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Selected Poetry.

WHEN WE HUSKED THE CORN.

October scorching, fires the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading lights of summer shine.
Along the lawn the negro blows
Deep summons to the noon-day horn,
And homeward trooped the girls and boys
A husking of the corn.
I mind me well that autumn day,
When five and twenty years ago,
We hurried our laboring play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife we were the blithest pair
That e'er to wedded love were born,
For I was gay and you were fair,
A husking of the corn.
Oh! how we sang and how we laughed!
Our hearts sat lightly on our lips,
As we the golden cider quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rusty quips,
And when shy hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
And smiled, tho' you fain would frown,
A husking of the corn.
Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditioned kiss,
You bade not approach too near,
And pleaded that and pleaded this—
Away you fled, and I pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn,
And know you not how well I would
A husking of the corn.

A Highway Adventure.

MY HOST.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossed the Illinois river at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock river at Forest's Mills. Forest was an old friend, who had gone out some years before, and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, he having bought a whole township in that section. It was some out of my way, as my most direct route was very near due west from Ottawa, whereas this route took me over sixty miles further north. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock river, and I turned my horses head in that direction. I calculated my time, and concluded that by moderate traveling I could reach the mill in two days.

During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and was well travelled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region and the way was little better than a bridge-path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings, where small huts were erected, at one of these latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a stopping man in charge of the premises, the father having gone to "the mill." I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were "Forest's mills."

From these people I learned that Forest's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling, after leaving two near by, between here and there was a sort of stopping place kept by a man named Daniel Groope. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, principally whiskey. His house was twelve miles to the mills.

This just suited me. I could reach Groope's by six o'clock, and there get some supper, and rest and bait my horse. Then I could easily reach Forest's by nine, as the moon was well on the second quarter.

The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed a half a dollar upon a faxen headed urchin who was rotting around upon his bare feet, and then set forward again. There was another hut at the distance of a half mile, and a second about a mile off. I saw no more human inhabitants until I reached Groope's. I found the travelling full as good as I had expected, and arrived at the forest inn at just half past five.

This inn was situated upon a romantic spot and to a lover of isolated nature must have been a charming retreat. The house was built of logs, the outside surface hewn, and the seams filled with cement formed of some sort of fine tough moss and pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable end to the road, the other two upon either side, running out like two L's.

Then there was a barn a short distance off, with a piggery connected. Take it altogether, it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that water was plentiful.

As I rode up the door, Mr. Groope himself came out. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a fiery red head, and a face as coarse as it was ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected a tone like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that his notes fell upon my ear like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive any one, for in conversation he seemed a different man.

I informed him that I was on my way to Forest's mill, and could only rest my horse and get some supper. He gazed into my face for some moments without speaking, and finally said:

"Ah—yes—humph."
"Then he turned into the entry and called 'Ike. Ike came—a tall, strapping youth of one or two-and-twenty, with a red head and features that could belong to no one, but a child of my host. 'Ike' took my horse and Mr. Groope led the way to the 'sitting room' as he called it. It was rough but comfortable, and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs, these benches being sufficient to accommodate quite an assemblage.

Groope asked me if I would like something warm? I supposed he meant whiskey, and I told him no. He said I had better take a little—two would do me good. But I assured him I never used it—that I felt better without it.

"But do you mean that you never drink whiskey?" he added, with elevated eyebrows.

"Never," I told him.

"Brandy, I s'pose; or mebbey rale old gin?" pursued my host.

"No," I replied. "I don't use any stimulating drinks at all."

"You don't?" burst from his lips, while he eyed me from head to foot. "Wal, stranger, I'd give sun'thin' for your picture to hang up in my house. Never drink!—How in marcy's sake d'ye live? How d'ye live?"

"Why," said I, with a smile, "I get dry again as soon as possible."

"Dry, my sake, I should think 'twould be an everlasting dry! Never drink!—Wal—here I've lived year in and year out, goin' on to fifteen year, and you're the first man I ever seed as wouldn't drink a bit of whisky on the top of a long journey. Fact—stranger—'tis by thunder!"

I told him I thought it very probable, and when he went out, heard him leave the house.

In half an hour my host came and informed me that supper was ready. He led me to a back room, where a table was set quite respectably, the dishes being blue ware and nearly new. He and Ike sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured there could be no poison in them. The meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried bacon, and new wheat bread, and I did ample justice to the repast.

"You think you must go on to-night?" said my host, while we were eating.

"Yes," I told him. "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night."

"Is he expectin' ye?" Groope asked.

"No," I answered.

"Perhaps he don't know that you're in this section at all."

"No he doesn't," I said; and I expected my host would urge me to stay with him until morning, so I had my answers all prepared.

