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Selected Poetry.

From the Baltimore American.

SAINT BRANDAN.

BY WILLIAM I. GIBSON, LIEUT. U. S. NAVY.

I read the legend; saw, in sleep,
The ancient ship, in galleon trim,
Sail out into the unknown deep,
At morning's twilight dim.
In blind foam floated Erin's isle,
As, in the rising sun the while,
A sweet youth, with a heavenly smile,
On a gold harp did hymn.
"And what, O youth, in bark so quaint,
Seek those seraphic eyes?
What speaks thy harp?" "Hope!" sang the saint;
"I sail for Paradise!"

My vision changed—"Twas noon: The sea
In glaring calm one vessel glided,
In leader's immobility,
The worn sails draped the mast.
The voyager, in manly prime,
I knew; and still that song sublime
I heard, defying tide and time,
Although the morn was past.
"O minstrel, what, when hope seems dead,
Yet holds thy raptured eyes?
What now art hymning?" "Faith!" he said,
"And the isle of Paradise!"

I dreamed through shocks of storm and gale—
Again I saw the day was done—
That bark a wreck with ragged sail,
Steered for the setting sun,
But, ah! I had not known, in sooth;
Save for those eyes of radiant truth
And that rich harp, the seraph youth
And gray-haired saint were one.
"And what, O sage, at close of even,
Yet lights thy earnest eyes?
What music?" "Love! and you pure heaven,
The shore of Paradise!"

Lo! the long surge in Jasper swells,
Like God's own sea! A misty land,
With opaline peaks and purple dells,
Soared from the waters grand.
With great waves waded on every slope,
An isle distinct from base to cope;
And quenched in Love, for Faith and Hope,
Was the receding brand!
Too soon I lost that glorious sky,
That bark, those solemn eyes;
But my mind was filled with harmony,
That breathed of Paradise!

Let no heart faint in the slow course
Of effort vain—it must achieve—
There lives indomitable force
In simply—to believe.
Hope tunes thy harp, child-poet pure;
Teach Faith with all thy might and nature—
And Love—O, sing its promise sure,
To give and to receive!
Divine or human, this one truth
Seek with persistent eyes—
Outriving time and conquering ruth,
Man may win Paradise!

Miscellaneous.

FROM "PORTER'S SPIRIT."

A FOX HUNT.

BY A "GENT AT LARGE."

It was hardly daylight when after a tilting ride, up hill and down, through the dark bay woods, a party of us were assembled at the "meet" for a grand fox-chase. There were Col. T., a genuine Louisiana planter, a thorough gentleman and a keen sportsman; Ben Snow, better known among his friends as "laughing Ben"; Major F., known in his section as the "labor-saving man"; Doctor Lick, Sr., Squire George, and "old Charley," celebrated in the annals of this "ilk." There too was Titus Brix, that cousin of ours, from the Crescent City, and redolent of musk, macassar oil and "Otar." He was riding "Rocket," a thorough bred, high mettled, dark bay hunter, with a hold-me-if-you-can look about the eyes, and more than one uneasy glance rested on Titus as he sat there, in cockney style, thrown far back in his saddle, riding with stirrups so short that his knees were elevated almost to the horse's withers. Rocket had been trained to follow hounds, and when the dogs start he is bound to "go in," whether his rider does or not.

"Mr. Brix," said Col. T., "you had better lengthen your stirrups, I think, and keep a close eye on Rocket when the dogs start, or he may carry you a little faster than you wish to go. Look out, or you will 'get spilled,' certain."

"No fear for me, Col." replied Titus. "I'll wager that I am in at the death."

Our pack numbered sixty-five dogs, embracing every color and condition, accompanied by three darkies, as whippers-in; and there, astride of his old speckled mare, rides an acquaintance, "Harry of ours."—The darkies have been disputing among themselves as to the merits of their respective dogs, and I heard old Harry, considerably nettled, saying, "G'way boys, you dunno nuthin. There's Mos Henry's Cub, de greatest dog as ever run on four legs, and I kin whip any woolly headed nigger as

says he aint. G'long talkin' 'bout your cold nose dogs; dog my buttons of Cub's nose aint so cold it will freeze water the hottest day you ever seed."

