ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. XIII. PORT TOBACCO, (MD.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856. NO. 17.

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.

Communications addressed to this office must be POST PAID.

Poetry.

For the Times.

TO A FRIEND.

How hard it is to find a Friend,
In whom we always can depend;
Sometimes we think this Friend is got,
Till trial proves we have him not.
Many to serve some selfish ends,
Declare and vow they are your Friends;
But soon as serving self is o'er
Behold, they are your Friends no more.
Others will act a part more base,
Always be friendly to your face;
You turn your back—then they your name,
Expose to obloquy and shame.
Apparent friendship others show,
To find out all that you may know;
Your secrets thus are pumped out,
And then are handed all about.
Those who of others tell you much,
My counsel is beware of such;
Something to tell of all they know,
As freely they will speak of you.
A faithful Friend I highly prize,
A treach'rous one I do despise.
All in suspense, I ask around,
Where can a real Friend be found?
Whenever disposed a Friend to trust
Be always sure to prove him first;
And when he's tried then treat him kind—
A faithful Friend is hard to find.

S.....

August, 11th 1856.

Miscellaneous.

MIGNONNE: THE PANTHER LOVER.

During the enterprising expedition into Upper Egypt, by Gen. Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called the Maugrabins, and was by them carried into the desert, beyond the Cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands; and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates, and a little bag of grain, and armed with a scimitar, started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged the already wearied horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and he left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverence of a runaway slave, but he was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of Oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart from a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor: for in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and glancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire; they met at the horizon in a line of light, as fine and glittering as the edge of a sword. There was a wild and awful majesty in the universal stillness!—God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance, but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his heart!

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by a pile of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some of the palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto from wild beasts, which would probably come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortifications that day. Toward evening the mighty tree he had been cutting fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

The soldier trembled as if there had been a supernatural voice in the air. But like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertions and the extreme warmth of climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he distinctly heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught a glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze, but as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave he distinctly saw an enormous animal laying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger or a crocodile: but the strong odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther? This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog.—Her eyes, which had opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned towards the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed throughout the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he saw that there was not room enough for that; the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her; nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the beating of her heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard, rough skin, made him relinquish his project. To attempt her destruction, and fail in the attempt would be certain death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

"She has eaten lately," said the Frenchman to himself. "She will not awake in hunger."

She was in truth a beautiful monster.—The fur on her throat and legs was a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets around her paws; he large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings; and the soft, smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful, but tranquil hostess, reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head rested on nervous out-stretched paws, from which her long white smellers spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe, but alone, and in her power, it was a very different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rise with increasing danger; but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he watched the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes—stretched out her paws and gaped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and rough as a file. She then shook herself and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten. "Very well done," thought the soldier, who felt his gaiety and courage returning—"She does her toilet handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—"Come, let us wish each other good morning," thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head toward him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially, when the mighty beast moved towards him.—With great boldness and presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened—she began to wag her tail, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy that they resounded through the cave like the rolling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out; but she soon came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against his legs, like an affectionate kitten. "She requires a great deal of attention," said the Frenchman smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat; and, perceiving she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the Desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that to kill her with one blow he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose; but at that moment she crouched down gently at his feet, looking up into his face with a strange mixture of affectionate and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against the tree eating dates, and casting his eye anxiously round the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with nuts and dates; but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible to his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

"Will it be so when she gets hungry?" thought the Frenchman. The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high, and four feet long, without [illegible] as round as a great endgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the tiger reigned there; but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She seemed like Nero drunk. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself by her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her over on the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it in her throat, but he was still held by the fear that he should not succeed, and that the animal would tear him in pieces in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her beauty, gentleness and graceful activity became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him.—By the end of the day he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation that he was almost in love with its exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face when he called "Mignonne."

When the sun went down, she uttered a deep melancholy cry. "She is well educated," exclaimed the gay soldier; "she had learned to say her evening prayers."

He was rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

"That is right, my pretty little blonde," said he; "you had better go to sleep first."

He trusted to his own activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a loud, sharp cry.

"Of a truth," said he, "her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love." Before she came up the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sand from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him safe to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

"My dear Mignonne!" exclaimed the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm; "our friendship is for life and death."

He retraced his steps. Now he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance clearing the desert with those long bounds peculiar to her species. She arrived with bloody jaws. When receiving his caresses she purred aloud, and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal: "Ah, ah, Miss! you have been eating some of the Maugrabins. Ain't you ashamed? Never mind; they are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you wont have me to love you any more."

This singular animal was so fond of caresses and play that if her companion set many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paws in his lap to attract attention.—Several days passed thus.

The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy; she became used to all the inflections of the soldier's voice, and understood the expression of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded; she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail, to count the splendid black and white rings that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, the glossy smoothness of her neck, and the majestic carriage of her head. But he delighted him most when she was in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility as she glided swiftly along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully, with head erect, as soon as the Frenchman was over their heads. In the desert anything that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes the Sultana of the Desert began to growl. "She is certainly jealous," thought the soldier, as he looked at her fierce and glittering eyes. They gazed intelligibly at each other—and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

"The creature must have a soul!" exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animals in the menagerie at Paris. "I do not know," continued the narator, "what I had done to displease Mignonne so much—or whether the creature was merely in sport—but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence—but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to revenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours afterward weeping by the side of her dead body.

"Ah, well," said he, after a mournful silence, "I have been in wars in Germany, Spain, Prussia and France, but I never have seen anything that produced such sensations as the desert. Oh, how beautiful it was!"

"What feelings did it excite?" asked I.

"Feelings that are not to be spoken," replied the soldier solemnly. "I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad; in the desert there is everything and there is nothing."

