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AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Selected Poetry.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Now is the time;
This Sabbath's setting sun
May be the signal that thy race is run.
See Jesus waiting at the heavenly gate,
Come now—to-morrow it may be too late.

Now is the time;
Ere night's dark curtain drop,
Thy Maker may command thy breath to stop;
See Jesus waiting at the heavenly gate,
Come now—to-morrow it may be too late.

Now is the time;
Thy Spirit's gentle voice
Knocks at thy heart and pleads, believe, rejoice,
See Jesus waiting at the heavenly gate,
Come now—to-morrow it may be too late.

Now is the time;
Beyond the narrow grave
Repentance has no longer power to save;
See Jesus waiting at the heavenly gate,
Come now—to-morrow it may be too late.

Now is the time;
Accept, and you shall see
The brightness of His glorious Majesty;
See Jesus waiting at the heavenly gate,
Come now—to-morrow it may be too late.

An Interesting Story.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old yellow leather covered book, the leaves brown, the writing scarcely legible from time and decay; evidently an old neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crumpled characters, a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a modern style:

"He'll be fit for nothing," says my father, "awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father and so, alas, I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick set, strong, but very clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do—my fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I know it and all I knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any one of my neighbor's sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him at carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith and burned his hands so he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use, he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why can not he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant his to do? There, look at him now cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment, and utterly spoiled.

"There now, look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his fingers gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as that old

Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector, to bring back the vase, taking two chamouis leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! at that moment there came from the room against the door of which I was standing the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it was dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! Look at your work. Thirty pounds! fifty pounds! an invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment! Why don't you speak! Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead! There go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horse-whip you for a stupid dot."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-calls and horse-shoes, tenons and mortises, right hands or left entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys until eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering pots, and when I succeeded felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh, happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing.

My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said:

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me, I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be!"

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gates were closed against me.

I led a miserable life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that dreary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused nasal sound that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday, there and back, did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded.

I shared her joys and happiness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I never yet heard her, not loudly, but tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—

she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard grey eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling as was my wont as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him by his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle the Morning Hymn for me?"

I did so.

"Good, very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I had in the world to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him. I found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy; beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought—and perhaps rightly—that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for; and so for some twelve months, I used the cobbler's instrument, improving daily.

It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse, should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it." He told me his plans. At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church, and please God, if you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother shall say so, too."

How I practiced, morning noon and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the Squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you are playing, and think you're in the little shop. I've brought a bit of leather to help you; and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of

it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once and I felt as calm as if I was indeed there.

She came at last, and service began.—O, that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came in and found in me, the despised awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. O, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the chants, and on the anthem before the sermon.—That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I, sound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit, seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and I heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother.

"My dear boy, how we have feared for you!"

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius" and "very clever" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument, and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there, and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow we knew that you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecelia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window, as if she could see miles away in the sky. Oh, I am sure the like never was! and then when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down, and brought you home in farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there in the long winter evenings we used to sit; and while I played she sang. O, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a friend, and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I as a father might feel for his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me tender to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think at times she felt it.

I was perfectly free at the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days. Alas! they have gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rector's parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flooded back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I so loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old

anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with glory that day. I feel, as the sound swells out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

Selected Miscellany.

HONOR TO OUR WORKMEN.

The following beautiful tribute to workmen, was recited by H. Clay Preuss, Esq., at a lecture delivered by him, a short time since, in Washington, D. C.:

Whom shall we call the heroes?
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune—
The titled lord or king?
They live by others' labor,
Take all, and nothing give,
The noblest types of manhood
Are they who work to live.

Then honor to our workmen,
Our hearty sons of toil,
The heroes of the workshop,
And monarchs of the soil!

Who spans the earth with iron,
And rears the palace dome?
Who creates for the rich man
The comforts of his home?
It is the patient toiler!
All honor to him, then!
The true wealth of a nation
Is in her working men.

For many barren acres
Earth hid her treasures deep,
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep.
Then Labor's "Avail thyself!"
Broke on the startled air,
And lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that o'er nature
Gives man his proud control,
And purifies and hallows
The temples of his soul;
It starves foul diseases,
With all their ghastly train—
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain!

