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## A Thrilling Story.

### A CLOCK WONDER.

During the summer of 17—might have been observed loitering about the Tuileries a spare, shabbily dressed man, past the prime of life, restless and disconcerted in his humble garb, an air of faded respectability and character. He was a decayed Spanish nobleman, Don Monsen Chavarri by name, and one thing noticeable about him was his persistency in endeavoring to obtain an audience of the Emperor. Foiled in every attempt, either through accident or the suspicions of the attendants, he invariably received his rebuffs in silence and withdrew—only to renew his importunities. Repulsed to-day, to his sorrow found him at his post. He haunted the palace like a specter. Even the gamins soon grew familiar with the story of his hopeless quest, and he began in time to be treated with that sort of pitiful consideration which is usually accorded to those of ungodly mind.

At length, however, came a day when in the Rue de Rivoli, as the Emperor was returning from a review, a pistol shot was rang out from the corner of the court, and the bullet, whistling through the line of out-riders, buried itself in a panel of the imperial carriage. The police at once charged the crowd, and among the number arrested was our friend the Spaniard.

At the trial, there being no evidence against him, he was acquitted, but warned to leave Paris instantly. Acting upon the warning, he disappeared, and for a time all traces of him were lost.

It was two years after this occurrence that there began to circulate among the *quid nuncs* of the capital reports of a marvellous clock to be seen in that city, which illustrated, by means of automatic figures, an episode in the life of the Emperor, and was designed for presentation to that personage.

It was said to be the work of a famous artisan, who had lately arrived incognito, from foreign parts, accompanied by a young lady, his daughter, who, in a supposed fit of eccentricity, had taken lodgings in an humble and obscure quarter of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The reports of the wonderful, almost supernatural performances, of this piece of mechanism, and the mystery surrounding its owner and inventor, gave rise for a short time and in certain circles to no small amount of gossip.

This gradually died away, and the artisan and his clock were alike forgotten, when an event occurred which restored them to more than their former prominence, and entitled them to a place in history.

Fouche, one morning in his office, received a letter from his private agent in Spain, which contained information of a most startling and important character. Its perusal threw him into a state of unusual excitement and its result was an immediate descent of the police upon the mysterious shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine, with orders to arrest the artisan and his daughter, secure the premises, carefully guard all the stock, tools, implements and other contents from being touched or displaced till further opportunity offered for a thorough investigation.

The party detailed for the duty having departed, Fouche reentered himself and waited, with ill-concealed anxiety, the arrival of the prisoners.

After a considerable lapse of time, the officer charged with the arrest appeared empty-handed. His report was soon made.

The lady in the case, the daughter, had that morning, at an early hour, left her house in Faubourg, accompanied by a lad who bore a heavy black portmanteau. The two had been traced to the gates of Montmartre, beyond which point no clue to their movements could be obtained.

The old workman himself had left the shop an hour before the visit of the police, locking the doors and barring windows behind him. He bore in his arms what was apparently, according to the apple-woman opposite, a great square box, covered with oilskin. It seemed heavy. He sat down awhile on the door-step, when a calash came by, into which he put himself and box, with the assistance of the driver, and was driven at a rapid pace. The calash was brown. The driver was in green livery. A gens d'arme was following him, and another was guarding the shop, where, however, nothing remained but a piece of furniture and a great many scraps of brass and iron.

Fouche reflected a moment, when his face suddenly whitened. Without a word he dashed down the stairway into the street, and sprang into a passing fiacre.

"To the Tuileries!" he shouted, "Double wages for double speed!" Arrived at the palace, he hastily alighted and demanded to be shown at once into the presence of the Emperor. Napoleon was in the boudoir in which he frequently received private visitors,

and thither the ushers instantly conducted Fouche, who encountering some delay in the anteroom, impatiently pulled open the folding doors and entered unannounced. The Emperor greeted the intrusion at first with a frown of displeasure, but instantly recognizing his visitor, resumed his customary expression and nodded affably. Fouche took the situation at a single glance.

Besides Napoleon, there were five persons in the room. Four of these were officials of the palace—chamberlains and armed valets—who frequently attended when he gave audience, to prevent attempts at private assassination. The fifth was a man habited in a common workman's blouse, standing apart from the others in a respectful attitude, and holding in his hand a workman's red fez cap. It needed but a single glance to assure Fouche that this person was no other than the old familiar goblin of the Tuileries—Don Monsen Chavarri. But how metamorphosed! His hair, formerly gray, was dyed to a glossy blackness; his face was despoiled of its moustache and pointed beard, and his once smooth hands were roughened as though by exposure and toil. At his side stood a large lacquer table, supporting an object which Fouche saw at once to be an exact model of the church of the Notre Dame, wrought in metal, in the highest style of the art, and serving evidently as the case for a clock, since just above the folding doors, which were perfect imitations of those which barred the principal entrance to Notre Dame, were two dials, on one of which the hours and minutes were measured, while on the other a long, sweeping hand described the seconds. Fouche, by a natural impulse, noticed the time indicated by the dials. It lacked a few minutes of noon.

