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An Interesting Story.

From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.
THE SPEAKING PORTRAIT.
BY N. P. DARLING.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of July. Not a cloud was in the sky. In fact, the sky was jammed so full of stars that there wasn't any room for clouds. O yes, it was a glorious night, and everybody in Fadagoo said so. To be sure it was rather warm, but one forgot all about that in listening to the joyous humming of the light-hearted little mosquitos. Dear little darlings! How fond they are of us, and how cruelly we repay them for all their love!

Yes, it was a beautiful evening, and Miss Delia Magog was enjoying it, as she sat in the parlor of her father's house, which, I may as well inform the reader, is situated on Congress Avenue, in the town abovementioned. It is a brick house, quite handsome, and fitted up with all the modern improvements; and the owner of it, as you would naturally suppose, is very wealthy, and his name is Jefferson Magog. He is the father of Miss Delia Magog, and he is a widower, and still he is not happy.

Delia Magog was more than ordinarily lovely, but still she wasn't really handsome. You see, she dressed elegantly, and the old adage is that "fine feathers make fine birds"; but as my wife has often said, when speaking of Delia, "Take her fine clothes off, and she would look any better than any other woman"; and I dare say she wouldn't. Most people do look different with their clothes on.

But Delia was rather pretty, I think. She was neither a blonde nor a brunette. Her hair, I believe, was a Bismark brown, and her eyes—well, she had handsome eyes, but I don't think I ever noticed what color they were; and I have seen several stars that were brighter. Her nose, I am sorry to say, curled naturally, so you see she didn't have to do it up in papers over night. But her form was perfect, and everybody said so. Even Hugh McGonagle admitted that.

By the way, speaking of Hugh McGonagle, reminds me of the story that I was going to write about him, and—well, I guess I'll write it now. To begin then, this Hugh McGonagle was the son of old McGonagle, who, you may remember, kept the McGonagle House in Fadagoo some fifteen years ago. He was a very fine man, but he couldn't keep a hotel, or at least, not in a way to make it profitable. Consequently, when he died, his son Hugh was left to the tender mercies of the cold world.

Hugh was only ten years of age at the time, but he knew he should get over that, if he only waited; but while he was waiting, he ran off; and went to sea as cabin boy; and as it didn't take but a short time for him to see all he wanted to do of that kind of life, he left the ship at Liverpool, without stopping to kiss the captain, or even bid him good-by.

Then he fell in with a travelling conjurer, a certain Signor de Moyadas, whose father's name was Smith, and as the conjurer took a fancy to Hugh, and Hugh took a fancy to the conjurer, they resolved to travel together. Hugh was to have his board and clothes, and the conjurer was to learn him his art.

How long these two worthies travelled together I have no means of knowing; but I do know that at the age of seventeen our hero was once more alone, and he was travelling through the United States, giving entertainments every evening, under the name of his old master, Signor de Moyadas; and he was so successful pecuniarily, that when at last he appeared again in Fadagoo (having thrown off his conjurer's robes) as Hugh McGonagle, he had several thousand dollars in his pockets, and consequently was very well received by his father's old friends.

About the first thing Mr. McGonagle did after returning to his native town, was to fall desperately in love with Miss Delia Magog; and as he was a dashing young gentleman of twenty-five, very handsome, very agreeable, and very well dressed, why, what could she do but fall in love with him?

It was at the last ball given by the Fadagoo Guards where Mr. McGonagle first met Delia. He saw her and loved her. Captain Bobbin introduced him to her, and for the remainder of the evening he scarcely left her side.

The next day Hugh called upon her, and she appeared so pleased to see him that he called again; and as she still seemed pleased, he continued to call, until the good people of Fadagoo began to make remarks, and one more officious than the rest, asked Mr. Jefferson Magog if he was aware of Mr. McGonagle's attentions to his daughter.

"Then you don't know about it?" returned John Loveland.
"About what?"
"Why, about Hugh McGonagle."
"And who is Hugh McGonagle?"
"Why, don't you remember the old gentleman who used to keep the hotel? It's his son."

"But he ran away."
"Yes, and he's returned, and, if I mistake not, is making love to your daughter; and if I remember, Mr. Magog, you promised her to me."
"Ha! making love to my daughter? Is he rich?"
John Loveland laughed.
"Rich! Why, he brought home a few thousand dollars, which he is spending as fast as he can."

