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AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.



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## Selected Poetry.

From the New Selection.  
**THE VICTIM.**

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, PORT LAURENCE.

A plague upon the people fall,  
A famine after laid them low,  
Then thence and byre arose in fire,  
For on them broke the sudden foe;  
So thick they died the people cried  
"The Gods are moved against the land."  
The priest in horror about his altar  
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.  
"Help us from famine,  
And plague and strife!  
What would you have of us?  
Human life?  
Were it our nearest,  
Were it our dearest,  
(Answer, O answer)  
We give you his life!"

But still the fœmen spoil'd and burn'd,  
And cattle died, and deer in wood,  
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd  
And whil'd all the rolling flood,  
And dead men lay all over the way,  
And dead men lay all over the way.

And ever and aye the priesthood moan'd  
Till at last it seemed that an answer came;  
"The King is happy  
In child and wife,  
Take you his nearest,  
Take you his dearest,  
Give us a life!"

The King return'd from out the wild,  
He bore but little game in hand;  
The mother said "They have taken the child  
To spill his blood and heal the land;  
The land is sick, the people diseas'd,  
And blight and famine on all the lea;  
The holy Gods, they must be appeas'd,  
So I pray you tell the truth to me.  
They have taken our son,  
They will have his life.  
Is he your nearest?  
Is he your dearest?  
(Answer, O answer)  
Or, I the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow,  
He stay'd his arms upon his knee;  
"O wife, what use to answer now?  
For now the Priest has judged for me."  
The King has shaken with holy fear;  
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen  
well;  
Yet both are near and both are dear,

## An Interesting Story.

### THE VOICE IN THE PARLOR.

Since his father's death Guy Britton, with his old housekeeper, had lived alone at the Elms. A naturally irritable disposition had combined with the circumstances of his early training, to make him avoid society; and although still young, he seemed to villagers already middle aged. A less healthful nature might have preyed upon itself, growing morbid and morose with solitude, but Britton's mind and hand were alike too busy to drop for lack of exercise.

In doors he had his books for company; outside there were his farm laborers to be directed, and a hundred plans of improvement to be arranged and matured. Nature, which he loved, opened for him a page of wonderful illuminations. His lands stretched along a river valley unsurpassed in quiet beauty, full of little places, where, shut in by the thick foliage of the wood from all inharmonious sights and sounds, one might sit, as it were, between two heavens, the one reaching the far blue above, the other mirrored in the smooth stream below.

It was in these years of self-contained and active restfulness—to use a seeming paradox—that Britton gathered strength for a very different after life. But it is not of that after life—striking its roots deeply into the foundations of society, and over-arching so many burdened and sorrowful ones with its beneficent shadow—that my short story has to do.

Adjoining the Elms was the summer residence of the Gibsons, a family of little education or native refinement, who, having been suddenly made rich by speculation, devoted their best efforts to the task of maintaining an appearance becoming their wealth. Season by season Britton dreaded the opening of the house.—The very presence of his neighbors, with their train of company, their showy dress and boisterous mirth, seemed to hurt the simplicity of his own home.

Mrs. Gibson, confiding her servants with contradictory orders, or scolding them for real or fancied remissness, little suspected that the tone in which she exercised her brief authority was a proof of her unfitness for the circle to which she aspired. The familiar friendship of the master of the Elms was a good upon which her heart was set, and she plied poor Guy with her most transparent blandishments—the groaning in spirit, meanwhile, to see how utterly they were wasted.

Going one day to speak to Mr. Gibson on some business, Guy, as he came near the house, heard a voice singing. He could not distinguish the words, but the melody seemed familiar. He thought he must have heard it long ago, and as he listened the perplexed memory shaped itself into a vision of his mother rocking back and forth in summer twilight, and singing him to sleep. His eyes grew moist with the rush of tender recollections, and still the sweet, thrilling voice sang on. Who could it be? Could such a voice belong to any inmate of that house? Impossible! And while he wandered, the song ceased, and a face appeared for a moment at the window. He had just time to take it in a glance—the delicate, high-bred features, formed throughout with a sad thoughtfulness; the large blue eyes, half veiled by their dark lashes; the brown hair pushed back in wavy masses; the clear skin its fairness brightened by the effect of the morning dress below.

The girl who answered Guy's ring showed him into the room, where Mr. and Mrs. Gibson's sat over their lunch. Mrs. Gibson's face glowed with pleasure. "My dear Mr. Britton, we're so glad to see you! Just to think," with a reproachful smile, "that you haven't been in before since we came down! Why, 'twas no more than yesterday that I was telling Mr. Gibson that I didn't believe there was a man living with more of a literary taste than Mr. Britton. It's a lovely trait of character, indeed, I said. But then there's a body's health to be thought of, and the claims of society, you know, Mr. Britton."

