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The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 22. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1868. Terms: $2, in advance.

THE PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
And Charles County Advertiser,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per Annum, Payable in advance. $2.50 if not in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion.—For rule and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines (or that space occupied) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advetisers extends only to their immediate business.

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Sep. 3. 1868—6m

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CORTLAN & CO.
aug 20—6m

An Interesting Story.

MAUDE ASHTON.

BY W. F. GILCHREST.

"I will come again, to-morrow, Mr. Winner; I have no time to spare now."

The lips of the artist, Harry Winner, wreathed into a scornful smile as the proud and haughty woman retired from his studio. Long after the green baize door had hidden the haughty face of Maude Ashton from the artist's view, he stood gazing into the direction she had taken, seeming spell-bound. Suddenly he started, and, with a look of despair, gazed around his studio.

No one, to have beheld him then would have known the smiling artist of an hour previous. The enchantress had vanished, and the stern reality of his position forced itself upon his mind.

Maude Ashton was the daughter of a millionaire, an heiress in her own right, and Harry Winner was a young aspirant for fame, striving, with brush and canvass, to win the goddess, Fortune.

Spite of the vast difference in their position, the heart of the young artist had allowed itself to become entangled in wild hopes, at times glowing and beautiful, anon sorrowful and despondent. No wonder Harry was entranced by the heiress; it was impossible to gaze on the face of Maude Ashton and not bow before its strange, thrilling beauty. Beautiful it was; eyes, whose dazzling brightness caused the heart to leap even at a single glance; complexion, rich in beauty as the first tints of Aurora as she gilds the eastern sky; but upon that face of beauty was seated a look of bitter coldness, freezing at the same period it awoke the heart to a glow.

"Does she love me?" mused he. "Alas! I fear not. At times I fancy the glances of those lustrious eyes bavs a tenderness, as they are bent on me; but when I address her, those proud lips utter words that chill my heart. *Does* she love me? I am but a poor artist, and she ——. I cannot bear to gaze upon the vast gulf between us. And yet love will creep into the heart of the poor artist. But that chilling, freezing voice. No!" he cried, casting aside palate and brush, and starting to his feet, "she reads my very heart, and scorns me, the humble artist. I am a *fool* to allow myself to be carried away by these feelings."

The form of the heiress trembled, and she endeavored to give utterance to words wildly at variance with her feeling.

Maude came again for another sitting, and the artist determined, if possible, to end his suspense, adroitly shaped the conversation until it turned upon affairs of the heart. A blush overspread the cheeks of his visitor, and he fancied he could perceive a glance of tenderness in her beautiful eyes that seemed to encourage him.

"I will know at once!" he mused, and suddenly seizing her hand he exclaimed passionately: "Dearest Maude, I love you fondly, wildly! May I hope to win your hand?"

"Speak—tell me—is my love returned? You tremble. Can it be possible that my dreams are realized?"

The artists' arm encircled the form of the trembling beauty, and the haughty head slowly sank upon his shoulder. It was a moment of bliss to Harry, and he drew her form still nearer, and impressed one kiss of fervent love upon her brow.

That kiss recalled Maude Ashton back to life. She sprang from his arms, and the next moment the wild torrent of her heart was stilled, and once more she became the heiress again.

"Mr. Winner, you are beside yourself to thus address me."

"But my love—"

"No more. Remember our position."

Chilled to the heart by this sudden check, Harry Winner arose; and, standing before the heiress, said:

"True, I had quite forgotten that—You are rich, an heiress, and look with scorn upon the humble, unpretending artist. You scorn a lover so humble.—Came I with gold and jewels, fair lady, you would not scorn my suit."

Maude's eyes flashed as she answered:

"And, sir, as you have not gold and jewels, you must, forsooth, resign your suit."

"Then you admit that you love me?"

"No!" trembled upon the lips of the proud beauty, but the word came not.

"You hesitate. You love me—ay" he exclaimed fiercely,—"you love me!—That one moment of bliss convinces me of that."

The cheeks of Maude Ashton paled, and her hands were clasped.

"For heaven's sake," she stammered, "never divulge that one moment of weakness. Promise me."

"Have no fear, Maude; I will not reveal it."

"Swear it, and I will believe you."

"On one condition. Promise me that you will not marry for two years. If, in that time, I do not return with gold and jewels, you are free."

"Anything, I will promise anything!" gasped Maude.

