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Selected Poetry.

HYMN.

BY THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM.

"There is a God," all nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all-wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great nature's Sire divine,
Assist us we adore;
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

You countless worlds in boundless space
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle strids the face
Of that enamelled flower.

But Thou, too, modest that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fixed the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launched away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground
Obscured to Thy will,"
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still bound
In one eternal system bound
One order to fulfil.

THE RIGHT.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

There is a joy for every hour
That hangs upon the heart;
There is a charm whose magic power
Drives grief from us apart.

It is the "Sense of Wings" we feel,
When crushed low in the dust—
The spirit's might to scorn the heel
That tramples on our trust.

Earth, in her wisdom, can not make
A chain to bind the mind;
It can not in its anger shake
The hopes around us twined.

The consciousness of right is strength
Beyond the fire or sword;
Though arms are weak, the tongue at length
Will conquer by the Word.

Then let us bear as bravely forth
Through storm, and doubt, and strife;
The goal before us well is worth
The strength of this poor life.

An Interesting Story.

SUCH IS HUMAN CHARACTER.

Accumulativeness is a principle of nature, of business, and society. In the natural world, whatever has, receives more; in business, wealth creates wealth, and in society, gifts accrue to the gifted.

This principle suggested itself to my mind with peculiar force when Carl Muhlenberg appeared on the veranda of our hotel at the sea-side and walked straight to Marcia Saxe.

There were those sitting there, alone and unentertained, and Marcia Saxe already divided her attention between Gus Ferrill and Winthrop Allen.

There were those sitting there to whom flowers were rare and precious, but Carl Muhlenberg gave his exquisite bouquet to Marcia Saxe, and she lived in an atmosphere of flowers, filling gardens and conservatories.

There were those sitting there who would have set a priceless value on Carl Muhlenberg's words and gifts, but Marcia Saxe listened absently, and picked to pieces the carnation she took from the bouquet.

Carl Muhlenberg watched her, with a strange look in his deep meaning eyes. "Does it deserve no better fate?" he asked reproachfully.

"I always analyze my pets and favorites," she answered, with a low, indifferent laugh.

"Honor me with your analysis!" exclaimed

Winthrop Allen, in his gallant way.

"Avec beaucoup de plaisir," she answered, with a bright bewitching smile.

"I think analysis sometimes means destruction in Miss Marcia's vocabulary," remarked Carl Muhlenberg, as he gazed on the carnation petals strewn the floor.

"Fishing means destruction, when the clouds look like this," said Gus Ferrill, walking to the window. "Will you go to-night, gentlemen?"

The gentlemen looked at each other, and then at Marcia Saxe.

"I should grieve if you became food for fishes," she said in a low, tender tone.

Her eyes were on Winthrop Allen's face, and Carl Muhlenberg's lip curled scornfully.

"The rest may do as they please, for myself, I go fishing," he exclaimed decisively.

"I will join you," said Gus Ferrill. Winthrop Allen hesitated.

Jennie Godfrey whispered to her neighbor, "Mr. Allen would rather be angled for, than angle. Marcia Saxe is a fisher of men. Carl Muhlenberg was the best fish in the sea until this Winthrop Allen dropped in our social waters. Evidently Carl has made up his mind to allow himself to be caught, when lo! my lady angler withdraws the bait for a finer piscine specimen. Mr. Allen has more money than Carl, and money seeks to ally itself to money, as surely as water seeks its level."

Jennie was no philosopher, but intuitively she comprehended the principle of accumulativeness.

"I beg you will not go, Mr. Allen," said Marcia Saxe, entreatingly. Mark Radley is a lover of the piscatory art and will gladly take your place."

"Three fishers went sailing down to the west, Down to the west when the sun went down, Each thought of the woman that loved him the best, And the children were watching him out of the town,

For men must work and women must weep, And here's a little to earn and many to keep, Though the harbor bar be moaning."

Each thought of the woman that loved him the best, sang Gus Ferrill. "Each thought of the woman who loved him best," he repeated.

"Of course I shall think of Jennie Godfrey. Carl Muhlenberg, who has your thoughts?"

"I am thinking of no woman's love," he answered, coldly. "It is too slight a thing, too hardly won and too easily lost, for a man to build a hope upon."

"Who is that tall girl over in the window?" asked Gus Ferrill. "That girl with the hungry look in her eyes has a fine face, like one of the weeping women in the song who stand wringing their hands over dead hopes. Those eyes would look like angel-eyes if they shone out of a happy soul."

"She has a fine face," said Winthrop Allen.

"How can I get introduced?" asked Mark Radley.