The special object of our hunt was an old fox that had been chased so often, and so unsuccessfully, that he had gained for himself the title of "Traveller;" and it came up with him. There were many marvellous stories in relation to this old fox, his art and cunning in dodging the dogs; and Harry, who really believed it to be some "spirit," swore it was a sin to chase him, and no good could ever come of it.

We were perfectly acquainted with "Traveller's" haunts, and very soon, after the hounds were turned loose, they struck his trail. Immediately sixty-five voices joined in the thrilling chorus.

"A cry more tunable was never halla'd to,
Nor cheered with horn."

From my heart I pity the man whose soul echoes not the bell-toned voices of the eager hounds, whose blood leaps not faster through the veins, and who knows not the wild joy that thrills the breast and fires the brain, when listening to their cry in hot pursuit.

"I never heard so musical a discord,
Such sweet thunder."

"Traveller" is up—away go the hounds, and close after them, over the sodgy field, across fences and ditches, ride Junior and Squire George, each contending for the lead. Close upon their heels, is "Rocket," going at a telling pace, with distended nostrils and flashing eyes, determined to keep up though under a dead pull from Titus, who, either from his "cockney seat" or an extra charge of "ard," begins to act the pendulum. "Old Charley" is galloping about over the field, first in one direction and then in another, attempting to keep up by anticipating the course of the chase, and taking the short cuts.

The rest of us go in on the slow-coach system, moving about from point to point, just so as to keep within hearing. In fact Col. T., the Major, and myself, would have no chance in such a race, as we were over-weighted; and no doubt, as we jogged along on our cobs, we much more resembled men in search of a funeral, than "spry young bucks" after a fox.

Our system has its advantages. See, Traveller has doubled on his pursuers and is now coming directly towards us. There we have a full view of him as he crosses the ridge with swinging lope, putting the dogs behind him with ease. The dogs have passed us, and there go the three riders; but they have changed places, and "Rocket" now has the lead going with tremendous strides, still under hard pull from Titus, who is standing straight in his stirrups, with a side rein in each hand.

On, across broad ditches and high hedges, dash those excited horsemen, never baulking for an instant, for their steed are as true as steel. The fox and dogs have passed out of the field where the fence is at least six feet high, and Squire George and Junior are whipping around to a gap with which they are acquainted; but "Rocket" is carrying his rider straight at that fence.

"Good heavens," cried the Major, "surely he will not attempt to put his horse over that fence!"

"No," I replied, "but Rocket will put him over if he can only stick to him."

At full speed the gallant horse went for the fence, and with a bound like a stag, cleared it handsomely; but there, across the top-rail lay Titus, where he had fallen like a pair of saddle-bags, with his head on one side and his heels on the other. We hurried towards the spot thinking him seriously hurt, but before we reached him he righted himself up, and s raddling the fence, tipped his "flask" with "a here's at you," in the direction of the flying Rocket.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Col. T., as we rode up; "so, Mr. Brix, you got spilled, sure enough, did you; I thought you were going to be in at the death?"

"Look you, Colonel," said Titus, "I have already been *railed* enough for one heat, and been as near 'in at the death' as I want to be again, soon; so take a drink and say no more about it."

"Mum's the word," said the Colonel.—Drinks taken.

The party were remarking upon the extraordinary leap made by the horse, and one said that he had never before seen such, nor believed that any other of us had. I told him that he was mistaken.

Once saw a man weighing thirteen stone, with his gun on his shoulder, leap his horse over a large log, so far from the ground that he afterwards rode under it. The most daring feat I ever saw was a man leaping his horse across the mouth of an open cistern, fifteen feet across by twenty-five feet deep.

earthing him, and the negroes were busily digging about with sharpened sticks.

