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## Selected Poetry.

### GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Forsake me not, my God!  
Thou God of my salvation!  
Give me the light to be  
My sure illumination.  
My soul to folly turns  
Seeking it knows not what;  
Oh! lead her to thyself;  
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
Take not thy spirit from me;  
And suffer not the might  
Of sin to overcome me.  
A father's piety  
The children he begets;  
My father, pity me;  
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
Thou God of life and power,  
Enliven, strengthen me,  
In every evil hour;  
And when the sinful fire  
Within my heart is hot,  
Be thou not far from me;  
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
Uphold me in going;  
That evermore I may  
Plead Thee in all my doing,  
And that thy will, O Lord,  
May never be forgot.  
In all my words and ways,  
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
I would be thine forever;  
Confirm me in thy love,  
In every right endeavor,  
And when my hour is come,  
Cleansed from all stain and spot  
Of sin, receive my soul!  
My God, forsake me not!

## Miscellaneous.

From the Young People's Illuminated Magazine.

### THREE TIMES A DAY.

"Adela, my darling! Adela!"  
"She has gone out, grandpa."  
"Gone out! with whom? Has she left me here alone with you, Julietta?"  
"Little Mary is here, grandpa, playing with the dog; and Marianne is in the kitchen, getting dinner ready."

This conversation was held between a little girl, about nine years old, and the Baron St. Andres, an old man of eighty. He was a knight of the order of St. Louis and had received his knighthood and insignia from the hands of Louis the Sixteenth, king of France. He was now, however, quite blind, and consequently almost helpless. Little Mary, a child of six years of age, made the third one of the party.

"Julietta!" resumed the old man, after a short silence, "did your sister say anything to you when she went out?"

"Yes, grandpa," replied Julietta; "she said to me—'Take care that little Mary doesn't trouble grandpa, and if he wishes to go into the garden, give him your hand, and take care not to let him stumble over anything, because he can't see, poor grandpa, and God has given him to us, his children, to take care of him, and to obey him, and to make him as happy as we can.' Oh, I know it all by heart, grandpa, because Adela tells it me three times a day; every time before she goes out."

"How! every time before she goes out! Does she often go out?" asked the old man, whose venerable brow seemed ruffled by some painful thought.

"Three times every day!" answered Julietta, in some surprise; "three times every day; once in the morning, before you come down, from 7 to 9 o'clock; another, from 11 till 1; and the third from 3 to 5, when you are asleep. You see! three times a day. Did you think I couldn't reckon?"

"What o'clock is it now?" asked the Baron rather sharply, doubtless with the hope of finding some discrepancy in Julietta's reckoning.

"It struck one, just now," Julietta answered. "And here comes Adela; I hear the garden gate opening; and she is speaking to Mary and the dog. They have gone to meet her."

In a few moments Adela entered. She was a young and lovely girl; so young she seemed as if she had scarcely emerged from childhood, and yet so serious and so thoughtful was the expression of her countenance,

that the premature care of life had, as it were, blighted the flower of youth.

"Adela!" said the old man, in a tone so sad and serious that it brought the quick color to the young girl's face, "whence come you?" and stretching forth his hand, he seized that of Adela's, which she had extended towards him, took it between both his own, gently stroked it, and at last said in a mournful manner, "You are agitated my child! you are troubled! you tremble! Whence come you?"

The young girl did not reply. Obtaining no answer, the Baron St. Andres continued, and the slow, solemn accent with which he uttered each word showed the sad feelings of his heart. "In 1814 I was a widower, Adela, and of all my numerous family, only one was left me, my sainted daughter, Henrietta, your mother. \* \* \* Your father fell at Waterloo; you were then only twelve. Adela! Adela! what can I say? By all my past miseries—by my unceasing grief—by my gray hairs—I entreat you, tell me, whence come you? Whither go you three times every day?"

"My father," said Adela, "I am only seventeen years old, it is true, and yet, young as I am, sorrow and care have already left their impress on my brow. Three years ago my mother died, yet that sad scene is still ever present to my mind, as vividly as if it had been but yesterday. I still hear the weak voice, regaining momentary strength, address me: 'Adela,' she said, 'I leave you two daughters; be a mother to them. And my poor father—I entrust him to you. Guide the two first in their course through life; show them its thorns and its dangers. Hide from the second everything that would pain him.' Such were her words, and I have tried to obey them. I go out three times a day, and that troubles you; but you do not consider that I am the mistress of a family—the housekeeper—and yet more I have to take care of you all. Are not these duties enough to call me out three times a day? Have confidence in your Adela, my dear grandfather—trust in her!"

