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Poetry.

A Child Asleep.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

How he sleeps! having drunk
Weary childhood's mandragora,
From his pretty eyes have sunk
Pleasures, to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he
pulled the day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking!
Throw them cartwheel where they grew,
Dim are such, beside the breaking
Amanants he looks unto—
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open
ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden
From the palms they sprang beneath,
Now perhaps divinely holden,
Swing against him in a wreath—
We may think so of the quickening of his
bloom and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on,
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wert thou in the garden, yesternorn,
by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away!
'Tis the child-heart draws them singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing! Stars that seem the truest, music
all the way.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As in sunset, many a vapor—
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking
its repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,
With their diadems of youth,
Striking on thy ringlets sheenly—
While thou sleepest—not in south—
Thy smiles—but the overair one, dropt from
some ethereal mouth.

Happy is it angels' duty,
During the slumber, shade by shade
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the
tomb shall see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noise!
Now he lies dead and dumb—
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room—
Now he muses deep the meaning of the heaven-
words as they come.

Speak not! he is consecrated—
Breathe no breath across his eyes.
Lifted up and separated,
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching—held in clois-
ter sanctities.

Could ye bless him—father—mother?
Bless the dimple in his cheek?
Dare ye look at one another,
And the benediction speak?
Would ye not break out in weeping and con-
fess yourselves too weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful—
Ye are troubled—he, at ease!
From his slumber, virtue winful
Floweth outward with increase—
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace
—and go in peace.

of three years, when they would have to depend on their own resources for a livelihood.

The other student, who, although devoted to his studies, perceived how advantageously his companion was situated, and not impervious to the soft emotions, also went in search of a wife, and was not long in obtaining admission into a Jewish family, who, seeing in the young man talents of a superior order, were naturally favorable to his views as it regarded becoming their son-in-law, offering him the same advantages secured to his friend.

We pass over the three years, which glided by very pleasantly, as they were married, had suitable wives, and especially incurred no expense. But in days of joy time passes swiftly, as those young men found to their cost.

Three months before the term of free lodging had expired they were politely informed by their fathers-in-law that they had better provide themselves with suitable dwellings, and were also lovingly requested to be economical, not to launch out extravagantly. As it regarded furnishing their habitations, they would give them the furniture they were using, and also a few ducats to assist them. They would rather have continued a few years longer in the house they were so pleasantly occupying, but as the old men had more daughters growing up to womanhood, who had to be provided for, they considered it imprudent, to use a commercial phrase, to ask for an extension, feeling it would not be readily granted. They therefore took a small house and then commenced to obtain a livelihood. The scholar who had profited by his instruction found to his dismay that there was no opening for a young man of learning.

In that city there was an abundance of teachers, and the price paid for instruction, even if pupils could be had, was too trifling to support a family—Now he was indeed a poor student; he could not labor with his hands, his brain alone had been cultivated to work—Day after day he sought some opening in various colleges, but he was disappointed. His proud spirit could not brook to ask help from his wife's father, knowing that already enough had been done for him. To say that he was sorry he had married would be an untruth. He only regretted that he could not maintain her and his family in accordance with his expectation.

The other student, who had not benefited by college learning, soon found employment as a porter, receiving sufficient wages to maintain his family with, of course, the closest economy; but he, too, regretted that his severe labor would not permit him to do more for his young family.

This was the condition of the two friends, both desiring to improve their condition, and they resolved to leave the city in which they were born; and, according to the maxim a change of place would produce a chance of success, they determined to try the experiment. They informed their wives, who told their parents.

The affair was unpleasant for all parties. The wives were naturally very much grieved; not alone with their husbands to be absent from them, leaving them and their two young ones without any visible means of support, although they both promised to send them weekly remittances, but they had to depend on their parents to supply their wants; and this they thought an imposition, as those good souls had already done enough for them.

"It serves you right," said one to the other; "you would marry a scholar, captivated by his handsome face and his writing Hebrew and poetry. Did I not tell you that all his learning would not make the pot boil?"

"True," said the other; "my selection has been unfortunate, but I have no fears; his scholarly attainments will secure a passport for him wherever he goes, and he will return to me and my young ones with the certainty that he has secured an office, which will compensate us for the trials we are now undergoing. Now, look at the choice you have made; you, too, were charmed by his handsome face. What was he besides? Ignorant of the first rudiments of learning, he is actually a fool, only fit to be a porter to carry heavy loads. I would have died before I married such a being. You are a laughing stock to all our former acquaintances. He is, and always will remain a porter."

Thus they continued finding fault one with the other; but at last they had to think of more serious matters—to acquaint their parents with the cheerless prospects before them; and they were compelled to affect a mutual reconciliation. They visited their parents, and in tears besought their assistance, speaking of their husbands in the most laudatory terms; that they were good to them and their children; but, desirous to improve their families' condition, they had determined to seek that success abroad which apparently was denied them at home. Sure they

were that within a very short period they would come back to pour forth gold into the laps of their wives, and repay every good which had been done for them in their absence.

The parents, with true Jewish feeling, took them home to their dwellings, knowing, as they did, that only the desire for work caused the husbands to roam from home. Arrangements were effected for taking care of them during their husbands' absence, which would be, as they said and hoped, but of a very short duration.

They departed, each to try his own fortune; the scholar eastward, the other westward, promising that at the expiration of a year they would return and compare notes as to which had saved the most money.

The scholar visited several places, but without success. At last, he came to one Jewish congregation, where he was well received; but, unfortunately, the congregation was small, and the number of children in proportion. With them he stayed, receiving the congratulations of the parents for the good he had done to their children; but alas! he had not done much good for himself. He then tried other places, but was everywhere unsuccessful. The fact is, he knew too much, and his learning was not fully appreciated. He, therefore, thought it best to return to those whom he yearned once more to behold, determining rather to be poor with his own than among strangers.

The other had been so successful that, when the time arrived for his return, he was enabled to come home with two hundred golden ducats in his possession.

When the students met to compare notes, the scholar's appearance spoke more plainly than words that—like many others who had preceded him—he found there was no market for learning; hence, his goods, which were stored in his head, found no purchasers. When the other was asked how he managed to be successful, he took his friend to the window, asking him to count those who passed by, and who were well known to him, to see how many of them were men of sense, and how many otherwise. He did so and seeing some forty passing, he could just count five only possessing good sound sense, and thirty-five deficient in brains.

"Those five," said the lucky student, "are your patrons—the thirty-five mine. Is it then a wonder that, my friends being so very numerous, my success should be equally great? I purchased a bear for a few ducats from a man who had taught him to dance. With that bear I traveled through the country, and the people flocked to see his antics, and rewarded me for being so good a teacher. It humbug is the order of the day. Do as I did. Purchase a bear; it pays better to teach him than to devote your years to instruct the few; whilst the majority would rather pay to see a bear dance than to pay those who possess the qualifications to teach their children."—*Excer. in the Jewish Messenger.*

After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsaken the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek for it himself, he is guessed to be frivolous, he is guessed to be poetic, there are whippers that his morals are no better than they should be. In society he is resolved to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis, but that of a model or guardsman.

But woman does for mankind what man ceases to do. Her aim from childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a school-girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arms, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch, with silent interest, the mysterious reverses of the maiden; she is dreaming of coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen.

Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room is a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvas, of Michael Angelo over his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any art creation, the result of patience, of hopes, and of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings.

Woman is never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care ploughs its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by.

But woman is still true to her ideal.

She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at forty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a last stand at sixty, with the beauty of age. She falls like Caesar, wrapping her mantle around her—"buried in woollen!" 'twould a saint provoke." Death listens pitifully to the longings of a lifetime, and the wrinkled face smiles with something of the prettiness of eighteen.—*Balton's Magazine.*

Reminiscences of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

It was in the winter of 1842-'3, when I had rooms at the tower of the New York University, facing Washington Square, that I frequently met John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." He had lodging on or near Fifth avenue, further out, and in the morning, on his way down town, he would almost invariably call between ten and eleven A. M., talk awhile, and then together we moved on slowly toward the center of the city; he stopping to see every curiosity in the windows as we passed, as highly elated as a grown boy from the country would be at every new surprise, though at that time he had been a traveler over most of the world, he had seen every variety of life, and was in the meridian of his manhood.

His temper and uniform outward mood was as smooth and gentle as a summer's lake at eve, not even, like it, disturbed by the gentle zephyrs. We had not met since 1841, when I was one of the managers of the American Institute. I chanced to be introduced to him quite accidentally at the old City Hotel, a very handsome brick building of that day, standing on the right-hand side of Broadway going down, just this side of Trinity Church, at the head of Wall street, kept by Jennings & Willard, the latter of famous memory, long since dead, I believe. We were to pass by his hotel, Willard would probably shake hands and exclaim: "Oh, yes! I recollect you—recollect you very well. You were here with Payne and your erratic brother. You took a julep about twelve o'clock, and Payne wanted his made of plain brandy, very weak. I had just bought a half-ton of the best loaf sugar to be found in the market."—None of your readers, who go back to those days, thirty years ago, who recollect the proprietors, famous the world over, of the old City Hotel, but will pardon this digression.

