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The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Selected Poetry.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

ANGEL BRIDE.

I do not seek an angel bride—
I'd rather she were human
With foibles if you like—but still
A fond, true-hearted woman.

An angel wife would be so good,
So high and far above me;
So little like me, do you see
She'd hardly deign to love me.

She'd be so often way up stairs
She'd think my down stairs gloomy.
And such a sad catastrophe
I'm sure would quite undo me.

I'd want to kiss her now and then,
To pet and maybe tease her,
But if I served an angel so
I do not think 'twould please her.

I'd be afraid to speak, almost,
For fear, some sunny morning,
She'd spread her wings and fly away
Without any word of warning.

These angels are so good, you see!
That once they pass a sentence
There's not the least occasion left
For vowing a repentance.

I'd like to step inside my door
As if I made it brighter.
Nor passing through—and found one there
Who would not let me slight her.

I'd like to take her in my arms
And frolic with her maybe,
If pleasant, dance her on my knee
As she would dance the baby.

Or, seated in my chair at night
With her soft arms around me,
I'd set her singing—till the air
Should fill with visions round me.

Till all the sweet fond fancies past
Should bloom with tenfold glory,
And join the fairies of the now
To tell a true love's story.

While my heart's full depths should think
As when her song is o'er,
She turns for one sweet kiss that tells
What words can ne'r discover.

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.—Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not most everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself as a barefooted lad, standing at the fence of a mean little garden in his native village. while, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers that were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a summer morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come in the garden to gather a flower to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnation—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feelings of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy express themselves on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.

Selected Miscellany.

DAISY'S PROMISE.

BY ELLIE COLEMAN.

Charlie Raymond was engaged to a bright little beauty, and he well knew that he was envied by many of his friends when he won Daisy Allen—for she was the belle of the society in which she moved, and many a heart ached because she could not return their love.

How often had she caused Charlie's heart to ache by her variable moods? At times he had thought he could almost detect a touching tenderness in her voice when speaking to him, while again she had seemed so indifferent to him, bestowing her smiles upon others, until it almost drove him frantic with jealousy, and made him doubt if she ever even gave him a thought; but at last his love was rewarded, and he considered himself the happiest of mortals when Daisy consented to be his bride; and, since their engagement, she had been all he could wish—caring only for him, and showing in every way and to all others that she had given up all coquetry.

He did not think that he was what most women would admire, or know that Daisy often contrasted his tall and splendidly proportioned form with those of some of the effeminate fops that fluttered around her—that to her his broad shoulders, manly and noble bearing, seemed expressive of protection, and commanded her respect and admiration. His eyes were darker than her own, and more thoughtful,—earnest; while his hair was dark brown, slightly waivy; and although he was considered handsome by most all of the ladies, envied for his height by gentlemen, he had not the slightest idea of it--he was entirely free from conceit; but he had other faults—he was very jealous of Daisy, though lately she had subdued the feeling by her devotion to him alone. She did not love him less for it—on the contrary, she reasoned it was a proof of his love for her.

One day Charlie was summoned away on business—he was to be gone only a short while; yet he knew he would suffer from his jealousy of Daisy during his absence. When he was taking leave of her, a thought entered his mind, and he said:

"Daisy, you may think me selfish and exacting, but will you promise me not to accept any invitations to any parties or places of amusement in my absence, or to allow the attentions of any gentleman. I will soon be back, and will write you daily—only promise me this; it will be such a consolation while away from you."

"I will, Charlie," she replied. "I promise all you ask. You do not doubt me?"

"No; but if you should prove untrue to your promise, I would lose all confidence in you and never forgive you."

And so, after an affectionate parting, they separated.

Daisy missed Charlie very much, and looked eargerly in each letter for an announcement of his return. He had been gone nearly two weeks, when one day her sweet little face dimpled into smiles as she read that he would be with her in a few days—the following Thursday.

"Only two more days until I see him—for this is Tuesday," thought Daisy.

But her happiness would have been still greater had she known that even then Charlie was making preparations to return—for his business affairs had taken a sudden and unexpected turn, so that he could leave much sooner than he thought.