Immediately thereafter he started with a nervous start as the clock gave a warning note to strike—then suddenly there was a clank of complicated machinery, and the great doors flung slowly inward, exposing the whole of the gorgeous interior to view.

The mimic church was decorated as though for some great feat. Banners and hangings of the richest material and most costly workmanship fluttered from the ceilings and flanked from the niches in the walls. The aisles were carpeted with tapestry and velvet, and the pillars were clustered with gold and blazing with gems. On the opposite side of the great nave two thrones were erected, one being approached by a flight of velvet covered steps, and canopied with cloth of gold and scarlet velvet sprinkled with bees.

And now the great bell in the tower struck one with a heavy, reverberating clang, a swell of triumphal music arose, and a mimic procession, clad in gorgeous robes, moved into view from one of the hidden aisles. At the head of this cottage walked an old man, wearing a triple crown, who, as the bell tolled for the second time, ascended the steps of the smaller throne.

It was the ceremony of the coronation performed by automatons.

Napoleon looked on with unusual interest. "Confess Fouche," he said, "that this is as admirable in its way as the police system in Paris. There is one mistake, however," he continued.

"The great doors of Notre Dame were not open on that occasion. The throne was built against them, and the only entrance was through the transverse halls."

"True, sir," said he fictitious artisan, casting a side glance at Fouche, whose name he had just heard pronounced.

"Add," said he, "and alive."

"You would have made a good diplomat," said Napoleon, as he made the required addition.

Chavarri hesitated for a moment, removed his hand from the spring, and bowing his head, glided toward the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay.

"Where shall I find my daughter?" asked Chavarri.

"When she is found we will send Monsieur word," sneered Fouche.

An expression of the most intense malignity flashed across the old man's face, and with an oath he sprang back toward the table in the room. A pistol confronted him.

"The pardons are forfeited!" cried Fouche.

"No," said the Emperor, "let him pass."

Chavarri, with a look of wonder, wheeled slowly about and disappeared.

After his departure, Napoleon stood for a short time in the centre of the apartment, lost in a profound reverie.

Then, as his gaze fell upon the clock and the automaton standing beneath the suspended crown within, he bent forward and regarded it attentively.

"So," he said, "this was to have been my successor."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the clock proved on examination, to be an infernal machine of the most ingenious and deadly description. Concealed beneath the metallic slab which formed the pavements of the mimic

chapel, and which was constructed to fold back at the proper moment, was found a triple row of small, wrought iron barrels loaded heavily with slugs and balls, arranged to cover an arc of forty-five degrees; no one within twenty yards could possibly have withstood their discharge, exploded simultaneously, exactly when the hands on the dial indicated the hour of noon; but a spring on the outside of the case gave the manipulator power to alter the "set" of the works, and discharge them sooner if necessary.

A few months after the occurrence of the incident narrated above, Fouche received a letter from Chavarri, then in England, written in the vein in which men who have played a desperate game and lost occasionally write to those who have outwitted them.

The writer said the clock was entirely the work of his own hands, and that he and his daughter alone were concerned in the plot, which had been frustrated by Fouche's promptness.

As for himself, he had little expectation of escaping, having freely resolved to involve himself, if necessary, in the destruction which should overwhelm the Emperor. His daughter, however, the only person on earth for whom he retained any affection, he could not afford thus to sacrifice. He had made provision elsewhere for her future support, and, according to the original plan, she was to have left Paris thirty days before the consummation of the plot, thus having abundant time to pass the frontiers and reach a place of safety. This had been foiled by an unforeseen event. On the evening before the final fiasco at the Tuileries they had received information to the effect that Napoleon was on the point of departure for the frontier, and every thing being in readiness, and the period of his return being uncertain, it was determined to make the attempt at once. On the following morning, accordingly, the daughter had departed as early as her hour was possible, trusting in her escape to her good fortune, and he, fortified with letters from prominent officials, had proceeded to the palace at eleven, having given his daughter all that it was possible to spare.

Fouche himself knew the rest. No personal danger, no promised honor, nothing in short but the cunningly devised falsehood regarding his daughter could have induced him to stop the hands of the fatal clock.

He also confessed that it was he who, two years before, had fired the shot in the Rue de Rivoli, and said it had long been the sole aim and purpose of his life to assassinate Napoleon. He added, however, that they need have no fear of his repeating the attempt, as the magnanimity of the Emperor on the last occasion had completely disarmed him.