But I was mistaken. He didn't urge any such thing. On the contrary, he said he thought I was wise in my determination. He would like my company, but it would be better for me to push on. I was quite relieved.

It wanted a quarter to seven when my horse was brought to the door. I took out my wallet and asked what was to pay?—

"Half a dollar." I paid it and then asked what was the most direct route?

"You see that big tree, just over the barn there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Wal, that's right in the best road.—When you strike that you can't miss the way."

"But isn't there another road,—one which follows this stream right down to the mills?" I asked, for I had been informed by the young man who had taken charge of my horse at noon that Groope's inn was right by the very stream which gave Forest his mill power, and that the road followed the stream direct.

"Oh," said my host, turning and looking off toward the stream, "that road ain't fit to travel now. T'other one's the best."

"But what's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Why the bridges are all washed away an' then there's been windfalls across't. I tried it last week, and had to come back.—

The upper road is a matter of a mile or two further but that's nothin'. Your beast is good for it, I guess."

I told him my horse would stand it well enough, and then asked where the other struck the stream.

"About three miles this side of the mills," he replied.

"It's all clear and direct?"

"Yes. You can't miss the way."

I bade my host good-bye, and then started on. I didn't like the idea of a new road at all. The youth above mentioned had told me what an excellent road it was from Groope's to the mill by the river road. He said it followed the stream which was very near straight, and that it was light and open the whole distance. However, of course Groope knew, so I must make the best of it. I looked back as I reached the edge of the wood. I was upon a gentle eminence, and could overlook the shrubbery I had passed. I looked and saw Ike going from the house to the barn; he had a saddle upon his arm. I was sure it was a saddle—perhaps he had an errand to do.

Ere long I entered the wood and found it thick and gloomy. The path was plain enough, and had evidently been at some time a travelled road. Aye—I remembered, now, of having heard my informant of the noontide speak of the "old road." He said there used to be a road leading to Rock river, but when Forest commenced his settlement a new road was opened by the stream, and the old one was discontinued. He had said nothing about any bridges.

At the distance of two miles I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of a gully, and a stream must at some time have run there. I looked, but saw no track upon it. Water had swept across since any living thing had trodden it. I slid from my saddle and examined thoroughly; but I could find no tracks.

Of course, the father of my noontime's host could not have gone this way! And yet he had gone to Forest's mills. I began to suspect mischief. There had been an uneasy sensation lurking in my bosom ever since I had left the inn. Something was wrong. I regained my saddle and looked about. The sun was nearly down, in twenty minutes at the furthest, it would be out of sight.

Instinctively I drew one of my pistols from the holster. I raised the hammer, and found the cap in its place. I was just putting it back, when I noticed a mark upon the butt. It was a peculiar knot in the wood. That pistol I always carried, in the left holster. It was not so sure as the other one. I took out the other and was sure the weapons had been changed by other hands than mine. They had remained in the saddle at the forest inn, and it had taken place there.

I began to think. Why was Mr. Groope so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then why should he be so anxious to have me set forward that night instead of remaining with him and paying him a dollar or so more than I did? Then this road—I believed I had been deceived. There were no freshets to carry away any bridges, for it was now near Autumn and the river road had been travelled all summer. And then the saddle I had seen Ike carrying to the barn. There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groope had daughters in his house, and perhaps others, whom he would not have to hear the noise of the robbery. And very likely he would not wish to have such a deed connected with his house at all. Of course he knew I had money. No one would be travelling, as I was then travelling, without a considerable sum.

If my pistols had been taken out might they not have been further dealt with? I took the one from the right holster and examined it. The ball was in its place and the cap on. Still I was not satisfied. I slipped the cap off, and found the percussion composition had been removed. There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all. I found the tube spiked with a little pine stick.

Here was the secret sure enough. I took my penknife and succeeded in drawing out the stick, and then I examined the other pistol, which I found to be in the same plight. I had an excellent screw for removing bullets, and my pistol barrels were emptied in a very few moments. I had a serious objection to firing them off in the woods, where the report might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them, and then snapped a cap upon each. I found them both clear, and then proceeded to load them, which I did carefully.

And now, how should I proceed? That this road led to Forest's mills I had no doubt, and it would be nearer for me to keep on than to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up.

And next which way would my host come? For that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—everything that had transpired between him and me—pointed to that one simple result. Would he go down the river road a piece and head me off? or would he follow me directly up? Most like-

ly the former. I considered upon it a while, and then resolved to push on and keep on my guard.

The sun went down, and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell lengthwise upon the road she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the transition. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols, and just as I began to wonder if I had mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first it puzzled me to tell the direction from which it came, but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand, which was towards the river. Presently it stopped, I drew my horse to the left side of the path and kept on a gentle trot, having raised the lappel of my right holster.