"What do you mean by that?" said I.

"I cannot tell," said he impatiently. After a pause he added, "God is there without man!"

DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

Last Summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whisky punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdotes, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, traveling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the looks of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"'My dear Sir,' said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased. 'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoke a pudding.' 'Sir, you will have your favorite pudding,' replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on a hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat.—Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear Doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The Doctor tittered. After a short grace Boswell said:

"'I suppose I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to?' The Doctor replied:

"'O dear! this is a great disappointment,' said Bozy.

"'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.'

Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown, too. Oh, sir you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.'

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished-for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few moments nearly finished the pudding. The table was cleared, and Boswell said:

"'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy.'

"The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—the Doctor laughed.

"'You little, filthy, sniveling hound," said Boswell, 'when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?'

"'I couldn't, sir, said the boy.

"'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell.

"'Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

"'The Doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted; indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with somo difficulty recovered his breath, and, looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out with the lungs of a stentor:

"'Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe.' "And such," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the mouth of your humble servant."—*Angelo's Reminiscences.*

LOVE SCENE.

Mr. Popps paid his two hundred and sixty-seventh visit to Miss Clarissa Cooler the other evening. He found her in a rocker, alone in the parlor; stole his arm around her alabaster neck, and sipped the nectar of her cherry lips—a proceeding there was not the least harm in, considering that they had come to an agreement, and were generally reported to be on the high road to matrimony. The lady took it all quietly—even indifferently, to judge from the lassitude of her attitude in the rocker, her lazy use of her fan, and her exclamation of something between a heigh ho and a ya-hum.

Common places were disposed of. Then followed a silence, broken only by Mr. Popps slapping at the mosquitoes, and Miss Clarissa faning herself unceasingly.

At length Popps proposed a promenade, and ice cream. Clarissa declined both, adding:

"I wish to stay at home for I have something particular to tell you."

"Indeed!" said Popps; "what is it, dear?"

"You expect our wedding to take place in three weeks, don't you?"

"To be sure I do!"

"Well, am sorry to disappoint you, but I must do it. I cannot marry"—

"Good heavens, Clarissa! what are you saying?"

"Don't interrupt me. I mean I can't marry just yet awhile—not for some months to come."

"Why, Clarissa, what's the meaning of all this? You gave me your positive promise and said nothing stood in the way. I am all ready, and worried with waiting.—Why do you put it off, dear?"

"That you will have to excuse my telling you. I have a good reason for it—I have thought the matter over well—and my mind is made up. Will that satisfy you?"

Popps muse a while. Clarissa kept her fan going. Finally, Popps spoke.

"No, Clarissa, it wont satisfy me. You postpone our wedding, and refuse to tell me why. If you have a reason for it you ought to let me know it, and may be it would satisfy me. But I won't be satisfied without the reason."

"Well, then, you'll have to remain unsatisfied. I tell you I have a reason, and a good one—what more do you want?"

"I see how it is—I've courted you too long—I didn't strike while the iron was hot—you are tired of me, and wish to get rid of me. Well, if that is your wish, go ahead."

"Mr. Popps, you're a dunce—you're a fool!"

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't," said Popps, rising with his temper "but this I'll say, Miss Clarissa—if you don't tell me why you postpone the wedding for a few months, you may postpone it forever so far as I am concerned. Tell me, Clarissa; else I swear that when I leave this house to-night, I will never set foot in it again!"

"Well, then, you'd better go!"

[illegible] cried to him to stay. Popps came back.—Clarissa put her head on his shoulder and cried. Popps melted. Popps spoke first.

"Well, dear, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I think you're so unreasonable and cruel! Indeed, indeed, I have a good cause for putting off our marriage—but I cannot, I must not tell you what it is. Oh, dear Mr. Popps, do excuse me!" And she cried a little more.

"Well, Clarissa, tell me this. Do you put it off to please your father or any of your relations?"

"No—they know nothing of my determination."

"Do you put it off on account of anything concerning me?"

"No."

"Do you want to go anywhere, or do anything particular, that will keep you from marrying?"

"No."

"In God's name then Clarissa, what do you want? Why keep me in this suspense?"

"Oh, Mr. Popps, you're so cruel!—Maybe I ought to tell you the obstacle—but I can't, indeed I can't.

"Just as you please Miss Coller." And Popps again picked up his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Popps, pray don't go—don't go yet awhile!"

"Then, Miss Clarissa, tell me the obstacle,"

Popps was evidently determined. Clarissa put her head on his shoulder laboring under a strange agitation. Several times she essayed to speak. At length she breathed into his ear these fearful words:

"*The weather's too hot!*"

Popps wilted. When our sprite left, he was advocating a trip to the Allegany Mountains.

FRENCH WAY OF MAKING COFFEE.—Let your coffee be dry, not in the least moldy or damaged; divide the quantity that is to be roasted into two parts; roast the first part in a coffee-roaster—the handle must be constantly turning until the coffee becomes of a dried almond color or bread raspings, and has lost one-eighth of its weight; roast the second part until it becomes the fine brown color of chestnut, and has lost one-fifth of its weight; mix the two parts together, and grind them in a coffee-mill; do not roast or make your coffee until the day it is wanted. To two ounces of ground put four cups of cold water, and then drain off this infusion and put it aside; put to the coffee which remains in the biggin three cup of boiling water, then drain it off and add it to that which has been put on one side—by this method you obtain three cups more; when your coffee is wanted, heat it quickly in a siver coffee-pot, taking care not to let it boil that the perfume may not be lost by undergoing any evaporation.

OYSTER BROTH.—Those fond of oyster broth, and being where the bivalves cannot be obtained, may procure a very respectable substitute as follows: Pick into small bits a