Carl Muhlenberg glanced at the tall girl indifferently. Then he smiled, and said:

"Ah! Blanche Parker!"

Half secreted by the damask curtains, Blanche Parker had sat in the window all the morning with the hungry look always in her eyes, and a mute sorrow in her quaint childish face.

Carl Muhlenberg crossed to her window and sat down. He was weary, that was all. He had not come for companionship, Carl Muhlenberg would never go to his aunt's governess for that. Society believed that, at all events. The governess believed it too; and when she had made and answered a few general inquiries, she returned to her watch of the sea again.

Her eyes were blank now. Had they been closed, they would have revealed no more.

Marcia Saxe and Winthrop Allen were plainly visible from this hidden nook, and the man's proud lip curled as he looked. Turning around, his eye fell on the governess with the leaden eyes and stony face. Hunger? There was no more hunger in those eyes than in a dead woman's. She made him think of one, standing there so mute and motionless. He would rouse her to life.

"Miss Parker," he said, "do nature's like yours suffer?"

She came to life with a sudden start and a look in her face that was pitiful to see.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I never saw you but in impenetrable calm."

She turned sharply around. It was the turning of the trampled worm.

"To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath," she quoted. "Is there no suffering in that? I have nothing but a dream to lose. I think I shall lose that."

Carl Muhlenberg looked with wonder on the passionate girl who spoke. Here was a nature capable of loving intensely and loving to the end. He bowed to her as he had never bowed to Marcia Saxe.

Blanche Parker's face was calm now, with the old unfathomable look, but when three fishers bowed their adieux to the fishes in the hotel-window, Carl Muhlenberg saw, for a single instant, the hunger and the weeping in an altered face.

"Each thought of the woman who loved him the best," sang Gus Ferrill. "Eh, Muhlenberg, is it so?"

Carl Muhlenberg shook his head. "No, I have no reason to suppose she has the slightest regard for me."

Gus Ferrill exclaimed: "She is only flirting with Allen. He is not your equal!"

"Oh, you mean Marcia Saxe!" said Carl Muhlenberg.

"Of course!"

"I was not thinking of her at all." Gus Ferrill whistled. That act was evidence of surprise, and a desire to know more. Carl Muhlenberg was not the man to gratify the desire.

That night, youthful feet tripped merrily to the sound of ravishing music in the sea-side hotel, but there was a dark-robed figure looking from her chamber-window on the sea, like the women in the light-house tower.

Suddenly the music ceased, the dancing feet ran hurriedly to and fro, and the dark-robed figure left her watch.

There was another scene on the sea, a sudden gust of wind, a boat capsized, and three men struggling in the waves. Then there were lights and other boats, and half-drowned men upon the sand. All but one! Gus Ferrill was quite drowned, and Jennie Godfrey was the weeping woman with wringing hands.

Carl Muhlenberg wrote to his brother, of his narrow escape, and added: "Coming so near death, I found a new value to life. Returning to consciousness, I was sensible, for a single instant, of a woman's arms around me, and a woman's prayer for my life. I had not thought myself so dear to any woman, as in that moment I knew myself to be. I reached out my hand to detain the blessed presence, and my fingers clasped a golden cross that broke from a chateleine. By this golden cross I hope to find my wife. Thus far I have no clue; and she, whom most of all I wish could be my wife, has neither watch or chateleine."

"Months after a lady, travelling, drew her watch from her belt and examining the chateleine a moment, replaced it."

Carl seated opposite, watched her curiously and smiled.

"Madam," said a shrewd-looking woman, coming behind the lady when the car stopped: "You'd better look out for your watch and pocket-book. There's a man sat near you whose actions were very suspicious when you took out your watch. I think he means to rob you. Here he comes now."

The lady turned around and exclaimed: "Mr. Muhlenberg! I have seen you before."

Carl Muhlenberg was evidently puzzled. "Pardon me," he said, "I have forgotten when."

The merry little lady laughed. "You never knew," she exclaimed. "You were quite unconscious of my presence, having just received a protracted bath in a salt water."

Carl Muhlenberg's heart sank. Was it this woman whose soul had cried out in her prayer for his life? His life was naught to her. Another moment assured him he was right.

"There comes my husband," she exclaimed. "Charlie, dear, this is Mr. Muhlenberg, the gentleman whom I told about at the sea-side. He came near drowning and—"

She stopped suddenly in embarrassment.

It was long before the young man could speak. He sobbed aloud, and seemed pierced with agony.

At last he pointed to the picture on the wall, and in broken tones which

tell you who it is. Mr. Muhlenberg, will you ride with us?"

