

The Port Tobacco Times.



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Poetry.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

[Read at the meeting of the Harvard Alumni Association, June 25, 1873.]

The fount the Spaniard sought in vain
Through all the lands of flowers,
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain
Our classic grove embowers;
Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,
Here dwells eternal Spring,
And warm from Hope's Elysian isles
The winds their perfume bring.
Here every leaf is in the bud,
Each singing throat in tune,
And bright o'er evening's silver flood
Shines the young crescent moon,
What wonder Age forgets his staff
And lays his glasses down,
And gray-haired grandfathers look and laugh
As when their locks were brown!
With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim
They greet the joyous day
That calls them to the fountain's brim
To wash their years away.
What change has clothed the ancient sire,
In sudden youth? For lo!
The Judge, the Doctor and the Squire
Are Jack, and Bill, and Joe!
And he his titles what they will,
In spite of manhood's claim
The graybeard is a school-boy still
And loves his school-boy name;
It calms the ruler's stormy breast
Whom hurrying care pursues,
And brings a sense of peace and rest,
Like slippers after shoes.
And what are all the prizes won
To youth's enchanted way?
And what is all the man has done
To what the boy may do?
O blessed food, whose waters flow
Alike for sire and son,
That melts our winter's frost and snow,
And makes all ages one!
I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,
That flings its golden shower
With age to fill and youth to guide,
Still fresh in morning flower!
Flow on with ever widening stream,
In ever-brightening morn—
Our story's pride, our future's dream,
The hope of times unborn!

An Interesting Story.

LOVE AND LOGGING.

Louisa's father had gone off with the ox team up into the woods, sixty miles away, to make the camp before the winter's logging should begin. She felt very lonely as soon as he was out of sight, for more reasons than one. In the first place, there was nobody at home but little Tim, who could dig the paths, to be sure, and look after the cattle; grandmother, who was companionable enough, with her stories of old times, but a care more than a protector; and Susette, who helped about the house, but was only a child. The second reason was that she had quarreled with Ben; and last, but not least, he and her uncle Simon had driven off on the ox team with her father. If there had ever been a time since their quarrel when she had felt disposed to make it up, it was when the ox team had disappeared from sight and it was impossible to do so.

The fact of the case was that Ben had been looking upon Louisa as his own property ever since he could remember. He had beamed her to and from singing school; he had helped her out with her hard problems at district school, and had carried her home on his sled; at quilting, sewing circle, or picnic he had chosen her for his partner in the dance, had paid his forfeits to her, and had revolved about her daily. And she had seemed to relish the whole thing till she went away to the city one winter to work in a milliner's shop, and so came home quite out of conceit with country living and country men, and had rather given Ben the cold shoulder, refusing his gifts and attentions, and showing pretty plainly that she looked higher. But Ben, with the instinct of a free-born American, felt himself as good as anybody, and charged her one day with having come by hifalutin ideas of herself and life in the city, which didn't in the least become her, and averred that she couldn't do better than to marry him.

"Well, Mr. Benjamin Thurman, I hope you're conceited enough," she answered him. "Marry you! I won't say but you're well enough yourself; but to live in this slow, backwoods fashion forever would be the death of me; and not so much as a lecture or concert to while away the time; to be wearing homespun all my days, and worrying about the crops. Oh dear, no, thank you; I've had enough of hard

times. I believe I'll wait a while before I settle down."
"Perhaps there's somebody else?" ventured Ben.

"No, I can't say that there is; though I don't mind telling you that I didn't come home single for want of a chance. He had a house too, in the suburbs, and a housekeeper, and he said I never should bring the water to wash my hands."

"And why didn't you marry him?" asked Ben, frigidly.
"Oh, he didn't exactly suit me; he'd lost his front teeth and his hearing. There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught," she sang, gayly.

"Well," said Ben, rising, and looking blue lightnings, "on the whole, I'm glad that you won't marry me, for you've got no more heart than an adder." And then he could have bitten his tongue out for saying what wasn't true, when his heart was almost breaking for love of her; and if she had showed that she was wounded, by word or look, he was ready to abase himself beneath her feet, and take it all back.

"You're amazing polite, Mr. Thurman, I must say," she returned. "I'm sorry you asked for what you didn't want, because it would have been awkward if I hadn't refused. I don't know that this was the way folks made love—calling names, when I've always treated you well."