"That is all I desire; it is all my heart wishes, my daughter! Well, well! you have been out to day—you will not go out again! Am I right? You do not answer Adela!"

Adela, as if she had not heard his last words, turned to Julietta, and questioned her concerning the studies, which she had profited to her in the evening, and thus adroitly changed the conversation. She then remained for sometime with the little party on the piazza, until Marianne summoned them to the dinner table. Notwithstanding her exertions to please and entertain her grandfather, she observed with pain that his mind was still troubled, and fearing that he would resume his attempts to disengage her from again venturing out, she controlled her own feelings and chatted incessantly with the little ones—all the time, however, carefully ministering to the old man's wants. As soon as the meal was finished, she directed Julietta to lead her grandfather back to his seat on the piazza, while she herself remained, as if to attend to her household duties. At the end of a half an hour, Julietta saw her with her bonnet on her head and her gloves on her hands, walk quickly through the garden and pass out of the gate, which she closed behind her, with the least possible noise. The old man's fine sense of hearing, however, had instantly detected, and, if we may so speak, had followed all the movements of his grand-daughter, and when the gate closed behind her he said, with a deep sigh, and as if speaking to himself, "She has gone out again!"

Then, probably to divert the solicitude which was tormenting him, he directed Julietta to go and tell the servant girl to take little Mary out for a walk, and added, "Bring with you the newspaper that you will find on the table in the saloon, and come and read to me the article upon the public rejoicings of last week. That will amuse both you and me."

Julietta obeyed. A short time afterwards Marianne and Mary went out for their walk, and Julietta returned, and seating herself upon a stool near her grandfather's feet, began to read the article which he had mentioned. It was a very long one, and as she had to stop now and then to spell some of the longer and more difficult words she had not quite finished it when several knocks on the garden gate was heard.

"There is no one to open it, grandpa," said the little girl, interrupting her reading.

"You must go, then," said the Baron.

The garden gate was not far enough from the piazza to prevent the old man from hearing the following dialogue which took place between his niece and a lady—a stranger:

"Does not a young lady a teacher of the piano, live here?" asked the latter.

"No, madam," Julietta replied.

"It must be here, certainly, my dear! I had the exact directions to this house given me. She may be a boarder, whom you do not know, my little one."

"In the whole house there is no one but my grandpa, who is blind," answered Julietta in the impatient tone of a little girl who liked not her word to be doubted, "and

Adela my oldest sister and Marianne, the cook, and her husband, the gardener, and my little sister Mary, and the dog, and I, and no one else. But sometimes a young lady comes here who teaches the piano, and perhaps she is the one you want to see."

"I wish to see Miss Adela St. Andres, who teaches the piano in the family of—"

"I never tell fibs ma'am!" said Julietta, impatiently interrupting her; "my sister Adela is not a teacher of the piano. Don't you think that I ought to know?"

"Does the Baron St. Andres live here?" asked a young man stopping also at the half-open gate.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, certainly, the young lady for which you are enquiring lives here madam," he said to the lady who was questioning Julietta; "and doubtless, the Baron St. Andres, whom I seek, is her grandfather."

And to the intense surprise, and even anger of Julietta, who still insisted that her sister was not a teacher of music, the young man made his way to the piazza, approached the blind father, and, after having assured himself that he was speaking to the Baron St. Andres, said—"Baron! I have the pleasure of announcing to you that your pension is restored."

"Sir, sir, you must certainly have taken me for some one else," the Baron answered, his surprise almost as great as that of Julietta, "for my pension has never been taken from me. How then can you say, 'it is restored.'"

The young man resumed, and it was evident that he was also greatly astonished: "Are you not the Baron St. Andres, who served in the reign of Louis XV., and Louis XVI., in the Vendean wars; who has lost five sons in the wars of the Empire?"

"Yes, sir," the Baron answered.

"Your grand-daughter—the young lady—Adela St. Andres—does she not give lessons on the piano in the house of the Minister of War—in fact to my sisters?"

