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POETRY.

THE TWO ANGELS.

One sunny day in bright July, When Beauty all the world o'erspread, An Angel left the realms on high, To watch beside a baby's bed.

A little cherub, fresh from Heaven, And exiled from its home awhile, To shed on earth the lustre given, To chase its gloom, in woman's smile.

Poor little visitant below, So frail, so helpless, and so fair, Well might it claim, amid the woe, The wrongs of life, an angels care.

But, fast the hours of childhood flew, And womanhood's fair dawning came-The Angel then to heaven withdrew-The guerdon of his task to claim.

"For where," he thought "the need to stay Through life, a guardian and a guide, To one whose footsteps cannot stray, From vistue's path, whate'er betide?

One in whose pure and gentle soul, No erring fancy e'er could rest, The magnet of whose heavenly goal Lies in her own unsuflied breast."

His trust fulfilled—the maid, whose birth Gave theme for this unworthy lay, Remains, to act her part on earth, The Angel of some mortal's way.

Whose footsteps she shall lead, below, Kind Heaven, that gave her, must decide, And I say nothing-but-I know A bard who sadly needs a guide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Wright's Casket. WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE OF INFLU-

by nature, and might readily be so by education to maintain themselves, or assist the maintenance of a family, who are willing to remain idly at home, while a father, burdened with a large family, or embarrassed by debt, struggles with every power to preserve his honor, and do justice to all around him. They are drones in life, to its attainment is taken from more imporburdens to their friends, and to themselves tant pursuits. also, unless their small souls are satisfied with a daily routine from which a sensible families, as well as themselves, by spending woman would shrink in disgust. The mo- their time in preparations that pamper the senses. ther, inspired by a desire for respectability, appetite—degrading them to a level with the and also for the comfort of those graceless brute creation, by making such sensuality girls, toils unceasingly in her domestic men- their highest pleasure - enseebling their Merlin.-I say, my lord, as quick as winking, age. The white hands and carefully pre-served complexions of those daughters, are thus waste their precious hours of life, are much less attractive to him who looks right- truly deserving of censure; but not "the ly on life, than the toil-embrowned hand, woman who attendeth dilligently to the or less delicately fair face, which speaks a ways of her household."

respectable, if they relinquish their own a trust for immortality. Look at the young hog agin, I'll smash your ugly muns into comfort and ease, and as assistants in the child-lovely it may be in person, in devel- smithereens. family, or away from home, as teachers, as- openents of heart, in the gleamings of a Mer.—Beware, good woman, say not so, serted their right to remove the burden from brilliant intellect. the shoulders and heart of their father, or to secure their mother against the necessity of such arduous toil. The prejudice which prevails against semales exerting themselves abounds, that her spirit may be returned to dy that spaiks in such outlandish language in these capacities, I contend to be a wrong to the sex, as it would deprive them of a by the mother's judicious care—by her ear- he gits it all out of a book, or is it cracked Genlis congratulated herself that there were holy right to guard that little heart till it Mag.—He's either a fool or a rogue. thirty ways in which she could support her- becomes a well spring of all pure and faith- Merlin, answer me plainly what are you! day, if called upon to render such an account, could boast of more than one, if that? Count, could boast of more than one, if that? Count is count, could be countered by count, could be countered by count They would be ashamed of their domestic show her, in the exquisite delicacy of the accomplishments, if they possessed anyand in what else are they competent to give Being who hurls the thunder, and directs assistance or instruction?

good, sensible heart.

on, and of gentle and pure hearts—whose ous path her spirit may pursue. unwise training, or the shackles of foolish custom are depriving of their rights. Young in the wife and mother. She who is a helpsister, your soul has a right to knowledge; mate in all good deeds to her husband be-why will you submit to have it withheld comes his "crown" of happiness and glory. from you? Why will you neglect your She who "teaches her son to be good"opportunities for acquiring it? Your hearts who trains up high-minded daughters to exwere formed to be filled with intense, and ert their vivilying influence over the world, holy, and self-sacrificing affection. Will fulfils her mission as a woman, exercises her

you wrong yourself by wasting such capa- highest right, and "her children shall rise cities in vain triflings, or by weakening up and call her blessed." them with your selfish indulgence? Do propose to yourself a worthy aim, without which your existence will be almost vain. tinction pervades every class of society. Exert yourself to-day, and every day, to do The lines of the poet Young are beautifully

good to others, and to make them happy. expressive of this universal passion: Thank God for your intellectual powers, and improve them to the utmost as He gives you opportunity.

