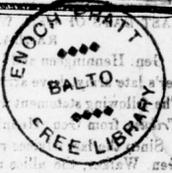


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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER IN SPRING.

Will thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Will thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone:
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come like thy holy Dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor tree, thine eyes delight so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Selected Miscellany.

INCITEMENT TO NOBLE DEEDS.

There hangs before me a photograph of the arch of Titus, famous and venerable as presenting among the processional spoils our only probable portrait of the Golden Candelstick: It reminds me of a saying of this Roman emperor which has become proverbial. On a certain evening, when he looked back over the long hours, he remembered no good action, and exclaimed, "I have lost a day" or more briefly in Latin, *perdidit diem*. According to some reports, it was the absence of any beneficent action that he regretted; and thus the saying has been understood by most.

This was certainly a beautiful trait in a heathen, a Roman emperor, and one whom we have to compare with bloody tyrants, such as preceded and followed him. But perhaps too much has been made of the benevolence of Titus; and perhaps we have allowed a sentence, happily worded and proceeding from one in imperial purple, to eclipse the greater and more diffused excellencies which the Christian religion has introduced.

It was something, indeed, for a sovereign of absolute power, innumerable subjects, and boundless means to pass twelve hours without one act of beneficence. We naturally inquire why he might not have made ten thousand persons happy: it would have taken less than a day. On the other hand, one act of clemency, charity or compassion has its glory, even though the only one in the aforesaid term. A day thus signalized is brighter than certain days of Nero and Domitian. And in this view Titus Vespasianus justly lamented the day as lost which could not show this single bright redeeming spot. It was not a day, *creta notandus*, to be "marked with a white stone."

In the dominions of the emperor there was, at that very time, a class of people not clad in purple or fine linen, and often confounded with the despised Jews. They were widely spread and had rules touching this very point. They have not yet ceased to exist nor to practice according to these rules. They used to exhort one another thus: "To do good and to communicate, forget not." They were, indeed, a peculiar people, "zealous of good works." They went so far as to adopt the maxim, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Let us do justice to Titus, the "delight of human kind." He was mild and comparatively forbearing in Judea, and seemed to use harshness with reluctance. He offered terms to the resisting Jews rather than pollute their temple, and looked with admiration and pity on the holy place when it was stormed by his batteries and burning up. He allowed Josephus to save the sacred book from that conflagration. Hence it is that we look to the Arch of Titus, at Rome, with a measure of complacency. But we are not willing to take the element Titus for our model as to spending a day.

To pass a whole day without an endeavor to make one happier is indeed to lose a day; it is dreadful, it is heathenish; and a heathen emperor may rebuke us. Yet the Christian standard is higher than this; and it were a meagre account of a Christian day to reckon its acts of beneficence at a unit. God has given a wider rule, and Providence opens more numerous opportunities. If good acts were confined to what in the world's

esteem are great acts only a few could do them, and only once in awhile. But the business which Mrs. Hannah Moore was said to take for her life's task—*faire des heureux*, to make others happy—is a business at which every man, woman, and child may work in every place, every day, and every hour of the day. A stone cutter or a joiner might say with truth of a given day, "I have lost it, for I have let it go without one stroke from my chisel;" but we would not frame a rule conversely, and ordain one stroke of the chisel as a noticeable affair.

We err by omitting cheap acts of beneficence in our daily walk and among our hourly companionship. The web of a merciful life is made up of these slender threads. This is a secret oftener learnt by woman than by man.

The husband is used to wholesale business. By the utterance of a few syllables on 'Change he finds himself richer by thousands. He writes ten letters on a slip of paper, and goes home heavier by a complete fortune. He has done a day's work. He can make a long interval. So in his charities; he takes a tithe of the tithe of half his net income and builds an orphan house. His soul is refreshed; he has done a great work.

The wife sits at home. She is employed in a series of continually repeated acts, any one of which is almost inappreciable. Her steps are many, up and down flights of stairs. Her sphere of housewifery comprises multifarious particulars. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. Who can keep the tally of all those quick passes of her nimble needle? Her aggregate of human activity is the sum of small increments. She acquires a habit of thinking that innumerable littles will in time amount to something great. She generalizes her law and gives it a moral turn, holding that a thousand minute kindnesses go for something in the sum total of beneficence.

