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PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. XIII. PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1856. NO. 4.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, if paid within six months, $1.50
" " if not paid within six months, 2.00.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—$1 per square for two insertions—12 lines of small type or 14 of large type constituting a square—and 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 will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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Poetry.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, my spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land.
I've seen fair realms of the earth
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries, when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart!

My native land, I turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother,
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been.

Coleridge.

Miscellaneous.

From Chamber's Journal.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

"Well," soliloquized Francois, as he brushed the coat of his master, M. Bonneau, an official to the bureau of finance, "if it were not that I don't like to vex a kind master, I would gladly change his service for that of Monsieur Biliard, on the first floor. That's a pleasant man to live with—a dramatic author! He's so many distinguished visitors; and then one could go to the play gratis; while here, I am like a porter to the whole concern. I have to answer inquiries for Monsieur Dugrinet, the captain on the second floor; I have to run for the doctor for the grandmother of Monsier Victor, the painter on the third; or carry a note from him to Mademoiselle Dugrinet. Even the writers who live in the attic sends me with manuscripts to their authors; and all this I have to do without getting the *douceur* of a single penny, for that was the agreement made with me by Monsieur Bonneau."

Francois was interrupted by the entrance of his master, who, contrary to his custom, seemed in very bad humor. The domestic from whom his employer had but few secrets, was about to inquire his dissatisfaction when M. Biliard came in, and Francois discreetly retired, certain that sooner or later, his curiosity would be satisfied.

"Ah!" cried M. Bonneau, addressing his old college-chum. M. Biliard, "I'm the most unlucky dog in the whole world!"

"What's the matter?"

"That place of head clerk in the office, justly due to my long services, has been disposed of by favor and intrigue."

"No great marvel in that—you must oppose cunning by cunning," replied Biliard.

"That would be neither honorable nor honest," remarked Bonneau.

"I did not say it would," retorted his friend—"I only meant it would succeed.—In this world, you must fight people with their own weapons."

"That may do for you, who don't care how many enemies you make," said Bonneau.

"That's precisely my *forte*," cried Biliard. "A man is nothing without enemies. By slandering him, they make him famous.—This fellow must have something in him, says the world, or so many would not find it worth while to abuse him. A man without enemies passes through life a mere zero, unnoticed amongst the vulgar herd."

"Just like me," sighed Bonneau.

"You know I have reproved you a thousand times for your excessive kind-heartedness—but now I have something else to think of. This, evening a new comedy of mine is to be acted at the Theatre Francois; and I have only just received my author's free tickets. I have no time to distribute them, and must trust to you to do so judiciously. Now mind that you send me an efficient set of applauders."

"Very well," replied Bonneau taking the tickets and placing them on the desk.

"After," all mused our hero, when he was left alone, "why shouldn't I have enemies as well as the other people? They might do me more good than my friends; and, at all events I'll try to make some, by way of experiment. I'll just begin with the first person I meet. Francois!"

"What does Monseur please to want?"

"Francois, I'm going to turn you off."

"Monsieur will turn me off," cried Francois, astounded.

"Yes—that is, I mean I'll give you permission to quit my service."

"Ah! that's another affair, dear master, how kind you are! You perceived that I wished to hire with Monseur Biliard, and that I did not know how to name it to you; so you have yourself given me permission to change. Oh, Monsieur, I shall never forget your goodness."

"Here's a pretty business I that thought —— You rascal, do you mean to say that you wish to leave me for Biliard?" exclaimed the surprised master.

"But Monsieur himself"——

"Ungrateful!"

"Dear master, let us understand each other. Are you really going to dismiss me, or are you not?"

"Get about your business!" shouted Bonneau for once in a real passion. Francois retired, fully persuaded that his master only meant to try him.

"Come," thought the clerk of finance, "this is but a beginning. I wanted to make an enemy of the fellow, and he only thanks me for my kindness!"

A that moment, Victor, the young artist, entered the room, holding a letter in his hand.

