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Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. XVII. PORT TOBACCO, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1869. NO. 13.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—For one year, if paid in advance or within six months, $1,50; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

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Selected Poetry.

The Parting of Calypso with Ulysses.

Calypso, a goddess, yet for the time all woman:

The flower-wreath she held in her faint hand
Unheeded dropped upon the golden sand:
The dewy roses, type of her full love,
Sank there to die, pale pansies, and above,
The anemone unfolded her fine leaf,
Symbol and seal of an immortal grief!
He knelt and kissed her golden-sandalled feet
Unheeded; she was passive, all was past,
She stood a woman there, forsook at last;
She saw, heard, felt not, hers the agony
Whose pulse absorbs an immortality.
Slowly the hero turned to her, and mute
Inclining, in that gesture gave farewell!
Unanswered, she but saw him in his grave.
He stepped from earth and floated on the wave;
An atom on the watery world, impelled
To seek the human form so long withheld
From his deep bosom, that again would dwell,
And mingle with his kind and unrepressed,
Give way to passions petrified by rest,
And fold again his wife to his loved breast,
And share ennobling sorrows!

John E. Reade.

GIVE ME OLD MUSIC.

Give me old music let me hear
The songs of days gone by,
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,
If to thy notes a falling tear
Should make a mute reply;
To songs that lulled me on the breast,
To sleep away the moon,
Sing on—sing on! I love them best,
There's witchery in the notes impressed
With each familiar tune.

Give me old wine! its choicest store,
Drawn from the shady bin
Nor vineyard shall produce no more
Such rare strong juice they gave of yore
As sparkling lies within;
This was my Grandsire's chief delight,
When the day's chase was o'er,
Fill high! till high! treasure's delight,
Shall sparkle on our board to-night,
Though we should drink no more.

Give me old friends! the tried, the true,
Who launched their barks with me,
And all my joys and sorrows knew,
As chance's gale the pilgrim blew,
Across the troubled sea;
Their memories are the same as mine—
Our loves through life shall last;
Bring one, bring all your smiles to shine
Upon our good old songs and wine,
Like sunbeams from the past!

Selected Miscellany.

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

Shortly after my arrival in Canada, a severe accident, received on a shooting expedition, caused me to be placed for a time under the hospitable roof of the stipendiary magistrate of Ticouaga, one of the prospective cities of the far west; and during the severe illness that followed, I could not have received more kindness had I been at my own home. When I left the woods the tints of autumn were flushing them with crimson and orange, as if their leaves had suddenly burst into blossom; but ere I looked on them again their glories had all vanished beneath the stern sway of the northern winter, with its train of biting frosts and deep snows, while the broad winding Tircouraga river, which I had last seen so blue and wavy, was now hushed and stilled by the universal ice-fetter.

To me, but recently arrived, it seemed strange how, amid so wild a solitude, this vent of a six or seven month's winter could be welcomed as I saw it by those around me. I did not yet know that winter was the only season when the bonds of their isolation were loosened, nor that the snow was the magician smoothing the difficulties of social intercourse in a district where neighbors dwelt miles apart, and the roads between them were mere lanes cut through the primeval forest, and abounding in holes, and ruts, and stumps of trees.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I was the companion of Mr. Norton and his daughters in all these exchanges of courtesy; and if I cared little for the visiting, I greatly enjoyed the drives in the swift-gliding sleigh over the gleaming snow; while, instead of leaves, the trees above our heads were hung with icicles, sparkling and flashing in the sunshine, like the ruby and emerald fruit and foliage of eastern story; and the long rhythmical chimes of our sleigh bells echoing through the arches of the trees, were the only sounds, save our own laughter, that broke the silence of those ancient woods.

We went to merry-makings, too—real back-woods "frolics"—held in barns, whose decorations were essentially rustic, but where the warmth of the hospitality compensated for every deficiency; the friend of a guest was kindly welcomed, the passing traveler was pressed to stay, and the wandering merchant with his stores of finery and news, was received with delight, especially by the fair sex. Then the home-coming was almost as merry; the long strings of sleighs, with their bells sounding cheerily through the midnight woods, and the joyous leave-takings of the occupants as each went his separate way.