"How anxious he was to see Daisy! and that evening he would surprise her. The train hardly bore him home fast enough," he thought.

When he reached the city he hurried home, barely taking time to brush the dust from his clothes, and not even stopping to take any refreshments.

Taking a car, he soon reached the elegant residence in which Daisy resided. As he sprang up the steps, his heart beat rapidly as he pictured her surprise and joy upon seeing him. The front door was soon opened by John, the footman, who, upon recognizing Charlie, smiled and said:

"Miss Daisy is not home. She went out after tea, and did not leave word when she would be back."

"Not at home!" he re-echoed, in astonishment. "Well, I'll await her return," he added, stepping into the parlor with a heavy feeling at his heart.

"Would you rather go into the library? Master is there."

"No, I believe not—at least not now."

An hour passed away; he tried to amuse himself by looking at the elegant pictures hung around the room, but always found himself opposite the large ivorytype of Daisy, her eyes smiling down at him, seeming to welcome him. How long the evening seemed! Would she never come? He bethought himself of her uncle. He would inquire of him where she had gone; and so he bent his steps toward the library, where Mr. Allen (a querulous invalid) spent most of his time.

Daisy's parents had both died while she was a child, and her uncle had taken her to live with him. His sister kept house for him, but she was at present away on a visit.

Mr. Allen had become very much attached to Daisy, and intended leaving all his wealth to her. He suffered a great deal from neuralgia, which at times made him irritable; but this evening he seemed to be in a very pleasant mood—for, when Charlie opened the door, he welcomed him warmly, and expressed his regret that Daisy should not be home, adding:

"But I suppose the dear child became lonely in your absence, and has gone with some of her friends to an entertainment of some kind. She came in to bid me good night; but, as I was busy at the time, I neglected asking her where she was going," and then he proceeded to give Charlie an account of his last attack of neuralgia.

Poor Charlie, although gazing intently at Mr. Allen, scarcely heard a word; he was thinking of his host's remark about Daisy. Could she have broken her promise to him? What would he think of his long absence?

When Mr. Allen wound up his discourse by asking, "Now, don't you think I must have suffered greatly?" Charlie, without having listened, but, seeing his host looking inquiringly, and that he was expected to make *some* answer, said "No!"

Mr. Allen looked aghast, and Charlie saw that he had made a mistake, so he quickly said:

"I beg your pardon, I believe I did not hear your question rightly."

Mr. Allen repeated it, and much to his satisfaction received an answer of condolence.

Charlie said he believed he'd return to the parlor, as he wished to look over the music he had sent Daisy. In fact he wished to be alone. He had been so disappointed in not finding her home, as he expected, that he had lost all cheerfulness.

He had just reached the parlor when the bell rang. John opened the door, and Charlie listened for Daisy's voice, but her words struck a chill to his heart. He grew deathly pale, and leaned against the piano for support, as he heard the following conversation.

"You will not disappoint me, but will come to morrow evening?"

"But are you sure Charlie will not return?" responded a strange male voice.

"Yes," answered Daisy. "I do not look for him until the next evening, as he tells me in a letter this morn he will be here Thursday."

"Well, then, you may expect me for sure. You know it would be entirely out of the question for me to call if he were here."

And then he heard the strange voice say "Good night, Daisy!"

Oh, what agony Charlie suffered at this evidence of Daisy's infidelity, and of her broken promise. Never in his after life could he look back to those moments without a feeling of pain. Large tear-drops rolled down his cheeks at the thought of *his* Daisy—*his no more*—having proved so false.

It seemed hours to him as she tripped lightly through the hall and entered the room. When she saw Charlie she gave a scream of surprise, and flew to his side; but drawing himself up to his full height, and with a face white with pain and anger, his eyes burning into hers with jealousy, in a hoarse voice he said:

"Daisy—false one!—you have broken your promise! We part forever. May you be forgiven for your deception." And without waiting for one word of explanation, with a bound he was gone.

Gone from her presence forever. The shock at seeing him so suddenly, and his wild words and manner; was two much for Daisy; with a low moan she sank on the floor insensible.

And there her waiting maid found her—she took her to her room, and soon managed to restore her. But sleep never visited Daisy's eyes that night. Her reason almost fled beneath this great and first sorrow.