"I hear him growl," said Harry; "oh, you ole coon, you Mister Stubbuzzard, I knowed we would git you of you wasn't a sperit, and Cub got straight behind you once."

"Look a here, Uncle Harry," said another of the darkies, "what de debil do use o' your talkin' so muck 'bout Cub? I'll just sware Master's Trailer was a long ways a head o' him."

"G'way boy, and uncle me none o' your uncles," said Harry, "ef you say dat agin, dog my buttons of I dont make you hunt a fresh supply o' bref."

"Cub cant hold a candle to Trailer nary day in the week, and you'll get the four o' July rite under bofe eyes of you go to foolin' wid dis chile."

That was enough—there was a simultaneous pitch in on each side, and I never witnessed such a "rough and tumble" fight as there was in that hollow, in the midst of the cane and cries of "cussed nigger;" "nigger yourself;" "fair fight and no bitin';" "keep your nose out o' my mouf den."

In the midst of the fight a tremendous wild-cat jumped out of the hollow and instantly sixty-five dogs covered him. Such a melee can hardly be imagined; it was a free fight and there was terrible confusion in that vicinity just at that particular time. Part of the dogs were stringing the cat, a part were fighting among themselves, and the rest were mixed up with the two darkies, who now began to cry out "nuff, nuff, O Lordy, take 'em off, take 'em off." But it was easier said than done. It was some time before the hollow could be cleared off the combatants, and the field of action then showed one wild-cat, literally *chopped up*; several dogs minus their ears, and two darkies "bofe used up mighty bad."

There was a blank look on every face when it was seen that instead of "Traveller," we caught only a cat. Not a word was spoken, and mounting our horses we proceeded in silence to where we had left Titus. Rocket in the meanwhile had left for home, and as Titus was forced to ride double with some one, he was seated behind Harry on the speckled mare. This arrangement suited admirably and they jogged along unobtrusively, until Titus ordered the mare in the flank. Up went her heels, and over her head went old Harry with Titus on top of him. This occurred several times, and finally Harry rising from the ground with a grand said: "Dog my buttons of I aint in bad luck to day. I said no good would ever come o' rumin' dat fox, and I believe he's the very debil, or how could he a' swooped hissef off for a cat so sudden and the dogs not find it out. Mos Titus, les perverse dis here little arrangement, you ride in the saddle awhile, and I'll try it behind."

"Any thing, old fellow" replied Titus "to (die) keep peace out of the family, help me up."

He was soon helped in the saddle, and Harry mounted behind him, with his arms wrapped around so as to steady him; for Titus Brix, cousin of ours, had now fully acquired that pendulum motion so peculiar to young "gents" who carry their private "pocket flasks."

And thus they moved on home, ever and anon cheered by the maudlin strain,

Bound to ride (hie) all night,
Bound to ride all day,
Bet me (hie) money on the speckle mare,
Someborribbet (hie) on the bay."

ASCENT TO THE CRATER OF POPocatepetl.

From a newspaper published in the city of Mexico, called the *Extraordinary*, we copy the subjoined account of the ascent of Mount Popocatepetl, made by Dr. S. W. Crawford, of the U. S. Army. The doctor was, as we are informed, preparing a second expedition to Popocatepetl, with the intention of spending a night in the crater, of which he has promised to furnish the *Extraordinary* a full account. It may be proper to note, by the way, that this mountain is situated in the State of Puebla, and rises to the height of 17,710 feet above the level of the sea:

"MEXICO, January 24, 1857.

"Our party numbered twenty, including guides and peons. We set out from Tlaxcala on horseback as far as La Cruz, some thousand feet above. Here, with two of my companions, I set out on foot; the remainder rode on some distance. At the same time we all joined, and after our final arrangements of our packs, &c., we grasped our spears, and protecting our eyes from the reflection set out upon the snow, our guides ahead, the Indians with our packs following.