On one occasion we had been to one of these festivities, some six or seven miles beyond the Tircouaga, and were returning home in two light one-horse sleighs, the first containing Mr. Norton and his eldest daughter, the second her sister and myself. The night was calm and beautiful in its dim snow-light, and the red glow of the northern streamers above our heads flashed and leaped and quivered in a thousand brilliant coruscations; while strangely and sweetly through the grey old woods sounded the clear girlish voices of the sisters as from the different sleighs they sang in alternate stanzas one of the quaint old ballads of the middle ages. At length we reached the banks of the Tircouaga, which lay between us and our home, a mirror of ice, and we at once commenced its passage. As we swept quickly on, it seemed to me that some other sound mingled with the firm foot-falls of the horses and the chime of their bells—a low threatening murmur like the echo of a distant tempest. But Mr. Norton drove gaily on, as if he either heard it not, or thought nothing of it, and I dismissed it from my mind, until as we drew near the centre of the river, strange dark spots like cloud-shadows, began to flock its gleaming surface.

The next instant one appeared right on Mr. Norton's path, and too close for him to avoid. With a long leap the horse bounded over it, and as the sleigh was drawn quickly after, there was a splash that told it had struck against the water. I could see Mr. Norton spring hurriedly up.

"Back, back, for your lives!" he cried to us; "the ice is breaking up!"

I turned to follow his directions, but it was too late—two or three such spots lay between us and the bank. I looked around; they were rapidly appearing on every side; and then I remembered to have heard that the ice of the Tircouaga, like that of several other Canadian rivers, was treacherous, in in consequence of hot springs in the bed of the river, which at times burst forth; and that particularly in the early part of the winter the morning would see the river covered with ice, of which before the evening not a trace would remain.

Perceiving how matters were, Mr. Norton bade us follow him, and quickly, for that not a moment was to be lost; and then dashed off at a rapid pace for the opposite bank, leaping the chasms and speeding lightly on over the frozen portions, as if he hoped by swiftness to diminish the danger; and with the same breathless speed we hastened on in the rear.

Meanwhile, larger and more numerous grew those dark blue spots, and longer and more frequent our horse's leaps. At length there came a chasm mine could not venture. I looked eagerly round for some favorable spot; but as my eye glanced onward, it fell on constantly widening water, until it had gone the circuit; and, with a sensation of surprise and horror, I perceived that we stood upon an ice island, from which the surrounding ice was rapidly retreating. I looked after Mr. Norton; but, unsuspicious of what had happened, he was still making his way with arrow speed across the ice; so I felt we were left to our own efforts for escape, and my utter inexperience rendered the chances few indeed, unless we should again draw near enough to the main ice to leap the space between, and none can tell how anxiously I watched each movement of our raft as it began to yield to the influence of the current. But each fathom that we were swept down the river seemed to bear us an equal distance from its icy borders, and we soon found ourselves floating on a comparatively open space of water, and surrounded by numerous ice islets.

I could almost have echoed poor Annie's cry of agony when the certainty of our position burst upon her, so fearful was it. Alone at midnight, on a fragment of ice, floating down a rapid river whose future course I knew not, while on each side stretched tracts of crumbling ice, and beyond them rose banks of inaccessable steepness! What could exceed the desolation of such a position, and what hope could it leave to us of life? While, to complete our misery, we had not even the power to struggle against our fate, but must passively wait its coming.

How deeply I pitied my young companion, as she sat there weeping such bitter tears. It was hard for her to part with life, after sixteen years of such bright and joyous experience as hers had been, hard to lay it down thus suddenly and fearfully, absent from all she loved, and yet harder the unresolvable fears for her father's and sister's safety which our own danger had awakened. I tried to utter words of consolation as I wrapped the poor girl in the buffalo robes from the chill night air that our inaction rendered doubly cold. She looked a sad contrast to the bright creature of the last few hours, whose joyous ballad-strains were yet lingering in my ears. But when the first shock was over, poor Annie struggled bravely with her grief, and during the remainder of that long, dreary night of peril she sat calmly by my side, the most patient and resigned companion man ever had in danger.

Meanwhile the river was bearing us swiftly on past rocky headlands, and dark pine forests, waving above lofty cliffs, on to yet wiler and sterner regions, where it seemed even the red man would scarce pitch his wigwam. Sometimes the river swept us smoothly along on its broad bosom, at others it contracted into narrow limits, and hurried on with a quicker current; and as our frail raft was swayed about by the broken water, we oft-times thought either that it would part, or we be swept from its slippery surface, while every now and then our poor horse beat the ice wildly with his hoof, and, as he recognised its unsoundness, his long shrill cries of distress and terror rang far and wide over the river, and quivered through the dismal woods beyond.