"Ah! monsieur, I beg pardon, I thought you had gone out, and I was seeking Francois," said he drawing back.

"You look agitated, Victor. I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred?"

"Only, monsier, that I'm excessively angry Monsieur Dugrinet. I could not mount guard this morning, because my grandmother was taken suddenly ill, and had no one to attend her but myself. There happened to be a riot in the street, and our captain, Dugrinet, said to me in his daughter's presence, that I was afraid to show myself, and kept out of the way. Now, that is a sort of things I will not bear from any!"

"Parbleu!—here is a fine opportunity for me! It won't be difficult to make an enemy of this fellow. Really, I don't know but that your captain is in the right. Every citizen should do his duty," said Bonneau.

"Certainly; but there are other duties as important as those of a citizen. My grandmother has only me—the state has many children."

"If every one said that, but few would take arms," remarked Bonneau.

"Every one has not so good a reason as I have."

"But every one should act so as to avoid suspicion."

Victor's face flushed high.

"What am I to understand by that, monsieur Bonneau?"

"Whatever you choose."

"You are impertinent, and must give me satisfaction. As I don't want my grandmother to be disturbed, the sooner we fight the better; so I will just engage my second, and wait for you at the Bois de Boulogne," said the painter.

"Why,—what, monsieur Victor—Monsieur Victor," said Bonneau, who did not quite relish such sharp practice. But the painter was already gone.

"Well," thought, "I won't hurt him much. I'll just give him a flesh wound, will excite his rancor against me. Biliard will be satisfied when I have a young man of talent for an enemy." Feeling a very natural reluctance to explain the cause of the duel to any reasonable friend, Bonneau contented himself with engaging Francois as a second, and desiring him to follow him to the appointed place. The valet thought his master had taken leave of his senses; and before going out, ran to tell the story to the family of M. Dugrinet.

When the clerk and his second arrived on the field, they found Victor and his friend there already. They had brought swords and immediately began the fight.—Bonneau was by far the best swordsman, but, instead of taking advantage of his superiority, he sought to disarm his antagonist without hurting him. In doing so, however, he inflicted a wound on the young man's hand, and the blood flowed freely.

"What shall I do? You are wounded!" cried the conqueror, more pale than the conquered.

"It is nothing; let us go on," replied Victor. But at this moment Monsieur and Madame Dugrinet, with their Daughter Agnes, appeared on the field; and the ladies like two brave Sabines, rushed between the two combatants.

"Stop! sheathe your swords, my friends," shouted M. Dugrinet. Then turning to Victor, he said, "I have done you injustice, monsieur Victor; you are a brave fellow; and to make you amends, I give you full permission to win my daughter's heart; if, indeed you have not already done so," added he smilling.

"Ah! Monsieur, this is the happiest moment of my life, said Victor. And you, monsieur, he added, turning to Bonneau, must permit me to reckon you amongst my best friends. It is to you I owe my felicity."

"There it is again muttered the clerk to himself. I turn away a faithful servant, and he is delighted; I wound a worthy young man with my sword, and he is enchanted beyond measure. What the deuce shall I do? Biliard ought to have given me a recipe for making enemies."

Meantime the slight wound on Victor's hand was bound up by the tender fingers of Agnes who, however, we are bound to declare, took unfair advantage of the opportunity to inflict serious injury on the patient's heart. This done the whole party adjourned to their respective homes. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Bonneau, returning to his apartment, threw himself into an easy-chair, and began to reflect on his misfortunes.

"No, thought he, I shall never be chief in the office; I'm not wicked enough for that: I have no enemies, and can't make them. What *shall* I do?" Happening to look up, he remarked on his desk the free tickets for the play, which Biliard had given him that morning, which he had not since found time to distribute.

"The very thing!" cried he. "Biliard himself shall be my enemy. Nothing more sensitive than the epidermis of a poet. I'll get his comedy well hissed!" He summoned Francois.

"Go up to the attic, and fetch the writer here."