In a few moments I saw a dark form amid the bushes, a little ways ahead, on the right. As I came up a man rode out. It was my host!

"Good evening sir," he said, with exceeding politeness.

"Ah—good evening I returned. 'I had not expected the pleasure of your company."

"No, I expect not he resumed in a sort of hesitating manner. 'And I shouldn't have come out only for a little business I forgot when you were in the inn.'

It was plain as day. My pistols had been rendered useless—I had been sent off into this unfrequented wood, and now the villain had thought to take my life and money without any risk to his own body, and then hide my poor carcass in the earth, where very likely others had been hidden before. My eyes were open and my hand ready.

"May I ask to what business you allude?" I said.

"Yes," he snapped out something in agreement with his features. 'I want money, money, sir.'

As he spoke, he raised a pistol.

"Take care," I cried, raising my pistol, and pointing it in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed in a coarse triumph, "your Yankee pistols weren't made to harm such as me! I'll soon put you where I've put others afore—"

When a man knows death is staring him in the face, and can only just barely avert it, he is not apt to wait long. At least I am not. And my host's last words gave me ample proof of the correctness of my suspicions. Without waiting for him to finish, I fired. His finger must have pressed the trigger of his pistol, for within the space of a watch-tick a sharp report answered and mingled with mine, and my hat shook upon my head.

Daniel Groope swayed to and fro several times in his saddle, and then with a gurgling groan sank upon the earth. I slipped down after him, and when I stooped over the body I saw a few drops of dark blood trickling from his forehead.

For a few moments I felt awestruck and condemned. It was a natural feeling in such a presence. But when I came to reflect upon all that had preceded the deed, I felt that I had done my country a service. I made the robber's horse fast to a tree, and then remounted and rode on.

I reached the mills at half-past nine, and I found Forest and his family up. They were glad to see me, and introduced me to a Mr. Price, whom I afterwards found to be the owner of the place where I had taken my dinner.

On the following morning a party started out under my guidance. They were Forest and Price, and three men who worked in the mills. When we reached the spot where the tragedy had happened we found the horse as I had left him, and my host lay upon the ground stiff and cold. He had not bled at all, the ball having made but a small wound, though it had passed clear through.

A little way within the wood we found a place where the ground seemed at some time to have been disturbed, and upon digging there we found two human bodies. Subsequently one more was found only a few rods distant.

The body of Groope was taken up to his house, and there we found that Ike had fled. He had probably been out and found his dead father, and fearing that he might be implicated, he departed.

Mrs. Groope, who was a mild, broken down woman, acknowledged that she had long been aware of her husband's crimes, but that the fear of his death had kept her silent.

For the Times, I will the good Editor be so kind as to give the following, on the Liturgy, insertion in his excellent paper and greatly oblige
UNUS.

THE LITURGY.

John Wesley.—"I believe there is no liturgy in the world which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety, than the Common Prayer of the Church of England—its language is not only pure, but strong and elegant in the highest degree."

Alexander Knox.—"I cannot doubt that, in the fulness of time, the Prayer Book will be accounted the richest treasure, next to the Canonical Scriptures, in the Christian Church."

Dr. Doddridge says:—"The language is so plain as to be level to the capacities of the meanest, and yet the sense is so noble as to raise the conception of the greatest."

Robert Hall (a Baptist), says of the liturgy:—"I believe that the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastened fervor of its devotion and the majestic simplicity of its language, have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions."

Grotius says:—"Our liturgy comes so near the primitive pattern, that none of the Reformed Churches can compare with it."

The members of the Dutch Reformed denominations give this testimony:—"Her spirit-stirring liturgy and a scrupulous adherence to it, has, under God, notwithstanding the mutations of men and things, and all the aspersions cast upon her, as coldness, formality and a want of evangelical feeling, we say a scrupulous adherence to her liturgy, has preserved her integrity beyond any denomination of Christians since the Reformation."

Bucer:—"When I thoroughly understood the liturgy, I gave thanks to God who had granted to the church, to reform her rites to that degree of purity."

Saravia:—"Among others that have reformed their churches, I have often admired the wisdom of those who restored the true worship of God to the Church of England; who so tempered themselves, that they cannot be reproved for having departed from the ancient and primitive custom of the church of Rome."

The Divines of the Synod of Dort say:—"We have a great honour for the good order and discipline of the Church of England, and heartily wish that we could establish ourselves upon this model."

Aleisius, a Scotch Divine, says:—"Let it be seen and read by many for the honour of the English Church,—hope it may provoke the rest of the reformed to imitate this most noble and divine work in settling the Church."

Baxter (a non-conformist):—"I constantly join in my parish church in liturgy and sacraments."

Watson, a Methodist, also says:—"Such a liturgy makes the service of God's house appear more like our true business on the Lord's day."

