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Selected Poetry.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

BY FREDERICK CARY.

"Love thee!" Thou canst not ask of me
So freely as I fain would give;
'Tis woman's great necessity
To love so long as she shall live.
Therefore, if thou dost worthy prove,
I cannot choose but give thee love.

"Honor, thee!" By her reverence
The truest woman best is known;
She needs not honor where she finds
A nature loftier than her own;
I shall not turn from thee away,
Unless I find my idol clay!

"Obey!" Doth not the stronger will
The weaker govern and restrain?
Most sweet obedience woman yields
Where wisdom, power and manhood reign.
I'll give thee, if thou canst control
The neck submission of my soul.

Henceforward all my life shall be
Moulded and fashioned by thine own;
If wisdom, power and constancy
In all thy words and deeds are shown;
Whether my vow be yea or nay,
I'll be thy slave for evermore.

MY CREED.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird
Or that sweet confession of sighs,
And blushes without word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly smoothened garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, or staid prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From work, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

An Interesting Story.

A KIND HEART.

TRUE FRENCH ROMANCE.

Knowing that the general class of readers are more interested in tales founded upon facts than fiction, we give the following sketch, which, though rivaling many of those romantic pictures drawn by fiction writers, is vouchered for by an old English journal as being founded upon a real life occurrence, and merely polished by the pen of the writer. A newly-married couple had just come from the altar, and were about starting on a bridal tour as the following conversation took place:

The newly-married husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest this should be an illusion.—It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused me in my boyhood, and which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps over in to throw the victim into grief and despair!"

ish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history." Frederic de la Tour had, indeed, some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she.

At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederic to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed.

"I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and, in spite of refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, Madame?" cried Frederic. "Yes, sir, you — Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion. "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir! What can you think of me?—Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederic replied politely to the apologies. Just as they were terminated the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no more than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English, in name, the fair lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon his acquaintance.

Lady Melton looked him with civilities, and he was not ill-looking certainly; but he had not the vanity to think his appearance was magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from doing credit to his tailor.

He accepted an invitation to the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and beautiful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavailing award of destiny. As for his own feelings the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished and noted for her sensibility and virtue—he could not hesitate?

When the marriage contract was signed his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand as if to prevent her being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but did not quit her hand.

She began, "Once on a time"—

Frederic started, and half-seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!"

"Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprung up and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled hard against poverty, and at last died in an hospital.

The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none; still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food; and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so to simulate age, she went out into the street. When there, she held out her hand. Alas! the hand was white, and youthful, and delicate. She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprous. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself—and asked, 'A single sou—to get bread!'

The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened, his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters.—At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer by. It was a young man.—He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the

police said to the girl, 'Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!'

"The young man interposed. He took hold, hastily, of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly: 'This woman is not a beggar. No; she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But, sir,' said the officer — 'I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued:

'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying: 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand to mine," continued the lady, "and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure!"

"My figure!" said Frederic, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife, "it was to me that you gave alms—that night. It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich," cried Frederic.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life."

"On the day following that miserable night an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as seamstress in a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day sir James Melton, an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family; in short, learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him."

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he

said: 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in my grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants.—I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it.'

"At that time, Frederic," continued the lady, "I loved you; I had seen you but once, but that once was so memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this.—Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance to Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal."

"This part of the story, Frederic, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless, became the wife of one of the richest barons of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady, "proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his own comfort than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements, of pin money, would have been necessary."

"Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the sake of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and from the hour to which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succeeded me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recess of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love and enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

As the lady spoke she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederic; "by pledging it I got a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterward in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part from it."

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the street! The excess which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt even afterward, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days in regret, perhaps but still in peace. But, happily, it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for sometime to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederic," said she gayly, "you see that if I am a fairy it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

Selected Miscellany.

GOOD RULES FOR A TEACHER.

A New England teacher keeps the following excellent rules on his desk, by which to be governed. We commend the same to all teachers, parents, preachers, editors, and others. Besides having the best influence on children, such rules will tend to greatly improve one's own physiognomy as well as his whole nature:

- HERE ARE THE RULES.**
- 1st. Sympathy with the minds and hearts of children.
 - 2d. Energy of personal character.
 - 3d. WHAT I SHALL CONSTANTLY DO:
 1. Keep a good temper.
 2. Always be cheerful.
 3. Have patience.
 4. Encourage and praise.
 5. Be faithful.
 - 4th. WHAT I SHALL CONSTANTLY AVOID:
 1. Moroseness.
 2. Fretfulness.
 3. Anger.
 4. Scolding.
 5. Fault-finding.
 6. A cold, unsympathetic manner.

What a volume in these few sentences! Let us analyze them. "Sympathy with the minds and hearts of children" implies aptitude for eliciting attention and calling out the faculties of those to be impressed and educated.

"Energy of personal character." He who would awaken or inspire energy in another must himself exhibit earnestness, energy, and enterprise.

"Keep a good temper." This means "self-control" a condition indispensable to one who would lead or control others.

"Always be cheerful." Is this possible? Yes; if one is fit to teach, he is capable of constant cheerfulness, and he has no right to bring anything less than this into a school-room. He must keep his cheeks his rains, and annoyances to himself, and not inflict them on others.

Invalide, dyspeptics, and those with "jaded nerves" should be sent to the hospital, and not the school-house, to crucify others.

"Have patience." Children are of necessity more or less impatient; but a teacher must never show a want of this admirable Christian quality. Patience is akin to peace; impatience, to disorder.

"Encouragement." No matter how self-assured a child may seem to be; no matter how presumptuous, or how indifferently apparently to praise or blame, all well-organized human beings, young and old, are susceptible to encouragement and liable to be discouraged. When one needs a word of cheer, it is folly for a teacher to withhold it. Many good people confound praise with flattery, and for fear of the latter, seldom or never use the former.—Teachers should discriminate and encourage when necessary.

"Be faithful." This implies integrity; and no one who is not honest should for a moment be trusted with the high office of teacher. Faithfulness on his part will betget the same condition or spirit in children, while the lack of it will be as promptly limited.

"Moroseness" comes of an evil spirit. It is of the passions, and a perversion at that. Only a low mind indulges a spirit of moroseness. So of "fretfulness," "scolding," and "fault-finding." These feelings beget resistance, turbulence, disorder, rebellion, anarchy, and the school is disturbed or broken up in consequence of an evilly-disposed or ill-tempered teacher.

To be a good teacher, one must be good. To subdue a turbulent child, or a horse, one must first be self-subduing. In short, one must have himself the qualities, the spirit, and the knowledge he would have in others. Inconsiderate parents and teachers look for consistency and perfection, while they themselves are nothing but inconsistencies and imperfections. This is a theme on which all may profitably dwell. Let us try to be in disposition and character what we would have others become. Then our efforts will be rewarded with good results.—*Phrenological Journal.*

CURE FOR FOUNDER.—The *Rural World* proposes to cure founder in horses in this way: Take the horse into a book or stream of water deep enough to nearly reach his body, and fasten him there with his head so high that he cannot drink. If the weather is warm keep him there several hours. Then remove him and rub his legs to promote circulation. If still lame, repeat the process two or three times and a cure will be effected. In the winter twenty minutes will be long enough to keep the horse in the water.

A Juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

From the Baltimore Evening Commercial.

The Weather, Etc.—Something for the Grumblers.

"Another! and another! and yet another cloudy day. Will this weather never be done with?" is the impatient exclamation of a friend—doubtless repeated by thousands more, as the sight of the sun is denied us, and the skies continue to weep. Listen a few moments, good reader, who ever is troubled too greatly by such a condition of things in this latitude; for perhaps, on reflection, we are not yet so badly off that we cannot gather comfort from a comparison with what is dispensed to the rest of the world.

Now it is true that the season is an exceptional one; that we have not been favored with the apparently due quantity of sunshine usually dispensed to us; that we are reminded of rainy Oregon, Alaska and other proverbially wet regions, where sunshine is exception and rain the rule.—And worse, perhaps, we hear that a great philosopher has formally announced that "because of a change in the course of the Gulf Stream, consequent either upon the ill-omened conjunction of sundry stars, or of the earthquake recently probed by Mr. Seward, at St. Thomas, that we are never to have our genial climate again—never!"

All this is bad enough, we admit, although we must express a reasonable incredulity as to the said philosopher's dire conclusions. But then, even if it were so, we cannot see that in regard to this matter of excessive moisture, we are really much worse off—to begin with—than "merry England," merry from time immemorial, a country which, with the exception possibly of Holland, produces more red checked lasses and stalwart men, than any other whatsoever; a noble region, in short, in which to raise men!

Besides, are we, after all, so very badly off as at first glance we appear? We hear that the average amount of rain for the May just past, was only about the same, less, in fact, than the corresponding month of last year; the merely cloudy days being accreted with far more water than was actually discounted by them. And further, notwithstanding the universal savage grumbling, the wheat generally looks well, and if the corn

know a corn crop in this region fail because it got plenty of rain; drought too often being its most deadly foe.

Besides—once more—are not farmers proverbially out of humor with their crops, or their crop prospects, until they are more than secure? Who has not heard of the "infidel" lawyer, who, visiting the county church—the farmers' exchange—where from time immemorial they have met to compare notes concerning crops and all else; and who, accosted with the query, "How is your garden, Squire?" is said to have answered thus:

"I have no garden, and I should be afraid to plant even a potato; I am afraid it would make me distrust the promises of Divine Providence. If it rained, I should complain: 'There goes my potato; it will die of the rot.' And if it was dry, I should say: 'Confound the potato; it will dry up!' No, I should be afraid to plant anything, even a potato, lest it should make me continually doubt the goodness of God—the promise of seed time and harvest."

It is said this little incident went far toward correcting the bad practices incident at that farmers' weekly gathering, as it ought.

But let us see further, by comparison, what are some of our blessings here in the Atlantic States—here, especially, in Maryland. In the first place, then, we are blessed with a climate remarkably favored in almost every regard which can command the approbation of the most querulous, even, however, we may be troubled temporarily now. When the Bible characterizes as a "goodly land," one "full of streams and running water"—the great essential to fertility and production—we are reminded of the terrible want of other reputed fortunate countries which largely command the presence and favor of mankind. Australia, for instance, which draws an immense immigration from other lands, and where—an English traveler tells us—for "fifteen hundred miles of coast line, equal perhaps to the distance from Boston to Cape Sable, Florida, not a stream of any kind runs into the sea."

And if we take that singular and beautiful climate of Peru, where strawberries and pine apples, oranges, wheat and potatoes grow side by side—strawberries the year round—even that has drawbacks in its earthquakes and other frights and plagues for humanity; whilst we are told, additionally, that, in a climate so ravaged and even, the English or American resident cannot persevere, if a visit is not made yearly from the mountain region to the coast in order to "sweat," health cannot be maintained with any surety at all.

And if we take the tropics or the frigid regions, neither have a tith of the pleasures and advantages on all sides of us here. Take the tropics, for instance—some of those bits of Paradise, apparently, scattered through the West India groups, (a type of almost all else in the same latitude), and apart from hurricanes and earthquakes, and scorching heat that never "lets up" tired out and exhausted

humanity, what comfort is there in finding as bed fellows centipedes and scorpions? whilst the pestilential plague of plagues—because never absent—the infernal mako, is ever probing you to your ceaseless discomfort, to say the least of it. We need not talk of the frozen regions away north; Dr. Kane and others have pictured all that is worth knowing of them to make thinking man thankful that he need only read them, not encounter the bitter and deadly experiences of chamois travelers thither.

No, let the grumblers here take comfort from what is known and experienced of countries less favored than our own; and taking it for granted that better times, better weather, will come again even here, take the good provided and be content.

"Cursed His Crop Out."

The following good one is told of John M., a most inveterate wag, and one of the cleverest men in old Talbot. He was in the Bureau office at Butler, last fall, looking over some old tax books, when a negro, out of this county, who had some difficulty with his employer, entered and inquired of Mr. M. if he was "de buro?" "Yes," said he, "I'm the man." "Well, boss, I come to see you 'bout a fuss I had wid the man I works wid, Mr. D. You see boss, I faxed him two week ago how much money and things in de store, and he told me \$130. Well, las' week I goes to town and buys three or four dollars wuf of things, and den he say I owe him \$250; and when I tell him dat case he so, he cussed."—"What did cuss the leaves of the tax book?" "Yes, boss, he cussed me twice." "Well," said Mr. hurriedly snatching up a pen and making some marks on the book, "I find him \$99 for that."—"Look-a-here," said the negro, eagerly, "does dey have to pay for cussing us?" "Yes, \$4.50 for every time they cuss you." "Den," said the colored individual, rising solemnly, and putting his hat carefully on the table, "fore God, boss, he done cuss his whole crop out, and I see gins home to collect my money." The negro made shell-road time back to his employer's, told the negroes of their good fortune, and the result was that every one of them went to Butler next day to know about this "cuss money."

Butler has some trouble in convincing the newly-made, enlightened voters that "cussing" was not taxable.—*Talbot (Ga.) Gazette.*

GEMS.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault were on one side only.

Love receives its death-wound from disgust, and is buried by oblivion.

It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

To making our arrangements to live we should not forget that we have also to die.

If we had no faults ourselves we would not take pleasure in observing those of others.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

The shortest way to become rich is not by enlarging our estates, but by contracting our desires.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great reason, and to forgive it, of a great mind.

Prudence and love are not made for each other; in proportion as love increases prudence diminishes.

The shortest and best way to make your fortune is to convince people it is their interest to serve you.

Tobacco Without Suckers.
A gentleman of our county has handed us the following receipt for the destruction of Tobacco suckers, which he requests us to make public for the benefit of the Tobacco growers of the county. He does not profess to have tried the receipt himself, but the process is so simple and cheap and can be so easily tested, that he recommends a trial, at least on a small scale, with the present crop. The receipt is from A. Packham, Esq., of Prestonville, Carroll County, Kentucky, who asserts that it will save the tobacco-grower the labor and trouble of suckering his plants several times during the season.—*St. Mary's Beacon.*

At the time when suckering is about necessary, provide yourself with a small tin oil-can, the tinner making the spout of it with a sharp point, similar in shape to the blade of a penknife; then fill your can with a solution of crude potash, go through the motion of suckering by breaking off such as you see, and then with the point of your can make an incision down obliquely into the stalk, just at the spot between the stem and the stalk, where the sucker would grow, dropping into the incision so made one drop of the potash.—This is the whole secret. It will not injure the valuable leaf, check its growth, or hurt the plant, but it will kill the germ of the future sucker. With practice a person can do a plant as shown stated with as much celerity as one can the suckering and will thus save the trouble of going over and suckering millions of plants every year.—*Louisville (Ky.) Industrial Gazette.*