"Then I solemnly swear never to reveal aught of to-night. Farewell. If I return not in two years you are free."

With a stately tread, Harry Winner crossed the parlor, and left the fickle woman, who could not allow her heart to go where gold was not, to her own thoughts.

A storm of mingled shame and indignation raged in the heart of the heiress, as she sat, after Harry's departure, with hands clasped. For once Maude Ashton had revealed her heart, as she felt humbled at her own silent declaration of her love for one whom she considered so far beneath her. She loved the artist; it was useless to deny it; but, until he could bring wealth and lay at her feet, she could not give heed to his suit.

The next steamer that left the port of New York bore among its many passengers Harry Winner, who left the shores of his native land to earn wealth in lands "far over the blue sea."

* * * * * *

Time passed on and Maude Ashton still reigned the belle of the "town." She was still the same proud, haughty woman as in days gone by. In vain the fortune-hunters and exiled counts assail her heart; she remained as cold and distant as ever.

Men pronounced her heartless, women called her proud, yet all bowed to her superior endowments and brilliant beauty.

Suddenly a change came over her heart, and it was rumored among the fashionables that Maude Ashton was betrothed to the wealthy Englishman, George Reynolds, and soon came the announcement that they were to be married. The wedding passed off auspiciously, Maude and her husband starting to the continent for a honey-moon trip; nothing occurred to mar their happiness until they reached Italy, when, as they were passing a cottage they heard a manly voice singing a sweet song. They involuntarily paused and listened; meanwhile the cheek of Maude blanching ashy white, for it was a song she had often heard Harry Winner hum during the sitting for her portrait.

A flood of recollections thronged her heart, and she gazed around, expecting every moment to see her artist lover coming forth to meet her. Suddenly her eyes rested on a little mound, and on the small head-board she read, "Harry Winner." With a moan of anguish she sank back, and for a brief period was lost to life.

When she returned to consciousness she found herself in the little cottage, her husband bending over her with tender solicitude, while by his side stood a young Italian peasant girl.

"Thank God you have recovered!" was the exclamation of George, as he beheld his wife's eyes slowly unclose.

"Retire," was Maude's reply—"retire at once."

"But dearest, you are not yet fully recovered."

A proud gesture of the hand was her only answer, and George silently retired from the apartment.

"Come hither, girl," said Maude, in quick, eager tones, to the peasant girl.—"Know you aught of yonder grave?"

A shade of sadness passed over the maiden's face, as she answered, in her sweet, musical voice, "I know its history, and it is a sad one, signora."

"Set yourself here, and tell me all."

The maiden obeyed; and, having seated herself by the couch, she commenced:

"It is now some three years since a young and handsome stranger came at evening to this cottage. He said he was an artist, and craved the boon of remaining here for a few weeks. His wish was granted, and day after day he busied himself with his pictures. My father carried them to Florence, and received large sums in gold for them. On his return he gave the gold to the artist, who carefully hoarded it. He was cheerful, but applied himself diligently to his paintings. At length he began to fail under his close attention to his study, and I besought him to lay aside his brush for a while.

"'No, Viola,' said he, with a sad smile; 'there is a lady in a distant land who has promised to become my bride when I am rich, and I must work.'"

"One evening, Harry Winner, the artist—— Shall I summon assistance?"

"No, no!" gasped Maude, "go on! in mercy's name, go on."

"One evening my father brought him papers. He eagerly opened them; and, suddenly, with a low moan, sank insensible. From that time he was a changed being. The gold he had been accumulating he gave to Father Paul, our village padre, for the poor, and henceforth his brush was idle. He gradually sank, and one summer evening, just such a one as this, he told me the lady he loved had proven false. That night he died. We made his grave just yonder in that little grove."

During this recital Maude had never moved save at the mention of her lover's name. At its conclusion she sank back, with a low moan and clasped her hands in speechless agony. The maiden, terrified at her appearance, arose and was about to summon assistance, when with an almost superhuman effort, Maude recovered herself.

"Stay," she murmured. "Did he leave no token?"

"He did. Just an hour previous to his death he gave me a note, saying, 'Viola, should chance ever throw you in the path of Maude Ashton, give her this.'"

"Give it to me!" exclaimed Maude, starting to her feet—"give it to me! I am that Maude!"

