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Selected Poetry.

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.
In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's houses,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know,
Around the heart come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!
Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best,
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest hand has duties pour'd,
When they sit down to dine;
The bread they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine,
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So merrily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!
Without these twin the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Never meets the journey long.
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Miscellaneous.

"SO TIRED."

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.
"Weary of life? ah no—but of life's woe;
Weary of its troubles and its cares!
Willing to rest—because so well I know
What draughts the hand of passion still prepares!
"So tired!"
A little child came panting in from play,
The other night, and climbing into its mother's lap laid its head upon her bosom, and uttered those two words. I saw the fond young mother brush the golden hair from the darling's moist forehead, and press her lips again and again to the flushed cheeks. The shadows of evening were falling fast around us and the birds had already sung themselves to sleep. Little shoes and stockings were drawn off and laid aside—little weary feet bathed and cooled—a little night dress took the place of the pretty blue frock and white apron, and the boy was quiet.—With a sigh of satisfaction he nestled closer in her arms; his blue eyes closed, and her cradle song grew lower and lower as his breath came longer and more regularly thro' his parted lips. Happy sleep of childhood! She arose and went softly to her own room, to lay him in his little crib, and I was left alone. Heaven knows what memory of a time when I, too, was cradled upon a loving breast—when the dead mother whose face I cannot remember, sung to me in the twilight—came over me as I took up the infant's cry.
"So tired!"
A man of business—a man whose name is a bond on Wall street. Why should he lean his head upon his hand and sigh as the words fall from his lips? Tired of his gay and busy life, of his elegant home, his fair daughters, and his fashionable wife? Tired of these and longing for the little red farmhouse up among the hills of his native home, where he used to play, a bare-footed, light-hearted boy? Even so, strange as it may seem! Yet not so much for the farm-house, as for the happiness and innocence that staid behind it, and which he can never hope to find in his dusty office, or splendid home.
"So tired!"
She has been a loving wife and indulgent mother. Six strong sons had she reared beside that cottage hearth, but the grave has claimed them all but two, and those the world has taken. The husband of her youth died long ago; and to-day, her sixtieth birthday, she sits alone in the deserted household. To her boys she is the "old woman," to their brilliant wives "a good old thing, but so old-fashioned," to their homes and their children almost a stranger. Her tears fall as she thinks of them in the distant city, gay, prosperous, wealthy and happy yet not remembering her, on this day, even a line,

to say, "Dear mother, I love you." This is her reward for years of toil, and care and anxiety. She has outlived her generation, and when she dies, she will hardly be missed by those to whom she has given health and strength and life itself. Poor lonely old woman! Well may the bitter tears fall fast—well may you long to die! for this is often the return for love and devotion that have outwatched the stars, and seen the moon grow pale!
"So tired!"
Yes, turn from the brilliant crowd that listens eagerly for every word you utter, fair songstress, and heed what your heart is saying. Words of fire may fall from your rapid pen—your own wild soul may stamp its impress upon the page before you—the world may place the crown of laurel upon your bowed head—but it will be a diadem of thorns. In the heights of triumph—in the fever of success—there will come a sudden pause, and the iron will enter your soul as you remember that one voice is silent, and one face still calm, and cold. Fame, wealth, success—oh! what are these to happiness? Vanity—vanity all "vexation of spirit," and you bow your head and weep to think it should be so!
"So tired!"
Oh! little child, not yet released from thy mother's care, it would be better for thee to sleep in the tranquil sleep of death within the shelter of her arms, than to tread the path which we are treading! There are sharp thorns hidden among the fairest flowers—there are treacherous quicksands in the sweetest valleys. God help thee, boy, for only a hand from Heaven can lead thee safely there. The golden hair will turn to silver, it may be, and the blue eye will wear an anxious look, before the painful journey is half done, and evil shapes will mock and mutter when thy heart falters, and thy steps are faint.
"So tired!"
My boy cling closer to thy mother's breast! For a day will surely come when thy lips will utter these self-same words, and she will not be beside thee, to hush thee into forgetfulness of all thy trouble. God help thee, then, and lead thee to the only refuge "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!"

EARLY CULTURE.