"Monsieur has a play or a novel to be copied? Is monsieur about to become an author? In that case, I would much prefer remaining"——

"No comments; call the writer.

"Monsieur Julien, said Bonneau, when he entered, you're acquainted with many dramatic writers, and people who like to see the play gratis?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well, here are a hundred free tickets for to-night, which you are to distribute on condition that the persons taking them must find the comedy detestable, and unite to hiss it down. I shall give you fifty francs for your trouble."

"Many thanks, monsieur. I shall execute your commission to the very best of my ability."

Bonneau sat down to dinner, but his kind heart was ill at ease. He had a real affection for his early friend, Biliard, and he could not bear to think of his disappointment. Afterwards he took up a book, but found it impossible to read, for grave doubts as to the rectitude of his actions troubled his conscience. He wished, and yet dreaded to hear the step of Biliard, who seldom failed to pay him a visit after the play.

About midnight the door opened suddenly, and Biliard, rushing in, threw himself into his arms.

"Victory! joy!" he shouted; "success and triumph over all my rivals! 'Tis to you I owe it all. Ah, Bonneau, a true friend is a precious thing."

"What's all this? murmured the astonished clerk. "How do you owe your success to *me?*"

"Through your inimitable sagacity in distributing the free tickets. When the public perceived that all the prominent places were occupied by my declared rivals, envious players, and jealous authors, it was immediately rumored that a league had been made against me, and that same honest public became anxious to defeat it. When the curtain rose, our free ticket gentry tried to hiss; but they were completely borne down by thunders of applause from gallery, pit, and boxes, and in the end were forced to give in. Before the fifth act, they actually, to a man, joined in the applause. What a capital hit it was to send them there!"

"It was not I who did it, said Bonneau, faintly. I was busy; I gave the tickets to Julien, the writer who occupies the attic."

"Ah, the worthy fellow! cried Biliard; "how well he understood his business!"

Just then they heard the writer's voice outside the door, speaking to Francois.—Biliard called him in to thank him. The poor fellow felt rather uneasy at the result of his exertions, and, approaching his employer, whispered: "Indeed, monsieur, I did what I could. I sent the tickets to Monsieur Biliard's rivals, as if they came from himself; and that ought to have answered. But the public—what can one do against a perverse public?"

"O never mind; it's all right," said poor Bonneau, dreadfully embarrassed.

The writer withdrew, repeating, in an under tone: "The public—what can one do against the public?"

Biliard, after again warmly thanking his friend, retired to his own apartment, leaving Bonneau to his reflections.

"There's no use in trying," he thought; "a peaceful, inoffensive fellow I have been all my life, and a peaceful, inoffensive fellow I am doomed to continue. And, after all, is it not better so? Though I have not succeeded in making an enemy, the efforts I have made have hurt my own feelings and wounded my conscience. I'll e'en pass the rest of my days satisfied with making friends; and I don't see why I shouldn't become a distinguished member of the Peace Congress. Thereupon our hero betook himself to bed; but ere his eye lids closed, he suddenly started up and exclaimed:

"Dunce that I was, to neglect the only infallible method of making enemies!—*I forgot to lend money to my friends!*"

SIDNEY SMITH ON SWEARING.—Sidney Smith when travelling in a stage coach one day, long before rail roads were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by a young man, who acquired the polite art of profane swearing to such an extent, that he could not help from interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's display for some time, the "wag, wit and wicar," as one of his Cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commented:—"Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) England who, at a grand ball, (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) and said, "Honi soit qui mally (boats, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) pense," which means in English, "Evil be to him who (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) evil thinks. This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) the order of the garter."

When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said: "A very good story, sir—rather old—but, what the devil has boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes to do with it?"

"I will tell you my young friend, when you tell me what d—n my 'eyes,' &c., have to do with your conversation. In the mean time, allow me to say, that's my style of swearing."