The peasant sank back, terrified at the startling change in the lady's appearance, and trembling drew forth the tiny note which she passed to Maude. Maude slowly unfolded the note, and read it:

"Maude, though you are faithless, I forgive you.
HARRY."

Carefully folding it and placing it in her bosom, she turned to the maiden.

"You will tell my husband I wish to be alone to-night. You may retire," she said.

That night while the other inmates of the cottage were sleeping peaceably, a white-robed figure stole to the grave of the dead artist.

The following morning no trace of the beautiful Maude Ashton could be found. Her husband, totally ignorant of the connection of the artist, searched in vain, and finally returned to England, where, after the lapse of a few years, he again married.

Within a few miles of the cottage where dwells Viola and where Harry Winner sleeps the peaceful sleep of death, stands a large convent. In one of its cells there nightly kneels a nun, who, with many a sigh, tells over her beads. No one, not even her most intimate friends, would recognize, in the pale and ghastly features, the face of the once beautiful Maude Ashton. Yet the kneeling nun, Sister Ursula, and the wealthy heiress, are one and the same person. Here, with but the stony walls to heed her sight, the once lovely Maude Ashton nightly prays for pardon.

DISCOVERIES ON THE POTOMAC.—An explorer along the banks of the Potomac had his attention attracted a few days ago to a spot near Marlboro' Point, where the Accoceek empties, and examination proved the spot to have been used as a place for interment. The size of the bones of the bodies and of the skulls, at first led the explorer to conclude that he had fallen upon a graveyard of buried giants, and it was only after the discovery of remains of moccasins, several hammered pieces of copper, and large quantities of beads, believed to have been made from bones, that his opinion was changed to what is doubtless the fact, that it was used hundreds of years ago as the burial place for a tribe of Indians, giant-like in stature. There is a large fissure in the hill, some ten feet up. The waters have gradually washed away the earth until this is visible, and large quantities of beads of bone have been found at the foot of the hill, which is washed by the creek. A further exploration is to be made.—*Fredericksburg Herald.*

Original Poetry.

For the Port Tobacco Times.

DESTINY AND VOLITION.

It is a fearful thought!
Within my hands, so feeble and supine,
So strengthless in their seeming helplessness,
Is lodged the dread prerogative that looks
To my eternal fate. Within my grasp,
That trembles at the thought, I hold the reins
Of endless destiny. In my control,—
Whose law succumbs to e'en the silent blows
Of imperceptive change, nor can withstand
The rude assault of outward foes, that wait
Obsequious on misfortune's angry frown—
The joys that crown the better life above,
Or woes that throng the regions of the lost,
Are placed secure, whose potent choice decides
The portion I shall claim, when time with all
Its scenes shall be no more!.....
The ocean rolls
Its everlasting waves from shore to shore,
Now peaceful as the summer's tranquil face,
And now by tempests lashed in dreadful rage,
And but observes, in storm or calm, the bounds
Prescribed by Him who fixed its primal laws.
The mountains rear their undulating forms,
With brows adorned with vernal garniture,
Or cold beneath a canopy of snow,
And in their grand diversity proclaim
Unchang'd submission to the rules, ordained
To dominate their being and their state.
The golden sun, enthron'd in fadeless light,
Directs his car through Heaven's eternal blue,
And measures days and seasons in her course;
The placid moon her milder radiance sheds,
And reigns in beauty o'er the sleeping earth,
When night usurps the sceptre of the day;
The countless stars project their shining orbs,
In stated paths amid the azure void,
And radiate the ample firmament
With nightly views of a mysterious Power,
That bows the soul before its high sublimity;
Subservient all to those supreme decrees,
By which they are, and move, and operate.
Ay, all the mighty ministers that wait
To do great Nature's teeming offices,
Are servants still of one controlling law—
The high behest of Him who call'd them forth—
Beyond whose limits they can never pass.
Yet I, that but an atom am, when weighed
In that vast scale, which estimates the forms
Of these tremendous monuments of strength,
Yet I, that stands before the massive energies,
That thrill and regulate the universe,
Abash'd and mystified,—yet I, that full
Of weakness am and sloth, in my free will,
May violate the known restraints of law,
And desecrate the Heaven-appointed mode
Of salutary life. I stand supreme
In this tremendous right to fix the shape
Of my own deeds; and honor or contempt,
Unchanging life or death, await the choice
Of my ungovern'd will!
O power sublime!
That crowns me with a dignity which far
Transcends the bounds of all material form,
And links me to the throne of Deity,
I stand in awe before thy majesty,
And tremble at the possibilities
Thy fearful scope involves! My pride abates,
And, humbled in thy sight, I pray for grace
To use the gift, the solemn gift, aright,
That life may be the issue of the trust!
W.

