

# The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Volume 30.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 12, 1873.

Number 20.

## An Interesting Story.

### THE FIRST PATIENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Among the North German students who received their diplomas at the Medical College in Wurzburg, early in 1860, was a young Russian, whom we will call Heinrich. Report said that though he belonged to no corps, yet there was no better dancer, fencer or rider; indeed the latter accomplishment was a passion with him, yet he did not allow it to divert him from his studies, and he was said to be a favorite with the professors.

During the last part of his stay in the old "city of Bishops," he seemed greatly changed. In his quiet there was a certain dejection, and instead of joining his friends as formerly, he wandered long hours by himself, accompanied by a snow-white greyhound. This extraordinary and symmetrically formed animal Heinrich had found severely wounded, without a master, and had cured him. As this was scarcely six months before the students commenced practice, he, jestingly, called it his first patient, and among his acquaintances the dog soon became known by this name and would answer to it.

The day came, at last, for Heinrich to leave Wurzburg. He had already bidden adieu to his acquaintances, and was to leave by the early morning train. Late the previous evening he left his residence, accompanied, as usual, by "Patient," and with hasty steps proceeded to an adjacent part of the city, carefully opened a garden door, let Patient enter, bade him remain, then cautiously closing the door, hurried away. He hastily snatched a flower, in the darkness, which by the light of the next lamp, he discovered to be an immortelle.

He remained in the street a moment gazing at the house to which the garden belonged. Several windows were lighted, and open, from whence came the sound of a piano and a rich soprano voice.

"It must be!" at last, he exclaimed, half aloud, to himself, when he felt some one softly touch him on the shoulder, he turned, and to his surprise it was his best friend Ernst.

"Have you one moment to spare for me," asked Ernst, his voice slightly trembling.

"Two, three; for I have nothing to do but return home and try to sleep till 4 o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Well, let us go then. I have received to-day very important news.—An old uncle whom I never saw, has bequeathed to me his handsome estate, Rosenthal, in Niederschlesien."

"I wish you joy, from my heart, Ernst," said Heinrich, warmly pressing the hand of his friend.

Ernst continued:

"You travel; it was my purpose to have followed you, three days later, but this surprising affair of the property has awakened other thoughts. You know, Heinrich, I never pried into your secrets, but pardon me, I, also, love her. I am now in a condition to have a home of my own, and to take her to an elegant residence; yet, I respect your right—if—"

"I have no right!" murmured Heinrich. "She does not suspect, perhaps, that I, in short, conceive it to be worse than folly for me to involve the hopes and expectations of a noble, kind-hearted maiden in a suspense of years. I have no relative to leave me a fortune, and I may, perhaps, live at home for years a professional physician without practice. I have decided; try your luck. If you win Marie's heart, may God bless you and her."

With these words he hastily left his friend, who would have followed him, but he motioned him back and vanished in the darkness.

The next day Ernst, to indulge his thoughts, sauntered alone upon the shore of the Main. Walking along before him were two ladies, accompanied by a young lad of perhaps fifteen years; the tallest and slenderest of the ladies led by a ribbon a white greyhound. Ernst's eyes could not deceive him; the ladies were Frau Dumot and her daughter Marie, the object of the secret admiration of himself and his friend Heinrich. The dog was no other than Patient.

Involuntarily Ernst called "Patient!" The dog turned his head. Madam Dumot approached Ernst, and said with pleasing dignity: "If this dog belongs to you, I beg of you to take him; my daughter found him this morning in the garden, and we received him from pity. We will willingly return him."

During this speech the fair young maiden blushed. Ernst replied, "the dog is not mine; it did belong to my best friend, but he departed this morning for North Germany, to be gone a long time."

"O mamma," quickly cried the young lady, "let us keep the dog, he is so gentle, and papa is fond of pets."

"But, my dear Marie, surely this gentleman has the first claim upon him."