Day at length broke upon us, still floating down that lonely river, between its frowning banks, and on our raft, whose limits were now small indeed. Death seemed close upon us in one of his most repulsive forms, and we no longer pretended blindness to his coming, but spoke together as they should whose hour was at hand.

Suddenly the river took an abrupt bend, and, aided by the waters of another river, which here fell into it, spread almost to the dimensions of a lake; but still it was bordered by those monotonous, wall-like banks, shutting out every hope. At length we sighted something like a chasm dividing the cliff down to the water's edge. I sprang to my feet in a moment. Here was at least a chance of life—the first that during all those wretched hours had presented itself—and I resolved at once to profit by it.

Without a moment's delay the horse was cast loose from the shafts, and Annie was tied securely to his back, then with a few words of encouragement and hope to the poor young girl, doomed to so many hardships and dangers, I took the halter in my hand, and sending the horse into the water, leaped in myself, and then commenced swimming to the shore.

But the struggle was a long and arduous one, for we were more than a mile from the land, and both the horse and I were cramped and stiffened with cold. Many a time I thought the effort was in vain, and that neither the horse nor I would ever reach the shore, that to my weariness seemed to recede as we advanced. Moreover, the current pressed strongly against us, striving to sweep us down beyond our goal, against the steep rocky barrier that lined the water.—Fortunately the hot springs had raised the temperature of the water, for poor Annie's girlish form was almost hidden in it, as the waves gurgled and surged around her, sometimes even sweeping over her head. But the young girl's courage rose with the occasion, and she bore, unmurmuringly, this new phrase of suffering.

But they strive hard whose prize is life, and after more than an hour of hope, and doubt, and fear, we reached the land we had never hoped to tread again. As we emerged from the water the wintry wind pierced through our saturated clothing, with an icy chill that threatened to freeze them on us. Providentially in our need, we found a settler's house near at hand, where we obtained dry clothes, refreshment, and the loan of a horse and a driver, with whom we were soon speeding along the road to Tircouaga. As we proceeded, fresh fears for her father's and sister's fate assailed poor Annie, which were only set at rest when she found herself in their arms.

Since then the chances of a soldier's life have brought me through many adventures, but none have left so deep an impression on my mind, as that long and terrible night upon the ice; nor shall I ever cease to remember with deep affection and esteem the young girl who was my gentle and heroic companion in its suffering and danger.—*Andrew Mitchell.*

A Courteous Retort.

A local minister in England who was distinguished for disinterested labor and ready wit, devoted several years of the last part of his life to gratuitous labor in a new cause, in a popular town about three miles from his residence, to which place he walked every Lord's day morning, preaching three times, and then walked home. On one Lord's day morning, as he walked along, meditating on his sermons for the day, he met the parish priest.

"Well, ———," said his reverence, "I suppose you are on your way to your preaching again?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply of the humble minister.

"It is high time the Government took up this subject, and put a stop to this kind of traveling preaching."

"They will have rather hard work, sir," replied the imperturbable minister.

"I am not very sure of that," rejoined the priest; "at any rate I will see whether I cannot stop you myself."

"I judge," said the worthy man, "you will find it more difficult than you suppose, indeed, there is but one way to stop my preaching, but there are three ways to stop yours."

"What, fellow, do you mean by that?" asked his reverence, in a towering passion.

"Why sir," replied the little preacher, with most provoking coolness, "why, sir, there is but one way of stopping my preaching; that is by cutting my tongue out.—But there are three ways to stop yours; for take your books from you and you *can't* preach, take your gowns from you and you *dare not* preach, and take your pay from you, and you *won't* preach.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.—A well conducted printing office is the best of schools. Go with me to the Executive and Legislative department of the Government, and I will point you, in each of them, to the most competent and useful public officers who started in life as printer's devils.

Cross the ocean and we will find such men as Guizot, De Toqueville, Lamartine of France, Lord Palmerston, D'Israeli and Mecauley of England, have all distinguished themselves as journalists.

But young men especially look to those high examples, and rest with nothing short of position in the front rank of society. This can be attained only by the most indomitable industry, perseverance and study, and by a strict regard to truth, honesty and virtue. Never for a moment think it disreputable to labor. Honest toil, however humble, never yet disgraced any man; but too many we are sorry to say, suffer disgrace rather than labor for a livelihood.