Pomonkey, Sept. 10, 1868.

Selected Miscellany.

DEEP FALL PLOUGHING.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, last winter, the matter of fall ploughing was fully discussed, and the weight of opinion decidedly seemed in favor of deep ploughing of heavy lands. Mr. Hubbard, of Brimfield, found in his experience in the cultivation of certain crops, that the fall is the best time to plough the ground; he thought that all will concede the fact, that the land, if it is heavy, clayey soil, can be worked much earlier in the spring by putting the manure on, and ploughing it in, in the fall. He did not care how soon it is put on after the crop is taken off; his advice was to "spread it on and plough it in; and so far as my experience goes, I have got a better crop in that way than by allowing the land to remain until spring, and then putting the manure on and then ploughing it in."

Mr. Ward, of Monson, thought that much depends upon the ground to be ploughed, whether it is ploughed in the fall. "If you have a tough, hard piece of ground that you desire to break up, it is better to plough in the fall; the frost has considerable effect upon the hard soil, and I do not think there is any very great loss by the wind blowing off the surface soil. I think a light soil may as well be ploughed in the spring as in the fall."

Mr. Thatcher, of Lee, in speaking of deep ploughing in describing a subsoil attachment for a plough, said: "We are now using in southern Berkshire, a plough which turns over the sod from six to seven inches, with a subsoil attachment running from two to four inches, which still does not lift the virgin soil the first year to the surface. This attachment running behind the mould-board to the depth of four inches, usually stirs the whole width of the furrow to that depth after we have turned over the sod. Our idea is, that by loosening the subsoil by this attachment, we enable the rains to soak down through, which they would not do, our subsoil being clay, (which will not take in water unless the earth was loosened), and our corn roots run down there to get their moisture. The effect of the manure is felt there; and the second year, when we come to plough up again after this stirring of the subsoil, we drop our ploughs down and throw up part of it. I think we certainly in our northern country derive a benefit by stirring the soil the first year, and very great benefit without lifting it to the surface, and then lifting it to the surface and mixing it in the succeeding ploughing. I have in my mind now a six acre piece, which would not half feed a cow through a season. We could not get more than four or five inches of soil before we came to a hard clay soil, that retained the water upon it, making the land cold, backward and sour. After ditching that land, and putting in some under-drains, (which, of course, benefitted it, without ploughing), we commenced ploughing this land in this way to get a deeper soil; not using the subsoil attachment that time, because we did not have it, but using a common plough, following the furrow afterwards, and lifting one or two inches at a time. I am speaking within bounds when I say that the second year the crop of corn paid twice over for the labor of ditching and double ploughing. It is as good a piece of land now, I think, as can be found in the town of Lee."

Deep ploughing of heavy lands, then, with clayey subsoils is to be recommended in autumn, and a plough which turns the sod and lifts and breaks the subsoil permitting it to fall back into its place, without bringing it to the surface, is the implement which seems most desirable.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

"The Grecian Bend."

The latest "agony" in the fashionable world is the "pannier"—which seems to have created no little "bustle" among the fashionable young ladies of our usually quiet city. The pannier is a new thing. It is, we believe, a "rump" invention, gotten up expressly and for no other purpose than to assist ladies in getting their "back up." We had curiosity enough to examine one of these "infernal machines." It is made of linen, and stuffed with moss cotton or hair, and padded so as to rest easy, like a saddle-blanket on a sore-backed horse. It is about 16 inches long one way and about 8 or 10 inches the other, and some are thicker than others, with two tapes attached to tie them about the body, as you would a saddle on a horse. One of these panniers attached to a young lady, together with the new style of dress, is what gives them the appearance of having the "Grecian bend." If there is comfort in these new-fangled concerns, we "can't see it;" but we suppose, as they are fashionable, that young ladies will "grin and bear it," and subject themselves to all kinds of ludicrous remarks on account of the "Grecian bend" their bodies will be subjected to.