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.—The late Mr. Henry H. Fuller was one of the most ready wits that ever graced the bar of any country. Many a man has been immortalized as a wit in London or Paris, on half the capital he possessed. He was once engaged trying a case, and in his closing argument, he made an irreverent allusion to some one not named, and it was done in such a way that the opposing counsel took it in high dudgeon as an allusion to himself, and wrote Mr. F. a note, demanding an apology. Mr. Fuller replied in his happiest strain, telling his offended brother that he was "very sorry that he had taken that allusion to himself, because it was certainly not meant for him, but for a much *older* member of the bar than either of them, to wit, the devil."

Moral—Never take an uncomplimentary allusion to yourself, if you can help it. It may be meant for the——.

Mr. Fuller was once engaged in a case in a neighboring county, where the opposing counsel had obtained great weight with the jury by, it was whispered, his wonderful gravity and real or affected conscientiousness and solemnity. On the occasion referred to, he had closed (metaphorically) in a flood of tears, plainly intimating to the jury that it was all idle to think of living unless they found for his client. Mr. Fuller saw that, with the jury in their then state of mind, all was lost. So, rising to reply, in a slow and measured way, and putting on a meek and subdued air, he commenced with that well-known pulpit formula: "We-will-close-these-solemn-ceremonies." Before he could proceed further the joke of the whole thing was seen and appreciated; the court, jury, and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the charm broken.—"CARL" *in Boston Transcript.*

Judge Lumpkin, of Georgia, recently related the following anecdote to illustrate the resort of some men when hard pushed in an argument. An old Baptist preacher was defending his doctrine against a man as ignorant as he was obstinate; at length the preacher said to his opponent: "Now, look here, my friend, don't you believe what *is to be, will be?*" "No, I don't at all. I believe what *is to be, won't be!*" And there was an end of the argument.

When your wife begins to scold, let her have it out. Put your feet cosily over the fire-place; loll back in your chair; light one your best cigars and let the storm rage on; say nothing—make no answers to anything.

Well a little more *advice*, if you please. Having placed yourself in that *enviable* position, reflect whether you deserve the thunder about your ears, and if so, (as is probably the case,) put your feet gently down, cease your "lolling," put out your cigar, kiss your little wife, and endeavor to be a better husband.

HINTS ON THE WARDROBE.—Ladies should bear in mind that silk articles should not be kept in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk; the brown or blue paper is better, and the yellowish, smooth India paper is best of all.

Silks intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before they are made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened and stiffened by gum. Thread-lace veils are very easily cut. But dresses of velvet should not be laid by with a weight upon them; if the nap of a thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silks should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it can never be rectified.

The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with some toilet pins around the selvedges on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible; when dry, the wrinkles have disappeared. It is a nice matter to dress light silk, and few should try.—Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum-water, and the wrinkles ironed out by a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.

"POPPING THE QUESTION" IN PERU.—"Proposing" in Peru is very romantic. The suitor appears on the appointed evening with a gaily dressed troubadour under the balcony of his beloved; the singer steps before her flower-bedecked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her love. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rose buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover:

"What are you, and what do you want?" He answers with ardent confidence:—

"The dove I adore; the stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?"

Then the proud beauty gives herself, away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair and throws it down to her lover, promising to be his forever.

John Randolph was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction, and among the first remarks said:

"I passed by your house lately, Mr. Randolph."

"I hope you always will!" was the sharp reply.

Another once twitted him of his "house and education."

"The gentleman reminds me," said Randolph in reply, "of the lands about the head waters of the Montgomery which are poor by nature, and cultivation has entirely ruined them!"

GARRICK'S POWER OF IMITATION.—At a splendid dinner party on one occasion, at the country seat of a noble lord, they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what had become of him, till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in a perfect ecstacy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey cock in the court-yard, with his coat tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of rage and pride.

"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place, I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do." "Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter." "No, but your poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't for want of churning."

