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Selected Poetry.

From the Weekly Dispatch.
I HAVE GAZED UPON THY TOKEN

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.
I have gazed upon thy token
With feelings of delight,
And view'd the sparkling beauties
Flash from thine eyes of light;
I have seen thy waving ringlets,
So fanciful and free,
And as I gazed, my thoughts, dearest,
Were centered upon thee.
I have gazed upon thy token
Till my soul was wrapp'd in bliss,
And my lips impressed upon it
A sweet and burning kiss;
Oh, I shall ever treasure, love,
That image so divine,
And bless the day when thou, like it,
Shalt be forever mine.
When I gaze upon that token,
And see the beauties there,
The eye of light, the brow of pearl,
The curls of sunny hair,
The waves of love within my soul
Roll on with gentle swell,
No space, no time, no raging storms
Can this communion quell.
The miser has his gold, dearest,
Which he looks on with stealth;
The emperor on his gorgeous throne
Abounds in pride and wealth;
But I have that which is to me
Of more account than gold—
I have the love, the faithful love,
Of one who's true and bold.

Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.
LOVE AND PASSION.

BY HASTIE N. GRAVES.
"I wish he were dead—I do! I hope he may never enter this house again, alive!" even as the rash words were spoken, the lips that gave them utterance quivered, with a half-suppressed fear that the dreadful wish might be realized, and the little pale, nervous woman, sank down upon a chair, and gave vent to a burst of passionate tears—half of anger and half of penitence.
Adela Raymond was neither so young nor beautiful now, as ten years ago when she stood, a proud, happy bride, beside him who had won her pure, girlish heart, and pronounced those solemn vows, that through weal or woe were to bind her to him alone through life; yet, away down deep in her heart there remained a green spot, where love still grew as bright and fresh as in her sunniest days, save when the rank weeds of passion asserted their supremacy, and for a brief season seemed determined to root out the more gentle and unassuming, but deeply rooted plant.
And if the disappointments, trials, and vexations of life ever render woman pardonable for irritability or ill-humor, surely Adela Raymond could claim the excuse.—Scarcely two years of wedded bliss had been enjoyed, ere William Raymond—under the pernicious influences of those with whom his business obliged him to associate—began to tread the downward path, which sooner or later, without divine efficacy, leads to irretrievable ruin.
When first the fatal truth burst upon Adela's startled vision, the shock seemed too great for her sensitive nature to bear, and her heart appeared utterly crushed beneath its weight of woe. But life's thread is sometimes very tenacious—it will stretch on, and on, through long years of sorrow, ere it snaps asunder.
And so, Adela, when the first shock had passed, nerved her soul to bear with strength and fortitude the impending fate that she feared awaited her, and then in earnest, tearful accents, daily besought her loved husband to abate the wily tempter that was fast winding his insidious coils around the poor, deluded, unresisting victim.
Days and months lengthened into long, weary years, and still Adela continued her pleadings, and not a harsh nor unkind word escaped her lips; she understood enough of human nature to know that what love's persuasive eloquence cannot overcome, severity can never conquer.
But, alas for man's frail powers of resistance when temptation's alluring bait is spread before his longing eyes—frailer far than even woman's has proved to be since the day when it required a stronger than man's per-

suaion to induce her to partake the forbidden fruit.

William Raymond heeded not the tears and entreaties of her whom he had pledged himself to love, and to cherish, and each succeeding year saw him sink lower and still lower in that pit of degradation, at the bottom of which yawns a drunkard's grave.—Business was neglected, accounts forgotten, and work of any kind abandoned for the bar room, the gambling saloon, and ball-alley, where alternate day and night found him with his even more dissolute and wretched companions. Poverty soon came striding apace over his threshold, then gaunt, grim, until all that remained of former luxury—and almost of comfort, had gone to satisfy the demands of hunger.

Then it was that Adela's long-tried patience gave way, and frequent and violent were the storms of passion that burst from those lips which had ever breathed nought but love and tenderness.
Ah, she had forgotten to ask patience and wisdom of Him who hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee,"—had forgotten to kneel, as she used in infancy, beside her pious mother's knee, and pray for strength to bear the heavy burden of her afflictions. She had ever been a fragile flower—wholly unsheltered by nature to bear the chill, rough winds that poverty now swept mercilessly over her, and yet for many long months the toil of her delicate hands had been the only means of support for herself and three helpless little ones, and—had, oft times (through fear) furnished her unfeeling husband with the means of procuring the exciting beverage, the effects of which sank him beneath the brute.

It was after one of these cruel demands upon her slender earnings had been made by the unfeeling husband, that Adela gave vent to the exclamation which opens this little sketch.
Raymond had just left the room where his wife was pursuing her wearisome toil, with half the proceeds of her last week's labor in his own indolent hand, but had not reached the outer door, ere those rash, bitter words fell upon his ear. Had he been intoxicated then, he would have turned back and retorted—perhaps with some unkind words—

happened to be perfectly sober, and a sudden purpose instantly entered his mind, which a dogged resolution enabled him to carry into effect.

"Her wish shall be gratified—I never will enter this house again alive," so help me God!" and with the oath upon his lips, and a curse in his heart for her whom he had driven to the utterance of that terrible wish, William Raymond turned his feet from the home which his own vile passions had made wretched.

Darkness shadowed the earth, Cynthia sat high upon Night's sable throne, and yet the husband returned not; and there—in that scantily furnished room, by the dusky light of one small lamp—sat Adela, straining her tear-dimmed eyes to finish the garment upon which she had been stitching since early dawn. The non-arrival of her husband did not alarm her, for very often were his nights spent in those gateways to eternal ruin thro' which thousands annually enter but to plunge into the dead sea beyond.
Often was she obliged to lay down her work, for the tears fell so thick and fast as to blind her entirely; for memory was busy at her heart, and, in the gloom and darkness of that little room, she was living over the last ten years that had been added to her young life.

Away back, through the long vista, she beheld a fair, fragile girl, the only bud upon the parent stem, and so all the more tenderly cherished, surrounded by every appliance that parental affection could suggest, until another came and bore her away, to be cherished and worn on his bosom, as she then thought, to the end of Life's journey. Again in memory she wept over her father's grave—that kind father, who, had he lived, might now shield her from cruel want; again she saw her dear, sainted mother bear bravely up for a short season against the cruel stroke that swept the means of her support into the pockets of greedy creditors, but at length, sinking down beneath consumption's fatal gripe, until her loved form was laid beside that of the husband and father, and she was left to tread her future, dark, dreary path, with none to counsel, encourage or assist.

Then she thought of all the sorrows, and privations, and sufferings of the last few years, and all caused by him who once professed to love her more than life—him who she felt that she still loved more than all things else, even though in a moment of anger she had uttered the dreadful wish that he were dead, and as that fearful imprecation rose up before her she shuddered lest it might be fulfilled.

"Oh, if he should die before I ever see him again, I could not survive the pangs of regret that my rash temper had caused me. God forgive me that terrible sin, and I will try henceforth to set a seal of patience upon my lips," and instinctively, ere she was aware, Adela dropped upon her knees, and poured out her soul to Him who alone is near when all other help fails.

Ah, when all other inducements fail, the rod of affliction is often used to drive us to the mercy-seat.

Oh, the peaceful calm that fills the soul after yielding up all into our Father's hands—the sweet abandonment of resting upon His bosom where alone is fullness of joy. Adela felt all this, and, as she laid her weary head upon her pillow that night, she resolved to commence a new life; and if she could not be the means of reclaiming her erring husband, she would instruct her children in those paths that eventually lead to eternal life. She arose in the morning, and knelt again, and prayed for strength to support her in every trial that might lay before her that day, and then calmly prepared to enter again upon her unceasing toil.

And Divine strength was needed. Towards night a letter was brought her by the penny-post, and with trembling hands she broke the seal and read as follows:

"Adela, yesterday you wished me dead, and if your wish cannot be immediately granted in full, it shall in part at least. I will never board a 'man of war,' and will never trouble you with my presence again."
WILLIAM.

Adela gave one wild shriek, and fell fainting to the floor. Her little children clung, frightened and crying, to her inanimate form—believing her dead—but the eldest, a bright, noble boy of nine years, with the thoughtfulness of maturer age, brought water and bathed her face and chafed her hands until animation was restored, and she sat once more in her chair with all the depth of her misery pictured upon her pale face.

Not one word or token of love, or even regret at parting from her who had borne and suffered so much for him—with no thought of wife, or children, or home, in his heart, save of those rash words that his cruelty had called from her lips, he had gone—gone never to return. And she had driven him away. O, what would she not now give to recall him once more to her side—how she would work day and night for him to utter no complaint.

Away down, deep in Adela's heart, rippled Love's pure stream—it was only passion's murky waters that gushed so hastily to the surface.

Ab, 'tis not until the loved, though erring one is torn from our embrace that we realize how sacred was the place he filled in our hearts.

After the keenness of the first hour's agony had passed, during which Adela suffered enough to atone for a lifetime of thoughtlessness, she remembered Him who had not refused His consolation the previous evening. Into His ear she now poured the depth of her sorrows, and, in answer, those words were sweetly whispered to her bursting heart: "I will never leave nor forsake thee." A calm, trustful resignation stole gently over her soul, and she began to prepare for a future course of action.

There were few brave hearts who had stood nobly by her side when misfortune's adverse winds swept over her devoted head, otherwise she could not, with her feeble health, have kept starvation from her door.

Thank God, there is not a spot to be found on any enlightened portion of His earth, where all are Summer friends—who pass away with the sunshine of prosperity. In every place there may be found a few who seem to realize for what purpose their Creator placed them here and gave them the means to do good, though—alas for poor human nature!—the number is far too small. Through the exertions of these friends Adela was supplied with as much sewing as she could do, and liberally paid for her labor, and her little Willie was engaged as errand boy for one of the city merchants, who paid him a small salary—enough to furnish his clothes the first year—the next it was doubled, as the merchant found him faithful and trustworthy; so that Adela, with the expense of her husband removed, now gained a comfortable support for herself and little ones.

But a deep grief sat heavy on her heart, and almost weighed her down to earth, and only by Divine aid was she enabled to keep up her sinking spirits, and pursue her daily labor.

Three years passed away and no tidings of the absent husband had been received, when one of the city dailies announced the intelligence that the "Ship Columbus"—the one in which William Raymond sailed—had been wrecked in a terrible gale, and "all on board had perished!" He was dead then—her rash wish had been granted—he had died without knowing how deeply she had repented, how much she had suffered, and how dear he still was to her loving woman's heart. These were the thoughts that rushed upon Adela's mind as she read the terrible lines. No human power could alleviate the keenness of her anguish, no earthly consolation pour the healing balm into her torn bleeding heart. One and one alone held that power in His hands; to Him she applied for succor, and the application was not made in vain.

Until now she had lived in the hope that her husband would one day return, and give her the opportunity of proving her great

love, but now all hope died out of her heart, and she would surely have sunk down beneath this accumulation of sorrow, had not her Heavenly Father been near with His all-sustaining arm.

Two more sad, dreary years rolled by, and then there came one who had been the playmate of her childhood, and offered her his protection and the heart that had been her's ever since those juvenile years, though he had judiciously shunned her presence during all her wedded life. But no, she had no love to bestow; it was all, all buried beneath the green sea wave, never, never again to be awakened to a new life.

Had her husband died a natural death, at home, where she would have had the consolation of administering to his dying wants, and soothing the dark passage with words and offices of love, time might have healed the wound, and she might have eventually bestowed upon her childhood's friend a second love.

But now the attempt to win her would be worse than useless, and so, with the assurance of her friendship, he left her, feeling that never here could he be permitted to enjoy the companionship of her whom he had so long loved.

A few weeks after this event, Adela Raymond sat one evening in her little, neat and comfortable, but scantily furnished room, with her children around her. It was Saturday night, and the labor and toil of the week had been laid aside for the higher duties of preparing the mind for the coming day of rest—the God-appointed Sabbath—which He requires all His children to devote to His service.

A little table stood beside her, upon which lay the well-worn family Bible, that her mother had bequeathed to her upon her death-bed with the solemn injunction to peruse its sacred pages often, that from them she might derive consolation in any of the various trials or afflictions that beset life's changeful pathway.

Adela had just finished a chapter upon the sufferings and death of our Saviour, and was endeavoring upon the minds of her children the great duties we owe to God for thus giving His Son a ransom for us, when she was interrupted by the entrance of a

friend, and on opening it, a haggard, emaciated man, clad in coarse, but clean garments, stood before her.

"Adela, have you forgotten your erring, but repentant husband?" and the arms of the weary-worn man was stretched towards her.

"William! my husband! God be praised!" and she sank fainting on his bosom. The story is soon told. William Raymond, with three others, had clung to pieces of the wreck, and after three days' suffering on the raging sea, without food or water, they were floated to a desolate island, and there, for two years, had sustained life with fruits and roots, and such fish and game as they could procure. Then they were discovered by a passing vessel, their necessities attended to, and they eventually arrived in New York, where each was provided with the means of returning to his native home.

We will not attempt to describe the rejoicings of the long estranged husband and wife, that they were once more permitted to unite here on earth; the imagination of the reader can paint in truer colors than the pen could portray.

It was not until William Raymond found himself at the mercy of the waves, with the prospect of speedy death before him that his heart softened towards his long-neglected wife. But in those days, while floating between life and death, he had lived over his ten years of wedded life, and in them he could find nothing of wrong with which to accuse her; conscience, true to its mission, constrained him to acknowledge himself alone the guilty one; and there he vowed to his God, that were his life spared to return, the future should fully atone for the past. And there, too, on the boisterous waves, he had called upon Him who alone is able to rescue from death, Him whose name had never before dwelt upon his lips, save with irreverence and profanity; and through those two dreary, desolate years, he had not forgotten often to call upon His sacred name, and implore Divine assistance.

And now there they sit—the past long ago forgiven, and now all forgotten in the blissful present.

O, never ascended more fervent thanksgivings to the Great Throne, than were poured forth from those two reunited hearts on that eventful evening, and never a happier, more loving pair travelled side by side to the end of life's journey.

William Raymond, now wholly cured of his thirst for the intoxicating beverage, and relying upon a Divine arm for strength, and upon the sweet smiles of his gentle, loving wife for encouragement, entered again upon the business avocations of life, and ere ten years had passed, he, with his noble, manly boy—William Raymond Jr.—as partner, became the wealthy owners of one of the largest mercantile establishments in the city of Philadelphia.

And all through coming years, whenever any of those petty vexations and annoyances

which must sometimes unavoidably intrude, even upon the happiest household shrine, tempted Adela Raymond with an impatient thought, the memory of those five long years of sorrow, and of her narrow escape from a widowed life, checked it ere it found way to her lips.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

There are few topics discussed in the home circle department of a newspaper that interest a larger circle of readers, or that more rarely grow tedious, than the various *et ceteras* connected with the matrimonial life. The following are the opinions of two ladies eminent for their literary attainments, on this subject:

Mrs. E. Montague says: "I can define matrimonial happiness only like wit by negatives. 'Tis not kissing—that's too sweet; 'tis not scolding—that's too sour; 'tis not railery—that's too bitter; nor is it the continual shuttlecock of reply—for that's too tart. In short, I hardly know how to season it exactly to my taste; but I would neither have it tart nor mawkishly sweet. I should not like to live entirely upon either methelgen or verjuice."

Again she says: "I fancy in matrimony one finds variety in the charming vicissitudes of—

"Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling."

Could that kind of love, remarks Mrs. Thrale, be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for, in the union of the two faithful lovers it would be found; but reason shows us that this is impossible, and experience informs us that it ever was so; we must preserve it as long and supply it as happily as we can."

A HIT AT HYMEN.—Apropos to the topic thus discussed, some writer—a crabbed, morose, peevish old bachelor, without doubt—thus hits hard at the vagaries of conubialdom. Probably some pretty girl, who wishes to link herself to a sweeter specimen of humanity, has "given him the bag,"—he turns about and vents his spleen, by saying, "The woman has tricked me. But it is an old hackneyed trick to deceive." But it is an old hackneyed trick to deceive. Nine times out of ten, when you hear an old man thus railing at wedlock, you'll find out that it is in some such way that the shoe pinches:

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

My dearest are you going out?
Indeed, 'tis very cold.
Let me, sweet love, around your neck
This handkerchief entold.
You know how anxious for your health,
My own dear George, am I,
One loving kiss before we part—
Good bye, sweet chuck, Good bye!

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

You're going out—why don't you go?
I cannot help the rain;
You wouldn't grieve me mightily,
To no'er come back again!

Umbrella! I don't know where 'tis,
What'll you want next? I wonder!
Don't pester me about your cold,
Good gracious!—go to thunder!

BRIS OF WISDOM.—If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?
Honors come from diligence; riches spring from economy.
Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weaver's shuttle.

He who can repress a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.
Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as varnish.

The generations of men follow each other like waves of a swollen river.
Doubt and distraction on earth—the brightness of truth in heaven.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so well as to forese and prevent it.
By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days a man's heart.