"Of course he is. What could you expect of a McGonagle? And he's making love to my daughter? Strange! I'm at home a great deal, and I suppose he steps in when I step out. However, I'll look after him now, and, John, you shall have my daughter."
"But she's refused me."
"What the dev—refused you!" exclaimed Mr. Magog.
"Yes, she says I'm too old."
"Well, egad! you are rather old—a year or two my senior, I think; but what of that? Didn't you tell her that it was my wish?"
"Yes."
"And that had no effect?"
"None."
"Then, by George! I'll tell her myself. And without another word" Mr. Magog turned on his heel and started for home.

Now the above conversation took place on that beautiful evening in the month of July which I undertook to describe at the opening of my story. And you remember we left Miss Magog sitting in the drawing-room of the handsome brick mansion on Congress Avenue, enjoying the beautiful evening aforesaid. Yes, she was enjoying it, but not alone. Hugh McGonagle sat beside her, and he was enjoying the evening, too.

"Delia, do you know what I'm thinking of?" Hugh asked, placing his arm on the back of her chair, and beginning to play with the trio of curls that dangled from the back of her chignon.
"Why, Hugh, what a question! How should I! I cannot read your thoughts."
"O no, of course not. Well, I was wondering to myself how you would like to be called Mrs. McGonagle."
"Well, Hugh!" And it is my duty, as a faithful historian, to inform the reader that the dear girl blushed and looked down, and—edged a little nearer to her lover; and as he edged a little nearer, too, why, there wasn't much room left for a fellow to crowd in between them.

"Well, Delia, do you think you love me well enough to become my wife?"
"O Hugh! how can you ask? You know I do love you."
And then two pairs of lips puckered, and something smacked, and continued to smack for nearly five minutes; and Delia had her head pillowed on Hugh's shoulder all the time.

"I suppose," began Hugh, after they had become more resigned to their fate, "I suppose your father, whom I don't happen to be acquainted with, will have no serious objections, my dear?"
"My father? Great heavens! I had forgotten him," cried Delia.
"And I had forgotten mine, too," said Hugh.
"Yes, my father will object. He has already chosen a husband for me, a friend of his, and an old bachelor, but he is very wealthy, and father is determined that I shall marry him."
"And his name is John Loveland," said Hugh. "I've heard of him. A dry old chip, with no more heart than a sawhorse. But he's rich, and I am poor."
"O Hugh, what shall we do?" sobbed Delia.

"That's just what I should like to know!" yelled Mr. Magog, bursting into the room and confronting his daughter, whom he had the satisfaction to find sitting on Hugh McGonagle's knee, with her beautiful arms wound around his neck.
"O! O! O!" screamed Miss Magog, throwing herself into an armchair, and covering her face with her hands.
Mr. Magog glared at Mr. McGonagle, and the latter gentleman glared at the former gentleman, and the former gentleman was very red in the face, while the latter was uncommonly pale; but he was as cool as if he had been "iced."
"Will those reach stars because they shine on thee?" cried Mr. Magog, quoting Shakespeare without knowing it.

Mr. McGonagle arose, walked to the window, and looking up at the stars, said he didn't think he would.
"No, Mr. Magog, I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you." And then, after a pause, "I presume I am addressing Mr. Magog?"
"Yes sir."
"Ah, I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said Hugh, smiling blandly,

"although I believe I never had the pleasure of meeting you before. I recognized you in a moment, from the strong resemblance you bear to your father, whose portrait adorns the wall." And our hero waved his hand at the very lifelike representation "in oil" of the departed Obadiah Magog, who was scowling fiercely at everybody in the room, for no matter from what point you looked at the portrait, those fierce-looking eyes were fixed upon you.

"O, you did recognize me? And you are quite right in supposing that we never met before, sir," growled Mr. Magog; "and if you know what is best for yourself, you shall never meet again."
"On the contrary, my dear sir, I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you quite often in the future. The truth is, Mr. Magog, I am very much in love with your daughter, and I am happy to inform you that she reciprocates my love."
"Ten thousand—"
"Hold, Mr. Magog! Don't excite yourself, I beg. Hear me out, and then, if you desire it, I will retire, for this evening, at least."
Mr. Magog flung himself into a chair, quite overcome with rage, for our hero was so exceedingly cool that he didn't know what to do or say; and he had found that he couldn't frighten him.

"Go on, young man. Say what you've got to say, and then leave the house."
"Thank you. Believe me, I shall remember this kindness, and repay it, when I have the right, as your son-in-law."
Mr. Magog glared, but said nothing.
"Look at me, sir. In form and feature I am certainly not very objectionable. As for my family, whatever they were, I am the only representative of the family left."
"That's lucky," sneered Mr. Magog.
"Perhaps so," continued Hugh. "I have nothing to say about that."
"Go on."
"Well, sir, I have not so much wealth as you, but what I have I made myself."

"And you're spending it yourself," cried Mr. Magog, "what are you driving at? What do you want?"
"I want your daughter," answered McGonagle.
"And you can't have her."
"And your daughter wants me."
"But she can't have you."
"Jefferson!"

Mr. Magog sprang half way across the room. "What the deuce was that? Who spoke?" he asked; but no one answered.
Delia was staring at her grandfather's portrait and trembling, while McGonagle was staring at the same portrait and shivering.

"Who spoke?" stammered Magog, looking wildly around him.
"I spoke!"
"Was the portrait?" gasped Delia, throwing herself into her lover's arms for protection.
"Ha! what?—the portrait?—my father?" And Mr. Magog trembled till his teeth fairly chattered.
"Yes, it is your father, Jefferson Magog," said the portrait; and its terrible eyes seemed to gleam fiercer than ever.

"What—what do you want of me?" asked Mr. Magog in a hoarse whisper, staring fixedly at the portrait; and then suddenly gaining courage, "Pshaw! what a fool—"
"Who do you call a fool?" demanded the portrait, in a terrible voice.
"By heaven! I'll know the meaning of this," cried Mr. Magog, springing forward and dashing his right foot into the middle of the canvas. Then he staggered back. "There isn't any one hid behind there."
The portrait laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!" but it didn't smile. No, it looked just as fierce as ever, and that terrible laugh made Mr. Magog's blood curdle in his veins. The color left his cheek, great beads of perspiration broke out upon his face; he staggered back and fell into a seat.

"This is no mortal business," he groaned.
"Jefferson," said the portrait, assuming an injured tone, "aren't you ashamed to strike your poor old father?"
"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Magog, in agony, "if you are my father, tell me what you want of me."
"List, O list, unhappy man," began the portrait. "Have you not already caused misery enough in the world? and do you wish to add to your manifold sins and wickednesses by dividing two loving hearts?"
"What!" cried Mr. Magog, springing to his feet, while his eyes rolled from the portrait to the lovers.
"Hold! not a word, Jefferson," said the portrait, in a voice that struck terror to his heart. "If thou didst ever thy dear father love—"
"Shakespeare," muttered Magog. "The old man always was fond of Hamlet."
"Then step not between this young man and this fair maiden," continued

the portrait. "They belong to each other. Give thy consent to their union."
"Never!" yelled Magog, writhing in agony upon his chair.
"You must!" said the portrait, once more in the terrible voice. "If you do not, I'll appear to you!"

"Good heavens!" gasped Magog, springing out of his chair, turning his back to the portrait, and covering his face with his hands. "Don't! don't! don't!" And then glancing over his shoulder at the lovers, "Take her, McGonagle, take her, she's yours—I consent. Marry her when you will."
"Farewell," said the portrait, in a faint far-off voice; but Mr. Magog answered not. He cast one despairing glance around and left the room.

The moment that gentleman retired, our hero stooped down and kissed Miss Magog's lips.
"Are you frightened, dear?" he asked; for she still trembled.
"O Hugh, wasn't it terrible?"
"Not very, my love. Perhaps you didn't know that I am a ventriloquist."
"A ventriloquist, Hugh?"
"Yes, love."
"And did you make the portrait speak?"
"Yes, my dear."
"O what a splendid joke upon father?" she exclaimed, laughing for very joy.