Chavarri subsequently died in extreme poverty in London. Of the after fate of his daughter, nothing is known. His clock, despoiled of the murderous portion of its machinery, was preserved for several years in the Tuileries, and was finally destroyed by an accidental fire and the falling of a wall.

NEVER RELINQUISH YOUR OBJECT. Never relinquish the great object of your ambition, if it be a worthy one. Let it exert a controlling influence over your actions. In the first place, have some definite aim to your life—some distinct and leading object of your ambition; and be ambitious to accomplish it. An aimless, objectless life is a dull and dreary waste. It lacks stimulus, zest and enjoyment.

In choosing an object of ambition, select one, in behalf of which all the strength, all the higher and nobler faculties of your nature, may be enlisted. Have an aim that you may unflinchingly and proudly exhibit to the light of the day, and for which you may safely challenge the respect of all. Then pursue it earnestly and steadfastly. No matter what discouragements assail you, keep right on in the pursuit of your object. If your progress be slow, still persevere, and make it sure.

Dosorrows come to you? They come to all. The continued adherence to the great plan of usefulness which you have laid out, will do as much as anything can to brighten your path, even when grief and gloom overshadow it. Press on, through good report or evil report, through darkness or through sunshine, amid storms or under peaceful skies—still press on, and never relinquish the great object of your ambition.

There is no use talking. "I'm going to get married," said a bachelor acquaintance the other day, while busily engaged in sewing; "Here I have worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then just as I succeeded I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded again, and now after sewing this button on good and strong, I find I've got it on the wrong side and I have my work to do over again."

## Poetry.

### [SELECTED FOR THE "TIMES."]

There is a poem, occasionally attributed to Milton, and not unworthy of him. A philological examination of the fourth verse makes it almost certain that Milton never wrote it; it is only included in a few recent editions of his works, and the probability is that it is of American origin, having been written by Elizabeth Lloyd, a Philadelphia Quakeress, herself blind. But, whoever the author, the piece is immortal: [National Intelligencer, Feb. 1868.]

I am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,  
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind;  
I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme, to Thee!

O merciful one!  
When friends are farthest, then Thou art most near;  
When friends pass silent by, my weakness shun,  
Thy charity I hear.

Thy glorious face  
As leaning toward me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place;  
And there is no more night.

On my bedded knee  
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown;  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here  
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand  
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of that stainless land  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime  
My being life with rapture; waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit; trains sublime  
Break over me unthought.

Give me now my lyre!  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;  
Within my bosom flows unceasing fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

## Selected Miscellany.

### Be Your Own Right Hand Man.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there down they go. Once down they are as helpless as a capsize dory, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rush lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievements, train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proved to the world that he can trust him. One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their mark on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped the chasm, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached felt that, but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been obtained.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The following beautiful sentiment was recently uttered by Judge L. T. Sneed: "The idea that the judicial officer is supposed to be vested with ermine, though fabulous and mythical, is yet more eloquent in its significance. We are told that the little creature called ermine is so acutely sensitive as to its own cleanliness that it becomes paralyzed and powerless at the slightest touch of defilement upon its snow white fur. When the hunters are pursuing it they spread with mire the path leading to its haunts, toward which it then draw it, knowing that it will submit to be captured rather than defile itself. And a like sensibility should belong to him who comes to exercise the august functions of Judge."

PRESERVE THE NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them, yet the most interesting reading imaginable is an old file of newspapers. It brings up the very affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble, for like that of wine, their value increases with their years.

## Vacillating Farmers.

There are probably very few farmers who have not at some time suffered losses through making changes in the management of products of their farms. It is well enough to experiment with new kinds of grain or vegetables, but to be continually twirling on a pivot waiting to see which way the wind is going to blow is the unsettled policy of far too many farmers, as well as of men in other professions.

At least one-half of mankind are, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up, and that something is just what a few leading progressive men choose to decide upon as the very thing that everybody wants and which these leaders happen to have for sale. It does not make much difference what it is; a little talk and a goodly show of printer's ink will make it so. Should it be sheep, every farmer will think it his duty to purchase a flock, and of course at fancy prices, because in times of excitement things are sure to sell far above their intrinsic value. As soon as the markets are overstocked with wool and mutton prices go down, and sheep are slaughtered by the thousand, and then a scarcity brings prices up again. Similar instances of the fluctuation of prices occur in all the different products of the farm in consequence of this vacillating spirit which is so prevalent among our farmers, who are not content with a good, sound policy which, if pursued for a term of years, would certainly be the most remunerative. There are, it is true, a few men who have learned that whenever any one or more of our staple farm products fall very low in price there is sure to be a change, and prices go to the other extreme. If we have not made a great mistake in our observations and calculations, the farmers who have really made money by farming are those who pursue one course, without any considerable variation, never changing their stock or crops because somebody thinks certain things are going to be high and others low. If they keep sheep one year, and wool is low, it does not make them discouraged, but instead of this they will purchase the cheap lots of their once over-sanguine but now disheartened neighbors; in fact, they are always going in as others go out.