These "panniers" will make some young ladies look rather "forward," in fact, *lean* that way. They appear as if they had eaten an overdose of green apples and buttermilk, and were suffering from a fearful attack of cholic, with a slight touch of toothache and an inkling of dyspepsia.—The "Grecian bend," we suppose, will be all the "go," for awhile, at least, and we hope will not be carried to such extremes as will make our handsome young ladies look as if they had been to a boarding school for six months, and fed on nothing but dried apples and hot water. Ah! young ladies, what next?

They said you wore your dresses short
To show your pretty feet;
You wore no veils or bonnets large,
To hide your faces sweet;
And now, because Dame Fashion chose
A Pannier to you send,
They say you stoop like your grandmas,
And call it "Grecian bend."

How Voters are Made.

The following is the process of making voters or conferring the franchise on the colored citizens of African decent, in New Orleans.

Register—What is your name?

Colored Citizen—My name is Cæsar, boss.

Register—What is your other name?

Colored Citizen—Well, boss, dey didn't gib me my odder name, but old massa's name was Grandison, and I 'spose I must hab his name now.

Register—Did you ever hold an office under the United States or under the State of Louisiana?

Colored Citizen—Yah, yah; well, yes, boss; I sweeps out an assurance office an a lawyer's office.

Register—Did you ever give aid or comfort to the Confederate States?

Colored Citizen—I didn't gib nuffin, 'case I didn't hab nuffin to gib.

Register—Did you ever serve in the federal or the rebel army?

Colored Citizen—Well, boss, I didn't serve in neifer; but de Yankees want to take me to make brefworks for 'em, so I went to cook for de reba.

Register—Then you gave them aid and comfort, didn't you?

Colored Citizen—Why no boss; dey gib me all de aid and comfort, for if it was not for dem I'd been a dead nigger long ago.

Register—Swear him in.

For the Boys.

"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to do work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: "Can't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is no use, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir," said the boy cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

It was the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in the world standing on the corners, sitting in the shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not come often so. Almost everything worth having, like the ore in the mine, must be sought for.

Who Stoned Stephen.

The Buffalo *Democrat* narrates this good story of one of the "miniature men," vulgarly called children:

A teacher in a Sunday School in B—, examining a class of little boys from a Scripture catechism. The first question was:

"Who stoned Stephen?"

Answer—"The Jews."

Second question—"Where did they stone him?"

Answer—"Beyond the limits of the city."

The third question—"Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city?" was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said:

"Well, I don't know, unless it 'twas to get a *fair fling at him!*"

BIRTH AND BAPTISM OF PRESIDENT MADISON.—We have been shown by a gentleman of the neighborhood, an old manuscript book in the handwriting of James Madison, the elder, father of the President, in which the following entry appears, giving the birth and baptism of his son, the fourth President of the United States:

"My wife delivered of a son on Tuesday night, 12 o'clock, it being the last of the 5th and beginning of the 6th day of March, 1750–1. James Madison, Jr., was baptised by the Rev. Mr. William Davis, March 31, 1751, and had for godfathers Mr. John Moore and Mr. John Oibson, and for god-mothers Mrs. Rebecca Moore, Miss Judith and Eliza Cattlet."
Native Virginian.

RECIPE FOR TOMATO KETCHUP.—Remove the skins by pouring scalding water over the tomatoes in a pan. Simmer the fruit at least one hour (a longer time will not injure); using sufficient water to keep from scorching. When cool wring the mass through a piece of coarse cotton or linen cloth wet in cold water. To each gallon of liquor add two tablespoonsful whole black pepper, one-third teaspoonful of pure cayenne pepper (ground), and one tablespoonful of cloves. Boil the whole until reduced one-third. Add two tablespoonsful fine salt to every gallon while hot, and when cold strain out the spice and bottle. No vinegar is used. Will keep for years; but if scum rises at any time re-boil and add a little more seasoning.

☞ Lady Margaret Herbert asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night cap.

"Well," said the person "what signifies the pattern of a night cap?"

"O, child," said she, "but you know in case of fire."

☞ "My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, what was the sweetest thing you saw in the bonnets in the city?"

"The ladies' faces, my love."

☞ A young lady being reproved for indifference to a suitor who had offended her by his slovenly dress, replied, "Why should I *pine* for him when he will not *spruce* for me."

☞ A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied: "No, but some of my friends have favored me with some original spelling."

☞ Women get married because they don't consider it respectable to be single; and men because they think a wife a good thing to have about the house, like furniture, to be both useful and ornamental.