"On we went, slowly and tediously. The difficulty of travelling increased with every step. The servants who accompanied us had all given out; and taking the barometer from one who had sunk exhausted, I joined my companions above. On we toiled, some hundred yards further, and again we stopped to rest. Our number was now reduced to four and our two guides. The same sickness I had experienced was now felt by others; the oppression was extreme. An angry cloud swept around the brow of the mountain, and a snow-storm seemed inevitable. The cold was intense. My companions complained loudly of their feet; and so great was the suffering of one of them, that I persuaded him to return. One only accompanied me for a short distance, when he returned, with one guide, to follow his descending companions.

"I was now alone with one guide, and but half way to the summit; and as, clinging to the ice, I looked down at my retreating companions, and heard the shouts of those at the foot of the mountain, I almost regretted that I had not yielded to their solicitations to accompany them. My solitary guide now rebelled, and I was obliged to bribe and even threaten him, to induce him to accompany me. Up, up, for what seemed an age, we clambered over the fields of frozen snow.—The ascent had become more and more difficult, as, breaking the ice at every step, we progressed slowly and tediously. Once more I turned to look back from my dizzy height. One mis-step, and inevitable destruction awaited us in the abyss below.—The stillness of the grave was over everything; and, recoiling from the sight, I looked down no more. To go on for more than eight or ten paces, without stopping to take rest, was impossible, so rarified had the air become.

"At one time, after an extraordinary exertion to reach my guide, I fell, exhausted, and for some moments was unconscious.—The blood gushed from my nostrils. Cheeking it with the frozen snow, I rallied, and clambered on. My guide, more injured to such trips, had now got far ahead. The sickening sensation I had at first experienced returned with redoubled force. As I again sank exhausted on the snow, a heavy weight seemed pressing upon me, and every-thing appeared to grow dim again, when I was aroused by loud shouts from my guide, as, standing high above me, he shouted, 'the crater, the crater.' Up, up again, I clung, clinging to his footprints; one long, painful struggle more, and I sank exhausted upon my brink.

"What a spectacle! The incessant toil of eight hours hunger and cold were alike forgotten, as, lying down upon the snow, I drank in like a refreshing draught, the sublimity of the scene! The huge crater yawned in horrible vastness at my feet; sulphurous odors issued from every side. An awful stillness pervaded everything. And I looked into its depths with a feeling never before experienced. Before me stood the southwestern side, dark and gloomy; huge rocks rose from its depths, craggy and precipitous, while far below, the golden hue of the burning sulphur added to the picturesque and sublime scene. I looked around me, and the world seemed stretched beneath my feet. The lovely Valley of Mexico, with its lakes and mountains, lay like a map beneath me; to the south and west lay the Tierra Caliente, its hills red in the setting sun. A misty rim of silver showed the Gulf of Mexico far to the eastward, and the frosty top of Orizaba rose grandly from the purple landscape. Though conversant with Nature, I had never before beheld her in such magnificence. To remember that sight must ever be a glory; to forget it can only occur with the general decay of the faculties.

"It was fast growing late, and, planting my snow-spear, I hung up my barometer. I looked around for my guide; he had fallen asleep. Arousing him to a sense of his danger, he implored me to descend, or we would be lost. Not a foot would he return in any direction, as, deaf to my entreaties to assist me to enter the crater, he protested and threatened to leave me. I descended a little distance into the crater for some specimens of lava and basalt, and returned to again arouse my guide, who, exhausted from his efforts and overcome with the intense cold, had again fallen asleep. It was now highly dangerous to stay any longer, and, carefully taking my barometrical and thermometrical measurements, I prepared to descend. One more look at the abyss, black and dreadful in the deepening shade, one more longing gaze at the glorious prospect, as it grew more lovely in the evening twilight, and I left the scene. For a while we descended rapidly, as we followed our ascending tracks, but at last they had frozen; and, as if suddenly, the whole mountain had become one sheet of ice. It was this that my guide had feared. The sun had now set, and darkness was fast coming on, and our danger increasing at every step. My guide lost me, and I had to make my way alone. The ice had now become so hard that it was almost impossible to break it, and it was with great difficulty that my snow spear sustained my weight. Striking it in advance of me, I slid down gently to its foot, and sustaining my weight as I best could while I struck into the ice in advance of me. I