If she cannot rear an assylum, she can wipe away a tear. If her lord comes home to dinner weary and pettish, after some exhausting deed of love, she can bear his glance with a meek and quiet spirit, which he will remember by-and-by. "In her tongue is the law of kindness." Great men may learn philosophy from good women. Our days would be sad indeed if every one was lost which did not contain some signal action, fit to be written down in the book of Chronicles or honored by a presentation of plate with letters and dinner speeches. It is a remarkable point in the awards of the judgment-day that those who are to enter into the joy of their Lord seem never to have kept any diary of their good works, or digested any statistical table of their visits, or held any anniversaries whereon to enumerate their works of mercy. "Lord, when saw we thee an hungred or athirst?" Yet they had not lost their days. God remembers what they forget, even to the minutest good deed.

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in nectarean hours
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unarm'd 'twill fall
Like choicest music."

GOOD ADVICE.—The following is an extract of a letter written by a gentleman who was for some years chief of a government bureau, and who is now a distinguished judge in one of the northern States. It is addressed to a youth of Washington city who was a subordinate in his bureau:

"And now I know you will permit me to give you one word of advice. You are young and have a bright prospect before you. You may become a useful and a happy man, and be the means of doing a vast amount of good, and be a great comfort to your kind and indulgent father. You have begun well, and I only want you to persevere. The danger to which young men are liable in Washington arises from having too much leisure time and too many temptations to evil. See to it that all your leisure moments are profitably spent. Read useful books, such as histories, biographies, and the like. Think of what you read and try to make it of some practical use. Above all things shun all vicious companions as you would plague. Covet the society of the good and virtuous, and you cannot fail to be respected and loved. I have never noticed in you any disposition to do wrong, but I know the dangers that are around you, and hence I have more solicitude for your success. If you withstand all allurements your virtue will be the better for having been tried, and your triumph will be in proportion to the dangers you escape. Go on, then and let your motto be 'to do right every day and on every occasion, and if I meet you again I shall find you—that I have always expected you would be—a respectable and useful man.'"

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka, a few evenings since.—"What would you take me for?" "For better or worse."

ANECDOTES OF COL. ETHAN ALLEN.

Col. Ethan Allen was a man destined to the world as something uncommon and in a high degree interesting. He was a partially educated and obscurely brought up; yet no man was more at ease in the polished ranks than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules of etiquette; but he had observed the dictates of natural good sense and good humor. His bearing was in total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow-men, and led them on to the most daring achievements. He seemed to have possessed all the elements of a hero, a devoted patriot, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partizan officer, is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty during our revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner and carried to England, where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him into the court region. A friend of our earlier life, who was well acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of Col. Allen while a prisoner in London. We have before mentioned the firmness with which he resisted the attempts to bribe him, and the caustic satire with which he replied to a nobleman, who was commissioned by the ministry to make him formal offers to join the British cause in America. The incident was a stirring one, and will bear repetition.

The commissioner, against the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the cause of the king, he might have a fee simple in half the State of Vermont. "I am a plain man," said Col. Allen in reply, "and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print, somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship; it is of a certain character who took a certain other character into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof and told him if he would fall down and worship him, this should all be his; and the rascal," added he, "didn't own a foot of them!"

His interview with the king at Windsor is mentioned as highly interesting. His majesty asked the stout-hearted mountaineer if they had any newspapers in America.—"But very few, and those are but little read," was the answer. "How then," asked the king, "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain?" "As to that," said he, "I can tell your majesty, that amongst a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven." "That is too figurative an answer from a matter-of-fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the king.—"Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject, "among our people the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, from neighborhood to neighborhood, with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else; 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I will add, with great respect to your majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

The king made a long pause, as if strongly impressed with the truth of his remarks. At length, changing the subject, he asked Col. Allen if he knew Dr. Franklin; and being answered in the affirmative, inquired concerning his experiments in electricity, and expressed a curiosity to experience an electric shock. The British sovereign seemed to take great pleasure in the conversation, which he kept up for more than an hour, and at length made Col. Allen promise to visit him with his countryman Dr. Franklin, at his palace in London. Some weeks after he was reminded of his promise by the nobleman above mentioned, and an hour fixed for the home bred philosopher of America, to explain the mysteries of new discovery in the science to the royal family.—They attended accordingly and with an apparatus chiefly of his own invention, Dr. Franklin exhibited many of those simple and amusing experiments for which he was so noted, and at which the royal children, even those of a larger growth, were very much delighted.