Guy found it impossible to resist the pressing invitation to lunch; and being an unwilling victim, with plate and napkin in his knee, he was treated to a running fire of conversation.

"I heard some one singing very finely as I came," said Guy, bringing in his short sentence by a dexterous flank movement.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gibson, delightfully; "that's Miss Deane, the new governess that I've got for the children. They do say that her voice is remarkable, and I'm glad to find you think so, Mr. Britton, so good a judge as you are; as I tell Mr. Gibson, 'what a general taste Mr. Britton has in everything?' My children all have heard Professor Grindelwald compliment Janetta's voice, Mr. Britton!—And when I think how necessary it is that they should have the best teachers that money can procure, I do feel that it's a real Providence to have found Miss Deane."

"Who is she, Mrs. Gibson?"

"Oh, she's brought the very best of references, Mr. Britton. I make it a point never to take any one into my service"—

emphatically—"that don't bring the very best of references. She came to me from the Hartstein's, Mr. Britton—one of the first families in the city. Her father was a minister; she's an orphan. Her only fault is, that she's inclined to be a little above her business, but I shan't be troubled with that. As I tell Mr. Gibson, when I hire anybody and pay them with my money, I just give them to understand that they and their time belong to me."

There was a harshness underlying the smile on Mrs. Gibson's florid face as she spoke, that made Guy shudder at its possible connection with the delicate, refined face at the window.

"Just walk into the music room Mr. Britton; I would admire to have you hear her."

"I hope I shall not intrude upon Miss Deane," answered Guy, rising with some hesitation.

"Intrude?" Mrs. Gibson raised her eyebrows in surprise; "of course she will be pleased to do whatever I wish?"

Laura Deane stood at the piano patiently following the slow movements of little Flora Gibson's wavy fingers over the keys.

"Miss Deane," said Mrs. Gibson imperiously, and without deigning any other introduction, "I want you to play and sing one of your very best pieces for my friend, Mr. Britton."

Miss Deane's cheek flushed faintly as she returned Guy's bow, and sat down at the instrument. She struck a few chords and sang "The Captive Knight." At first, like Tennyson's Lelia, she "struck such warbling fury through the words," that Guy saw the gleam of the spear and the rush and clamor of the host; then came the wild, impassioned longing of the captive, and at the last wail of despair over his dead hope of liberty.

Guy had never before been more profoundly stirred. This girl sang her very soul into her words. Such expression, it could not be mere art, he thought—it must be an outgrowth of her own experience.

"You have given me a wonderful pleasure, Miss Deane," he said, in a low tone, as she finished, and Mrs. Gibson, in the full tide of voluble discourse, led the way from the room.

Sitting alone that evening in his pleasant library, Guy was conscious of a vague sense of loneliness quite at variance with the soft light and warm coloring of the room.

Following with his eyes the direction of the sounds, he saw her sitting on the grass, half-hidden by a trellis which supported some clambering vine. The last note had died away in a tremulous sob, and burying her face in her hands she burst into a spasm of weeping.

Guy stood irresolute, fearing to startle her by a sudden approach, but as a dry twig broke beneath his foot she turned quickly and recognized him. She rose hastily, dashing away her tears, and her face glowing with painful embarrassment. Guy was at her side in an instant.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said hurriedly; "indeed, I did not mean to come upon you so suddenly!"

"The family are absent for the day, Mr. Britton."

"I know it—I don't wish to see them. Miss Deane, they are miserably unkind to you here," said Guy, impulsively.

"No, no, it is not that! They do not mean it," she answered, striving to regain composure; "it is because I am not often so weak as this!"

"Oh, Miss Deane! if you would only take a place in my heart and home. Tell me that you will give me the right to guard and comfort you. Be my wife!"

Her face lit up for a moment with strange radiance, then the light passed and left her calm and pale.

"Mr. Britton," said she, "I need not tell you how totally unprepared I am for this. You do me a great honor—thank you, but this cannot be. You are not the man to be content in a marriage that had its origin in a mere sympathy, however noble; and forgive me that I say it, lonely and poor as I am; I should want more than that in my husband."

Guy would have interrupted her with passionate protestations, but she had stilled him with quiet firmness.

"I am almost a stranger to you," were her parting words, "some time you will thank me for what may seem now like rank ingratitude."

She held out her hand with a sorrowful smile. Guy pressed it to his lips.