The Grand Almighty Builder,
Who fashioned out the earth,
Hath stamped His seal of honor
On labor from her birth.
In every angel flower,
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches—
The handiwork of God!

Then honor to our workmen,
Our handy sons of toil,
The heroes of the workshop,
And monarchs of the soil!

Let no Man Ask for Leisure.

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves, "I would do this and I would do that if I had leisure." Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is less than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good dispositions by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance, indeed, of doing so. To do, increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion, to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself into motion for the same end.—There is a reluctance in all things to be set a-going; but when that is got over, then everything goes sweetly enough.—Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the habit he loses the power of doing; but a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle. As he walks through the world his hands hang unmanipulated and ready by his side and he can sometimes do more by a single touch in passing than a vacant man is likely to do in a twelvemonth.

Let no man cry for leisure in order to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do any good thing he will always find time for it by properly arranging his other employments.

A Protest Against Early Rising.

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, says: One of the very worst economies of time is that which is flung away in necessary sleep. The wholesale, but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as it was errant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless preceded by an early retiring. Multitudes of business men in large cities count it a saving of time, if they can make a journey of a hundred or two miles at night, by steamboat or railway. It is a ruinous mistake. It never fails to be followed by a want of general well-feeling for several days after, if indeed, the man does not return home actually sick, or so near to it as to be un-

fit for full attention to his business for a week afterwards. When a man leaves home on business it is always important that he should have his wits about him, that the mind should be fresh and vigorous, the spirits lively, buoyant and cheerful.

No man can say that it is thus with him after a night on the railroad or on the shelf of a steamboat.

The first great recipe for sound, connected and refreshing sleep, is physical exercise. Toil is the price of sleep.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour, let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

Haymaking.

There is annually so much good grass mercilessly slaughtered in making it into hay that it becomes the duty of every publisher, editor and agricultural writer in the land, happening to have a better knowledge of haymaking, to begin with the hay season, preaching as earnestly as they can, at every opportunity, better principles, until a radical reform in much of our haymaking practice shall have been achieved. As clover usually comes first in the routine of haying, and the season for putting mowers afield is close at hand, let us bear in mind that the best standing condition of clover is when the plant itself is fully developed, and the heads in full but early bloom, before any considerable proportion of them have assumed the slightest tinge of brown. Then, instead of being roasted, broiled and baked in the scorching sun until it is as black as Japan tea, as is too frequently the case with clover hay, the best plan is to cut after the dew is off in the morning, cure, spread or in the swath, as much as can be done in five or six hours of clear, dry weather, then twenty-four hours more in small cocks, sheltering from dew and rain, and haul in and put away with the leaves still green, wilted but not in the least crisped or blackened by the sun.

The other grasses are best cut when the stalks and foliage have attained full growth and the seeds are entirely developed, but still in a milky state. Like clover, they should be cut after a few hours' sun-curing, finished off in the cock, cured but not in least crisped, and hauled in while still green in color, elastic and possessed of all the inviting aroma of "new mown hay." If the foundation of bays and stacks are made well up clear of the ground affording full and free ventilation underneath, and then in stacking or stowing away a layer of clean dry straw, say six inches in depth, is placed every two feet between the courses of hay, there will be no danger of clover or any other kind of grass heating, moulding or rotting, though put away a great deal greener than is the general practice, and infinitely better hay will be the result.—*Common.*

Flowing up Raw Soil.

"F. G." in the *N. Y. Post*, says:—We sometimes hear farmers remark that, plowing deep, they get less grain; that bringing up the new mellow soil, their crops suffer. It would be very strange if this were not the case; for this soil, even if ever so mellow, is raw, just like manure when it is "green" or "long." It is not yet converted or changed into plant food. It needs just what the long manure needs—to be changed by the heat and the air, that is, decomposed or rotted.

Where the top soil is less fertile than it used to be when the land was first tilled, you may rest assured that this under soil is always better than the upper soil, because the upper has deteriorated, while the under has not—rather improved.