was on the edge of a great baracca or ravine. Excited by the peril of my situation, I progressed rapidly on. I know not how long I was descending. At last the black ashes appeared beneath me, and I heard the loud shouts of the guides sent out to look for me by my friends, who thought I was lost.

"One more slide, and I was upon the earth. The nervous excitement that had so long sustained me was now gone. I had taken no food or drink the whole day, and an exhausting depression followed. My guide again joined me, and we took our way towards the rancho. Near La Cruz, I met my horse with the guides that my thoughtful friend Fearu had sent in search of me. In a short time, I was among my friends, and with a hearty supper around a blazing fire my toils were forgotten.

"Very respectfully, yours,
"S. W. CRAWFORD."

TREES ON FARMS.

Those parts of our country which were first settled, were originally covered with dense and noble forests. These had to be laid low with the woodman's axe, and consumed in his log fires, in order to reclaim the land for the plow, and fit it for receiving "the seed of the sower." The very superabundance of timber rendered it of no value, but for building houses, making a few implements, and for burning as fuel. To clear the soil of timber was the great object of the pioneer farmer, and trees were regarded by him as an encumbrance. Before such a spirit, great forests have disappeared without a thought having been exercised, as to the natural uses of trees in the economy of nature.

Trees, like mountain ranges, attract clouds and promote rains, without which the most fertile lands become barren wastes.

There are some parts of our country—especially western New York—that are now often visited with long summer droughts, where fifty years ago showers of refreshing rain were more frequent and regular; as a consequence the soil does not now yield so abundantly. Some streams that once rolled along in full swelling currents, driving busy mills throughout the entire year, are now almost dry water-worn courses during a number of months, at least, and the mills on their banks have fallen to decay. This has been caused by the destruction of the forests.—They acted the part of reservoirs (by preventing evaporation) to the streams, and as conductors to the rain clouds.

In some parts of Asia and Africa the ruins of large ancient cities are found covered with the sands of the desert; around them there once bloomed fruitful fields. To those farmers who reside in districts and on farms where the timber has been almost annihilated, now is the season to put in practice a useful lesson, viz., to plant belts of beautiful and useful trees around their farms.—Trees equalize the temperature of climates, by attracting clouds in hot weather, to cool the atmosphere with showers; and they shelter houses and crops from high and cold dry winds. And this advice is not only useful for those residing in regions denuded of their forests, but more useful still for our farmers residing on the broad rich prairies of our Western States.

And trees are not only useful as agents of refreshing rains, but they promote health and beautify the landscape. It is a settled question, we believe, that they absorb miasma from the atmosphere; and certainly a treeless landscape is as dull as a tenanted house. Many of our farmers have an eye to the beautiful in the selection of trees for the grounds around their houses, but few of them seem to have paid proper attention to the laying out of their farms. In directing their minds to this subject at the present time, we hope that considerable good will be the result. We do not mean to suggest what kind of trees they should plant, as these should be varied for the locality, soil and climate, but we advise them not to fail in planting some kind.

THE GRIMES AND MARCY HOAX.

Some of our readers may have seen a letter which was written to Gov. Grimes of Iowa, by some person who signed the name of Secretary Marcy to the bottom of it, and so clearly imitated the style of the member of breeches—both private and National—that many papers copying the letter called it "An Important State Paper." But when Mr. Marcy denied its authorship, it became a laughable "hoax." It is generally believed in Iowa that H. S. Starr, an eminent lawyer and amateur wag, of Burlington, Iowa, is the author of the hoax. Mr. Starr is said to be a native of the town which produced the Hon. S. A. Douglas of Illinois, and the Western people have an anecdote of a meeting—not hostile—which took place between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Starr. The latter had lost sight of little "Doug," but little Doug, who seldom loses sight of anything, had not forgotten his townsman; so once when they met and were talking of New England, Douglas asked Starr if he had ever been in—

to me, and rather poorly off in this world's goods."