Dr. Adam Clarke:—"The doctrine of the Church of England I most conscientiously acknowledge, as constituting the true Christian creed. I never had anything to unlearn, when with a heart open to conviction, I read in parallel the New Testament and the liturgy of the Church."

In a letter to Mrs. Wilkinson:—"Again, the rite itself (confirmation) is useful to call these things (our Christian obligations) to remembrance, and who knows how much grace may be received during the performance of the ceremony, and especially by having a holy man's hands laid on your head, and the blessing and protection of God solemnly invoked in your behalf? Tell these things to your dear daughters and sons,—tell them another thing, of which few would think, namely that not having the opportunity of being confirmed when I had arrived at the age in which I had ecclesiastic right to receive it, I was determined not to be without it, and therefore went and received confirmation, even since I became a Methodist preacher."

"You see how my good sister, both from my teaching and from my practice, what I think of the rite of confirmation."

Dr. Adam Clarke:—"It (the liturgy) is almost universally esteemed by the devout and pious of every denomination; in a work which all who are acquainted with it, deem superior to everything of the kind produced either by ancient or modern times, and several of the prayers and services in which were in use from the first ages of Christianity, and many of the best of them, before the name Pope or Popery was known in the earth—next to the Bible it is the book of my understanding and of my heart."

In writing to the Rev. Mr. G., April 2, 1761, vol. xii. 246; Wesley says:—"I quite agree, we neither can be better men, nor be better Christians; that by continuing members of the Church of England."

"Now, I beseech you, brethren," says the inspired Apostle, "by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined

together in the same mind and in the same judgment."—"Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them."—"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace."—"Whoso is wise will ponder these things."—Ezek.

Selected Miscellany.

"NEVER STOP TO ARGUE WITH A LAWYER."

The Marshal (Texas) Republican, lays down this maxim, adding, "if you do you're lost," and "illustrating" as follows:—"We have in Marshal, as in most towns in Texas, an ordinance forbidding persons from hitching a horse to a shade tree within the corporate limits, and affixing as a penalty for its infringement a fine of one dollar. Our constable, who is a very diligent and persevering man in the discharge of his official duties has enforced this ordinance in a manner that has rendered him a terror to offenders. Recently a lawyer, whose office is on or near the square, and who has a beautiful shade tree, before his door, rode up hastily and hitched his horse to it. The constable happened to be passing by, shortly afterwards, and proceeded to unhitch him, and take him off. The owner, witnessing the act, and perhaps having an idea of what it meant, came out, and said:

"Hullo, Mr. B., what are you after? What are you going to do with my horse?"

"Why," said the constable, "you have violated the city ordinance and must pay a fine of one dollar."

"Bless my soul," said the lawyer, with great emphasis, "that's my tree; I planted it myself."

"Can't help that," said B., "the law makes no distinctions, and says nothing about ownership. It embraces all shade trees in the town."

"Pon my word! Pshaw! I planted that tree, as I told you, myself, and for the express purpose of having a place to hitch my horse. Haven't I a right to plant a post before my door?"

"Of course you have," said the constable. "But, as I planted it for one, and if the shade is any objection, I am willing to saw the top of it off."

CORN AND HOGS.—From carefully conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 10½ pounds of pork—gross. Taking the result as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference:—

When corn costs 12 cents per bushel, pork costs 11 cents per pound; when corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound; when corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound; when corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound; and when corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statements show what a farmer realizes in his corn when sold in the form of pork: When pork sells for 3 cents per pound, it brings 25 cents per bushel in corn, when pork sells for 4 cents per pound, it brings 32 cents per bushel in corn, when pork sells for 5 cents per pound, it brings 45 cents per bushel in corn.

There was a great comfort to a desponding man in the answer of the friend whom he was confiding his gloomy apprehension of the future.

"I don't see," said Mr. Blues to Mr. Bright, "how I can ever get through the world."

"Did you ever hear," asked Mr. Bright, "of one who got stuck by the way?"

The following came off recently:—Two gentlemen fishing, and a third called Sharp boy appears, and says, "Well, sir, git any bites?"

"Lofs of 'em," said the other two. "Y-e-s; under your hat."

Race between boy and divers and snappy stones—boy a little ahead.

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—How much more difficult it is to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet week day. Can the shut shops have anything to do with this?

HOW HE SAW THE CALF.—The Louisville Journal says:—"A Virginia editor tells about a prodigious calf he saw at 'the Spring.' The editor was probably drinking from one of the springs when he discovered the prodigy."

A member of Congress, about to make his first speech, expressed much apprehension that his hearers would think him hardly sufficient calibre for the subject. Pooh! said a friend, they will be sure to find you bare enough.

Convulsions by the very fact of their violence show that they are short lived.