When does education commence? That is a question not easily answered. The mind of a child has been likened to a sheet of fair white paper, unsoiled by the troubles of learning. In one sense, the mind does resemble an unblotted sheet;—it is quick in receiving erroneous impressions. The greatest care should be exercised by those who have the superintendence of children; for a single fault or folly on the part of the teacher may, through the medium of example, seal the fate of the pupil.
Education, we think, commences in the nursery. Wordsworth truly and beautifully says,
"The child is father of the man."
It is difficult, nay impossible to catch the first glance of intelligence which flashes from an infant's eye; it is to us unknown, when it begins to understand what it sees and observes.
There is a vast quantity of ignorance extant, respecting early education. Some people are careless of example—the great moral teacher. Imitation is inherent in a child; good and bad being presented to a young mind, a thousand to one, but it will choose the thorn and leave the rose blossom.—Alas, for human nature! Home-education is what is wanted, and what is home-education? We will endeavor to reply to the self-asked question.
Walk with a little child, listen to its sweet converse—the prattle, sweeter far than all the talk of the philosopher, more attractive than all the learning of the schools. Hear it talk of cowslips, primroses, and daisies, and then when you speak to it, learn lessons of truth. The fine gold has not yet become dim—but he who walks hand in hand with the pretty prattler, has worldly oxide from rusting the tender soul. Every shop may convey a lesson fraught with intelligence,—every passing event may convey a moral. Doctor Johnson once remarked that "he never sat down with any man from whom he would not learn something." So a child with its keen, quick eyes, never observes anything which has not an important influence on after life.—Talk of "Sermons in Stones," you may find them written everywhere.—No street is without its inscription—no lane without its legend. Strolling with a child companion, knowledge is both given and received.

"Wasn't that a waste of powder?" said an Irishman to a Kentuckian who had just brought a coon to the ground with his rifle from a large tree.
"Why so?" asked the huntsman.
"Sure the fall would a kilt him."

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, on foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of this reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was to be a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.
"Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel.
"I am bound to cross the water, and would like to see a person of influence in the New World."
The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then said: "There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain, but whether he is from America or England, I cannot tell."
He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was a bishop, prince, and minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant stood before the stranger's door, knocked, and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and upon Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous with the snow of fifty, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, solicited his kind offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.
"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American.—Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner. A life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman, like you, doubtless has many friends."
The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber; his eyes looked still from beneath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backwards—his voice full of meaning:
"I am the only man from the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend—not even one in all America."
Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"
"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression, "my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping these words:
"Arnold the traitor!"
Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth like another Cain, with a murderer's mark upon his brow.

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When quite a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and enquired if he could get employment as a printer.
"Where are you from?" enquired the foreman.
"America," was the reply.
"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! had from America seeking employment, as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel of John:
"Nathaniel, saith unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see?"
It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained such a delicate reproof, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

MR. ADAMS AND THE BIBLE.—In a letter to his son, in 1811, John Quincy Adams says:—"I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning, immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we read the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

A DISCOVERY.—Sauntering into the woods the other day for the purpose of recreation, we suddenly hove in sight of a pair of tow-headed match-box looking urchins, one sitting in the fork of a sapling the other chasing lizards some hundred yards distant. Hiding myself to watch their manoeuvres, presently the one on terra firma bounced upon a stump like a tomatit and jerking off his hat, "opened" in this style:
"I say Jim—oopec, Jim! run here quicker'n saltpeper, borax, and, and cream-o'-tartars!"
"Well, yes, what is it?" yelled the sapling frog, at the same time hitting the earth oo-whoop.

"Here's a red-headed scorpion swollerin' a frog tail foremost, and a yellor lizard catin' rocker-coashes faster'n sleet, and a snakeblake rooten a grole in the hound with his hind feet, and a tud murkle chewin' padloes right and left, and—oh, lordy! oopec! dog on it run here!"
Here the match-box ignited and tumbled off the stump, while we gathered up and strolled on, well tickled the balance of the evening.

The obscurity of Lord Tenterden's birth is well known; but he had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. We have heard it related of him that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin, his manly and severe answer was,
"Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber. If you had been the son of a barber you would have been a barber yourself."

The captain of a Western band of regulators boast that he has "fifty picked men" under his command. If they are not careful, they may get tarred and feathered, and then they will need picking again.

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness has since washed the close of a year and hung 'em up to dry on a bee line.

An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families supplied," over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in, and said he would take a wife and two children.

Why is a chicken running like a man whipping his wife? Because it's a fowl proceeding.

A man said he had a watch that had gained enough in three weeks to pay for itself.

Agricultural.

HINTS ON WHEAT CULTURE.

The wheat crop is of so much consequence to the whole community, and especially to the large body of our readers, that we are not likely to make it too frequently the subject of remark.

