they give their boys chloroform previous to whipping them.