BLUE EYES BEHIND A VEIL.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast—that was not an unusual occurrence—and he was a little disposed to be cross—which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind his newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply, save unsocial monosyllables, to the gentle remarks of the fresh looking little lady opposite—to wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together for the grand final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge, had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the reading sheet, it came.

"Dear, didn't you say you were going to leave me a hundred dollars for my furs to-day?"

"What furs?" (Rather shortly it was spoken.)

"Those new sable, dear; my old affairs are getting shockingly shabby, and I really think you—"

"Oh pshaw! what's the use of being so extravagant? I haven't any money just now to lay out in useless follies. The old furs are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge, good, meek, little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence; she only sighed a soft, inward sigh, and presently began on a new tack.

"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's to-night?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone! How would it look?" Mrs. Edge's temper—for she had one, though it didn't often parade itself—was fairly roused. "You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once—you never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress, as you once did."

"Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting upon the women, can he?" growled Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Miss Waters, last night, when you never thought to ask me if I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well I had a headache. I don't believe you care so much as you used to."

And Mrs. Edge, looked extremely pretty with tears in her blue eyes and a quiver on the round rosy lips.

"Pshaw!" said the husband, peevishly. "Now don't be silly, Maria."

"And in the stage yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl on me once, while Mr. Brown, was so attentive to his wife. The contrast was very mortifying to me, Henry—it was indeed."

"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge, sternly, as he drew on his overcoat to escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending.

"Am I the sort of a man to make a ninny out of myself doing the polite to any female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious as to whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty, in the kitchen, a nervous start.

* * * * * * *

"Why you see, as we played the last game," Rex said to me in his familiar manner,"

"Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, don't you?"

"No sir," said I, "but I'll tell you who I do know, I know George Washington, the Father of his Country."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Rex, "I know him. too, he was an infernal rebel; and if I'd served him right he'd been hung long ago."

"This riled me, and I just drawed back and gave him a blow just between the eyes, and he dropped like a bullock. The next minute Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus."

"This gave me rather a distaste for English society; so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterwards I landed in Washington. The first man I met was Q."

"Q, what?"

"Why, old Quincy Adams—that blasted old federalist, Adams. He wanted me to play nine pins with him, and I did. I won two hundred dollars, at two shillings a game, and then there was a row."

"A row about what?"

"Why, he wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth about two shillings a peck. I got mad at that and knocked him into a spittoon. While I had him down, Jim came in and dragged me off to the White House."

"Jim? what Jim?"

"Why, Jim Madison. I went and played euchre with him for two hours, when Tom came in, and nothing would do but I must go home with him."

"What Tom do you mean?"

"Why, Tom Jefferson—who do you s'pose I meant? But Jim wouldn't listen to it, and the consequence was, they got into a regular fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banisters, and dropped about fifty feet, and when I left they were pounding each other in the coal cellar."

"How it terminated I could never learn, as just then Martha run in, and said I must go down to Mount Vernon with her to see George."

"What Martha are you speaking of, Major? not to interrupt you."

"Why Martha Washington, the wife of the old boy that gave 'Jesse' to the Hessians."

"About here," said Mr. Combs, "the stranger began to have a faint suspicion that he was swallowing things, and in the stage coach that came along he took passage for an adjacent town.

The "Major" is said to be still living, and believes to this day that the walloping he gave Rex was the very best thing on record.

Little Graves.

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every grave-yard the little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents an angel in the sky."

The light in many homes has gone out, and the rustle of the Death-angel's wing has been felt in many a household. Thick and heavy lie the grief-shadows on many desolate hearts. In many a household's sunniest nook, there lies half-worn shoes that childish feet have pressed, and tiny toys, hallowed by the touch of baby fingers. Many a cunningly fashioned garment remains unworn, the occasional sight of which produces painful emotion. Scattered o'er earth's sunniest, lovliest spots, there's many a green hillock with its marble column pointing to the home of angel babes, and beneath which are white fingers clasped o'er throbless bosoms; and pale buds wreathing the beautiful brow on which the seal of the blessed is stamped.

☞ Bustle is not industry, any more than industry is courage.

The Zouaves.

