

Port Tobacco Times.

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.



VOL. XIV.

PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1857.

NO. 1.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—For one year, if paid in advance or within six months, \$1.50; if not paid within six months, \$2.00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—\$1.00 per square for the first two insertions, and 25 cts. for every subsequent insertion; twelve lines or less constitute a square. 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 their business by the year. The privilege of annual advertisers extends only to their immediate business.

Announcements of candidates for office, \$1.00 per month, to be paid in advance.

Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cts. per square.

Selected Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper breathed a prayer.
Her snow white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid,
And from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose steps upon the earth did press
Like a new snow-flake white and mute;
And then from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that light and matchless form
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
Oh, God! if souls unsouled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardy if she win not Heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

Forgive and forget,
These love for thee yet,
Perchance, in the turn of that heart;
A smile it may be,
Or thought spoken free,
The fountain of feeling will start,
Forgive and forget,
With gentleness wet,
The flower of Friendship that's lying
Neglected and lone,
A pardoning tone,
May keep its bright beauty from dying.
Forgive and forget,
Ye estranged ones, nor let
The chain once so brilliant, be broken;
Nor proudly disdain
To unite it again,
By the magic of words kindly spoken.
Forgive and forget:
Life's sun will soon set,
Behind the dark clouds of Death's even;
And how canst thou hope
That God's portal will open
And admit thee, forgiveness, to Heaven?
Alexandria, Va.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN TAYLOR,

THE TIMON OF THE BACKWOODS BAR AND
PULPIT.

BY CHARLES SUMNERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house of Lewisburg, Conway Co., Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait; a figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow, a face fallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow broad, soaring, massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age, for he was scarcely forty; reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the law-

yers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder and soon swept around the circle.

They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, turned his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look, his lip curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its sap-like poison in a single word—

"Savages!"
No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term; no pencil can paint the internal furors of utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips—laying horrible emphasis on it at the beginning and end of the word.

"Savages!"
It was the growl of a red tiger in the hiss of a rattlesnake.

"Savages!"
The general glare, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; her's was a style to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might tell it in the flash of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as an iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eyes blue as the heavens of a Southern summer, large, liquid, beaming; in her motions, graceful swimming like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the summer air; in the figure, slight, ethereal, sylph's or seraph's; and, more than all in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like star-light and yet possessing the power of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner:
"Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your council, Col. Linton, is sick. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and as clear as the song of the sky-lark:

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being, who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of the bell metal:

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What," exclaimed the astonished Judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"
"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of the party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring, and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those fire-flies of fashion, the profession of whose life, everywhere, is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram

Shore belonged to a family, at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the Southwest. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma and had shared the fate of all others—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream, as of one in mortal terror, while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms.—They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sound proceeded, pushed back the unfastened door and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to Hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, "I did it to save my honor!"

As may readily be imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, credited the girl's version of the facts, lauded her in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feeling in a revolting partiality.—The Judge committed her without the privilege of bail and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genius, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and her leather-robed council, as if in doubt who of the twin was then on trial.

As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to the opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

At the proper time, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his place almost touching the jury.—He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so mild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from door to galleries. At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of combined evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass through which the innocence of the client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam, and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thro' conviction, and the language simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his position, so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled heated coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's Eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself hurling red hot thunderbolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest temper of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gestures save one—the flash of a long, bony forefinger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, coalescing for money to hunt down a poor, friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the Jury cried—"Shame!"

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustration in the case of his client, till one half the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair seemed to stand on end; his nerves shook as with palsy; he tossed his hands widely toward heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word hell embodied the acme and ideal of horror; it was that wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groined, females screamed, and one poor woman fainted and was borne away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box, and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court-house from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave an appointment: "I will preach in this hall to night at 8 o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into conversation.

At eight o'clock the court-house was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence at the bar, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation.—Indeed, misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include everybody but himself; it was a picture of hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil. But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility of any human being ever getting there.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Be thrifty to yourselves, that you may be liberal towards others.

In private, we must watch our thoughts; in the family our tempers; in company, our tongues.

People are all the summer busy learning to leave the door open, and all the winter learning to close it.

The young woman that was lost in thought, after wandering in her mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

A young man, who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

There is a man in Cincinnati, in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the humane society to "remember the poor."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young man, boasting. "Very true," replied his waggish companion; "for you can't please any!"

Keep thyself at a distance from those who are incorrigible in bad habits; and hold no intercourse with that man who is insensible of kindness.

A loving friend's rebuke sinks into the heart, and convinces the judgment; an enemy's or stranger's rebuke is invective, and irritates, not converts.