The following daguerreotype of his Satanic Majesty was given by a negro preacher in Virginia to his "colored bredren:"

"Stan' 'side, niggers, let me tell you I hab a dream, and see de debbil! He hab an eye like de moon; he hab a nose like a canoe; he hab an ear same as 'bacca leaf; he hab a shoulder like de blue Ridge, and hab a tail like de rainbow."

"Life," says the graphic Neal, "is like a field of blackberry bushes—mean people stoop and pick the fruit, no matter how much they blacken their fingers; but genius, proud and perpendicular, stalks, on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in his trousers."

An Irish comedian having appeared before a Dublin audience in an extremely dirty pair of white duck trowsers, a person in the gallery who had heard the observations of those around him, bawled out, "I say, Mr———, would not your ducks be better for a swim?"

Some of our cotemporaries are discussing the question, which is the safest seat in case of a railroad collision? We should choose one about one hundred yards from the railroad.

A poet says:—"I dreamt I was engaged in writing, and that in the midst of a sentence a mosquito came buzzing in my ear. I remonstrated with him for disturbing me, having spoilt a beautiful paragraph." "I will not trouble you," he replied, "I have merely come to punctuate a sentence."

A subscriber writes to a Western editor, "I don't want your paper any longer," to which the editor replies, "I wouldn't make it any *longer* if you did, its present length suits me very well."

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath school teacher his class. "Because," replied one, "they thought it was a *good opening* for a young man."

Agricultural.

FIXED FACTS IN AGRICULTURE.

Somebody has got up the following list of "fixed facts" in Agriculture, and for once, in a condensation of this sort, has hit the nail on the head, in most of them.—They are for an Eastern latitude; and no Western Farmer need trouble himself about what is said of manufactured manure, at least till he has learned to use his stock furnished from the barnyard.—*Prairie Farmer.*

1. All lands on which the clover or the grasses are grown, must either have lime in them naturally, or that mineral artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stonelime, oyster lime, or marl.

2. All permanent improvement on lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have been long in culture, will be benefitted by the application of phosphate of lime; and it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, compost of fresh ashes, or that of oyster shell lime—or marl—if the lands needs lime also.

4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5. Mould is indispensible in every soil, and a healthy supply can only be preserved through the cultivation of clover, and the grasses, the turning in of the green crops, or by the application of compost rich in the elements of mould.

6. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by admixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep ploughing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8. Subsoiling sound land, that is land that is not wet, is also eminently conducive to increased production.

9. All wet land should be drained.

10. All grain crop should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

11. Clover, as well as the grasses, intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom,

12. Sandy lands can be most effectually improved by clay. When such lands require liming or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially applied when made into composts with clay. In slacking lime, salt brine is better than water.

13. The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock, operates as a saving of at least twenty-five per cent.

14. Draining of wet lands and marshes, adds to their value by making them to produce more and by improving the health of neighborhoods.

15. To manure or lime wet lands, is to throw manure, lime, and labor away.

16. Shallow ploughing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases production.

17. By stabling and shedding stock thro' the winter, a saving of one-fourth the food may be effected; that is, one fourth less food will answer, than when the stock may be exposed to the inclemencies of the weather.

18. A bushel of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over clover, will add one hundred per cent to its produce.

19. Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of soils, by supplying most if not all, of the organic substances.

20. Thorough preparation of lands absolutely necessary to the successful and luxuriant growth of crops.

21. Abundant crops cannot be grown for a succession of years, unless care be taken to provide an equivalent for the substances carried off the land in the products grown thereon.

22. To preserve meadows in their productiveness, it is necessary to harrow them every second autumn, apply top-dressing, and roll them up.

23. All stiff clays are benefitted by fall and winter ploughings; but should not be ploughed when wet. If at such ploughings the furrow be materially deepened, lime, marl, or ashes should be supplied.

24. Young stock, should be moderately fed with grain in winter, and receive generous supplies of long provenders, it being essential to keep them in a fair condition, in order that the formation of muscle, bones, &c., may be encouraged and continuously carried on.