In the spring of '43, as I commenced to say, John Howard Payne gave me an account of his adventure in Georgia among the whites, bordering on their settlements alongside the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians. Payne, like many of our *liberati* of small letters, had strong sympathy for the red man's rights and home, and without thought of exciting anger, expressed his kindly feelings to any and every one.

It was at the time when the people of Georgia, of the Indian country, had suffered by massacres and night fires and murder, till they could endure the outrages no longer, and President Jackson was favoring the removal of the tribes to the west of the Mississippi. Traveling alone as Payne was, without much baggage, so simple and unspoken in his manner, it was not long before he excited suspicion as an Indian spy; and when they reached the next stopping-place it was whispered about that he was an enemy, in sympathy with the Indians who had so often committed such terrible outrages upon the white population as to excasperate every one to bitter enmity to them and all their friends.

Not dreaming of the cause, they took Payne, tied his hands behind him—the most girlish man in the world—and marched him off between two strong, fully armed men. He saw his situation, and began to tremble and beg and protest and explain who he was, but to no effect.—On they marched for perhaps half a mile through thickets and fields, passing toward an unusually-lighted and respectable-looking log cabin. It was quite late in the night, still the inmates seemed to be moving, and as the party approached nearer they heard singing; finally Payne could distinctly recognize the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

He protested and tried to break loose and get to the house. They held him back. One of the guard went to the house, in compassion for the prisoner, to get some water, for he had fainted. Meeting an officer from the house—which proved to be the headquarters of some of the United States soldiers not long there—he said they had brought one of the spies of the Indians, "who claims to have written some song about 'Home,' which I never heard tell on."

The officer's curiosity was excited, who hearing the song at the same time, went immediately with the guard to see

the prisoner whom he found stretched on the ground.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.

"John Howard Payne," said the prisoner, but only a little above a whisper.

"Good heavens, is it possible?" said the officer. "Unbind him immediately and bring water at once, or I'll blow the d—d brains out of every one of ye!"

"Here, Payne, take some of this," handing him a rude camp flask, while he raised his head with his own hands that he might drink.

Soon Payne, half dead, was carried to the house. There the whole matter was explained, and our hero was soon in as comfortable a room as could be obtained, surrounded by officers and ladies, who did everything in their power to calm and comfort the author without a home.

As the earth turns on its axis, giving a twilight every minute of the day, with its stranger homeless, so we may know every minute in the twenty-four hours are repeated in sweet, melancholy strain:

"Home, sweet home!"

It is sad to think that although the author lived to be somewhat advanced in years, he died and was buried in foreign lands, without ever knowing what it was to have a home of his own.—*Home Journal.*

The Lady's Spoiled Temper.

Dr. Ayscough one day, according to the rules of his office as assistant librarian in the British Museum, London, attended through that grand magazine of curiosities a party of ladies and a gentleman; all of whom, except one lady, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw; and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification with such exclamations as these:

"Oh, trumpety! come along! I see nothing worth looking at."

This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr. Ayscough (who though an old bachelor, was a great admirer of beauty) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favorite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attentions to another less handsome, but more amiable. On her continuing a similar strain of exclamation, uttered with correspondent looks and demeanor, he said:

"My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London," and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party.

So much influence, however, had she over her companions, that, beaten as the sound was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind or convenient to the state or ponderosity of his body.

While in the last room, just before his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him he smilingly said:

"Why, what a cross little puss you are! Nothing pleases you. Here are curious and valuable things, bought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you think, with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending the ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor; for I see many charming, good tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I can't tell in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I shall pity the man that does; for I am sure you will plague him out of his life."

During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reproved could not take offence at it), the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady, with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine dark pair of eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then, with her friends (who affably wished their candid *ciceroni* a good morning), withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the Doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest he contrived according to his wonted custom, soon to get near her. Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and, most willingly he taught his fair one all he knew, while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved.

In short, as Bishop Rundle says, she "being disposed to be pleased with everything, everything conspired to please her." Nor was less pleased her

worthy and benevolent guide, who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature the doctor was contemplating not only the charms of her person, but also those of her mind. At length "the wonder ended," he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile (looking at him rather askew in his face), asked him whether he remembered her or not?

"No, ma'ma," said he; "but I shall not easily forget you."

Then, linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked in the same engaging manner, if he remembered him? To which he replied, that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before.

"Well, sir," said she, "don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing smart lecture for her caprice and ill and displeased with everything, a temper?"

"Yes, ma'ma, I do."

"Well, sir, I am that lady; or I should say, I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was, and I am now come to thank you for it—Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself; and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoiled temper. After we had left you," continued she, "I said to myself if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, sir, if I expected ever to get a husband; I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof, and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so successfully."