"Treated me well with a vengeance!" cried Ben, his face white as a star, and his eyes like thunder-bolts. "Do you call it handsome treatment to let me go on loving you year after year, while it strengthened with my strength, without a hint that you couldn't return measure for measure? And then go back upon a fellow, and throw him over because he doesn't live like a nabob, though he loved the ground you walked on, and thought nothing too hard to do for you! If that's what you call treating me well, good-by—I don't want ever to see you again."

Louisa had been looking at him with sparkling eyes. She rather liked to see him angry; it was vastly becoming. And then he loved her so desperately. She felt a strange, delightful thrill at her heart, as if it responded secretly. She had half a mind to go to him and hold out her arms, and be clasped to his beating heart, and forget ambition and luxury and choose rather a heaven on earth; and while she hesitated he said, "Good-by—I don't want ever to see you again—good-by."

"I return the sentiment," said she, instead. "I believe I can live without you. Good-by." And when he was safely out of sight she took revenge in a good cry.

But now that he was gone she began to find how much she had depended upon him, how much more his mere presence was to her than any dream of worldly prosperity, however golden.—Perhaps but for this breach she might never have known how dear he was to her, nor how little she valued the superfluities of life in comparison. Well, one of the three was to return before the winter's season of logging began in order to lay in provisions for the camp as they had only taken up enough for a week or ten days—and perhaps Ben would be the one to come; in which case he could hardly avoid bringing her some word of her father and uncle. And then who could predict but he might think it worth his while to reiterate his love in his eloquent style? And then Louisa laughed wickedly at the prospect, and decided that if he was enough in love to do thus and thus, it would be safe for her beyond a peradventure to take her own time about making up, to show a supreme indifference to his regard. No more heart than an adder indeed! What was it, then, that ached so day after day, as the dull, cold November wind sighed about the house and touched the neighboring pines into Aeolian harps and swept up the dead leaves only to scatter them again? Why was she always straining her eyes down the frost-whitened country road? And what was it that trembled in her bosom whenever a speck appeared against the frosty sky? But Louisa had reckoned without her host. Ben was not the man who was fond of reiterating a love that had been received so coldly. He didn't mean to leave the woods till March, if he could hold out so long. Moreover, it was Mr. Bruce himself who proposed to go back with the ox

team and bring the supplies and hire the men.

"I don't feel quite right about the head," said he, "and I want Louisa to cosset me. Then I'll go out to Shopton and see Seales and Weight about the supplies, and be back before you and Si have eat up all this 'ere victuals."

"All right, sir," said Ben, smothering a twinge of disappointment which he wouldn't own to himself. "We'll get the hovel ready for the cattle while you're off, and take a tramp through the woods and spot the best timber for felling."

"There'll be enough to do," said Uncle Simon. "You'll be back in five days, say?"

"If I'm lucky. How's the stores, Si?"

"Good for a week, I should say, such as they are. But the sooner you get back the better. It'll be a sight easier for you if you can manage to get up before a heavy snow comes. You see, we haven't had anything but spits yet, though maybe we're going to have an open winter."

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Bruce, as he drove off through the woods with the ox team. "Provisions for a week, eh? That'll tide ye over, I reckon. There's a sight of work to be got through with in a week's time. There's the supplies to be got, and hands to be hired; lemme see—five cutters, two teamsters and a cook; that's about it, and to hev 'em ready to start when I do, and I ain't so young as I was. Heyday, it's rub and grind, a lumberman's life is!"

And there was more work to be gotten through with in a week's time than Mr. Bruce had an inkling of; so much that it ran over into the next week, as work has a trick of doing.

When Louisa saw that it was only her old father trudging along with the returning ox team her mercury went down to zero in half a second. She saw before her a weary three months of loneliness and longing, and she saw, too, that she deserved it.

"It's a deneed cold day for an old man," said Mr. Bruce, shivering before the wood fire, as if there should have been special sets of weather created to suit customers. "What's that you've got cooking on the crane, Lu? Stew? I ain't got no more appetite than a bear in August. Brindle and Trot were slow as cold molasses; they've seen their best days, I reckon, like their master. Wish I'd swapped 'em to Dunn for the yearlings and boot; it would hev bin a good bargain. Si sent his love to you, Lu. I've got a cold. I reckon I'll turn in and sleep it off."

"They oughtn't have let you come," said Lu, indignantly, as she carried him a bottle of hot water for his feet. "Uncle Si or Ben ought to have come instead."