"for the depth Of glory in the attributes of God, Will measure the capacities of mind; And as the angels differ, will the ken Of gifted spirits glorify him more."

If you have not the creative faculty of genius, you may at least cultivate a power of appreciating genius in others, which is in

to sin, or cheered and soothed and blessed marble, are handed down from generation to the hearts of beloved parents, she goes to a generation :home of her own, where her presence is to 5 create happiness. Her husband looks to her for the charm which is to brighten his path of life. When the world frowns on him, and disappointment presses like an inprivilege to sympathize with or cheer her husband a most precious right.

Would any true-minded woman intermeddle with public affairs, or voluntarily devote herself to pursuits in which she can only acquire excellence by relinquishing her domestic avocations and privileges? Who is are perfectly consistent with my theory of usefulness—for the eclat attending a life of a poet, and that too, of so unadulterated a say that you need only be sent a stone
my two jacket pockets. I felt I was a gonto imitate those which were commonly sold more accessible paths of literature she need rhyme as naturally as if it was bespoke and Mer.—Oh, Mrs. Donovan, be kind, not forfeit the advantages of a home sheltered from the public eye; but a desire for fame is often aroused, which deafens th ear to the music of love, and hardens the heart to its influence, which renders her unable to discern distinctly her alloted task and its rewards, while it presents to her vision of deceitful beauty in the crown to be won by intellectual achievements. I would beg of any woman, however well qualified she may be for a public sphere, to consider if she is willing to resign her peculiar charms and her usefulness as a woman.

I pity the delusion of those who see no beauty in domestic life—who regard with know well young girls who are fitted nobles the most mental services, and that unselfish devotion to such a purpose, when sarve another customer.' it is requited, elevates, rather than degrades. It is true, much more time is often devoted to such employments than is necessary; with some housekeepers excessive neatness

Others, again, do a great wrong to their

Would not these girls be infinitely more attention last. To the mother is committed Jaizes, you blackguard, if you call me a

What higher trust can there be, than to watch over that beautiful being, and to shield her from the evil with which the wide world its Maker, ennobled and made more glorious as that. Your honor, dear, do you thir high privilege. The celebrated Madam de nest and well directed love. Is it not a with larning he is? self. How many of the young ladies of our ful affection? It is your right to teach your smallest flower, the handiwork of the same Mer.—My business—bah—I scorn the name; the lightning's flash—to explain to her the Oh! I wish I could put into my words wonderful mechanism of her own little half the earnestness that fills my heart, when frame—to make familiar to her delighted I think of the young girls springing up a- gaze the stars of heaven in their nightly round us into womanhood—fair to look up- course—to point out before her the glori-

The proudest right of our sex are vested

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.—The love of dis-

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art, Glows more or less, and reigns in every heart. The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure; The modest shun it, but to make it sure. It aids the dancer's skill, the writer's head-And heaps the plain with mountains of the dear Nor ends it here; it nods with sable plume-Shines on our hearse, and glitters on our tomb. From the Maryland Republican.

mind requires to be strengthened by dilli- in your columns, I send you the trial of spaiking such unchristian a language. \$1 50 gent and judicious study and training; oth- Edward Merlin, which came off some ten or Mer.—Thus am I doom'd, where'er I go, erwise, however desirous you may be of twelve years ago in one of our large eastdoing well, you will be found characterless ern cities, and accurately reported expressly Mrs. D.—You blackguard, if you call until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal training will be still required; for what is deduction made to those who advertise by the young girl's obvious destiny? When ly, I see no reason why Merlin's effusions man. she leaves the home of her childhood, where it was her right to be cherished with shel-