New York has received another sensation, what may be classified perhaps as an excitement of the third degree, a company of soldiers from Chicago, got up after the style and named after the renowned Zouaves. The Zouaves are a sort of martial acrobats, or gymnastic soldiers, who contrive to throw as much bodily exercise into their field evolutions as circumstances will admit of. Each soldier is a combined Blondin and Hanlon. They first astonish the enemy by their extraordinary manœuvres and before he can recover his presence of mind he is routed by these flexible and indomitable soldiers. When the Zouaves get here they will probably exhibit before the public, and to prepare the people for the entertainment we describe a few of their ordinary movements: They fire a volley, and in an instant each man turns a back somersault, reloading his musket as he turns, and comes on his feet ready to fire again; when charging a column of infantry the Zouaves jump up twenty feet in the air and come down on the enemy's heads with terrific force, driving them completely under ground. The killed are thus buried at the same time out of the way, which saves trouble.

When they meet a troop of cavalry, the Zouazes advance briskly to meet them, and when close enough spring up and throw a somersault over their heads, and immediately forming on the other side, wheel round and pour in a fire in the rear of the cavalry. They drill on "all fours," carrying their muskets in their teeth; go through the musket exercise standing on their heads; and load and fire with their big toe. But it is the use of the bayonet, that the Zouaves, is most terrific; lighting upon an enemy with a bound, they drive the bayonet, musket and all, clear through him, and turning a somersault over his head, they draw the weapon out on the other side. When they come to streams, they drop a line across, and pass over, *a la* Blondin. When observations of an enemy's country are needed, a Zouave is put in a sky-rocket and sent up to a sufficient altitude, being supplied with the necessary apparatus, he takes a photograph of the landscape, and by the time he reaches terra firma, he has a complete set of maps prepared.

A GREAT STATESMAN AND CONSERVATOR ON THE WINE QUESTION.—The company being seated at the table, Mr. Clay poured out two glasses of wine, and passing them to Mr. Dodge, remarked in tones sufficiently loud for all to hear:

"Mr. Dodge, let us pledge ourselves in a glass of wine."

Without touching the glass, Mr. Dodge replied—"Excuse me, Mr. Clay, I am a teetotaller, and with your permission I'll pledge you in what is more emblematical of the purity of true friendship, a glass of pure water!"

Mr. Clay slowly replaced the glass of wine upon the table, scanned with his eagle eyes the features of his guest, and discovering no expression but that of perfect respect, reached across the corner of the table, grasped the hand of his

"Mr. Dodge, I honor your principles"—and then laughing, added—"but I can't say that I admire your taste."

Mr. Dodge, with his usual promptness of retort, replied:

"But is it not the doctrine that our orators are daily teaching us, Mr. Clay, to throw aside taste for principles?"

Amid the shouts of laughter that followed, Mr. Clay exclaimed:

"Handsomely turned. Charles, move the wine from the table."

NEW WONDERS.—The spaces of the solar system, or some of them at least, appear to be thickly peopled with small planets, or asteroids, invisible to the naked eye or the ordinary use of the telescope. No less than forty-seven of these young planets are now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, and every few months we hear of a new discovery. The largest of them is said to be only forty miles in diameter and the smallest only four.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Measure your berries and bruise them; then to every gallon add one quart of water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar. Cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use without any further straining or boiling.

☞ If early breakfast were taken, in regions where chill and fever, and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room, for the hour including sunset and sunrise, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten-fold, but a thousand-fold, because the heat of the fire would rarify the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point.

☞ A military captain, desirous to cross a field with his company, came to an opening in the fence only large enough to allow two persons to pass through abreast. Unfortunately he was deficient in military tactics, and could not remember the order which would accomplish the difficult task of filing through, but his ingenuity did not desert him, and ordering a halt, he said, "Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on the other side of the fence."

☞ What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's Shepherd. "Sir, I am a true laborer I earn that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

☞ Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Don't hesitate, but square up to the mark, and do the right thing.

☞ A certain editor of our acquaintance, if we may judge from his habits, has a great spite against our good mother Earth; he is often down upon her.

☞ If you don't wish to fall in love, keep away from the women. It is impossible to deal in honey and not taste it.

☞ The test of good humor is to wake a man up in the middle of the night, and ask him to lend you five shillings.

☞ The man who wouldn't pay the printer is now haunted by the ghost of an editor's baby. So says an exchange.

☞ No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.