All next day she looked for Charlie, thinking he would come, and then she would explain all; but no, she listened in vain for his step. At last, towards evening, she wrote a long letter to him, after which her heart became much lighter; but on the following day, when her letter returned unopened, she felt the full force of his words—he never wished to see or hear from her. With a wild desperation she wrote again, and sending by John, told him not to return without an answer; but John did return, saying Mr. Raymond had gone away for a time, and his mother was not aware of his destination.

Then Daisy's spirit sank; she felt that they were separated forever; she might never see him again. She did not go out into society, but pined away, losing interest in everything. Oh, if she could only know where he was, so she could explain to him, she would think, but then pride would whisper, "he has wronged you—let him suffer also."

But pride did not keep her up—she became ill—dangerously ill with brain fever, and Charlie never knew it.

With a desperate feeling, he had gone away, without telling any one where—trying to forget his sorrow, but he found that was impossible. He longed to return again, and did so, thinking perhaps, after all [illegible] her with others, a constant reminder of her falsity.

The evening of his return he could not resist the impulse to pass by her home. As he neared the door he saw the carriage of the family doctor, and the next minute the door opened, and Doctor Jacoby sprang down the steps. Charlie knew at a glance at the old doctor's usually jovial, but now quiet face, that some one was seriously ill. Without any ceremony he grasped his arm and asked: "Is Daisy ill?"

"Yes," returned the doctor, "I fear she will not live over night."

"Oh, if she should die! What, if I have wronged her!" And a wish to beg her forgiveness took possession of Charlie's heart.

He entered the house, and begged of her aunt to let him see her, but she told him he must not be allowed to go into the room now, as the slightest thing might turn the scale in her young life.

All night he paced the library floor waiting some hope that she would live. Now all his confidence in Daisy returned. Why had he been so rash as to return her letter? He alone had caused her illness.

The crisis was passed, and Daisy would be restored to them, so the doctor told Charlie. But it was some time before he was allowed to see her.

At last he could see her, and when he entered the room he noted the change her illness had wrought in her. Her beautiful curls were cut away, but already the little ringlets clustered around her snow-white forehead; her complexion was waxen, and her hands seemed so small and white. She seemed so glad to see Charlie, and never had she been so precious in his eyes.

"Oh, Charlie, how we have both suffered, and how long it seems that we have been separated," said Daisy.

"Can you forgive me, Daisy, for my jealousy and doubt, and tell me that you *did* not break your promise?"

"I did not, Charlie, and I can forgive you, for you were not to blame—you did not know why I was out, or who accompanied me, but I will tell you now. You have often heard me speak of my sister who is married, although you have never met either her or her husband. He is just our size, and as I wanted to make you a wrapper for a birthday gift, to give you the evening of your return, at *my* request he called for me, and I spent the evening at sisier's, making it over Harry's pattern with Lou's help. Of course he saw me home, and I made him promise to call the following evening for me, as I wished to finish it then. The reason he was so anxious to know if you would be here was, that he knew that I could not return with him, and his coming would be useless. Besides he lives some distance from here, (nearly five miles,) and being a physician, his time is scarce."

Charlie was satisfied—thinking what trouble had ensued from a trifle. But it forever learned him a lesson. Afterwards, when Daisy became his wife, he never suffered or annoyed her with jealousy.

Thaddeus Stevens.

The old rule—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—has ordinarily proved itself a sound and proper one; but it was reserved for Radicalism to reverse it at least in one instance, as it has sought to reverse and revolutionize every other. As a public man, inspired by those deep instincts of malignity to which he has so many times confessed, the late Thaddeus Stephens personally appealed to no one's Christian belief or sentiments of humanity. He placed himself purposely outside the pale of common sympathy, and prided himself on the position. His ideas of government were the growth of an utter want of faith in his fellow-man, and of a malignity which was nursed until it converted its possessor into a moral monstrosity. The only mode of appeal to others with which he was familiar was by stormy threats and fiendish denunciations. In the early part of his career, his peculiar character manifested itself in a blendid boldness and cowardice which enabled him to pass with his party for a person of courage, while providing beforehand a way of escape from serious danger. All his life through he has been only a rough, overbearing, storming, synical and blaspheming advocate for Power.