"Miss Deane," he said, "I don't wonder that wretched abruptness has ruined my cause. Forgive it—and me. I am going away to-morrow, on urgent business. I shall be at home in a fortnight, then I shall ask you to answer me again."

The end of a fortnight brought Guy Britton back; but Laura Deane had been gone a week.

"I don't know where she went," said Mrs. Gibson, with something like a sneer, in answer to his anxious inquiry. "I didn't trouble myself to ask and no reference did she get from me either. The ungrateful piece! Wasn't her quarter finished did you say? What if it was? She knew I depended on her. After all my kindness too! It's always the way with such people; as I tell Mr. Gibson, I might have expected it!"

One Sabbath evening; two years later, Guy Britton walked up the broad aisle of a fashionable city church, and taking the seat the usher gave him, leaned back against the cushions with half-closed eyes, listening to the soft prelude of the organist.—Suddenly a single voice rose up strong and clear. Her voice! It must be hers! The wide world could not hold such another! Still soared the strain, above the fretted arches and the vaulted roof, aspiring like the lark alone with the moaning, or the eagle bathing his fearless head in the very sunlight of heaven.

Laura Deane, coming down the stairway of the gallery, at the close of service, saw Guy Britton waiting at its foot.—There was no demonstrative greeting to the bystanders they might have parted the day before.

"Do you walk home?" he whispered.

"Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Dinmore," said Miss Deane aloud, "you need not mind to go my way to-night—I have found a friend here."

"My weeks have been years," said Guy. "I have come for my answer."

She flashed one eager, questioning glance upon him, and as the lamp-light shone still upon her face, he saw it transfigured by a look that nothing but death would ever take away—a look of perfect love and trust and rest, the home coming of an exiled soul.

## Selected Miscellany.

### PURCHASING A FARM.

Collector David Henshaw was a kind-hearted man as well as able; but smart as he was, on one occasion, in doing a generous act, he was sadly taken in. An old customer doing business in Eaton, N. H., had failed, owing Mr. H's firm about \$2,000. After settling with his brother creditors he came to see Mr. H.

"Well, sir," said the latter, "what can you do for us?"

"I have saved my farm for you, sir," replied the unfortunate.

"Your farm, hey?" said Mr. H., "and what have you got left?"

"Well, sir, a horse, a pig and a cow, and altogether I think they may bring me in about \$250—five dollars—sufficient, I where I intend to settle; by the way, here's the deed of the farm, sir," said the poor but honest debtor, as he passed the document which certified Mr. H's legal right to two hundred acres of land, "more or less," and long known as the "Cold Stream Farm."

"Oh, that will never do," said Mr. H., and drawing his check for \$500 he handed it to his old customer, remarking at the same time that he "was very sorry for his misfortunes, and appreciating his integrity, it gave him pleasure to be able to afford him a little help in starting a gain."

The poor fellow was greatly surprised, and reluctantly taking the check, "with a tear drop in each eye," heartily thanked his own generous creditor and departed, but to be seen by Mr. H. no more.

About the first of April following, Mr. Henshaw thought he would go up to Eaton and take a look at his real estate here. Arriving about dusk he "put up" at the tavern kept by his old friend March, who on learning his guest's errand, said he would go out with him next morning and show him where the farm lay.

Next day, soon after breakfast, the two sallied out to see it. After proceeding a few rods the old tavern keeper halted, and directing his companion's attention to a bare but very steep and rough looking mountain, that stood a few miles off, remarked that "that was called Bald Mountain."

"That's a rough looking place," said the other.

"Well," continued the tavern keeper, "the location of your property—the 'Cold Stream Farm,' is on the top of that mountain."

"Yes, but how do you get there?"

"Why, you don't suppose anybody would ever up there, do you, Mr. Henshaw?"

"Well, what's the good of it—what is done with it?" ruefully inquired the amazed merchant.

"The town sells it every year for the taxes," replied the tavern keeper.

"They do they?" says Mr. Henshaw; "and pray who in these parts is fool enough to buy that style of property?"

"Why, any of our chaps around here who get into trouble or fail, by it for the purpose of settling with their Boston creditors."

Mr. Henshaw took the first opportunity to return home, and perhaps would not have told the story, had not a friend in asking him as a collector to give him a place in the Custom House, for one reason, among and above others, that he was from New Hampshire—when he gave his little bit of experience with one of the Granite State men.—Commercial Bulletin.