"It wa'n't their fault; I thought I could drive a better bargain with the hands. Ben said he'd come in my place, but his heart wa'n't set on it, which assurance in no wise comforted Louisa.

Mr. Bruce was restless all night, and in the morning was out of his head, and didn't know his right hand from his left, and called Louisa Ben, and asked grandma to put the oxen into the cart, mistaking her for Uncle Simon. And Louisa, half frightened to death, jumped upon old Roan's back and galloped all the way to Shopton for the nearest doctor.

"Ahem! Nothing more nor less than a fever," said he, the instant he laid eyes on Mr. Bruce.

"Is he dangerous?" asked Louisa.

"Dangerous? Oh, I guess he'll pull through. I'll leave this prescription, and be round to-morrow. There's Mr. Maverick of the tavern—Maverick's tavern at our place—had the same symptoms a week ago, and he's about to-day. There's no telling about these things; different constitutions take differently. At least you needn't be alarmed at present. Good-morning, with an emphasis on the good. Louisa thought it was anything but a good morning, after the comfort of his professional presence was withdrawn.—But the next day her father was no better, nor yet the next, though the doctor assured her that he was doing as well as could be expected, whatever that might be.

Louisa was too busy, and weary with watching and nursing, cooking and looking after the house, and seeing to

the dead leaves and hollows under the screen, for it was by no means deep; the weather was too bitter cold for more than a light fall, just enough to drape nature gracefully in its folds, and give a promise of more to come.

Before the sky had cleared the last mouthful of food had vanished, and except for a partridge that Ben had made shift to kill with a club—for there were no fire-arms yet in camp—and a rabbit taken in a rude trap of their own constructing, they had not eaten anything for two days. But they were robust men, who would have a tough fight with starvation before succumbing; and then there was no lack of water.

In the mean while they were almost as much concerned for Mr. Bruce as for themselves. He might have lost his way, they feared, or been overtaken by the storm or the wolves; he might come into camp any moment too far reduced to help himself, and need their weak assistance. Since their stomachs were idle, their brains became correspondingly active with fearful imaginations. Every day they proposed setting out to walk home—but perhaps he would come to-morrow; and then they hated to desert their post; besides, the weather was stinging cold, and, reduced by hunger, they might faint by the way, frost-bitten, or, unarmed, encounter Indian devils and wolves!

Whatever he might be able to endure himself, Ben felt that Uncle Simon's strength was utterly inadequate to the struggle. They were beset with a thousand perils; there was not only a lion in the way, but all manner of perils, real and imaginary. So they waited, perforce, watching the days vanish in a tender dream of color, and the stars make their silent journey across the depths of heaven, and the morning's dawn as the rose blooms, unfolding petal after petal of exquisite bloom. They busied themselves still about the camp and hovel, giving a hasty last touch, such as they would never have thought of giving at another time, gathering fire-wood, and setting the rabbit trap in vain. And one day the axe fell from Ben's resolute hand, and he just dragged himself inside the camp, and stretched himself before the fire. Uncle Simon had already given out.

"Walking home could hardly have been worse," Ben said, simply. Perhaps he was thinking of somebody who might have met him, kindly, at the journey's end, in view of the dangers he had passed.

"Perhaps Bruce'll come yet," returned Uncle Simon.

Through a chink in the camp door Ben watched the sunset fade like a fire among the woods, and one by one the stars shine out, each in its appointed solitude, and the northern lights palpitate rosily along the sky. The howling of wolves echoed dismally, while now and then a branch cracked in the forest and the wind trebled among the pines. Inside the fire made a comfortably glow, under the influence of which he was soon nodding off to sleep, when through the fog of his semiconsciousness he seemed to hear a sort of ringing in his ears, at first a mere thread of sound, then louder and nearer, as if every tree in the forest was a church steeple with all the bells a-swinging. Then he heard no more till a smothered groan from Uncle Simon caused him to raise himself upon his elbow. The fire was still snapping and blazing brightly, and the form and profile of a woman was shadowed forth upon the wall of the camp—a very familiar face and figure it was, too, that appeared to be bending over something that was cooking on the fire.—Was it the excited action of his brain that photographed Louisa Bruce on the wall? If so, he prayed that it might last forever. Then he turned his head languidly toward the fire, and met a pair of eyes that had shone for him all his life with the fascination of a will-o'-the-wisp. Were they still to haunt him across the confines of this world?