"O pardon, pardon lady, I, too, travel soon, and with pleasure leave the dog in such good hands." He politely lifted his hat and passed on.

"Love me, love my dog," said Ernst to himself. "I know enough. Perhaps her parents would advise her to give her hand to me, the wealthy man, and Heinrich has not confessed his love, but then, I would be loved with the whole soul, and the first place in her heart evidently belongs to Heinrich."

In the summer of 1866 a quiet family sat in the rose-arbor of their garden, which stretched away to the shore of the plain. A neighbor, (one of the first clergymen of the city,) of the proprietor of the garden, had just dropped in to discuss the city news, when the son of the family, a youth, full of life, rushed into the garden, exclaiming, "Fresh news from the seat of war; a quarter-master has arrived, and in a few hours we may expect several thousands of Prussians." "Is it certain, Moritz?" exclaimed Frau Dumot, (for this was the Dumot family, who at present found themselves in this pleasant little city on the Main, where an estate had fallen to them from a rich relative) "is there the rage of this unfortunate war to be forced upon this little place?"

"I hope that I (as a clergyman) shall be exempt from quartering any of the soldiers."

"Hardly, my good sir," replied Herr Dumot; "for where can the officers find accommodations, unless each family receive a portion of these guests.—Already I have promised to receive a good number of the blue-coats, and have no doubt but they will be very orderly. Have no anxiety," he continued, turning to his wife and daughter. "You, Marie, were pleased to dance with Prussians when you were at the seminary in Wurzburg."

The parson took his hat and cane, and Herr Dumot went toward the house with his wife and daughter.—Marie, however, remained alone in the garden, her eyes filled with tears as she thought of that time and her short girlhood's dream, out of which she had long since awakened, and with a sorrowful look glanced out upon the realities of life.

The amiable Marie Dumot had many suitors; but she encouraged none; but there was one, ah! one, who of her had long since ceased to think.

In an hour the infantry entered; some were directed to the house of Herr Dumot; he received them cordially; said to the tall man who was foremost, "I am glad to meet a surgeon among you; you come to heal, not to slay."—The doctor bowed, entered into a conversation with the host, which soon took a friendly turn.

Presently the door opened and Frau Dumot entered, Patient behind her, who suddenly bounded toward the doctor, then leaped upon him, barking joyously. The former student was thus stormily greeted by his first patient! Moritz came into the room and soon after Marie, looking more matured, paler and more serious, but still as lovely as the eyes of Heinrich as when he floated through the dance with her, or in the dark under the chestnut trees before the house, listening to her song.

Now, Heinrich was in circumstances to marry; now, told the beloved maiden all that was in his heart, and learned from her lips how long and faithfully he had been beloved.

As the light of the moon illumined the garden, the lovers, after Heinrich had obtained the blessing of the parents, wandered, a betrothed pair, up and down the vine-clad arbor.

The sun had not yet appeared in all his majesty behind the mountains ere the trumpet signal called the officers to their regiment. The Dumot family hastily assembled in their sitting-room, while the cook prepared a warm breakfast for the soldiers. Heinrich stood at the window, hand in hand with his betrothed, endeavoring to cheer her. Finally, the parting could no longer be delayed; with one kiss for his beloved, and pressing the hands of the parents and brother, he was gone.

The little city, in which for a short time one could scarcely move, being so thronged with soldiers, was now quiet as the grave. Those who had accompanied the marching troops had returned to their labor, to forget the bloody work that death was soon to begin.

Bye-and-bye the church began to fill, and Marie, though a Lutheran, knelt in the convent chapel to implore God to keep her beloved.

An hour after the line of Prussians had departed, the thunder of the cannon could be heard in the distance.—Through messengers and country people, whose business led them that way, it was reported that the Prussians near Hundheim had met a band of troops, and there had been a bloody encounter.

Marie's nature was not communicative. For long years she had loved Heinrich in the secret depths of her heart, without her mother having the least suspicion of the fact. So, to-day, the dear girl, in her joy and sorrow, was equally undemonstrative. But, as later in the afternoon the thunder of the cannon ceased, her usual self-possession forsook her, and she went to seek her brother. She found him in his room preparing to go out.

"Moritz, dear Moritz," she began with a trembling voice; "if you knew."

"As if I could not read your soul. I know you, my good, faithful sister, as well as my own self. You are anxious about Heinrich. I am anxious my way to procure intelligence of him."

"Moritz, I am sick with anxiety. I beg of you to let me go with you."

The brother shook his head and said gently: "I cannot consent to that.—You have ever been our self-reliant Marie; deserve this praise to-day, in this trying hour. Remember, that a surgeon is not surrounded by as much danger as the combatants; that the bitter enemy will not injure the one who can help him. Your going would only hinder me, dear Marie. A forsaken battlefield is no sight for a woman. You know I am a good walker, and I will return to you to-night with intelligence of Heinrich."

"At least take bandages, and strong essences, and Patient."

"I will, I have all prepared, and here comes Patient. Adieu."

"God go with you, Moritz."

The sister pressed his hands, and the young man hastened away.

There is no more shocking sight than a battlefield immediately after the conflict. Although it was late when Moritz reached Hundheim, the light of the moon was sufficient to show him the field torn by the horses' hoofs, broken arms, fallen horses, lost caps and knapsacks, and unburied dead. The wounded had been taken to the hospital, and the Prussians had already buried their dead. A pioneer had dug a large trench, and men from the vicinity, apparently day laborers, were engaged in placing the dead there-in. They emptied the pockets of the fallen. The living took what they could find, for which the dead had no further use.

Moritz enquired of these men about this and that one, but they answered curtly, they knew nothing but there had been a bloody contest, and the troops had gone on; that there had been a hospital hastily constructed, that some of the wounded had been carried on to the next city.

Moritz heard the pioneer say, "Let us look behind every bush, Buckman, that none of our people be left. The Prussians have removed all their wounded."

Involuntarily Moritz followed these men. Now his eye would fall on the dead, on whose young faces the moonlight streamed. Moritz folded his hands and breathed a prayer. Behind him moved the dark figures of the pioneers; he thought of the Lemures.

"Here is a dead Prussian!" cried one of the pioneers.

"It's a surgeon!" cried another.

At this moment Patient, who was close by Moritz, leaped out with a loud howl; Moritz whistled to the dog, but he would not obey, and would not stir from the spot.

The young man turned around, and stood transfixed, with quivering lips and wild eyes, he gazed upon the dead, whom the pioneers were about to lay in the trench. The moonlight spoke with fearful distinctness: "This dead surgeon is Heinrich, the beloved of your sister!" Patient continued to howl and snuff around the body. Moritz now began to collect his thoughts, and with deep emotion said to the men: "Permit me to take charge of this dead; he is my friend."

The pioneers stretched the dead Heinrich upon his side, on the grass. One made the remark: "This man has no visible wound; perhaps he is only stunned by a ball."

Moritz knelt down by Heinrich and looked in his pale face, which looked so calm. He prayed—as though he would assail Heaven to throw a miracle. He bathed the lifeless temples with cologne water, and held some volatile essence to his mouth. Was it an illusion? Did he see aught? The dog sprang to the side of his former master and looked in his face, then laid his head on his cheek, and began to jump about and bark with joy. Heinrich opened his eyes, and in a weak voice said, "Where am I?"

"Rest, now, dearest friend," cried Moritz, joyfully, "is it possible for you to go with me?"

"Yes."

"Come then, lean on me; soon you will learn all."

"Tell me, first, dear Moritz, if any wounded are yet here, or if there is a hospital near?" asked Heinrich.

"The wounded are well cared for, they have been taken to our city. There is a hospital at Hundheim, where is in agony about you."

"Then, let us go, Moritz," decided Heinrich. "I believe it will be no neglect of duty if I accompany you."

Patient, after a little pause, again broke into ecstasies, leaping and barking, then trotted on in silence before his old and new masters, his white coat gleaming through the night.

Heinrich then related, that after he had dressed several of the wounded, and the federal troops had retreated, he heard a deep groan in the bushes at his left. "The part of the wounded assigned to me were only slightly injured, and as soon as dressed would follow on to the hospital. So I hastened to the bushes and found on the ground a countryman, whose face was covered with blood and dirt, and in whom, as I wiped away the blood, found one of the dearest friends of my youth. He felt that his last hour had come. Yet he was fully conscious, and knew me. It was a comfort to him that I, his best friend could perform for him this last service of love. With a weak voice he gave me a message for his parents and bride, and with one sigh was dead."

After a pause Heinrich continued: "Already wearied with the great exertion after the day of battle, the death of my friend so shocked me that I fell in a dead faint, and might easily have been taken for dead. But for you, dear Moritz, I would perhaps have been thrown into the trench and covered with earth, and have been suffocated, and he heartily pressed the hand of the brother of his Marie."

Moritz replied, "I came at the right moment, but neither I nor Marie saved you, for I was on the point of leaving the battlefield, as Patient's determined barking around you induced me to return. Before us here goes your only preserver, Patient!"

"It is true," said Heinrich, "Marie's faith, which out of love for me received the dog which secretly left in the garden of your parents, will, through him, receive its reward. I am weary and hungry; I see yet a piece of the bread Marie gave me. Hallo! Patient, come, you shall have the first mouthful. Com my old true, first patient!"

An old man, speaking of marriage, says it is like an old disease—while there is life there is hope.

## Poetry.

### EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears  
In weeds that mar the land,  
Or fruitful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,  
Into still air they seem to float;  
We count them ever past;  
But they shall last,  
In the dread judgment they  
And we shall meet.

I charge thee, by the years gone by,  
For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
Keep thou the one true way,  
In work and play,  
Lest in the world their cry  
Of woe thou hear. —Kelle.

### QUESTION.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.  
Dear and blessed dead ones, can you look and listen  
To the sighing and the moaning down here below?  
Does it make a discord in the hymns of Heaven  
The discord that jangles in the life you used to know?

When we pray our prayers to the great God above you,  
Does the echo of our praying ever glance aside your way?  
Do you know the things we ask for, and wish that you could give it?  
You whose hearts ached with wishing in your own little day?

Are your ears deaf with praises, you blessed dead of Heaven,  
And your eyes blind with glory, that you cannot see our pain?  
If you saw, if you heard, you would weep among the angels,  
And the praises and the glory would be for you in vain.

Yet he listens to our praying, the great God of pity,  
As he fills with pain the measure of our life's little day;  
Could he bear to sit and shine there on his white throne in Heaven,  
But that he sees the end while we only see the way? —The Atlantic.

### Absent Minded People.

Sir Isaac Newton wanted his servant to carry out a stove that was getting too hot.

A fellow stole Sir Isaac's dinner before his eyes, and he afterwards thought he had eaten it because he saw the dishes empty.

A Scotch professor walked into the office of a white porter.

Ben. Franklin punched down the fire with the finger of a young lady sitting at his side, and severely burned the lily white poker.

A gentleman in Troy received a letter in the dark, and used it to light a lamp, and looked about for it to read.

Pere Gruffy, one day in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back after it.

Neander, the church historian, used to go to his lectures in his night cap and night gown, and sometimes walked in the gutter.

But all these cases do not equal that of a man who takes a paper year after year and always forgets to pay for it.

### A Layman's Grace.

A young married friend tells a good joke on himself perpetrated by a little three year old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the hearts and affections of himself and wife. A few evenings since a minister visited the family and remained until after tea.—At the table the reverend visitor asked a blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to their fullest capacity in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they left it she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said: "What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?" "My little darling, I thanked God for His goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong." "Papa don't say that." "What does your papa say?" "Papa says 'Coddlemighty what a supper!'"