It is a reproach to our agriculture that while the very frequent experience of some of our best farmers gives crops of thirty and forty bushels per acre, the usual product of our lands, without a large direct outlay for fertilizers, are hardly more than a fourth these quantities. The ready excuse is the difference in the quality of the land. As a general thing this is only an excuse. The very lands now so productive, have been, within the memory of many now living, as poor as the poorest; and of those now so poor, who will undertake to say that their natural constitution makes them incapable of the highest degree of improvement? There are, no doubt, cases of this sort, but they are exceptional; generally there is nothing wanting but the proper use of the right means. When a land-holder finds that on all his possessions, he has not so much as a garden or a favorite lot which pays the cost of the manure put upon it, and that weeds do not grow near his kitchen door or his pigpen, he may give up his land in despair.—Otherwise let him not excuse his indolence and want of spirit, by charging the fault upon his land, without giving it at least a very fair trial. Nor is it flattering to our vanity, that even our best farmers, on the best lands, come so far short, generally, of what these grounds are capable of producing. Well attested cases of fifty bushels to the acre, we have had on a small scale, and frequent cases of forty to the acre, on considerable fields. They show sufficiently what can be done. But such crops are so very rare, that it is plain enough the most successful cultivators cannot command them. In England, on large estates, an average of forty to forty-eight bushels is not unusual, according to Mr. Colman, and he mentions one well proved case of ninety bushels to the acre. But there as well as here, how very far below the lowest of these numbers, are the average crops of many of the best farmers. The truth is, that the great body of cultivators do not work up to the knowledge at their command; and the most intelligent do not understand the subject of wheat growing, as so important a matter should be understood.

We plead the numerous enemies with which the wheat crop is plagued, as the cause of so much uncertainty and failure, and with some reason. Sometimes, as during the present season, no known remedy has been of any avail against their ravages in certain localities. But taking the average of the ten years past, we think it will be admitted that the growing of wheat has not been unprofitable, and that the certainty as well as the quantity of the crop has been in almost exact proportion to the skill of the cultivator in the improvement of his lands, and the proper manuring and cultivation of his crop.

It is mere folly to undertake to cultivate wheat upon poor land insufficiently manured. Land not capable of yielding fifteen bushels to the acre, should be manured, or let alone for some improving crop.

Wheat requires clean culture; it cannot be grown to advantage on any grass sod, except a well managed clover-fallow. A well turned clover sod, that has been mowed or judiciously grazed, is the best preparation for a crop. The pea-fallow is thought by many equal, by some superior, to the clover. Its value for the wheat crop will depend, in a measure, upon the care with which it is managed; so large a mass of vegetable matter put in with a shallow ploughing, may keep the surface soil so porous as to do the wheat a serious harm. * If not very thoroughly turned under with a deep furrow, it is better perhaps to do as is done by some experienced cultivators in Virginia, and so put in the wheat and the vines, as to leave a large portion of the latter uncovered on the surface. In either case, the land should be heavily rolled. A firm seed bed seems essential to the well-being of wheat. Deep ploughing is not to be objected to, but it is important that the earth be well compacted with the roller, when the seed is sown.

Any grass sod, other than clover in its second year, should be planted in some cleansing crop, which will give the sod time to be thoroughly rotted. The best of our cultivated crops for this purpose is, without question, tobacco. The neat, careful cultivation, the thorough shading, and destruction of all grass and weeds, leave the ground in a state of perfect preparation for the wheat. The shallowest working of the surface which is sufficient to cover the seed, is all the labor required for putting in the crop, and a drill alone will do it, without any other preparation.

The most common cleansing crop is corn, but it is by far inferior to tobacco. If rich enough for wheat, the crab grass grows so luxuriantly after the working ceases, that it is hard to put the wheat in properly. If not rich enough to produce grass, it is not fit for wheat. A great deal of the wheat crop, however, is sown upon the corn-field, and it is upon these fields that the purchased fertilizers are chiefly used. Wheat growers of very reliable judgment, have adopted the practice of putting in the seed upon corn land with the drill, with no previous preparation by ploughing. Others stir the surface with harrows, only enough to procure a covering for the grain. They avoid turning under the grass, and leave a firm bed for the crop to grow upon.

The practice of drilling in wheat with a machine, is one of the most important advances which has been made in wheat culture. The saving of seed, the increase of the crop, the security against winter-killing, and great economy in the application of fertilizers, are advantages so important and so well ascertained, that no one who sows twenty-five acres, should fail to use the drill. The introduction of the drill-culture will be followed, we do not doubt, by the practice of spring cultivation, with an implement to stir the intervals between the rows of wheat. The use of the roller is of great importance in the spring, to close the seams left open by the action of the frost, and settle the plants well in their bed. But the stirring of the intermediate spaces to the depth of a few inches, in such a manner as not to disturb the plants, would admit the influence of the rains and atmosphere, with undoubted advantage to the crop.