"If you are awake, Ben, you had better taste this gruel that I have made for you," said Louisa, quietly. "You must be nearly fished."

"How came you here?" was all the answer Ben vouchsafed.

"You are mighty polite if you are 'most starved. Who else could come, and father not able to lift his head?—I brought Tim; he is putting up the

horses. It's no such pleasant journey either, I can tell you, between the wolves and the frost, not to mention a cold welcome. Come, ain't you going to take something? Here's broth and brandy and gruel—take your choice."

"Nay you sha'n't take your choice," said Ben. "Listen. Unless you take back the words you spoke when we met last, unless you give me back love for love, I swear I will not taste a morsel of anything you have to offer. I'll stay here and starve rather than take a crumb of comfort from your hand."

"What did I say?" asked Louisa, inebly.

"You said that you could live without me."

"Oh yes, I suppose I could, but I shouldn't want to."

"But you refused to marry me."

"Certainly, because you didn't want to marry a girl with no more heart than an adder, Ben."

"I want to marry you, heart or no heart."

"Very well; have some broth first, won't you?"

And then Tim came in, and Uncle Simon awoke, and there was an end to starvation in camp.—*Harper's Weekly.*

It's a well-spring of pleasure," says one of our poets, but a lady at our elbow, who has had ample opportunity of testing the correctness of the observation, suggests that if the writer had applied the remark to a Sewing Machine instead of a baby, he would have been nearer the truth. And we doubt not that she is right; for who that knows anything of the labor-saving character of Sewing Machines can doubt that the presence of one of them in a house is indeed a source of deep and never-ending pleasure? Take, for instance the New Elias Howe machine, now admitted to be, by far, the best and most reliable for family use. This machine makes, fells, quilts, tucks, plaits, braids, gathers and sews on, etc., and performs its work with such unerring regularity and extraordinary speed that we are almost constrained to look with admiration upon the man through whose genius it was given to the world. There is no machine which suits the family so well, and for manufacturing purposes it is equally reliable and effective, always performing its work correctly, and always giving satisfaction.—*Commercial.*

W. C. BRENT, Port Tobacco, offers the most liberal terms to all who desire to purchase by monthly payments of five and ten dollars, and no pains or expense are spared to give full instructions and thorough satisfaction to every customer.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of the most incoercible of the burlesque writers. When a favorite domestic drama was recently brought out at Liverpool, a terrible wail occurred on the night of its production, after the second act. The orchestra had exhausted its repertory, and still the curtain remained down. Presently a harsh, grating sound was painfully audible from behind—the sound of a saw struggling through wood. "What is that noise?" impatiently asked a gentleman of the author. "Well, I can't say," answered Mr. Byron, mournfully, "but I suppose they're cutting out the third act."

The umbrella which Washington used to carry is to be seen in Boston. The Pittsburg, Pa., *Evening Leader*, has a special of "Penn. Points."

A woman's love for a military officer is generally uniform. The Persian monarch's smile must be a sad one, as it is simply a Shah grin.

If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become? Sin.

Ladies travelling across the plains carry their hair in their pockets to avoid being scalped.

What nation is most likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise? Determination.

It is said that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They are grave Diggers.

We are told that nothing is made in vain—But how about a pretty girl?—Isn't she a maiden vain.

Mrs. Partington thinks that the grocers ought to hire a music teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

At a coroner's inquest a witness was asked, "What was the last thing seen by the deceased?" "Kerosene," was the reply.

"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a hen-pecked husband; "I tell you they're no circumstance to the jaws of life."

Hafiz, that charming Persian poet, says in his last novel—published a thousand years ago—"Every man has in his heart a chapel of eggs, of which each contains a love; in order to hatch one of these eggs is required only the glance of a woman."

Selected Miscellany.

A MAD INTERVIEWER.

Pouring Water Down the Spine of a Drunken Man's Back. Experience of One who Tried It.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well; I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers.—The fellow who writes mostly with shears you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public in moments of emotional insanity, plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth—

"Just so, I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, that man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and spit on his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he was weighing it.—After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone—

"Mister, I came here to see that 'er man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so, I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up North, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wa'n't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm at home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right if you keep out of his way, but when he's drunk he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant."

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith, but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after awhile he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wa'n't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing to do all around; so I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused,