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PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. II. PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1846. NO. 47.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY E. WELLS, JR. & G. W. HODGES,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, if paid within six months,....$1 50
" " if not paid until end of the year, 2 00

Single copies 6¼ cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—$1 per square for three insertions—14 lines of small type or 16 of large type to constitute a square—25 cents for every subsequent insertion. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications addressed to this office must be *post paid.*

For the Port Tobacco Times.

LINES

On hearing the Rev. JOHN N. MAFFIT *preach on the Divinity of Christ and the Mystery of Redemption.*

They told me thou wert one that only skimm'd
Upon the surface—gath'ring here and there
A gem, a pearl from out the sea of words,
And strewing them in rich profusion round—
A glit'ring nothing, pleasant to the ear—
An airy bubble, that the dazzled eye
Could scarcely catch and note its splendid hues
And mark its progress, ere it burst in air:
Yet hearts were spell-bound 'neath thy magic pow'r,
And sober sense and judgment fell asleep.
Time pass'd: I sat within the house of God,
And thou wert there, and on my list'ning ear
Thy soft, low tones, like unto music fell:
Thou wert discoursing on a sacred theme,
The attributes of Him—the great "I AM"—
Who fills all space—omniscient, uncreate,
Just, merciful, yet terrible in wrath—
A living God—an *all-consuming fire!*
So vast the distance between Him and earth,
That fallen man need scarcely dare to hope
His aspiration reach'd the sacred throne,
Where cherubim and seraphim do stand
With faces veil'd beneath their glit'ring wings.
Alas, for finite sense, for mortal ken!
If angels may not raise the drooping eye
Beneath th' o'erpow'ring gaze of Deity,
The light of hope seems lost in deep despair.
A solemn pause: the dense dark cloud is pierc'd
By rays of glory; accents from on high
Reverberate thro' space till earth take up
The shouts seraphic: Hark! the joyful sound—
Glory to God—on earth good will to man!
The sin-attoning Lamb, the Prince of Peace,
In humble guise within a manger laid!
He comes to feel that He may sympathise—
He comes to suffer that we may enjoy—
He comes to die that we may ever live:
Justice demands a sacrafice, and Love,
Redeeming Love, a bleeding victim finds.
The hallow'd cross thy graphic pencil sketch'd
So vividly that, unto fancy's eye,
The scene was present. There on Calv'ry's mount
Justice still wav'd her glit'ring blade on high,
Till from those dying lips the cry arose,
'Tis finish'd; earth to her centre shook;
The dead came forth; the sun withdrew its light;
"The sword, in fragments shiver'd at his feet,
Then rose aloft resplendently to form
A glorious halo o'er that sacred head,
On which was traced in characters of light.
'A balm in Gilead—a physician there.' "
Thus with a pathos deep didst thou portray
The Christian's hope. Beneath thy master-hand
All mystery seem'd a mystery no more;
Plain, lucid, clear, that e'en a child might grasp,
And learn of thee Redemption's simple plan.
Many, like Felix, trembled at thy word
That came with pow'r to the vanquish'd heart;
And as the woman of Samaria cried aloud,
Have mercy Lord! Thou son of David help!
I heard in silence, but the pow'r of Faith
Descended like the dews on Hermon's mount,
Sweet and refreshing to the thirsty soul,
Till heart and sense cried out with him of old,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."
Go on, disciple of the incarnate God,
Triumph shall greet thee to the closing scene;
Detraction harm not; prejudice must die;
For lo! thy seals of ministry attest
Thy holy mission; and if ev'ry soul
Turn'd from the error of their ways by thee
Shall be a star upon thy radiant crown,
How brilliant will thy constellation be;
How welcome, too, the accents of thy Lord—
Well done, good and faithful, enter here!

H. C.

A STYPIC WHICH WILL STOP BLEEDING OF THE LARGEST VESSELS.—Take of brandy or common spirits two ounces; Castile soap two drahms; potash one drahm—scrape the soap fine and dissolve it in brandy, and then add the potash; mix it well together and keep it in a close phial. When you apply it let it be warm and dip pledgets of lint, and the blood will immediately congeal; it operates by coagulating the blood a considerable way within the vessel. A few applications may be necessary for deep wounds and where limbs are cut off.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A contributor to the London Sun in some agreeable jottings under the head of "*Occasional sketches—here and there,*" has sharpened his memory with reminiscences of a visit to America, and is depicting some of our scholars and statesmen with no inelegant pencil. No. 2 of these sketches refers to a mass meeting held during the Presidential Election of 1844, the writer being one of the observers, and DANIEL WEBSTER himself the *most observed* among them. In portraying the personal appearance of the great pacificator, the sketcher remarks particularly upon his craniological developments—"his head," he says with the most expressive originality, "was what attracted and rivetted attention—and such a head as Daniel Webster's, I believe, was never before placed on mortal shoulders. It is peculiarly large, and so prominent about the temples, that it seems as if an immense quantity of brain has been packed into the cranium whilst it was soft in those regions, and had caused it to bulge out!"

Continuing the portraiture the same writer observes—"but the most remarkable features in Mr. Webster's face are his eyes. Carlisle (I believe) said they were like blast furnaces blown out, when in repose. They are large, dark, and deeply-situated in cavernous openings, the roofs of which are formed by the upper portions of the huge orbits, the shaggy brows forming a species of pent-house lids to them. Dark and shadowed as they are before he commences speaking, they are objects of attraction; but when the blaze of his own eloquence kindles them, they glow like living coals, and are *diabolically beautiful!*" This last expression is certainly a peculiar one, but those who have seen Mr. Webster in the height of stern debate will readily conceive in what sense the writer intended it. In relation to the statesman's remarkable eloquence, the following correct description is given with the addition of two most amusing anecdotes:

He commences his speech in a low, deep, yet perfectly distinct tone, and silence instantly pervades the vast multitude. As he proceeds, the volume of his voice increases, until, like a majestic stream, it flows onward in its deep channel with resistless power. He does not deal largely in tropes or metaphors; and yet, occasionally, he delights with the most poetical passages. His style of oratory is not the ornate, but the massive, and he is rather clear and forcible, than florid or captivating.

Appealing to reason and good sense, rather than to feeling and passion, he produces almost marvellous effects. He softens his audience by the beauty of his style and diction, and then, down he comes with the ponderous sledge-hammer of his eloquence, and moulds them to his will. His eloquence, contrasted with that of another distinguished American orator, Mr. Choate, is as the simple grandeur of a pyramid in opposition to the elegance of a Corinthian temple.—The effect of his speech on the occasion to which I am especially referring cannot be better described than by adopting the unconsciously correct criticism of a Yankee from Connecticut, who stood near me, and exclaimed at its conclusion, "Well, I guess, as every word in that ere speech weighed a pound." Sidney Smith, when asked what he thought of Mr. Webster, after hearing a speech which the American made at an Agricultural dinner in Oxford, expressed the same astonishment in a different manner—"What do I think of him, sir?" said the witty canon, "why, he is a steam-engine in breeches sir."

As of all other great men, many amusing anecdotes are related of Mr. Webster. I will only inflict one upon the reader, who will, I think, agree with me that it is not a bad one. The distinguished man, just before Lafayette's last visit to America, formed one in a fishing-party in Massachusetts Bay. He had been selected to deliver the welcoming speech to the Frenchman on his approaching visit, and during his occupation of hauling up cod-fish and tautog, he was observed to be very abstracted. It appeared afterwards that he must have been studying that part of his speech in which he afterwards addressed Lafayette, for a gentleman who was fishing next him observed him pulling in his line, hand over hand, with some difficulty, as if a large fish was hooked, yet without exhibiting any satisfaction on his face at having captured a prize. At length the fish was seen approaching the surface and gleaming through the green waters, like a lively bladder of quicksilver; still Webster's face gave no smiling welcome; but just as the fish came to the surface, he burst out with "Venerable man! the representative of two hemispheres, welcome to our shores," and down flopped the "monster cod," on the deck!—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH.

The important interview which, in a great degree, decided the fate of Napoleon, took place at Dresden, on the 28th of June. Throughout the whole conference Napoleon acted without his usual policy; he had been so long accustomed to dictate, that he supposed he could continue to do so still, notwithstanding the altered state of his circumstances. He had hitherto spoken only with the lips of a victor, upon the refusal of whose conditions a fresh war of conquest was to follow; but now the language of command was as unwise as it was useless. Instead of endeavoring, if not to conciliate, at least not to offend the Austrian minister, he at once began to reproach him with the tardiness of the negotiations, as intended to benefit his adversaries, and as manifesting a desire to take advantage of his embarrassments, and to recover as much as possible of the territory which he had separated from the Austrian empire. "It is now your business," said Napoleon, "to ascertain whether you can get a good ransom from me without fighting, or whether you will join the ranks of my enemies. Well, let us see; let us begin the bargain: what is it that you want?" To this language, so highly unbecoming him who used it, and so insulting to Metternich, the only reply deigned was "that Austria only desired to see the same moderation and respect for the rights of nations which filled his own bosom restored to the general councils of Europe, and such a well-balanced system introduced as should place the universal tranquility under the guarantee of an association of independent states." Napoleon paid no attention to this declaration, but proceeded as if Austria were consulting her own aggrandizement alone. "I come to the point," he said; "will you accept Illyria and remain neutral? If you will not interfere I can deal with Russia and Prussia easily enough." "The truth must be told, sire; Austria cannot remain neuter; we must be either with you or against you." After this declaration, they retired to an inner cabinet, where the views of Austria were more fully explained. As these were developed, the rage of Napoleon became almost uncontrollable; they involved, indeed, the entire dismemberment of the gigantic possessions of France. The Pope was to be restored; Poland abandoned; Spain, Holland, the confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland were to be resigned to their former rulers. "What," exclaimed the emperor, "conditions like these to be extorted from me without drawing the sword; and demanded because Austria threatens me with war. It is a gross affront to expect it. And is it my father-in-law who entertains such views? In what a position would he place me before the people of France. Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to act thus towards me?" To this coarse insult Metternich replied only by a look of scorn and resentment. For some time they paced the room in silence, without looking at each other. Napoleon felt that he had gone too far, and in order to afford an opportunity of resuming the conversation, he dropped his hat. At any other time ordinary courtesy would have led Metternich to lift it up, and present it to the emperor; but for this he was too grossly affronted, and Napoleon was obliged to stoop for it himself. This must have convinced Bonaparte that his influence with Metternich and with Austria had ceased, and that he who had so long been the arbiter of others fate was now a suppliant for his own. The discourse was after a while resumed by the emperor in a colder and calmer manner; he insisted that the congress should be assembled, and on taking leave of the ambassador, shook him by the hand, and, like a low trader higgling to make the best possible bargain, said, "Illyria is not my last word—we can make more favorable terms." The last word, however, had been said; Metternich saw well that the ambitious views and overbearing temper of Napoleon were the same as when he dictated the treaty of Shonbrun, and that no lasting peace could be made with him.

WHY DO NATIONS GO TO WAR?—Dr. Franklin answers this question in a single sentence. "The foolish part of mankind (says the Doctor) will make wars from time to time with each other, not having sense enough otherwise to settle their difficulties."

ESQUIRE.—Mr. Cist, of Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser, requests as a favor from his correspondents, that they will not in future append the *Esq.* to his name. He says:

It is inapplicable to me. Esquire is derived from the French *Ecuyer*, a stable boy or ostler. I have not cleaned a stable for *forty years.*

SPOON FASHION.

BY FREDERICK MARYLAND.

"Talking of peculiar situations, gentlemen," said Mr. Tatem, "I was once in rather a singular fix myself."

"How so? how—was that?" said we.

"I will tell you. Sagers and myself had gone to Cape May, that favorable resort of fashion and folly, during one of the hottest seasons ever 'got up' on this continent. It was intensely hot! I perspire intensely when I think of it! Have you ever been at Cape Island, gentlemen?"

A general negative shake of the head followed the question.

"Then permit me, as a friend and well wisher, to warn you against the place. A more uninviting resort is not to be found. I have good authority for stating that it is the only unfinished portion of creation. They have a legend down there which runs thus: 'The hands were at work on this spot at the tail of the sixth day, but night overtaking them, they were compelled to suspend operations, and thus the island was left incomplete!' To those who are familiar with the locality, this is certainly a plausible story. I have more than once heard it called the '*jumping off place.*' Sunshine and sand knee-deep are the strongest inducements to pay a second visit. To be sure, they say something about the advantages of sea-bathing—but look at the risk. If you venture beyond your nose, the *under-tow* carries you out, and death by drowning is inevitable. After which follow 'grappling irons,' and then the indignity of a 'coroner's inquest!' The spot is distinguished by a half dozen stunted trees, two or three apologies for hotels, and three or four cabins painted red."

"But the story, Mr. Tatem—the story."

"All in good time, gentlemen. I said Sagers and myself were foolish enough to go down. Some two or three thousand people were there when we arrived, and every nook and corner was 'jam-full.' After repeated solicitation, we finally succeeded in getting a small room with the privilege of sleeping two in a bed. The thermometer at 90 and two in a bed! The thought is a warm bath of itself!"

"Don't descend to particulars, but give us the story."

"Certainly. In the room adjoining ours slept two beautiful girls—sisters—who, for reasons best known to myself, shall be nameless. One night, about a week after our arrival, I had gone early to bed, not wishing to participate in any of the abominable 'hops' that were given at our hotel."

"Pooh—pooh! it's a ghost story," said Nathan.

"No—gentlemen."

"Then you were ducked with cold water," remarked Mr. Blanchard.

"Wrong again. Although a cold bath would have been acceptable at the moment. I had been asleep for some time when I was awakened by the most musical voice imaginable, which said:

"*Kate, suppose we lay spoon-fashion?*"

"Lay how?" inquired I.

"Gracious heavens! where am I?" ejaculated my unknown bedfellow, jumping three feet from the bed; and she (for it was a woman) would have jumped further, but want of room permitted no striking display of agility. Here was a situation for a modest man! Before I could say 'angels and ministers of grace defend us,' she had gathered up her 'dry goods' and made good her retreat from the room. I am not a coward, gentlemen; yet, I am free to confess that my nerves were slightly agitated. Who can she be? Who can she have wanted here? Were questions that I could not answer. Had I been a believer in ghosts, I should probably have gone down to the grave with the conviction indelibly impressed upon my mind that I had actually been in bed with one of the long-faced gentry?"

"Well, what took place then? Who was she?"

"Be patient, you shall know everything. The two young ladies before mentioned sat opposite to me at the table. I had a very faint suspicion that one of them was a party to the transaction, and in order to remove all doubts, the next morning at breakfast I inquired:

"Miss B. shall I help you to a little of this omlet?"

"If you please, sir."

"Will you have it *spoon fashion?*" said I, carelessly.

The deep blush that mantled her handsome face told more plainly than words that she was my ghost of the preceding night. Having gone up without a light, she had mistaken my room for her own, and, but for the "spoon fashion" arrangement, Sagers would probably have discovered us in bed together. I am happy to add, gentlemen, that the affair has a pleasant denouement. Miss B. and myself are now engaged to be married. When the ceremony takes place you shall be present, and if you do not pronounce her the loveliest and most accomplished of her sex, then I will unhesitatingly admit that there is no romance in the phrase "spoon fashion."

A BULL FROG CONCERT.—The following description of a concert of Bull Frogs is from the "Adventures of a Yankee Doodle," in a late number of the Knickerbocker:

There is something wrong, I guess, in the construction of organs, else such bellows would not be needful to breed wind for those stupendous cavities, when a comparatively small bull frog can puff out his two cheeks, and make the surrounding scenery re-bellow with a louder music. When a number of these bull frogs—say ten of medium capacity—make a concerted movement, the awful solitudes of Lazy lane become vociferous as the hill sides of a pastoral region. Marsh answers back to marsh; and when a moment's silence gives token that the chant is done, a fresh croaker renews the noise, resting his bloated cheeks on a lily: "Ke-blong, ke-blong, ke-blong! Bloonk! bloonk! BE-LOONK! Moo! moo! moo! moo! Urrgh! urrgh! urrgh! Onderdonk! onderdonk! (*sotto voce*) Splash! No-you-don't! no-you-don't! no-you-don't! Augh! augh! augh! Loo! loo! loo! loo! Hong-kong! Hong-kong! Hong-kong! Ai! ai! ai! ai! ai! ai! Bmoon!—oom! oom! O! O! O! Cologne! cologne! cologne! Luck! luck! luck! luck! *A la distance,* GOOD-LUCK!" Then the little fellows take it up in earnest from places which are covered over with a little moisture. "We! we! we! P'-wee! p'-wee! p'-wee! Charley Tucker! Pretty boy! pretty boy! Go-a-fishing-on-Sunday! Charley Tucker!" Big ones again: 'Bow-wop! bow-wop! bow-wop! Boong-m!'

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO BREEDERS.—The following advice to breeders is taken from a valuable work upon the Horse recently published in England:

Stock should not be allowed to generate too early in life, before their powers are fully confirmed, nor to continue after their stamina has become impaired by premature or mature age and decrepitude. A colt of two years may sometimes possibly get promising and useful stock; but if a filly breed before she is three years old, the produce is frequently diminutive in proportions, and deficient in energy of constitution, speed, or bottom. As a general rule, brood mares ought not to be allowed to commence before the attainment of their fifth year. More valuable horses for general uses, and more good racers for turf purposes, have been thrown by mares advanced in life, than by those of immature age. Brood mares retain the functions of reproduction to a late period. Mr. Pratt's Squint mare produced seventeen foals, the last being Purity, which was not foaled until the mother had acquired the age of twenty-four. Purity proved fully equal to any of her former stock. The Tartar mare bred at the age of twenty-eight years the celebrated horse Mercury, and the next year produced Volunteer, and at thirty-six she threw the dam of Mr. Hutchinson's Oberon. Atalanta also bred Rosalind at an advanced age. In the same manner, some of the most extraordinary stock of former days were the product of stallions advanced in life—Eclipse, Snap, Young Marsh, Bottom's Starling, Blank, Partner, and Match'em, may be instanced as examples. In breeding race horses it is highly essential that the muscular system of the stallion should not be allowed to lapse into a state of weakness from want of exercise, for exercise contributes to his health and muscular energy, and if he be deficient in either at the time of copulation, the foal may be reasonably expected to suffer constitutionally in a similar degree. For a like reason it is obviously destructive to the stamina of the foal that the constitution of either of its parents should have suffered from insufficiency of food or other debilitating causes; a fact marking the influence that the vigorousness of the dam's constitution has on that of her offspring, is seen in the superiority of the produce, when the mare is allowed to breed every alternate year instead of every year. No animal can be well formed that has been at all stinted in the supply of nourishment necessary to its fullest growth and natural demand, from the earliest period of its fœtal existance to complete formation of all its parts. On this account, Mr. Cline, in a short essay on the form of animals, reprobates the practice of connecting a diminutive mare with a large sized horse. He considered it not alone dangerous to the mother at the time of parturition, but calculated to diminish the development of the foal, from the insufficiency of aliment afforded to it during its intra-uterine existence, and subsequently by the inadequate supply of milk.