Carl Muhlenberg thanked him. "I should not trespass on your hospitality, but that I may restore a trinket belonging to your wife," he said.

The husband and wife exchanged meaning glances.

Carl Muhlenberg laid the gold cross in the lady's hand.

"This chain is like yours," are you the owner of the cross?"

The lady bowed, laughing and blushing.

"I suppose you know how I happen to possess it," he continued.

She bowed again, but said: "I solemnly affirm, I did not the slightest service in your resuscitation."

"It is a problem I shall spend my life in solving," said Carl Muhlenberg.

"Tell me, did you hear the woman's words?" she asked.

"I heard enough to make me believe in woman and give life a new blessedness, if I might find her who spoke to me that night."

"Well, I can't tell you," said the lady, regretfully. "I was stopping for the night at the sea-side with a friend. I gave her my watch to keep, and when she returned it, the charm was gone. She has purchased my silence with threats and entreaties."

"Blanche Parker is the lady waiting for you," said her husband.

"Why, Charlie! How could you," exclaimed the wife.

"I didn't tell," he answered.

And when Carl Muhlenberg called Blanche Parker wife, and by the principle of accumulativeness, the life hitherto so poor became crowned with an abundance of good things, Charlie Moore insisted that he didn't tell.

Selected Miscellany.

THE OLD STORY.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along the streets of his native city, perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstances or misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising and unsurpassed beauty that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angel face before him.

"That face I must have," said the artist, "for my studio. Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?"

The little boy was glad to go and see the pictures and pencils and curious things in the artist's room; and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy looking just like himself smiling from the artist's canvass.

The artist took great pleasure in looking at the sweet face. When he was troubled, or irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and its beautiful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely face, but, though poor, and often wanting money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his good angel, as he called this portrait.

So the years went on. Oftentimes as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvass he wondered what had become of that boy.

"How I should like to see how he looks now! I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and abandoned? Or has he died and gone to a better land?"

One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a man whose face andmien were so vicious, so depraved, so almost fiend-like that he involuntarily stopped and gazed at him.

"What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure, and hang it in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist to himself.

The young man asked the painter for money, for he was a beggar as well as a thief.

"Come to my room, and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

The young man followed the painter, and sat for a sketch. When it was finished, and he received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested upon the picture of the boy; he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

"What troubles you, man?" said the painter.

It was long before the young man could speak. He sobbed aloud, and seemed pierced with agony.

At last he pointed to the picture on the wall, and in broken tones which

seemed to come from a broken heart, he said:

"Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and the angel face is that portrait. Behold me now; a ruined man; so bloated, so hideous that women and children turn away their faces from me; so fiend-like that you want my picture to show how ugly a man could look. Ah! I see now what vice and crime have done for me."

The artist was amazed. He could not believe his own eyes and ears.

"Pray how did this happen?" he asked.

The young man told his sad and dreadful story; how, being an only son, and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he went with bad boys and learned all their bad habits and vices and came to love them; how, having picked up money, he was enticed to wicked places till all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught and imprisoned with the worst criminals, came out still more depraved to commit worse crimes than before; how every bad deed he performed seemed to drive him to commit a worse one, till it seemed to him he could not stop till brought to the gallows.

It was a fearful tale, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, and offered to help him.

But alas, it was too late. Disease, contracted by dissipation, soon prostrated the young man, and he died before he could reform.

The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy, and when visitors asked him why he allowed such a hideous looking face to be there, he told them the story, saying as he closed: "Between the angel and the demon there is only twenty years of vice."

The lesson of this tale is in the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often, and heed it always.

A Bachelor's Defense.
Bachelors are styled by married men who have got their foot in it, as only half perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other ridiculous titles are given to them; while on the other hand they extol their state as one of superior bliss that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good. If they are so happy why don't they enjoy their happiness and hold their tongues about it?—

What do half the men get married for? Simply that they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trim babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man said once, "to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy."

These fellows are always talking about the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is pelted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters—invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient?—the bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who could not entrap him?—the bachelor.

Who strewed flowers on the married man's grave—the widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief had set up in her heart; she goes and gets married again, she does.

Who goes to bed early because time hangs so heavily on his shoulders?—the married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning?—the married man.

Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lassy servants to look after?—the married man.

Who is taken up for whipping his wife?—the married man.

Who gets divorces?—the married man. Finally, who has got the Scriptures on his side?—the bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was about when he said: "He that marries not does better."

THE ROCKS OF CALVARY.—In Fleming's *Christology*, it is stated that an unbeliever, visiting the sacred places of Palestine, was shown the clefts of Mount Calvary. Examining them narrowly and critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow-traveller, and said, "I have long been a student of nature, and I am sure that the rents and clefts in this rock must have split according to its veins, and where it was weakest in the adhesion of parts; for this," he said, "I have observed to have been done in other rocks when separated or broken after an earthquake; reason tells me it must always be so. But it is quite otherwise here; for the rocks are split upward and across the veins, in a strange and preternatural manner, and therefore," he said, "I thank God that I came hither to see the standing monument of miraculous power by which God gives evidence to this day of the Divinity of Christ."

JOSEPH BILLINGS.—In a burlesque answer to correspondents says:

"You idea that frogs grow more bow-baited as they grow older, is too cussed good to be lost."

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

Arabs are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as: "God grant thee His favors." "If God will, thy family enjoy good health." "Peace be with you," etc.

Bohemians kiss the garments of the sons whom they wish to honor.

Burmese apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim: "Give me a smell," attributable to their great use of perfumes.

Ceylonese meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

Chinese are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire: "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" and "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand, and, as an extra civility, the palm also. Their favored country is strikingly portrayed by asking: "How goes the perspiration?" "Is it well with thee?" and "God preserve thee."

English.—An old salutation in polite society was—"Save you sir," an evident abbreviation of "God save you sir."

French.—*Comment vous appelez vous?* which literally signifies "How do you carry yourself?"

German.—In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

Greeks.—The salutation among the ancients was "Rejoice?" Among the moderns, "What doest thou?"

Hollanders, with their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking: "Have you had a good dinner?"

Italians, on meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?"

Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

Portuguese, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together.—Why?

Mohomedans.—"Peace be with you," to which the reply is—"On you be peace," to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God."

Moor of Morocco, ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

New Guinea people place on their heads the leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship.

Polen Islanders seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it.

Persians salute by inclining the neck over each other's necks; and then inclining cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting—"Is thy exalted high condition good?" and "May thy shadow never be less."

Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry—"Art thou gay?"

Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed, "Be healthy!" or "Be strong," when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. The Pope makes no reverence to mortal, except the Emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

Russian ladies permit not only their hands, but their feet to be kissed by their friends. The men salute by inquiring: "How do you live on?" "Be well."

Siamese prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether he has been eating anything offensive; if so, he is kicked out; if not he is kicked up.

Spanish grandees wear their hats in the presence of their Sovereign, to show that they are not so much subject to him as to the rest of the nation. When the royal carriage passes, it is the rule to throw open the cloak to show that the person is unarmed.

Swedes are by no means demonstrative in their courtesies; on meeting, they simply inquire, "How can you?"

Turks cross their hands, place them on their breasts and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God." "Forget me not in thy prayers." "Thy visits are as rare as fine days"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country.

Whores.—People here no longer say, "How do you do?" when they meet. It's "How's your suit progressing?" and the reply, "Pretty well, thank—how's yours?" A man without a lawsuit, is looked upon as a vagrant in the State of Nevada.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—A student under examination, who was asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts."

"Quite right; can you give me an example?"

"Yes sir; in summer, which is hot, the days are long; but in winter, which is cold, the days are short."

THE SPEAKER who was "drawn out," measured eighteen inches more, than before.

Life and Death.

Life is but death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth but a journey to the grave. The pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating in outward to the depths of death.

Only we are one friend in health, and one foe in loss of health. Death is the great leveler of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we closed his eyes. We are a chariot of sorrow but an hour ago, and in a few hours the last black chariot will convey us to the home of all that live.

O, how closely allied in death to the last Lamb that sported in the field many soon feel the knife. The axe in the pasture is fattening for the slaughter. There do but grow that they may be felled—Yes, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish; they flourish but to decay; they rise but to fall.

How often do we take up a volume of history and read of the rise and fall of empires? We hear of the coronations and death of kings. Death is the bleak servant who rides behind the chariot of life. See life, and death is close behind it. Death reaches far throughout this world, and hath stamped terrestrial things with the broad arrow of the grave. "Stare, die, maybe; it is said that configurations have been seen afar off in the ether, and astronomers have marked the funerals of other worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we have imagined set forever in sockets of silver to glisten as the lamps of eternity. Blessed be to God, there is one place where death is not life's foe—where life reigns alone; 'No, No, No' is not the first syllable which is to be uttered by the next 'to die.' There is a land where the death-knell are never tolled, where graves are never dug, and blest land beyond the skies. To reach it we must die."

No Secret, Doctor.—A man had a house erected but a little way from the office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or rainy, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a sunny