"Yes, it will be splendid, indeed, if he does not change his mind before we are married."
But that he didn't change his mind we have every reason to believe, from the fact that there was a wedding at Mr. Magog's house about a month afterwards, and Hugh McGonagle and Delia Magog were made one flesh. But what is much more singular, Mr. Magog never found out the secret of the portrait; and to this day he believes that it was "no mortal business"; and as Hugh makes an excellent husband, and a dutiful son-in-law, he is quite satisfied with everything as it is.

The Dead.
"Oh, it is pleasant to think of the dead and commune with them, as if they were dead which years have nearly mingled with earth. Did they not once walk the earth with us? Did they not sit beside us, their eyes glowing with affection, their warm hearts beating in unison with our own?"

The dead—they are gone. Nay, do not say they are gone. Let us still enjoy the hope that they hover round us in spirit, as once they did in body. Snatch not from us the solacing belief that their eyes are upon us, though unseen.

When gloom oppresses our spirits, when the heart aches with the afflictions of life's dull realities, then indeed the memory of the dead is pleasant to us. Say, ye beloved dead who once shed with us tear and sigh, and breathed sigh for sigh, are you now heedless of the anguish of our souls? Have ye forgotten that we once loved one another? And thou, best of all, thou on whose knee we first learned to hush the accents of affection—mother! It is long since our eye beheld thee, and we are a child again when we think of thee. Thy grave is far from us. We have been a wanderer among strangers. We are a dweller in a strange land. Many years have passed away since we wept over the little hillock underneath which was buried the bosom to which our infancy clung.

Care of the Teeth.
Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth with a good set of teeth is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. After eating, the particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a toothpick of quill or wood, but never of metal. Camphorated and acid tooth powders are injurious, both to the enamel and the gums, and if employed, every particle should be removed from the gums by careful rinsing. The habit which some ladies have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give a temporary firmness, and give a color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all other acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut crackers, and it is very dangerous for women to bite off as they often do the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.

Our principal joker, who is simply incorrigible, says that in one respect he thinks that Grant has the start of Greeley in this campaign, for Grant quietly smokes his cigar and Greeley takes the stump.

Poetry.

THE DYING MARTYRS.

BY REV. E. F. HAMMOND.

The hour approached, the appointed hour, When, 'neath the stern oppressor's power, The captive ones should suffer death, Or curse their maker with their breath.

The pile was ready, far around, The heaviest rubble fill'd the ground, With joyful hearts and fearless eye, Or curse their maker with their breath. To see the captive Christians die.

The scuff—the fibe—the heartless jest Went freely round—and midst the rest Some cursed the captive train, but none Felt pity for their horrid doom.

And now an armed band appears, Their chief was one of many years, A friend whose soul's supreme delight Was found in such a bloody sight.

They reach'd the pile, and round the stake A space with weapon point they make; Their chief the preparation eyes, Then sternly to the guard he cries:

"Bring forth the victims!"—and amid They led them out—a captive train, An aged father and his child, His step was firm—his look was mild.

He for his Saviour's cause had cross'd The briary surge to teach the lost, In heathen lands, and to proclaim Throughout the world his sacred name.

His trust was placed in God above, His name he'd long professed to love, And now with joy he seem'd to feel Prepar'd his love by death to seal.

But his sweet child—should she become A sharer of his dreadful doom? Should her fair limbs in torment be? Should she expire in agony?

The thought was madness, and in vain He strove to calm his spirit's pain; He felt—but who can tell or know A parent's feelings of his love.

They now had reached the fatal place, And met the leader, face to face; Then sternly to the man he spoke: "Is yet your haughty spirit broke?"

"Are you prepared to risk my life, To perish in your kindling fire? Or rather will you turn with me, A Moslem good and faithful be?"

He stopp'd; the father bent his head In agony, and then he pray'd: "It is not for me, No, not for me!" He cried, "I ask for decency!"

"My daughter, spare her yet awhile, 'Tis I, 'tis I alone am vile, Alone am worthy of your hate, Alone deserve this cruel fate!"

but she takes care of his buttons, and relinquishes more than he does. For my part, I like to see a girl make up her mind to marry, and do it. It is possible for her to be wretched, of course; but never so wretched as a spinster in boarding-house up stairs back room, with the cat for company and a woman's rights lecture her only chance of recreation. A buttonless husband, with nothing in his pocket but a butcher's bill, twins in the cradle, and an intoxicated maid-of-all-work in the kitchen, are bliss in comparison. And what I say is let the single women marry, and let them not be blamed for trying to do it.