"Explain yourself, sir! explain yourself!" the old man exclaimed; "My pension lost! Adela! Three times a day! Oh! I entreat you, explain!"

"It is a very simple matter," the young man said; "but how can you be ignorant of all this? It is a fact that I have two sisters, and about a year ago, when they were seeking a teacher of music, your grand-daughter, the young lady Adela, offered her services; she was recommended by the Countess de Bricourt, whose daughters she was also teaching. After some months had passed, knowing that I was in the war-office, and that I am the minister's nephew, she told me that your pension had been discontinued for two years, and that no cause had been assigned for it, and she added, 'Neither a blind old man, nor a young girl like me, can take the necessary steps to learn the reason.' 'Make your mind easy upon that point,' I said to her; 'I will take charge of the matter.' I have fulfilled my promise, and now I have the pleasure of communicating to you the pleasing intelligence that orders have been given, not only for the restoration of your pension, but also for the payment of all arrears."

"Oh, Adela! noble and worthy girl!" exclaimed the old man raising his sightless eyes to heaven; "Oh, my daughter! so unjustly accused—you have concealed all this from me—all even the labor which your filial love induced you to undertake. Oh! where is she? why does she not come? Go, go, and seek her."

Julietta went out, as if for that purpose, and the Baron, gradually overcoming his emotion related to the young man, and to the stranger lady, all that had passed that morning—his fears and his anxieties for his grand-daughter. The praise and the blessings which the old man lavished upon the absent Adela met full sympathy from at least one of his hearers.

"Oh, Baron! my dear sir!" the young man said, "you do not know me yet; I am a stranger to you, but I will give you ample satisfaction concerning my family; I have long loved your grand-daughter; she does not object me, give her to me, I implore you, for my wife!"

At this moment, a cry of joy from Julietta announced the return of Adela. When the latter saw the two persons who were standing near her grand-father, she blushed deeply, and hesitated in her approach; but the old man called her to him, and fondly embracing her, said, "Everything is discovered, you darling! you little rogue! and here is one who claims the right to be your husband and to separate you from me."

"He who claims that right," the still blushing girl answered, with a strange mingling of timidity and of firmness, "must also take upon him the charge of an old man, and of two little ones, for whose welfare and happiness I am responsible in the eyes of God."

"All, all, whom you love, shall be most dearly welcomed, dearest lady."

Adela educated her two sisters, and saw them happily married—as happily as herself, and none could wish a happier lot.—The blind old Baron lived to an extreme old age, and at length died in her arms, bequeathing her his last fond blessing.

### MARY ANN'S WEDDING.

AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

"We are all preparing," said Mrs. Jones, "to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the gals were going, and we were going to take the baby, but come to dress the baby, couldn't find the baby's shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawers on purpose. I know'd just where I had put it; but come to look for't was gone."

"For mercy's sake!" says I, "gals," says I, "has any on ye seen that baby's shirt?"

"Of course, none of 'em had seen it; and I looked, and looked, and looked again, but 'twant nowhere to be found. It's the strangest thing in all nature," said I, "here I had the shirt in my hand not more'n ten minutes ago, and now it's gone and nobody can tell where, I never seed the beat. 'Gals,' says I, 'do look around, can't ye?' But fretting wouldn't find it—so I gave it up, and went to the bureau, and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby, and at last we were ready for a start."

Father harnessed up a double team—we drove the old white mare then, and the gals and all was having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow I couldn't git over that shirt! 'Twant the shirt so much, but to have anything spirited away from under my face and eyes so, 'twas provokin'!

"What ye thinking about, mother?" says Sophrony, "what makes you look so sober?" says she.

"I'm pestered to death, thinking about that ere shirt. One of you must have took it, I am sartin," says I.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, "you needn't say that,"—and as I'd laid out her a good many times, she was beginning to get ex-ced, and so we had it back and forth, and all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding."

Seeing company, kinder put it out of mind, and I was getting good natured again, though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, "what could have become of that shirt?" till at last they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it."

Mary Ann was a real modest creature and was nor'n half frightened to death when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told them to jine hadds. She first gave her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," says the minister, and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he didn't know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake and that the minister meant him, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do, any way, a left-hand marriage all around; but by this time they didn't know what they were about and Mary Ann joined her right hand to his left, then her left to his right, then both their hands again, till I was all in a fidget, and thought they never would get fixed."

Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey, and to make matters worse, she began to cough, to turn it off, I suppose, and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been drinkin, and the tumbler stood right there, and I was so nervous, and in such a hurry to see it all over with, I ketched up the tumbler and run with it to her, for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink—I don't know how it happened, but the tumbler slopped, and gracious me if between us we didn't spill the water all over the collar and dress."

I was dreadfully flustered, for though it was my fault, and the first thing I did was to wipe my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up, and she took it. The folks had held it pretty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I didn't know what had given them such a start, till I looked and seen that I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt!"

Here Mrs. Jones, who is a very fleshy woman undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.

"Why," said she, with tears of laughter running down her cheeks, "I'd tucked it into my dress for a kerchief. That came from being absent minded and in a fidget."

"And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?"

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever attended."

"And the baby's shirt, Mrs. Jones?"

"La me," said Mrs. Jones, "how young folks do ask questions. Everybody agreed I ought to make Mary Ann a present on't."

"Well, Mrs. Jones," "twant long fore she had a use for it." And that's the end of the story.

A Western editor thus delivers himself: "We would say to the individual who stole our shirt off the pole while we lay in bed waiting for it to dry, that we sincerely hope that the collar may cut his throat."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than in the morning?

Because he is let out at night and taken in the morning.

### From Bayard Taylor's Letters from Lapland.

A DRIVE WITH REINDEER.

I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein, and awaited the signal to start. My deer was a strong, swift animal, who had just shed his horns. Ludwig set off first; my deer gave a starting leap, dashed around the corner of the house, and made down the hill. I tried to catch the breath which had been jerked out of me, and to keep my balance as the pulk, swaying from side to side, bounced over the snow. It was too late; a swift preannouncement of the catastrophe, flashed across my mind, but I was powerless to avert it. In another second I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the pulk bottom upward beside me. The deer, who was attached to my arm, was standing still, facing me with an expression of stupid surprise (but no sympathy) on his face. I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk, and commenced again. Off we went, like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side to side, until the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road, deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snow drifts in my pockets, sleeves and bosom. My beard and eyebrows became instantly a white solid mass, and my face began to tingle, from its snow bath; but, on looking back, I saw as white a beard emerge from a drift, followed by the stout body of Braisted, who was gathering himself up after his third shipwreck.

We took a fresh start, I narrowly missing another overturn, as we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level of the Muonio, I found no difficulty in keeping my balance, and began to enjoy the exercise. My deer struck out, passed the others, and soon I was alone on the track. In the gray Arctic twilight, gliding noiselessly and swiftly over the snow, with the low huts of Muonioiska dimly seen in the distance before me, I had my first true experience of Lapland travelling. It was delightful, novel and exhilarating; I thought of "Afraja," and the song of "Kulnasatz, my reindeer," and Bryant's "Arctic Lover," and whatever else there is of Polar poetry, and urged my deer with shouts, and never once looked behind me until I had climbed the opposite shore and reached the village. My companions were then nowhere to be seen. I waited some time before they arrived, Braisted's deer having become fractious and run back with him to the house. His crimson face shone out from its white frame of icy hair, as he shouted to me, "There is nothing equal to this, except riding behind a right whale when he drives to the windward, with every man trimming the boat, and the spray flying over your bows."

We now turned northwest through the village, flying around many sharp corners, but this I found comparatively easy work. But for the snow I had taken in, which now began to melt, I got on finely, in spite of the falling flakes, which beat in our faces. Von Buch, in his journey through Lapland in 1807, speaks of Muonioiska as "a village with an inn, where they have silver spoons." We stopped at a house which Mr. Wooley stated was the very building, but it proved to be a more recent structure on the site of the old inn. The people looked at us with curiosity on hearing we were Americans. They knew the name of America, but did not seem to know exactly where it was.

On leaving the house, we had to descend the steep bank of the river. I put out my feet to steady the pulk, and thereby plowed a cataract of fine snow into my face, completely blinding me. The pulk gave a flying leap from the steepest pitch, flung me out, and the deer, eager to make for home, dragged me by the arm for about twenty yards before I could arrest him. This was the worst upset of all, and far from pleasant, although the temperature was only zero. I reached home again without further mishap, flushed, excited, soaked with melted snow, and confident of my ability to drive reindeer with a little more practice.