A BUSINESS CHAP.—There is an air of business in the following which one cannot fail to admire. It is from a Detroit merchant whose wife died the other day: "Dear Sir: I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, but my dear wife, insured for five thousand dollars in your company is no more. She died to-day. Her policy is No.—I can truly say that she was a fond wife and a good mother. I have the doctor's certificate, so that there will be no trouble about the policy.—She was sick only a short time but suffered much. Do you give a check in advance, or must I wait sixty days for the money?"

A Rochester woman, married to her second husband, recently said to him: "Oh, how happy poor Charles would be, if he were still alive to see himself replaced by a man as agreeable as you are."

Few, if any, repent of their sins twelve months after they have committed them.

## BALTIMORE & POTOMAC RAILROAD.

Annual Meeting of the Stockholders—Report of the President and Directors.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company was held at the office of the Company, at Calvert Station, at noon on the 3d inst., pursuant to notice.

On motion, Dr. E. J. Henkle was called to the chair, and S. Little appointed Secretary.

The President submitted the report of the President and Directors for the last year, which, on being read, was, on motion, accepted and ordered to be published as part of the proceedings of this meeting.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected Board the Hon. Oden Bowie was re-elected President; J. N. Du Barry, Vice President and General Manager; S. Little, Secretary and Auditor; and J. S. Leib, Treasurer.

Directors—B. F. Newcomer, George Small, George R. Roberts, J. N. Du Barry, Col. Samuel Cox, Dr. Eli J. Henkle and Wm. T. Walters.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.  
Office of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company, Baltimore.

To the Stockholders.—In compliance with their charter, the President and Directors submit their annual report. At the last annual meeting the road from Baltimore to Washington, having been completed and opened on the second day of July, 1872, had been in successful operation two months. On the first day of January of the present year the main stem from Bowie to Pope's Creek on the Potomac river, was opened to travel, and two trains are run daily over it each way, one being a passenger train, and the other a mixed passenger and freight, thus affording ample facilities to a productive country heretofore dependant upon water transportation, after long hauls and over bad roads.

On the 29th day of June, 1872, our passenger trains, which had previously been compelled to stop beyond the city limits, commenced to run regularly through the tunnel to the depot in Calvert street. The tunnel, which far exceeds in its extent and cost any yet completed in this country, has been found to be perfect in its construction, and to give admirable satisfaction to passengers, who find not the slightest inconvenience from smoke, but experience sensations of surprise and pleasure in passing through its subterranean depths under the centre of a great city. The double track through it has been laid and ballasted.

The depot and station houses at Pennsylvania avenue and Charles street have been sufficiently completed for use by passengers; and arrangements having been made with the Northern Central Railway Company for the use of its Calvert Station as the starting point for our trains, the Baltimore travel over the road has the unrivalled advantage of being able to take our cars at either of these three stations, or at Lafayette Station, or at the stock yard, as may be most convenient.

Satisfactory progress is still being made upon the grand depot building in Washington. When completed, its arrangements and conveniences will be perfect, and it is intended that it shall be an ornament to the National Capital, which, if ever the projected Park there is completed, and the near proposed ground of which it is located, will be one of its most strikingly ornamental features.

There are a few points on the main stem from Bowie to Pope's Creek where sidings are intended to be placed and proper freight and station houses erected, which have not yet been done, but which will be very shortly, as the materials, having been in temporary use elsewhere, are now available for these permanent locations.

Thus we have the road completed, and its buildings nearly all erected.—The last report detailed the character of the bridging, iron and other material used in construction, all of which have been the very best.