> "Edward Merlin, was charged with being Mer.—'Tis true I am before my time, drunk and noisy in a house in Cross street; and it was also intimated by the complainant that Ned was, in all probability, a little cubus on the active mind, is not the wife's cracked. Mr. Merlin was considerably out of the knees and elbows, and his shirt seemed as if it might be the identical two napkins, sown together, which belonged to the second most fortunate of Sir John Falstaff's country troopers. In short, Edward Mersole exception, that his tongue went like a must commit you for a vagrant. willing to forego even her enjoyment of the perpetual motion, whereas it is one of the graceful refinements of life, in a quiet and peculiarities of the fraternity that they are Mer.—Oh, shades of Homer, Milton, Oh! intelligent home circle—refienments, which too lazy to talk. The most interesting feature of Mr. Merlin's character is, that he is paid for at a penny a line.

Mrs. Donovan, the complainant, is a little Irish woman, who keeps one of these holea glass;' and it appeared in evidence that Mr. English. Merlin had done every justice to her 'best of good liquors,' but had ventured no fur- Mer.-Oh, Poetry, a god thou art ther in her favor; for when she began to remind him of the 'three cents a glass' part of the ceremony, he went into a blaze of indignation, and let the arrows of his wrath fly around him like a feu de joie of Congreve rockets.

thing but ditch wather, for the divil a sup

Magistrate.-Did he take it by force? Mrs. Donovan.-Musha no, your honor, praised for all his marcies. but he went on like a play acther until 1 thought he was raisin the divil, and bad and take your poet along with you.

Mag.-Merlin, what have you to say to

The liquor was not worth the drinking; And charge the hog I have my eyes on For selling drugs that worse than poison.

And we'll be friends before we go; Though much I fear your liquor horrid, Will bore a hole out through my forehead.

Mrs. D.—The divil mind you or any bo-

Flesh, blood, and bones the same as you. Mag.-I mean, what's your business?

My business is to seek for fame; The Muses, sir, are my delight, Woo them all from morn to night. Come, sweet Urania, heavenly maid, Oh come to thine own Merlin's aid.

Mer.—My bread, sir—oh!—my answer's ripe; I live on suction like a snipe,

I mean a woodcock; but you know, The rhyme says snipe so let it go. Mag.—Give over rhyming, sir, and tell me plainly where do you live?

Mer. - When the sun is bright and hot, All around I seek my lot. Lolling in sequestial nook, Listening to the babbling brook; Or, scorning blanket, sheet or rug, Snoozing in the Park so snug, But in cold weather, 'tis my plan To live, my lord, where best I can,

Mag.—Hang you, you rascal speak in

Mer.—I will my lord. By all the gods, I meant no harm; but where's the odds. Oh, blest Urania, come along, And give my lord a soul for song.

coat worse nor my brandy. Your honor, so queer about the gizard, and wished an ly peeling off my linen—the buttons burst- ders."

darlint, I'll forgive him the brandy, and the earthquake to throw me right into her lap. ed off, and I come out full length on the Not feeling in a humor during the past braiken ov me chairs, but I'd be a charity I was in love, but couldn't tell who I loved floor, in precisely the same state of fix Job itself a great source of enjoyment. Your week to conjure up any thing worth room him to his raisin, and purwint him from to have him put somewhere that I'd bring most.

dian angel in the path of a brother tempted ters of gold upon tablets of everlasting and talking nonsense, he does nothing for a always the last one I looked at. living, and lives nowhere. I believe he couldn't speak like any other man if he

> For all men yet shall speak in rhyme, My lord, I am no cheat for see The proofs of my true poetry. My hat, with half the crown beat in: My trowserloons not worth a pin. My coat, deficient of a skirt; And with, at best, but half a shirt; And then my thirst for brandy—sure You want no more—the proof is pure.

Mag.-I believe you're a better poet than When I fust seed her it was at Deacon lin appeared to be a regular loafer with the a man-but your doggrel can't save you-1

And must I to the tread-mill go?

But if you'll kill, why I'm resigned.

in-the-wall' shanties, where they purport to for afther all, there's somethin very nice next meetin I was prepared to cut a big stiff; dred, this raised universal astonishment;

For soothing down a woman's heart, Oh, lady, take it not amiss, For here I thank you with a kiss.

but if it isn't the height ov assurance. How- hem with an iron just hot from the fire, and Faust's red ink is peculia-ly briliant, ever no matther, for it'ill all rub out when down stars tumbles one o' the tarnal brats, which embellished his copie, was sail to knocking the breath out on't. 'Faix, you honor,' continued Mrs. Dono- its dry. Your honor, won't you forgive knocking the breath out on't. contempt those whose time is frequently van, at the conclusion of a long drawnout him, and I'll take him home, and give him It was Saturday night, and she was the that he was in league with the Devil. Faust

For Poetry and Beauty take the shine; On, lady, on, nor waste the precious hours,

But let us hasten to ambrosial bowers. And so saying, the immortal Mr. Merlin, cream of the story yet.

A CORRESPONDENT.

May 1st, 1849.

o' my young days. I should reyther guess, count and some others.

of a comically grave face, he commenced. but it was all no go. guage, verbatim et literatim.]

"When I war a boy, you know, Daddy gals run in to see what was up, and when moved from Wirginny to Kaintuck. I'd they seed it was me they run out agin—one been born and fotched up on the frontiers, began to holler for the Squire while tothers, "So I could see him hung, the villain." and Kaintuck was a perfect paradise for me through the cracks battled with fishin' poles to hunt Bars and Injins in. But I forgot- the cursed hounds that were wullin' me .you want a courtin' story. Well, although Oh, I thought of Absalom and every body five dollars." "You're mistaken in the man, I was always cuttin' up some deviltry a- else that ever did hang, but he didn't hang sir; I'm not a five dollar Bill." "Well, mong the boys, yet, somehow, I was a leetle with the wrong end up, that was a consola- you can pass, any how." shy and skeery among the gals. I liked the tion I hadn't! I'd a cust my fate like Bacritters prodigiously, but about the only laam, but I remembered I belonged to meetway I could manage to show it was, by in', and it was agin the rules. I did, how- hand road go?" "Don't know, sir; 't aint castin' sheep's eyes in abundance at 'em. _ sumever, think some mighty hard words if been nowhere since we lived here." We had meetin's as well as frolics. Some- I didn't speak 'em! But all that didn't do times, while the preacher was preaching any good. I couldn't make nothing by pultender-heartedness, brotherly-kindness, and ling down'ards, so I thought I'd climb up that came off at the close of the late Conlove, I was thinkin o' nothin else. I used the post and unloose myself that way. to set whar I could look the gals in the face, I had nearly succeeded when one of the

said he come into this world. The next Thar was Peggy Masonhammer, a mity minit I was under the bed where the everfine gal, even in her tow linen frock, her lanstin' pups had dragged my trowsers. cheeks war as full as a China pig's, and as cuff't them off, but every time I put one leg red as a turkey gobbler's; and then, thar partly on, the infernal whelps would pull war Sally Perkins, with her gloriously stri- the tother off. I worried this way some

charmers I ever seed, she was the magnum home. bonumest! And so all the fellows said tu. Snook's meetin. I fastened my eyes on tus was derived from the odd circumstance her till hers met mine—she looked stead- in which the Bibles of the first printer, fastly—then smiled a charming smile, then Faust, appeared to the world. When he had

er. From that hour I was too big for my breeches, and on Sundays I borried dad's them in Paris. It was his interest to conbreeches he'd been married in before the ceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed revolutionary war, and come off at the knees, copies for manuscripts. But as he was en-Mrs. D. — Pon me soul, your honor. but as he was tall and I warn't, they come abled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, I'm almost sorry for bringing your here; below mine three or four inches. Agin the while the other scribes demanded five hun-