A blacksmith, who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; unwilling to offend him, told him he should be careful of his diet, and not eat anything heavy or windy.

The blacksmith went off satisfied; but in revolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, he returned to the doctor, who, having lost his temper with his patient, said:

"Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?"

"No," said the blacksmith.

"Why, then, I'll tell you," says the doctor; "your anvil is heavy, and your bellows are windy; don't eat either of these, and you will do well."

A little girl, nine years old, having attended a Soiree, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered: "I am full of happiness." I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow.

### WHAT WE DRINK.

Some time ago an intelligent English writer published a work, entitled "What we eat and what we drink," in which he showed the constituents of the various articles taken into the stomach as food or nutritive purposes. There was a great amount of useful information in the volume, but it did not contain any of the following facts in relation to what we drink, which have been presented to the public by Dr. Hiram Cox, chemical inspector of alcoholic liquors in Cincinnati. He says that during two years he has made 249 inspections of various kinds of liquors, and has found more than nine-tenths of them poisonous concoctions. Of brandy he does not believe there is one gallon of pure in a hundred gallons, the imitations having corn whiskey for a basis, and various poisonous acids for the condiments. Of wines not a gallon in a thousand, purporting to be sherry, port, sweet Malaga, is pure, but they are made of water, sulphuric acid, alum, Guinea pepper, horse radish and many of them without a single drop of alcoholic spirit. Dr. Cox warrants there are not ten gallons of genuine port wine in Cincinnati. In his inspections of whiskey he has found only from 17 to 20 per cent. of alcoholic spirit, when it should have 45 to 50, and some of it contains sulphuric acid enough in a quart to eat a hole through a man's stomach. As whiskey is now the favorite beverage, these facts are worth consideration.

An old negro, near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way "he put 'em down." You kin read, now, keant you? "Yes." "Well, I spose you have read the Bible haint you?" "Yes." "You've read about John de Baptist, haint you?" "Yes." "Well, you never read about John the Methodist, did you? You see I has de Bible on my side, den, Yah, Yah!"

CONSIDERATE.—An advertisement in a Philadelphia paper reads as follows:—"Stolen a watch worth one hundred dollars. If the thief will return it he shall be informed, gratis, where he may steal one worth two of it and no questions asked."

LEGAL DESTITUTION.—The "eye of the law" has become so weak from the want of proper practice in the different courts that it is going to advertise for a pupil.

## Horticultural.

From the Southern Planter.

### MANURE FOR FRUIT TREES.

Many persons in this State, perhaps it would not be amiss to say, must, when they have planted out trees in what they term orchards, neglect them altogether, as if they could thrive well enough without attention. Such fruit growers do not seem to consider that the trees draw sustenance and nourishment from the soil, and that this continual waste, if not as constantly repaired, will inevitably sooner or later exhaust all these qualities upon which the tree must depend for its vitality and fruitfulness. They know that in order to make good crops they must manure the land on which they grow wheat, corn, tobacco and the like crops, but they seem totally unconscious of the desirableness of similar applications to the orchard.

A friend living near Richmond has a number of well grown, healthy, thrifty apple trees, which after bearing plentifully for some years, all at once became barren, much to his surprise and chagrin. After pondering the matter awhile, he resolved to see what effect manuring would have. Accordingly he hauled manure to the spot, and after putting up the soil, scattered it about the trees. The result was an abundant crop of fruit the ensuing season.

The best season for this application is the autumn; but where it was neglected then, it may be done with advantage now, and it is never too late to do well. Our advice is always before putting the manure about the trees, fork up the earth well, as the rains will dissolve it and carry it in solution to the roots of the tree.

And this suggests the remark that liquid manure is the best kind for the orchard, and the further suggestion that soap suds, slop water and similar things which the farmer wastes usually, is an admirable manure for fruit trees. With but little trouble and less expense enough of this could be saved to answer any purpose.

It is proper to add that all fruit trees do not equally require manuring. Thus we all know that peaches thrive much better in poor soils than apples would, and this fact must not be overlooked. Excess here would not be less fatal than total neglect, and the quantity must be left to the sound discretion of each individual. Be it remembered meantime that some is absolutely indispensable, and the farmer who would have good fruit, must not altogether neglect his orchard. Of this let all take heed.