### Our Ideas of a Wife.

A wife, who can be trusted to do so, should always have her own way in matters of the house; nothing is more pitiful than to see a man usurping a woman's proper place, and prying into preserve cupboards, or giving his orders about the drawing room chintzes. A husband should be a mere bill-paying animal as respects all these things, though, of course, with the power of veto as to immoderate expenditure. If a woman does not understand how to rule her servants, order dinner, and make all things snug at home, she is not fit to be a wife at all. Of course, such knowledge is not learned in a day; but it is wonderful how quickly female nature will adapt itself to household affairs, so that a young lady of eighteen, who has hitherto thought of nothing (as it would seem) but how to subdue people at the country balls, will, after marriage, become in six months a sensible housewife, and have everything nice about her, or (in her own forcible language to the peccant domestic) will know the reason why. Above all things, if she wishes to make home attractive to her husband, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook; nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his own house than bad dinners, ill served; if there is anything that will make him swear (and there generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper seemed so angelic when he was a wooing) it is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again, it may not be possible to give him dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery book; and it is quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and assuaged by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature might be allegorically pictured lightly led by a fair lady, with a wedding-ring thro' his palate.

Indeed, there are a thousand ways to load him, if women would show a little of that tact for which they are so falsely credited. Opposition and contradiction, make him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous.—Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife, and you shall wind him round your marriage-finger. We have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they had set their hearts upon, and turning about in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence, a dying father, a loving mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expenses. The now reported will be retained.

**POISON OAK.**—Having suffered severely and often from the effects of the Poison Oak, I can recommend to those similarly troubled, a cure quite as effective and much less disagreeable than iodine or Potassa. The application of each of the parts affected, twice or three times daily, will afford speedy relief, and in a few days a cure, as I proved in my own case several times this season. I am persuaded that in case of erysipelas, coal-oil will prove equally effective.—Correspondent.

**There is a "cherry-bird" in "Barney" in which an eccentric man has been "eighteen feet under ground," who left a sum of money to five poor boys to be nominated by trustees, on condition that upon the anniversary of his death they should lay their hands upon his grave, recite the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Commandments, read a chapter from the New Testament, and afterwards write two verses of the psalms.**

**"My dear,"** the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet.

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But I just reminds me that I wish you should stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit which I am wedded to."

**The Bangor** who mentioned that there is an absent-minded man in that city who met his own son in the street the other day, shook hands with him, inquired after his health, then asked when his father was expected home.

**POPULAR ERRORS.**—That editors keep public reading rooms. That they have plenty of time to talk to everybody. That they are delighted to get anything to slip up the paper with.

**A frontier exchange** makes the following synopsis of the late London news:—"We give them everything they want, and they agree to steal nothing they don't want."

**Mirabeau,** when asked by a friend which was the better, that single instance of married state, replied:—"Which ever you mention you come to, repentance will follow."

**An editor** of our West, who had served four days as a jurymen, says:—"I'm so full of law, that if it is with great difficulty I refrain from cheating somebody."

### A Good Story on Butler.

During the late war there was a man named Willard's Hotel, named Tom. You could bribe Tom to do anything. One day there was a dinner party given by a New York contractor, at which it was understood that Ben Butler would be a guest. Some disloyal man, without the fear of a great Congress before him, got hold of Tom, fed him liberally, and put him up to an outrageous and treasonable tomfoolery.

After the plates were served the host said:—"That will do, Tom, you can go."

But Tom did not go. Observing that his orders were not obeyed, the contractor repeated:—"You can go, Tom, if I want you, I'll ring for you."

Still Tom hung about the door and did not retire. At last, very much worried at this contumacy, New York turned up a Ethiopian and said sternly to the contractor:—"I've told you twice to leave the room and by—, I'll be obeyed, or you get out yourself."

Tom approached the table humbly, and replied in a subdued tone, but loud enough to be heard by all present:—"I'm obliged to stay."

"The H—ll you are! What for?"

"Well, sah, if I must tell, I must, I axes Mars Butler's pardon; but I'm sensible for de spoons. Dem spoons is an an' I was set to watch 'em. I can't do sah. It's as much as my place is worth."

**A Chicago paper says:** We took a new reporter on trial yesterday. He went out to hunt news, and after being away all day, returned with the following, which he said was the best he could do:—"Yesterday we saw a sight that from our muscles with horror. A black man, driving down Clark street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a horse and two children. There would have been one of the most heart-rending accidents ever recorded, had not the driver with wonderful foresight, let the children at home; before she went off, she providentially stepped into a dung store, just before the back passed. Then, too, crossing a street, and turning about in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence, a dying father, a loving mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expenses. The now reported will be retained."