in the bosom and collar, but the invisible creased wonder. Informations were given part of it was coarse tow, with a hem that to the magistrates against him als a mriciwould cable a steamboat. Now, while Sal an; and, in searching his lodgings a reat Mrs. D.—Well, now, that I might n't sin, was smoothing the wrinkles near the said number of copies were found. To he rlink,

occupied in attending to their households. They forget that contributing to the happi
story of her woes, he dhrank my brandy his breakfast and see what I can make ov only one up, and ran tu it in course, but a was at length obliged to save himself from the happi
that he was in league with the Devil. Faust only one up, and ran tu it in course, but a was at length obliged to save himself from the happifore it come tu, the iron had very decidedly a bonfire, to reveal his art to the Parliament Mag.—Mrs. Donovan are you a maid, or made its mark, that is, burnt two holes in of Paris, who discharged him from all prothe secution in consideration of his useful in-Mrs. D.—Neither, your honor, but I'm a put it on as it was—then the fust regular par vention. widdy, an a snug wan, too, the Lord be o'shoes I ever had. I was seventeen just that When the art of printing was established, Sunday mornin, and in my Sunday riggin it became the glory to be correctors of the Mag.—I thought so; but you may go felt myself a man and was resolved, if Bet- press to eminent printers. Physicians, lawsy Crumpton was at meetin, to show it.— yers, and bishops themselves, occupied this ceases to be a virtue, when the time devoted win to me, if I wasn't afeard to say a sinthat fair now, vees needn't be laughin for I gle word until the sorra a dhrop was left but fair now, yees needa't be laughin for I pany, and got it. Walkin by her side, I quently to their names those of the correctfelt light as nothin. I skeercely techt the tors of the press; and editions were then not a witch or divil, or something in that Mer.—So let them laugh—who cares—the day is ground I walkt on. But I shan't tell you valued according to the abilities of the corthe fine things I thought and said tu her on rector. the way, and more after we got hum. (Oh, yes, do, said several voices.) No, you'll ters, surpassed in correctness those who ex-

and the poetry-smitten "widdy" Donovan | She kept me up late, say two o'clock, up the proofs in public places and generousand spite of the novelty, (it being the fust ly recompensed those who were so fortu-[This Merlin whom we have frequently time,) I got sleepy. Now, the squire had nate as to detect any errata. Mrs. D.—That's the way he wint on seen at the West Market, can talk for hours just come to the parts, and put up a onewhin he was dhrinking up all me beautiful at a time in doggrel, whereof the above quo- story-roomed log cabin, and the whole fam-The noblest right of woman claims our brandy widout payin for it your honor.— tations may be taken as fair specimens.]" ily, 'cept some o' the young 'uns, slept be- bo, why am you like a blackguard." low. I was a leetle bashful bout guine to Neber guess dat in de world, coz I aint, bed thar, but I was three miles from home, you brack fool." and it was raining like blazes, but I had to "You is, honey. coz you watches me at LOVE IN THE BACKWOODS; or, JIMMY do it, and without exposing the blanks in Jim's store, and you's not a berry white my linen. I resolved to be up afore any- guard."

I was in, for 'em some, myself, them times." This was the last I know'd till wakened ficating to calculate—but nigga, why is This was said by an old man whom we by the hounds, (half a dozen of which slept you like a gentleman? Dah! dat stump will introduce as Mr. James Waddle, or under the bed,) a pullin the kivers off'n me. him." rather as "Old Jim Waddle." Everybody, Holy heavens! the sun tours high-break- Bleff my soul, Gumbo, I neber tinked of except the reader, knows him and his pen- fast on the table, and me in bed. Jest as I dat. Gibs her up." chant for yarn-spinning. It is the evening was guine to spring out, in pops the old 'o- "Yah, yah!—so does I, sensible as I is, of a military training day. There are a man, with a plate of vension. It was dog -been tinking of it tree days and sudder off goodly number, after the company is dis- days you know, and she cookt in a shanty. dan I was at de start." missed from duty, who are lounging around, I possum'd till she went out again, then and all now gather around the aforesaid looked for my trowsers—that they war in We once heard of a preacher who was Jim, to hear his yarn, to which he has al- the jaws of the pups at the foot of the bed! called upon by some of his congregation to ready begun the prelude, and only awaits I made a mighty lunge over the foot board pray for rain, of which the crops stood some body to urge him to go on. He then to regain them; but, oh horrors! my head greatly in need. His reply was, that he inquired what they would have-"one of down and heels up! What's the matter, would pray, but he was very sure that it his hunting, or one of his courting sprees?" thinks I-but it flasht across me in a minit would not rain until the wind shifted. The b'hoys unanimouly demanded the latthat the hole in my linen was over the post
ter. Then, after requesting that none of — and a tall post tu! I kicked and flounced