As to the time of seeding, the rule is, certainly, to sow early. There is a great advantage in having the seeds soon enough in the ground, to get the plants well rooted by winter. It may be well borne in mind, however, that while the enemies of this crop generally, seem to have taken counsel together for its destruction, the fly especially has, for several seasons, been accumulating upon us, and may be of course expected again in force. It is desirable, for this reason, to postpone the seeding till after about the 5th of October. Earlier seeding is less essential, with advantages we now have, than it was some years ago; because, 1st, the drill is almost an insurance against winter-killing; and 2d, the use of guano is almost an insurance against rust. We would take chances against rust and frost, with a drill and only fifty pounds of guano, sowing by

*The case mentioned in our last by our correspondent, Mr. Rouzee, may be accounted for in this way: the mere growing of the pea vine, by shading and cleansing the ground, is an excellent preparation for wheat. Therefore there was a good crop where the vine was entirely removed. It was inferior where the vine was left, because perhaps the bed was left too open, and exposed to the action of the weather.

the middle of October, rather than to sow twenty days earlier without them. As to fly, the later seems to be, without question, the safer time. The impression that the later sown wheat is as subject to the attack of fly in the spring as that sown early, has not been sustained by our observation of the past crop. The field which had most fly in the fall, has been that which suffered most from its ravages in the spring. This, we say, is our observation; we should be glad to learn how far it coincides with that of others.

We would not, therefore, in this latitude, sow before the 5th of October, but would have every thing in readiness, to get through at the earliest possible time after this. The fallow should be in readiness weeks before, that it may become well settled by seeding time. The corn should be cut off and set up, and every preparation should be made in advance, which may expedite the work of seeding, when once begun.

In conclusion, the wheat growers of Maryland and Virginia, have had this season an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character and habits of the several enemies which beset this crop. In some districts they have been very destructive, while in others they seem only to have given notice of their intention to come again. It is to be supposed, that there has been picked up by intelligent observers, many hints which might throw such light upon their ways, as would enable us, in a measure, to prevent or circumvent them. Why will not our friends furnish us with any information they may have gathered?

SEED WHEAT.

Before the 15th of September, most of the wheat that will yield a good crop next year will be in the ground, and the value of the crop will depend greatly on the character and condition of the seed, the importance of this great staple, and the distress resulting from a diminished supply of it, entitle all the aids in its production to a careful study.

Select Good Seed.—1st. Choose a kind which has succeeded well in soil and climate similar to your own. Intelligent neighbors, who have raised good seed, can help much in this matter. It is not well to try new experiments on a large scale, unless one is prepared to risk a considerable loss.

2d. Accept only that seed which is perfectly ripe and plump. Let no man impose on you by saying that smaller kernels will produce a greater number of plants from a bushel of seed. What is wanted is a strong vigorous growth of wheat plants. This you cannot effect from half-grown or shriveled seed.

3d. Never sow any but the cleanest seed. You can tell by examining it, what its condition is. If the seed is good in other respects but is foul, clean it yourself. But be sure to have it clean at all events.

4th. Reject seed that has been kept damp, or has been heated. Seed that suffered either or both of these injuries may germinate, but it has lost a part of its vitality, and should never be used for seed if better can possibly be secured.

5th. Do not sow mixed seed on the same ground. Let the seed of one sowing in the same field be of one kind alone. You will thus know what kind you are growing, and be able to compare results, with an approach towards accuracy.

6th. If possible, never sow seed which is more than one year, or at most, two years old. Old seed may grow well. But it may not. Prudence will suggest that seed should be used before it has been exposed to decay, to insects, to dampness, or to other injurious agencies. Experience has taught that some of these are likely to injure the kernel, if it is kept after the first year.

One way to get seed is to select the cleanest and best spots in your wheat field, where the grain grows most perfectly and is most mature. Then harvest and thresh these portions separately, with the greatest care, and save the seed for sowing. Pursue this course for a number of years, and you will produce what will seem to be a new variety of wheat. But it will only be the same, developed and perfected in a higher degree. This operation for securing good seed will pay in every department of farming and gardening.

A good mode of preventing smut is the following: Spread seed wheat on the barn floor. Upon 4 bushels of wheat dash from 12 to 16 quarts of human urine. Stir the whole together. Then add about six quarts of fresh slacked lime, and shovel the wheat over till the lime is evenly diffused in the wheat. It should be sown as soon after this as practicable for a long delay would injure its vegetable powers. This mode of treating seed wheat is deemed, in England, a specific against smut. It has been practiced in America by some wheat growers, who say it has been uniformly successful. Tar water will answer instead of urine, and is preferred by many.

The farmer who will select and prepare his seed wheat according to the above suggestions, will greatly increase the chances in favor of his having a fine crop next year. American Agriculturist.