The unprecedented freshets of last month, never known by the residents of the sections in which they prevailed to have been equalled in force or volume, did considerable temporary damage to the road and caused an entire cessation of travel for several days. The earnest zeal and energy of the proper officers soon, however, restored the road and resumed the regular travel, including the through to New York, which had just been opened by our tunnel and Union Railroad; and by our late experience we hope to convert the annoyance and temporary loss into great permanent good.

Having seen where the road might be improved and perfected, our efforts are already directed to that end; the banks in many places will be widened, numerous culverts enlarged and in several cases bridges substituted for culverts; and thus the danger from freshets averted. The completion of the tunnel now brings all our mileage into operation, and we believe that the next twelve months will demonstrate the value of the road in its handsome earnings. Its operation prior to its final completion was intended only to settle and strengthen its bed, and on the main stem from Bowie to Pope's Creek mainly as a public convenience to gratify the universal desire of the section of the State through which it passed, and with no expectation of profitable results.

Of course, so long as our passengers and freight had to be landed beyond the city limits, several miles from the commercial and resident sections of the city, and to be carried over unimproved roads and sideways before reaching the streets of Baltimore, we could not hope to draw largely from old-established and well-managed lines of travel. But an examination of the Treasurer's report, herewith submitted, shows a much more favorable exhibit than could have been expected, and that, under all its disadvantages, the Road has been operated at a small profit.

Now that we are finally ready for travel and freight, with our main depots in the centres of Baltimore and Washington, and the choice stations in different localities in both cities, that the tunnel gives us greatly the best advantages for through connections North, South, East and West; that arrangements for these have been made, and others for both local freight and travel are being perfected; that our equipment of engines, of passenger, palace and freight cars of all kinds is ample, new, and of the most approved character, we feel assured that the faith of the friends of the road is about to be realized, and their confidence rewarded.

For the successful results of the past year, much is due to the different officers of this road, who have never seemed to weary in the proper efforts to bring our new candidate for popular favor and patronage fitly before the public.

The Board of Directors have recently had the misfortune to lose two of their most useful and valued members. One of them, Hon. James C. Clarke, has been chosen Vice-President of the Great Erie Railroad at a salary commensurate with his eminent abilities, and it is with much regret that we shall lose his services to our Board and to the State of Maryland.

The other, Colonel Wm. D. Bowie, who had been a director from the earliest organization of the company in 1858, and who in that long time scarcely ever failed to attend a meeting of the Board; whose deliberations his sound, mature, and always unprejudiced judgment greatly influenced, has been called hence after a long, pure and well spent life.

These vacancies having so recently occurred, the Board did not think it proper to fill them, in view of the present approaching meeting of the stockholders. [Signed]

ODEN BOWIE, President.

HORACE GREELY.

The celebrated book "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING" would alone be enough to render famous the name of Horace Greeley. From the virtues of deep ploughing and draining to the scientific propagation of beets, berries and beans, he has given us of his wide experience, but he ought to have written one chapter more on the farmer's necessity of economy in family expenses and urged them to add to the health and happiness of their wives by procuring a Howe Sewing Machine. Ten dollars and easy monthly payments will purchase one of W. C. BRENT, Port Tobacco.

We heard a lawyer and a doctor disputing the other day about a bill a fellow owed each of them. He was only able to pay one, and left it with them to settle which should have it.

"Why, I ought to have the money, of course," said the lawyer. "I saved the fellow from going to the penitentiary."

"Well," said the doctor, "I saved him from going to h—"

It is needless to add who got the money.

A Farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of her, and while the operator was getting ready the husband gave his wife a little advice as to how she must act. "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the whole job. Think about early days, how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scold, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

An Irishman went for the first time to a play. Just as the drop curtain descended, after the act, an engine in the basement exploded, and the Celt was blown through the roof, alighting in the next square. His first remark, after coming to his senses, was, "and what the devil do you play next?"

The editor of a religious paper, which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago, says that it is a good city for a religious paper, provided Satan has three pages of it mixed.