DR. RIO LEWIS' DIET.

A Remarkable Illustration of How Cheaply One Can Live.

As a very remarkable sample of what may be done in the direction of absolute economy of living, by those who are disposed to try, we cite the following inventory of a week's diet, and its cost, from the actual experience of Dr. Rio Lewis, a well known physician and writer, living in Massachusetts:

"It is now Saturday afternoon, and I will tell you in confidence a little of my personal private experience during the past week.
"On Sunday morning last I thought I would try for a week the experiment of living cheaply: Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take an supper. Monday breakfast, two cents worth of oatmeal, in the form of porridge, with one cent's worth of milk. For dinner, cent's worth of whole wheat, boiled, with one cent's worth of milk. Food for Monday, six cents. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge, worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents. Wednesday breakfast,

I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides on three days I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then I may plead that I worked very hard, and really needed a good deal more food than idlers.

"By the way, I weighed myself at the beginning of the week, and found that it was just two hundred and twelve pounds. Since dinner-to-day I weighed again, and found that I balanced two hundred and twelve and a half pounds, although it has been a week of warm weather, and I have had unusual demands for exertion of various kinds.

"But let me feed a family of ten, instead of one person, and I will give them the highest health and strength upon a diet which will cost not much more than two dollars for the ten persons for a week. Let me transfer my experiment to the Far West, where wheat, corn, oats and beef are so cheap, and the cost of feeding a family of ten would be so ridiculous that I dare not mention it, less you laugh at me.

"And so far from my family group being ghosts or skeletons, I will engage that they shall be plumper and stronger, healthier and happier, with clearer skins, brighter eyes, sweeter breaths, whiter teeth, and in addition, that they shall live longer than your Delmonico diners, each of whom spends enough at a single dinner to feed my family of ten for a week. And last, but not least, they shall enjoy their meals more than your Delmonico diners."

A Petrified Baby.

The latest Chicago sensation has been a petrified baby. The story goes that ten years ago a gentleman lost his child and buried it in the family lot in the graveyard. Recently, wishing to remove the remains of his relation to some other locality, he was astonished at discovering the body of his little child to find that it had turned to marble; the features were intact, and as perfect as if he had buried it by the hand of an sculptor. (The body

of the bodies on monuments that can be seen over the tombs of infants in any of our cemeteries. It was a genuine case of nature's mummifying a human being. All save the mother of the little infant, stood mutely looking upon it, but she became nearly frantic with excitement from the first moment that the body was exposed to view. She had endeavored to take it from the coffin, crying bitterly, and wildly insisting upon taking it with her to her home. Her husband held her back, and would not allow her to remove it. The mother seemed distracted with grief at the thought of its being interred. It looked so natural and beautiful, so like the baby that she had placed in the grave ten years ago, that it brought up all her sorrow again, as if she was but now laying the loved darling in the earth.

Persons who never complain of "short crops"—Barbers.
Model surgical operations—to take the cheek out of a man and the jaw out of a woman.
A merchant asks why he should be obliged to go so often after money that is coming to him.
Sausage dealers are directed to Woodbury, Cannon county, Tenn., where a negro woman is the owner of fifteen large and small curs.

A man died suddenly from intemperance, and a Western jury found that the deceased came to his death by "drinking between drinks."
An editor who received a letter in which weather was written "wether," says it was the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

It need not be inferred that the country is "going to the dogs," because we are reduced to a choice for President between a type-setter and a West-pointer.
"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a Jacksonvilleite of a fisherman up all her sorrow again, as if she was but now laying the loved darling in the earth.

An editor once wrote: "We have received a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumference."
Twelve Ohio jurymen being called upon to decide whether throwing a fish at a man's head was assault and battery, found for the defendant, because the testimony didn't show that it was a salt fish.

As the early morning train down this morning drew up at the first station, a pleasant looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and, inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the brakeman, "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir; it is Bethel," said the conscientious employe. The pleasant looking gentleman retired.

"Of course I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody who can afford it."

"Cost for the week fifty-four and a quarter cents."
"Of course I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody who can afford it."