Reason had no high seat in the action of his nature. All his passions and prejudices worked upon his faculties with mob force, and his mind became a sort of fighting amphitheatre. The pure and dispassionate ideas of justice; of right, of truth, found no welcome hospitality there, but were hustled out of the doors and windows. Even in such a proposition as that of founding free schools in the District of Columbia, his distempered mind could discern no benefit which did not somehow spring from class hatreds. His very philanthropy was malignity itself. And if that be so, what was his revenge? For the loss of his property at the hands of a rebel soldiery, he would have confiscated the possessions, great and small, of the entire Southern people, and swept them all into the deeps of remorseless poverty. He would trample their free local institutions with the iron heel, and smite their reviving hopes with the mailed hand. The revenge whose sleepless fire burned within his heart, would leave its desolating track in every city, town and hamlet in the Southern country. When such a man sets up for a statesman, and when, above all, he is conceded the leadership of the party in possession of the Government, few indeed are the hopes for the perpetuity of that freedom which is established in justice and protected by law.

Yet the body of the Radical party openly accepted Thaddeus Stevens for its guide and leader, and drew its inspirations from his unholy lips. What he uttered they drank in as if it were the very water of life to them. They attended him as disciples flocked around a master. They hung on the blistering, blasphemous words that fell from him, and took fresh courage from the apparent fearlessness of a man who grew more fiendish as he drew nearer to his end. They cheered him; they echoed his syllables; they bore him in their arms; they ran trembling to him with the crack of his lash-like words; and not one rose up to the protest, to oppose, to defy him. From the Speaker's platform in the Hall of Representatives he boldly *dared* the Senate to falter in the Radical plan of impeaching the Executive and voting for his removal. Still no syllable of reproof,—no word of protest,—not so much as a murmur of disapproval from his party.

What are we to think, what will history say of men whose courage was so puny as this? How are they to claim the niches of statesmen, while their public lives are signalized by nothing but a servile and cowardly obedience to the stormy passions, the growling cynicism, and the superior will of this departed embodiment of malignity? With what grace or truth are they to write their names as leaders of a party professing progress and philanthropy, whose sole ruler and leader was notoriously the preacher of hate and hell? How are they to hope for future gratitude as the only advocates of Union, when their unflinching master raises his hand above his head and declares that the people of the sovereign States should be condemned to the "penitentiary of hell," and guarded there by an impassable cordon of bayonets?

But the Old Man is gone—who dares say to his *rest?* For such a spirit, whose principle and germ of life was hatred and revenge, there is no place of rest known No one cares to explore the tempestuous realm in which he would naturally seek for his future. Peace would never satisfy a nature like that. It would be wretched with the sights of love and kindness all around it. It would pine for other scenes, where it might disport itself in a pandemonian of its own creation. As it would leave no benevolent deeds behind to hold others by a grateful affection through life to its memory, so it would be lost in any sphere where the conception of those deeds furnished future occupation for souls that felt their blessings. Would that we might be supplied with assurances that the final ending of such a career on earth, in places that exercises a powerful influence for the good or ill of millions, was certain to be followed by the decay and disruption of the party whose active principles he has so largely furnished and kept alive. The best we can wish his former colleagues is that they may studiously shun his most unenviable renown, and labor with all their might to repair the wrongs of his public career.—*Boston Post.*

Sterling Advice.

A lady makes some sensible suggestions in a London journal on the subject of Marriage or Celibacy, a few of which we annex, and say that there is a great deal of truth in them:

"When a girl marries, she ought, to a certain extent, to give up her acquaintances, aud consider the company of her husband the best company she can have. The young wife must learn cooking carefully, if she does not already have a knowledge of it. There are many excellent cookery books, but she must not follow them implicitly.

"My own plan, for some time after I was married, was to take some dish and prepare it once according to the receipt given, and note carefully what ingredients could be dispensed with. The second time I generally managed it at half the expense. A useful plan is to keep a blank book in the kitchen table drawer, and whenever a deviation from the orthodox cookery book is made, to put it down. Do not wait till you have washed your hands; let the book be finger-marked rather than lose an idea.