It is, therefore, inadvisable, nay, suicidal in some soils, to turn up deeply the under-ground in the spring or in the fall at sowing time. The cold, cheerless ground will not help the grain; and were it not for the other soil mixed with it, an almost total failure would be the result.

But turn it up in the fall, and let the frost and the elements take hold of it, and you have another soil; it is turned into manure, a good part of it. A little lime mixed with it, scattered and harrowed in, or manure, or both, would facilitate the process. In the spring sow, either with or without another plowing, and you will find no more occasion to complain. We have great fertility to draw upon from below; but it requires managing.

Don't Kill the Birds.

One of our cotemporaries enters the following plea for the birds: "Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds; that run up and down your apple trees. They are the conservators of orchards and the arch enemies of bugs, grubs and worms. Some one told us the other day that the farmers' boys were shooting woodpeckers and 'sap-suckers,' as if they were birds of prey.—If you see row after row of round holes

encircling an apple tree trunk, don't be alarmed, but thank Providence for the birds which took a grub out of every hole; perhaps. Many insects deposit their eggs in the interstices of the bark, and when they hatch out they bore into the soft, spongy bark. The 'sap-sucker,' as he is erroneously called, seeks out the hiding places of these pests, and gobbles them up. The woodpecker (*picus*) alights on a tree trunk, and darting sideways, tap-tap-taps on the bark with his beak. He is sounding the bark, and when he detects a hollow—and it must be a very small one if he don't detect it—he bores his way into the cavity and devours the tenant.—You lose ten bushels of apples when you shoot a woodpecker. So don't kill the woodpeckers, boys, don't kill the woodpeckers.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Dress material for courting—pop-lin. Passed to a third reading—love letters. Dress material for the dog-days—muzzlin.

A 'deed without a name'—an unassigned will. Facts in Natural History—Pig-headed men are always bored.

Quick-sands—the "sands of life," which so soon "run out." Radical Senator Yates is known as the corned beef of the Rump.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth. An early spring—jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

Domestic Magazines—wives who are always blowing up their husbands. Some one calls the time of equinox girls' hands, the palmy days of life.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors visiting. Epitaph for the late Cannibal King of Dahomey—"One who loved his fellow men."

Out West the "grass widower"—a growing host—are styled *ad interim* back-logs.

Query: Is a man who has made a fool of himself to be considered a self-made man?

Prentice says the Southern negroes ought to be prosperous—they are taking stock largely.

If you want to see a pretty tolerable specimen of vanity consult—your own looking-glass.

The music of the cotton-mills is supposed to be made by the bands that run the machinery.

A bore—the man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

"Ma, what is revenge?" "It is when your daddy scolds me, and I hit him with the broomstick."

An India-rubber omnibus is about to be patented, which, when crumpled, will hold a couple more.

The song of the repentant husband after knocking his wife down—"come rest in this bosom my own stricken dear."

Hans, who is a judge of morals as well as money, says that being tender to another man's wife is not a "legal tender."

The best argument for short dresses is, they give plain girls a chance. What nature has denied the face she generally gives to the understanding.

Wendell Phillips thinks four-fifths of the brain of this country is absorbed in material interests. Does this account for the dullness in sanctum and pulpit?

"Hiram," said a down East farmer to his "bired man," who was working in a field, "it looks as if it might rain. 'Spose you leave off work and go play dig cellar."

"Myndeer, do you know for what we calls our boy Hans?" "Really I do not." "Well, I'll tell you; der reason we calls our boy Hans—dat ish his name."

"Boys, what is all this noise in school?" "It's Bill Stykes imitating a locomotive." "Come here, William, if you have turned into a locomotive, it's time you were switched off."

"Father," said a cobbler's lad, as he was pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite like everything now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "stick to your work, and they won't bite you."

An instructor in a school for young ladies in Berlin has been discharged because he gave, as a subject for essays, "Sentiments and feelings at the sight of an officer of cavalry."

Jobb. Billings defines a "thunder-bolt business man," as "a man that knows enough about steelin' so's there kaint ennybody steal from him, and enuff about law so that he kin do his stealin' legally."