"Pat, buy you a trunk, to put your clothes in," said his Yankee companion. "What, an' go naked this cold weather?" asked the honest spalpeen of Killarney.

Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind, trouble enough; in his own fortunes, evil enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

A Jersey farmer, who had a city friend come to visit him, called his boy, and told him to take out the horse from his friend's wagon, and give him plenty of corn—cobs (in an undertone).

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, quite innocently, "I never lay awake long enough to discover."

An Irishman, meeting a countryman, inquired his name: "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh," responded Paddy; "are ye from Dublin? I knew two old maids there of that name; was either of 'em your mother?"

A conceited prima donna, at the rehearsal of a new opera, said tactily to the leader of the orchestra: "The band play so loud, sir, that it is impossible to hear me." "All the better for you, marm!" coolly replied the conductor.

A clergyman was rebuked by a brother of the cloth a few days ago, for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time."

"Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in that horse's back?" "Sure, an' it's jist myself can tell ye, sir. Ye see, sir, before the baste was your property, he was backed agin an Irish hoss that bate her hollow, and she niver got straight agin."

"How very provoking, my dear fellow! If you had but come yesterday, you might have had the money!" How true this is through life! Whenever we ask for anything, the only y's we receive is in yesterday. In begging favors, to-day always means a day too late!

Freemasonry was first known in England, in 674, and was forbidden in 1424; tolerated in 1600, and excommunicated by the Pope in 1538. The Charity for Freemasons was established in 1788. The Grand Lodge of England was founded in 1727; of Ireland, in 1720. Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen street, was built in 1773, and opened in May, 1776.

THE HABITS OF SHAD.

BY ROBERT L. FELL.

Shad spawn on gravelly bottoms. They will never deposit their ova on a muddy or movable surface, as they know well that they would not adhere. Young shad on their way to the ocean are rarely seen on soft ground, but only in the vicinity of gravel bottoms and a rocky shore. I have seen hundreds of thousands passing down the Hudson in the months of July and August. Old shad commence ascending Southern rivers in February and March, and the Hudson and Connecticut rivers in April, May and June, coming directly from the deep sea in large shoals, searching for spawning ground, and immediately after the operation, swim with great rapidity near the bottom towards the ocean, and if taken, are found thin and unfit for the table. Full shad, when they leave the sea migrate to spawn beyond brackish water and usually continue up the stream if the bottom is suitable, until they are prevented by a dam, or similar obstruction, which they never attempt to overcome, as salmon do. The young shad from spawn deposited by the April run of spawners, when returning down the Hudson on their way to the ocean in August, are about the size of large herrings. If our fishermen were experienced, they might meet shoals at Sandy Hook immediately on their arrival from deep water, and shorten the distance daily towards the spawning ground by which means a vast number that now fortunately escape to spawn, would be destroyed. There is no satisfaction, however, in enlightening this class of citizens, who are so selfish as to look only to present gain, and are unwilling to spend half an hour at the end of each fishing season to plant the spawn of a dozen shad, each of which would produce fifty thousand fish towards the next year's supply. I have endeavored to induce our State Legislature to pass a law, making it incumbent upon all fishermen so to do; but have not been successful. If this plan were pursued for five years, our rivers would again team with this delicious fish, as they always return directed by instinct, to spawn where they were born. Some years since, in my vicinity on the Hudson, two thousand shad were taken at a single haul of the seine, where now it is a rare occurrence to entrap three hundred. This fact plainly shows that if the present destructive system is pursued, the supply will soon fail to meet the demand. Two years since, I artificially impregnated the ova of shad. Thus: having partially filled a pail with water, I took a female immediately from the river in my left hand and stripped her gently with my right, when the ova, some fifteen thousand in number, were forced into the pail. The spermatid fluid of the male was then in the same way caused to drop in the same pail, and when thoroughly mixed together, the color of the ova changed from a glowing red to a beautiful straw color. They were then placed under fine gravel at the inlet of one of my breeding ponds, and running water was permitted to pass over them. At this time my microscope only indicated a single cell in the egg, containing a straw colored fluid; forty days afterwards the microscope exposed to view thousands of different cells partially filled with blood. Two days afterwards I plinned saw eyes. Within a week thereafter, thousands of young shad made their appearance with small appendages attached to their bodies, but could not discern with my glass either mouth or gills. The blood vessels and heart were plainly seen. The eyes were large, and the pectoral fins well developed. At the age of thirteen days the anal, dorsal and caudal fins, devoid of rays, could be seen without the microscope as well as the gills and mouth.—At this period the sack disappeared, and they attempted to eat; were very lively, and concealed themselves when any person approached.