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none perhaps will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

The spontaneous gifts of Heaven are of high value, but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.
If there be a want of accord among members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure them.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was:
"Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest deal too if thou pleasest—civility."

Macaulay says that those means are most correct that best accomplish the ends; and Charles Dickens affirms that "all good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad, and left alone."

A French writer is represented as calling dyspepsia, "the remorse of a guilty stomach."

From Dr. Armstrong's Northwest Passage. THE SUN AN MIDNIGHT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

As the sun approached the horizon towards midnight the aspect of the heavens was truly beautiful, when at twelve o'clock his lower limb partially dipped, and again slowly ascended on his course, or rather, our orb revolving on its own axis around him. The sky to the eastward, at the time, presented a most splendid appearance; a wide belt of refracted light extending along the horizon, resolved into its prismatic colors, imparted a degree of beauty to the heavens I had never before witnessed, and, from the gorgeous and brilliant, yet varied tints of coloring so wonderfully displayed to view, could not possibly be surpassed. The moon at the time, was rising slowly in the same quarter, but quite obscured by surpassing brilliancy of the novel and beautiful phenomenon I have mentioned, which can only be seen in this way in the frigid regions of the North. As the sun touched the icy horizon towards midnight, he presented the most splendid appearance I have ever witnessed, and one on which the naked eye could barely for a moment rest. Owing to a dazzling brightness surrounding the disc. It was free from those gorgeous and varied tints I have previously noticed, and now presented one vast sheet of silvery flame, illuminating the horizon with a degree of magnificence to be seen in no other region of the world. It is one of those compensating sights which icy regions can alone furnish, as the beautiful effect was entirely produced by the reflection of the sun's rays from the snow-white surface. Our course lay over hummocky and packed ice, with occasional intervening fields formed within the few previous hours, flat and even as a board, with here and there marginal lines or boundaries of a few inches high—the effects of pressure from without, cracking the young ice, and throwing up these boundaries—thus dividing it into distinct patches of level fields. The surface was very beautiful; some crystallized in the form of spicula, and others larger, of stellated form, closely resembling small feathers from their well-marked pennated edges. The sun's rays, surpassing all in brilliancy and splendor was their power of decomposing the solar rays, and presenting the most rich and gorgeous display of the prismatic colors that I ever beheld; forming a carpet, as it were, studded with gems of the first water, whose dazzling brilliancy was absolutely exhausting to the vision.

EXAMINE YOUR TREES.—It is surprising to see how ready farmers are to pay cash for trees, and to plant them well, and how careless they are of their after treatment.—They take it for granted that the crop of fruit is sure, as the tree is set. It is not so. The work is only well begun. Trees should be treated as personal friends, looked to, visited, flattered with particular attentions. Inquire after their health, and a response will come from the bark, the twigs, and the leaves. Is the trunk smooth, indicating that the owner has applied strong soap-suds recently, and routed the moss, and the countless progeny of scale bugs? There is sawdust around the collar perhaps. Investigate the hole with a wire and smite the borer with a fatal bore in the fifth rib. Is the new wood strong and healthy, and the foliage luxuriant and glossy? You will find many curled and dead leaves, perhaps, and within the folds a whole brood of eggs, or a crawling grub. Kill him, as you hope for fruit next year. Turn pigs into your orchards to eat up the early dropping fruit.—Every worm-eaten apple is a pest-house—destroy it. Scrape off the old bark, that serves as a refuge for the moths and their egg; and bear in mind, that all these labors and appliances will but imperfectly do the work of birds.

A fellow went, a few weeks since, into the store of a fashionable milliner.
"Have you any skirts?" asked he.
"Plenty of all kinds."
"What do you ask a cord?" said the chap.
"A cord?" replied the woman.
"Yes, I want about a cord. Up in our diggings the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise 'corded skirts,' and I thought while my hand was in I'd take what you had corded up!"
The milliner faints.

The following conversation between two jolly sons of the Green Isle, one day last week, in front of our office, had a point to it.
"Say, Jimmy, did you ever see such a summer as this?"
"Faith and I have."
"When?"
"Last winter, be jabers."—N. Y. Star.

THE COMET.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal says:—"The comet is a gay deceiver! he promised to jostle the earth, but he has only jilted her. The rogne has told a tale, instead of showing one."

Why is a jackass like an Illinois corn field? Because he's some on ears.