"Douglas, Douglas. Let me see Yes! Certainly, there was such a family there."

"Any boys?"

"Yes there was Stephe Douglas—we went to school together—not exactly together, either—he went to the common school and I went to the academy or high school."

"Have you ever heard of Stephe since?"

"Well, no Judge, I haven't. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I wanted to look after my relations a little, and I have always had an idea that I ought to do something for Stephe. Was there anything in him?"

"Yes I should think there might have been if he could have been educated, but when I saw him last he was a ragged sort of a boy, and since I think about it it appears to me that his father was about to put him to the furniture business, cabinet making."

"Well, Mr. Starr, allow me to say that I am Stephe Douglas, the ragged boy, and that I am happy to meet my old playmate again; in the person of Iowa's best lawyer. I have never lost sight of you, sir, nor any of the boys; but I have given up cabinet making, as you see."

They shook hands heartily. Mr. Starr remarking the while; "Yes sir! yes, sir! you have done something for Stephe, but allow me to say that there is yet more cabinet work for you to do. I think you will yet make a "Secretary" for Uncle Sam, or probably a "cabinet itself."—Zanesville (O.) Aurora.

A man very much intoxicated was sent to jail. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"Bail him out?" exclaimed the other; "why you couldn't pump him out!"

Holy music reveals to the souls of men a past which they never have known, and a futurity, which in this life at least, they never can know.

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

Two prospective painters lead us, poor-bewitched mortals, through the whole theatre of life, and these are Memory and Hope.

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he strikes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his legs six times in vain and retired in disgust.

A young lady, who was asked to study French, replied, that she thought one tongue sufficient for any woman.

Horticultural.

TRANSPLANTING CABBAGE.

Often when cabbage plants are removed from the beds where they are raised to the garden square, a large portion die, and in a few days the gardener must re-set the square with other plants, and this has occurred so frequently that most persons have concluded that it is inevitable. Many will doubt when we tell them that it is wholly their fault that every plant does not live.—Many will doubt when we tell them that it is wholly their fault that every plant does not live. Yet such is the fact. It results from two errors which are easily avoided. One is that in drawing the plants the roots are broken and the other from keeping out of the ground too long, until it becomes more or less dry. The gardener instead of having the land prepared fully before he takes up the plant and going through the whole process of drawing and planting in a few minutes, often draws the plants, then lays off the ground, and then drops every plant where it is to be put, before he gets to set the first one, and by the time he gets to the last they are hopelessly injured. Sometimes, we have seen such instances, the plants are lying thus on the ground exposed to the heat of the sun for hours, before they are planted. If they grow afterwards it would be very wonderful.

The plan which we have pursued for many years seems to us to be far more reasonable, and certainly is much more successful than that usually followed in this region. We prepare the land thoroughly first of all, and then lay it off before a plant is drawn from the bed. Some hours before the plants are drawn, water is applied freely to the beds in which the plants are growing to soften the earth, so that the plants can be taken, without breaking the roots. The plants are then carefully drawn, and taken at once to the spots where they are to be planted.—There meantime, a mud puddle has been made, by scraping away the soil, and pouring down water, and mixing soil therewith until a tolerably thick mud has been formed, into which the root of each plant is immersed. A considerable portion of mud will adhere to the root, and then as quickly as possible they are planted. The result of this mode of planting is, that a plant rarely ever fails to grow off at once and flourish vigorously, and unless the worms or insects attack the plants, we never have occasion to re-set cabbage plants.—Southern Planter.