I have also caused old shad to spawn in a breeding pond and kept them healthy by an occasional application of fine salt. Their progeny became fresh water fish.

Fecondated ova of the famous English sole, white bait, teal, carp, roach, dace, perch and jack, wrapped in flannel cloths, and packed in boxes of damp moss for me, were lost in the ill fated Arctic. I intended to plant the ova of the salt water fish in the little bays formed by the Hudson River Railroad, and have made arrangements with Monsieur Coste of Paris, and Monsieur Millet of the French Societe Zoologique d'Acclimation, for another shipment during the present season.

I offered the legislature of the State of New York at its present sitting, through the medium of Senators Kelly and Fenton, to stock all the waters of the State with salmon at my own expense if they would pass a law for the preservation of the fish until they should become well established in the different waters; but want of time will probably prevent its passage.

The growth of salmon has been thoroughly proved in the Scotch fisheries, by marking the fish. The young fry in four months time between the period of leaving their birth place for the sea and their return to spawn, have increased seven and a half pounds in weight.

DOING GOOD TO OTHERS.—Here is a pretty story of a little girl. Perhaps you have read it before, but it will do you good to read it again:—

"A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to make others happy, found a young twin daughter silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' Still the little bright face was bowed down in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little child said timidly: 'A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school had lost a baby brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face on the same book and cried with her. Then she looked up and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her so much good.'"

Agricultural.

ASHES AS MANURE.

For certain kinds of soil no manurial application is more valuable than wood ashes. Theoretical chemists tell us that ashes furnish elements essential to the constitution of plants and that they are most effective on soils deficient in the particular element usually contained in ashes. Without discussing the theory, or attempting to settle the mooted question whether any mineral elements are necessary to be supplied as specific nutriment to plants on soils generally, we may refer to one point on which there is little or no dispute. All agree that decaying organic substance, (animal or vegetable,) when undergoing decomposition, furnish valuable food or stimulant to growing plants.

Now most soils, especially those subject to standing water, contain more or less vegetable matter, such as roots of grasses, &c., which have acquired a kind of asphatic or carbonaceous condition, and decomposition has been arrested. All alkali—caustic potash, lime or magnesia—added to such a soil acts upon the vegetable matter, hastening its decay, and fitting it to nourish plants. Too much alkali added in a single season, may decompose more of the organic matter than is needed, and much of it will be lost, and thus needlessly impoverish the soil. This is the frequent result of over-liming land.

In very many cases the soils are acid, (sour,) and on these the alkalis are valuable to neutralize the acids and sweeten them.

Lime is much used, on account of its cheapness, but it is far less soluble than potash. Indeed, the carbonate of lime is scarcely soluble at all. Lime acts more to harden a soil. For these reasons alone, potash is much more valuable than lime to the farmer.

The only cheap available source of potash, is uncleaned wood ashes. The ashes of oak wood have often yielded six, eight and ten per cent. of potash, and those of beech wood nearly twice as much. In leaching ashes, it is principally this potash that is washed out, and on this account leached ashes are of small value to cold, damp, sour land.

For dry, warm, sunny soils, the ashes are not, as a general thing, beneficial; but on peat, or muck swamps, or clay lands, and on wet loams, they are almost invaluable. No farmer should sell his ashes for anything like the usual price obtained for them.—Good ashes are cheaper to use upon the soil at twenty-five cents per bushel, than slaked lime at five cents per bushel.

Coal ashes have also a higher value than is usually attached to them. Several careful analyses of the bituminous coal ashes, have shown 1-2-2 to 3 per cent. of potash, while all hard coals yield a small per centage.—Besides this, most families burning hard coal use more or less wood coal, in kindling fires, which furnish additional potash.—From several analyses of hard coal ashes and cinders, as well as from many experiments upon soils, we think no one having the smallest plot of land should throw away coal ashes. Let them be saved carefully, and added to the soil, putting them especially upon the coldest and wettest portions.—American Agriculturist.

SETTING OUT TREES.—Having lost several forest trees the first year of setting out, I took the advice of a friend at my side, not a "Country Gentleman," but a city merchant, and from his directions my few trials since have been successful. His plan is as follows: Dig the pit, put in the trees, placing the roots and securing the tree properly—having in a tub earth mixed with water until thin enough to run off, pouring the same upon the roots until well covered up. In a short time the water will leach off, leaving the earth as compact around every little root as it was in the bed from which it was taken.

MUSICAL.—It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not all the more competent to sing "pieces."