The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity, "a felicity," said he, "which (should anything lead you into my neighborhood) you will gratify exceedingly both myself and my wife if you will call and witness."

Then, leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr. Ayscough by the hand, they departed.

Here, surely, was a heroic triumph over temper; and, as the wise king observes, "greater" does this sensible and candid woman seem, "in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city by storm."

How to Get Along.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted, or in business hours.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

No man can get rich by lounging in stores and saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness.

Do not meddle with business you do not understand.

Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells will take it out in trade.

Trade is money.

Endeavor to avoid hard words and personalities.

Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Aid, but never beg.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

If Darwin is right in thinking that men descended from monads by gradual evolution, then it is very certain that some men came up by way of the musquito, the flea and the biting fly, and their ancestral traits still linger in the blood.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A judge in remanding a criminal, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—takes me to be. Put your words closer together, said the judge.

A thrifty housewife thinks that men ought to be useful—they might as well be smoking hams as smoking cigars.

"I say, Tom, what did you clear by that stock speculation?" "Clear!" said Tom, "why, I cleared my pockets."

Marriages in Eastern Hungary.

In the mountainous districts to the extreme east of Hungary, at this season of the year, a fair is held of marriageable young men and women. From all quarters long trains of chariots wend their way to the plain of Kalinosa. They are laden with household furniture, and followed by the cattle of the family. In the midst of these goods may be seen the young lady whom her family has brought to seek a husband at the fair. She is dressed in her best, with brilliant silk scarf and scarlet petticoat. These caravans take up their position one after the other on one side of the plain, while on the other side a cavalcade of young men approaches and deploys along the whole line. The men—young Wallachians, for the most part—are dressed in their best goatskins and make what show of horsemanship they can. After both parties have taken up their respective quarters opposite each other, the fathers step forward and begin to negotiate marriages for their children.

The questions asked on these occasions are, we fear, of a somewhat sordid character. "How many bullock?" "How much money?" "Your daughter's furniture looks rather old; that chest of drawers does not shut properly. I must find something better than that for my son." Such would doubtless be a correct report of the conversations held in this primitive, if not poetical, Arcadia, previous to clinching the matrimonial bargain. The business is, however, carried out with a promptitude equal to its frankness. As soon as the parents are agreed a priest, who is always ready at hand, is summoned. He chants a hymn and gives his benediction, the bride then kisses her parents, mounts the chariot, and starts for some unknown village with a husband whom she has never seen before, the furniture and cattle which her parents have allowed her as a marriage portion following in the rear.

Gigantic Trees.

Dr. Ferdinand Muller, Government botanist of Victoria, relates his discovery in that colony of a forest of Australian gum trees, surpassing in height the famous *Wellingtonia gigantea* of California. After giving at some length an account of the journey and of the scenery of the district in which the giants were found, Mr. M. mentions a few particulars by the aid of which some conception could be formed of their height and size. Though taller than their American brethren, they are not so large in girth, and have consequently a more slender and graceful appearance. One that has been felled measured 295 feet to the first branch and 70 feet more to the point at which it had been broken off, when its diameter was still 3 feet. Another was 81 feet in girth at 4 feet from the ground, and at a height of 300 feet its diameter was still 6 feet. Another felled on the Black Spur was 480 feet in total height. If, it was said, we assume that only half the wood which such a tree would yield were sawn into 1 inch planks 1 foot wide, it would afford 426,720 running feet. If the same parts were cut into railway sleepers 6 feet long, 8 inches wide, and 6 inches deep, their number would be 17,780, enough to lay a double track of five miles, and to load a vessel of 1,000 tons burthen. The oil obtainable from the leaves of the whole tree might be set down at 31 hogheads, the charcoal from the wood at 18,000 bushels, the pyroligneous vinegar at 230,000 gallons, the tar at 80,000 gallons, and the potash at 80 cwt.

Dr. DITTO.—An honest old farmer received his grocery bill, which contained charges like the following:

"To one lb. tea—To one lb. ditto, &c."

"Wife," said he, "this 'ere's a pretty business; I should like to know what you have done with so much of this 'ere ditto."

"Ditto, ditto," replied the old lady; "never had a single pound of it in my life!"

Confident that he had been charged for an article he had never received, he went to the grocer in high dudgeon, and said—

"Mr. B., shan't stand this; wife says she hain't had a pound of this ditto."

The grocer explained, and his customer went home satisfied. His wife inquired if he had found out the meaning of that "ditto."

"Yes," said he; "as near as I can get the hang on't, it means that I am an old fool, and you are ditto."

"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveler. Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan.—"Neither do I hail—so mind your own business!"

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