MISERIES OF AUTHORS.—"Now, then, Mag.—No humbugging, sir, how do you them should laugh till he got through, with and floundered but all to no purpose—I Thomas, what are you burning off my writing them should laugh till he got through, with and floundered but all to no purpose—I ting-table there?" "Only the paper what's a few preparatory hems and an assumption couldn't get down-I tried to break the hem, ting-table there?" "Only the paper what's

[I wish I could report, in his inimitable lan- Just now all the hounds commenced yel- clean." lin' so furiously, the old 'oman and both

If fortune so favors you, and no necessity for one of the New York periodicals. A me a swine, I'll make you pay for me hair and eyes war as black as ink; and then through into a trough of soap under the marked on the advertisement it will be published for active exertion arises, this study and natural poetical talent being a gift which is hare. Smith, who always toted her shoes and that was bottomless! I sprung for my life, Mag.—Does any one here know this stockin's in her hands till she got in site o' but in doing this I threw myself in the face Watch.—Yes, sir, I do: he's called the tell for my life which I liked the best— cummin' on the run, 'spectin' the Injine tering love—where she has stood as a guar- tal rhymers whose verses, as lasting as letand talking nonsense, he does nothing for a collision threw him down the hill, I follow-But when Squire Crumpton came to our ed suit, heels over head to the bottom.diggins, his two gals tuck the shine off all Here I recovered my understanding, and the rest on 'em, specially the oldest one, without apologies, or even a word I struck Betsy. I shan't attempt to describe her; a bee line for home jist as I was, in all my but when I tell you she had a calico frock native purility, at a speed that split the winds, with yellow flowers as big as your hand, my toe nails striking fire out'r the flints at brass ear bobs, besides half a dozen strans every jump! But, b'hoys, I never went o' beads as large as the end o' your little within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpfinger, you may think she was a charmer; ton's afterwards—nor did I ever cast sheep's I did, anyhow. Of all the magnum bonum eyes at Betsy again, let lone gallant her

NO. 3.

FIRST PRINTING. The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Fausblusht and lookt down. Lordy, thar was a discovered this new art, and printed off a Mag.— No; Homer and Shakespeare flutterin then, equal to a saw mill, 'tween considerable number of copies of the Bible about his manner ov thraiting the King's Sister Sall starched and ironed my new fine and still more when he produced copies as shirt as nice and slick as a sheet of new tin fast as they were wanted, and even lowered This shirt had the finest kind of flax linen his price. The uniformity of the copies in-

Robert Stephens, one of the early prinhave 'nuff without that—you're to skim the ercised the same profession. It is said that

"Talking o' sprees, boys, puts me in mind body else in the mornin on the same ac- "De Lord levy in Pete's genus? Now Pete, dat's berry susprisin, and conblusti-

written all over, sir: I ain't touched the

A SATISFACTION .- "Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with that brickbat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "What for?"?

"I say, my little son, where does the right

The Steubenville Herald call the fisticuffs gress "examples of the Hyer classes!"

Mrs. D.—The Lord help the poor cra- and then look at some purty one till she'd unmannerly pups attacked me in the rair, "Sally, what time does your folks dine?" ther, but I believe he wants a sthrait waist blush as red as a pepper pod. Then I felt and losing my holt fell in a knot-decided- Soon as you go away; that's Missus' or