In his playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instructions as to the properties of this astonishing fluid. While the royal habitation was thus in a most unkingly uproar, the Premier was announced as in waiting. The king seemed for a moment disturbed. "I forgot my appointment with the minister," said he, "but no matter I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed." Accordingly the minister, was ushered in with little ceremony, and it was soon concluded that he should have a shock. Allen whispered to the doctor to remember how he had shocked us across the waters, and to give him a double charge. Whether it was designed on the hint of his friend or not, was not ascertained; but the charge was so powerful on the nerves of his lordship, as to

make him give way in the knees, at which all, especially the princesses were almost convulsed with mirth.

Some of Col. Allen's happy retorts at the clubs and fashionable parties are still remembered and often repeated. On one occasion he was challenged to a glass of wine by the beautiful Dutchess of Rutland, who seems to have been particularly pleased with his independent manner. "You must qualify your glass with a toast." The "Varmounter" very unaffectedly observed that he was not used to that sort of ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If, however, the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to give a sentiment.

"Oh," said she, "never mind the subject, anything will do, so that it has no reason in it."

"Well," says he, "this may do for a truth, not for a toast," and fixing his eyes adoringly on the far-famed court beauty, he proceeded, "If anything could make a double traitor of a patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's."

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its exact fitness to the occasion, and person, caused it to be long hailed in the "beau monde" as an excellent good thing; and, although it had the effect of heightening for a moment that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair Dutchess often afterwards boasted of the compliment as far above all the empty homage she had received from the glittering ox-cobbery of the city.

A lady once sneeringly asked Col. Allen, in a large assembly, at which time the fashionable ladies preferred taking air. He perceived her drift, and bluntly answered:—"Whenever it becomes necessary to feed the geese and turkeys."

"What," inquired the lady, "do the fine women in your country descend to so menial employments?"

Allen was always roused at any attempt to depreciate the fair ones of his own country, and with a great deal of warmth he replied:

"American women, ladies, have the art of turning over amusements to account.—Many of these could take up the subject of your grace's family history, and tell you of the feats of valor and bursts of eloquence to which your ladyship is probably indebted for your distinguished name, most of which, it is likely would be as new to you as the art of raising poultry."

The sarcasm produced a deep blush in the face of the fair scoffer, but it produced for the captive and his countrymen an indemnity against court ridicule for the future.

SECRET PRAYER.—Men never take so firm a hold of God as in secret. Remember Jacob. Thou shouldst pray alone, for thou hast sinned alone, and thou art to die alone, and be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment seat. Why not go alone to the mercy seat? In the great transaction between thee and God, thou canst have no human helper. You are not going to tell him any secret. You may be sure he will not betray your confidence. Whatever reason there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion. Nothing is more embarrassing and disturbing in secret prayer than unpropitious circumstances. Great attention ought always be paid to this point—"Enter into thy closet," says Christ. He says not a closet, nor the closet, but thy closet. The habit of secret communion is supposed to be formed. The man is supposed to have a closet—some place in which he is accustomed to retire for prayer—some spot consecrated by many a meeting there with God—some place that has often been to him a Bethel. The Saviour uses the word to mean any place where, with no embarrassment either from fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain, Isaac's a field, Peter's a house-top.—*Neivins.*

A MODEL WIFE.—We have frequently heard of "model wives" but here is one whom all publishers will admit to be:

"A woman of her gallant sex
The seeming paragon."

A correspondent of the Methodist Protestant writes:

"My wife reads your paper regularly, and has often noticed you appeal to your subscribers for their arrears and had frequently told me that I ought not to neglect you as I have done."