"You will thus learn more of household economy than if you trust to memory alone, and when your daughters grow up, what a fund of practical information it will be for them. To a great extent the celibacy of our young men is owing to the way in which the girls are brought up. Through mistaken kindness mothers often do themselves what they ought to make their daughters do. Let them teach them housekeeping, on a fixed methodical plan, and they will then learn their history, French and music, all the better.

"It is natural and right that a mother should wish to see her daughters well educated, and even highly accomplished, and it is a mistake that good and careful education would unfit a girl for the homely duties of cooking, dusting, &c. On the contrary, those duties would be better performed, and if mothers would at the same time that they seek talented instructors for their daughters, impart to them some of their own culinary talent, there would be more good wives and more marriages.

"Little girls should be taught, as early as possible, to perform simple household duties neatly, and as they grow older let them become gradually acquainted with the theory of housekeeping in such a manner that when they are married they will be able to adapt themselves to their circumstances, and useful as well as pleasing companions to their husbands."

"Teach the Women to Save."

There's the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank ever yet establishd—one that receives deposit daily and hourly with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if "the women" imbibe it once, they would cultivate and adhere to it; and thus many when they are not aware of it, would be laying the foundation for a competence, security in a stormy time, and a shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house, has a large field to save in; and the best way to make her comprehend it, is for her to keep an account current of expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea of how much are the expenditures of herself or family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something; if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and strive over it, and she will save many dollars, perhaps hundreds, where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all—upon "the women" as well as the men; but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as examples in most matters.

☞ An evangelical society asked of a sea captain, among numerous questions touching the religion of the African races, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

Moral Influence of Literary Taste.

To a young man away from home, friendless and furlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more in a single hour than the sun in a whole day's circuit. The poet's vision of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the tender hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "homeless among a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down on the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led estray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with those who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit, who sooth you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exercised and driven away by bell, book and candle—you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.

Interesting Facts.

Glass windows were used for lights in 1180.
Chimneys first put to houses in 1236.
Tallow candles for lights, 1290.
Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1249.
Paper made from linen, 1302.
Art of printing from moveable type, 1440.
Watches first made in Germany, 1447.
Telescopes invented by Porta and Janson, 1598.
Tea first brought from China to Europe in 1501.
Theartre erected in England by Shakespeare in 1603.
Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey in [illegible]
Bricks made of any required size in 1625.
Newspaper first established, 1629.
Pendelum clocks first invented, 1639.
Barometer invented by Torricelli, 1535.
Steam engine invented in 1649.
Bread made with yeast, 1650.
Cotton planted in the United States in 1759.
Fire engine invented, 1685.
Stereotyping invented in Scotland, 1785.
Telegraph invented by Morse in 1832.
The first daguerreotype made in France 1636.

DON'T KILL HIM.—Many farmers have noticed in their fields a large black beetle, with brilliant golden dots placed in rows on his back. Dr. Fitch says: "Its eggs produce the *corn-grub killer*. It is a most inveterate foe of the cut-worm, grasping the worm in its strong jaws, and in spite of its violent writhing and struggling, securely holding it. When it finds these worms in plenty, it gorges and surfeits itself upon them till it is so glutted and distended as to be scarcely able to stir, for it never knows how to let a cut-worm alone when it meets him. It is continually hunting these worms, feeding on nothing else if it can obtain them. Both it and the golden-dotted beetle, which produces it, therefore, should never be harmed."

USEFUL.—Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were taken ill in the middle of the night!

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being that you dye your hair.

☞ "This," says the Charleston, S. C. *Mercury*, "this is the balmy season of the year when the colored man gets fat. Watermelons have come in from every quarter, and are purchased at any price under a dollar or over a cent. From dewy morn to the small hours of night, Sambo eats and sighs, sighs and eats, sighs and eats and sighs again. He keeps his watermelons under his bed, and one, the loveliest of all, he takes for a pillow and dreams on."

☞ "Two-thirds of the members of my church," said a pastor, "are honorary members. They don't come to prayer meetings; they don't attend Sunday school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on our books; the are honorary members."