We think if our thoughtful farmers will just look over the prices of farm products for the past twenty years they cannot fail to see just how money has been and can be made by sticking to a few of the leading products of a farm, whether it be butter, cheese, meat, hay or grain. The same truths hold good in orcharding and gardening, and it is only those who select certain crops and make a specialty of them who are sure to get rich from the products of the soil. We know one man near this city who devoted a large portion of his farm to cabbages for twenty years without any variation on account of price, and the result was \$30,000 profit during the time named. Another has cultivated twelve acres of tomatoes for nearly the same length of time with equally as good results.

It may be necessary to change occasionally, but when a change is made let it be a permanent one, and not for a season or two, because a man can hardly determine what the results will be in so short a time. All our eminent and wealthy stock-breeders, dairymen, and other noted agriculturists, are men who have persistently devoted their time and energies to a special branch and not changed about to suit the times or whims of speculators in our markets. We must have specialties in farming as well as in other industrial pursuits before the highest order of skill will be developed among those who pursue this calling.—New York Sun.

A NEW HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE.—A party who proposes to publish a new Housekeeper's Guide sends the following extracts from the forthcoming work:

Plain sauce.—An interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk.

To make a good jam.—Ask any horse-car conductor.

To boil a tongue.—Drink scalding coffee.

How to make an Indian loaf.—Give him a gallon of whiskey.

How to make good puffs.—Send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

A plain loaf.—A visit to the prairies.

To make pi.—Jostle the printer's elbow.

To "bone" a turkey.—Take it when the poultice is not looking.

To corn beef.—Feed your cattle at a brewery.

How to select a foul.—Ask the umpire of a base ball match.

A plain stew.—A trip in an old fashioned street car on a warm day.

How to dress beats.—A horse whip is a good thing to dress beats with, especially if they be dead beats.

If you would "mend the age," you must be sure to "take a stitch in time."

## Household Recipes.

MISS AARON'S CAKE.—One and a half teacups sugar, 1 teacup butter, 2 eggs less half a yolk, 1 teacup of milk, 1 teacup cream tartar, 1 teacup soda in the milk, nearly two cups of flour, or enough to make it like pound cake. Beat the sugar and butter together, pour soda and cream tartar in the milk; it will foam, and add a little to the butter and sugar alternately, with a little flour, then add the eggs.

A GOOD WAY TO COOK ONIONS.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water, it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew-pan with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stand about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot. To prevent pie-crust from soaking: Glaze the under-crust with beaten egg.

TO FRY CHICKENS.—Dissect, salt and pepper them with cayenne, roll them in flour and fry them in lard.—When the whole is fried pour off the lard and put in a quarter of a pound of butter, a teacup of cream, a little flour and some parsley scalded and chopped fine for the sauce.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Take two or three chickens, according to their size, cut them up and wash them well with all belonging to them; put them on with rather more water than will cover them, with a slice of bacon; when boiling add thyme, an onion and sliced potatoes; after all has boiled rub a piece of butter flour and stir the whole well together, then add a cup of cream, the yolk of one egg, a few okra pods, and a glass of wine just upon taking up. Of course sufficient boiling water is added in time to make the soup of proper consistency and palatable.—German Town Telegraph.

A GOOD ONE.—At a political meeting, the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out: "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in a magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the outcry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry now, make a speech!"

The chairman rose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience, if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler."

At the close of the Revolution, George III desired his Chaplain to return thanks to God.

The Chaplain replied, "Sire do you wish me to thank God that you lost so many troops?"

"No!"

"Do you wish to thank God because you have lost so many millions sterling?"

"No!"

"Do you want to thank God because you have lost thirteen of your best colonies?"

"No!"

"Then what do you want to thank God for?"

"I want to thank God because it is no worse."

So it is with the Radicals. They fire salutes over North Carolina, and thank God that it is no worse.

Do you know what a clam bake is? Ignorance exists in various quarters of the world. You pour several bushels of clams upon red hot stones, cover them over with wet canvas, heap seaweed on the mass, and in half an hour—a feast for the gods. But a clam-bake dinner includes, besides some clam chowder, plenty of boiled and sweet potatoes and if some baked fish is included we have the feast in its perfection.

There is a man in Portland, Maine, who supports his family in handsome style by simply tying an able-bodied cat by the tail to a clothes line every night, and then going out in the morning to collect the soap, shaving cups, brushes, &c., thrown into the yard by angry borders in adjoining houses.

An old lawyer says that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to be unmarried, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

Brutally true.—What is gear to every American heart?—his stomach.