Whereupon the editor acknowledges the receipt of fifteen dollars, enclosed in his correspondent's letter! Would that every newspaper reader in the land had just such a wife. It would be no man's real loss and the newspaper's real gain.

A Chinese boy, who is learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and you have not danced," and rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?"

DOESTICKS ENCOUNTERING GRIM DEATH.

HE HAS THE SMALL-POX.

Do you want to know why I've been absent from your columns for a couple of weeks? I've been sick—Grim Death has been around—He called, and sat down face to face with me, and said that he had come for Doesticks, and that I'd better make my will, say goodbye to my friends, and mention that I shouldn't be back. I argued the matter with old Drybones for three days and two nights.—He speared me a number of times with his "dart," but I always dodged. So you see that from words we came to blows. My opinion is that he showed himself no gentleman in pitching into a sick man; however, the doctor backed me manfully. Death grappled me by the head, but I backed him down with leeches; then he dropped his hold and caught me by the bowels. I fired at him in this position for twelve hours with two ounce vials of stuff that I don't know the name of, but which smelled like a boiled-down livery-stable. Being dislodged from my internals, he caught me by the ribs, where I burned his fingers with a mustard blister, when he gave me up as a bad subject for an obituary experiment, and prepared to go. As he sneaked out, he grinned and remarked, that I need not feel so proud, for I wouldn't make a decent looking corpse anyhow. I looked viciously at him. I was able to put my thumb to the end of my nose, but my strength gave out before I could wag my fingers, so that I fear old Death left with a wrong impression of my sentiments.

My sickness came thus—there was a fire in a row of tenement houses, and my dear friend, Miss Miggs, stood where she could watch the progress of the flames. Some one cried out there was a child in the presence of Miss Miggs, or perish in the attempt before Miss Miggs. Dashed up a ladder in full sight of Miss Miggs, making a misstep and taking the skin off my shin as a primary move—didn't mind it at all—what were squins when Miss Miggs was looking on?—Got into the house—heard the child squall—couldn't see it for the smoke—tried to find it in the dark—walked over the stove and overturned a kettle of boiling water into my boots—breathed smoke enough to set a volcano up in business—and at last reached the bed and caught hold of the squaller—wasn't very particular how I took hold, and am now convinced that I carried it by one leg, head downward, all over the upper stories of the whole block in my search for the window where the ladder was—discovered it at last, and tore one leg of my pantaloons entirely off on the iron hook with which it was decorated—got down, turned the babe right side up and delivered it in good order to its mother, who set up a genuine howl, and instantly gave me "particular fits" for bringing her babe out doors without wrapping it up warm; for as she then informed me, it had the small-pox six days, and she was afraid it would "strike in." I myself felt very much disposed to "strike out," but my anger vanished as I thought of Miss Miggs—started to go and see her—remembered the unheroic looks of my pantaloons, and refrained—bowed to her, however, which she didn't see, and then was on the instant tipped over in the mud by the foreman of Hose No. 88, who at the same time volunteered his kind advice to "mind where you're looking." That she did see, and evidently thought it very funny.

Went to bed and dreamed exclusively of Irish babies—thought I was a regular plantation of babies, set out in regular rows like cabbage—they were all growing vigorously—tried to get out—but innumerable Celtic offsprings sprouted under my feet, and my legs were tangled in their tender embraces—finally, I struggled to the end of the field, when I found that I was hedged in with screaming babies, fourteen deep, all alive, and all with the double headed small-pox. Then my own body began to go into babies—they dubbed all over me, and I awoke just as each leg had blossomed into a pug-nosed boy, and two pairs of red-headed twins had sprouted out between my shoulders.

Found I was sick—doctor came and told me what ailed me. Small-pox is an interesting disease, regarded from a pathological point of view by a physician in good health; but contemplated practically by a flat-on-his-back patient, the study is not so interesting.

The members of my body corporate undertook, for my amusement, a series of unusual and curious performance "on their own hook." The slippery portions of my anatomy, generally designated as my "howls," commenced a number of complicated manoeuvres with great vigor, somewhat as if they were practicing a new ballet of wonderful combinations, requiring a vast deal of extra ground and lofty tumbling; or were rehearsing a Christmas pantomime, and jumping through a surprising number of trap-doors—they didn't stop until they tied themselves into a hard knot and tucked both ends under. I consoled myself, however, by hoping that the Irish baby got its infant bowels into a greater tangle and into harder knots than even mine.

Then, some kind of naval engagement

commenced in my head, and a succession of broadsides, at the rate of ten to a minute, was fired inside of my unfortunate skull for thirty hours, the whole of which time I was only comforted by the sincere wish that the Mithesian young one had got more of it than I had, and wouldn't be able to stand it half so well. The effect of the internal cannonade upon my temper, was soothing—so much so, that when my friends ventured to inquire after my health, they approached in detachments, it not being safe for less than three men in a body to dare to ask me a question. Then my ribs began to ache, each particular rib throbbled and jerked as if it had a personal quarrel with my spinal column, and was bent on instantly dissolving the connection. I bore it in the true martyr-spirit, smoothed by the Christian trust that the Irish baby had tenderer ribs than mine, and blessing myself that in this case it had a prospect of immediate purgatory. Then I began to shiver—got so cold that my feet instantly froze the hot water they put them into, and a thermometer put in my mouth went down four degrees below zero. I felt so much better as soon as I persuaded myself to believe that the Celtic brat was now frozen stiff as a ramrod, and couldn't be thawed out in a warm bath, unless they make the water hot enough to cook him. Next day I was covered with little hard lumps, as if I'd swallowed forty pounds of bird shot, which, in some unaccountable deficiency of gravitation, had all risen to the surface, and were trying to get out through my skin. I felt resigned as I cherished the fond hope that in the case of the obnoxious baby the bird-shot might strike in and riddle his vitals.

My head was now as big as a peach-basket, and my nose reminded me of a huge nutmeg grater; in two days more I resembled a colossal statue cut out of sausage meat; and now, although I am nearly recovered, my body looks as though I had fought, single-handed, a severe battle with an immense army of industrious fleas.

But there wasn't small-pox enough to finish me, (although I sincerely hope that with that blessed infant the case was otherwise), and accordingly, after a fair trial, it backed down a whipped institution, leaving the subscriber with a few holes in his face as mementoes of the combat, which marks the undersigned proposes to either cover up with whiskers, or else impose them upon an unsuspecting world as some kind of original dimples.

I forgot to mention that one day the boys thought I was dead, and immediately sent to a half price undertaker for a list of prices, and then divided my property among themselves. I've since got it all back, however, except my best boots, which were appropriated by Dampfool, who refuses to give them back, on the ground that I let him obtain possession of them under false pretenses. He says he will contest the title in a court of law, and prove by twenty witnesses that it isn't his fault if I ain't dead; and will also undertake to show that it is the general opinion of my best friends that I ought to have died several years ago, before I owed so much money about town. I fear Dampfool is "morally insane."

Streakedly.

Q. R. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.
P. S.—The fire reporter made a mistake, and instead of my name printed "Jenkins" as the "heroic preserver of the helpless infant." Miss Miggs believes it and smiles on Jenkins. He gets all the honor and I get—the small-pox.

P. P. S.—I hope the child has entirely recovered, bless its dear little heart.

PYDDY AND LAWYER SNAP.—At a criminal Court lately the counsel dissatisfied at his want of success with a witness, complained to the Court.

Here Paddy went in with genuine Irish brougue.

An sure I'm no lawyer, yer Honor an the spalpane only wants to pozzele me.

Lawyer Snap—Come now do you swear you are no lawyer?

Witness—Faith, an I do, an ye may swear the same about yerself, too without fear of perjury.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other, that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

"Sambo, where's the hoe?" "Widder shubble, massa." "Well, where's the shovel." "Wid der hoe, of course." "Well, where are they both, you black rascal?" "Why, boff together—gorry mighty, old massa, seems to me you're darn'd tickler dis mornin'."

"I should mighty like to drive out," said a dandy to a man on seeing an elegant carriage and horses standing on the street. "Should you," the man retorted. "Well, get into that carriage, and I'll engage they will quickly drive you out!"