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A Popular Story.

SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Take that home with you, dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" And Mr. Lewis turned towards his wife, curiously.

Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home?" repeated her husband, "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edwards, when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head, and walked on in silence. They had called in at the store of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise; and, though spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis, like a great many other men who have their own cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing home a sober, and too often, a clouded face. It was in vain that his wife and children looked into that face for sunshine, or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you, dear," Mrs. Lewis was already repeating this suggestion, made on the moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his wife. And so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you, dear!—Ah me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and gracious knows they were dark enough before! Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his cares and business behind him, and let us see the pleasant, smiling face again. I thought this morning that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see that he can smile if he tries. Ah! Why don't he try at home?"

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself, as she walked along by the side of her husband, who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query, "Take what home?" Block after block was passed, and street after street was crossed, and still there was silence between them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts. "Of course he is offended. He won't bear a word from me. I might have known beforehand, that talking out in this way would only make things worse. Oh, dear! I'm getting out of all heart?"

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking unexpectedly, upon her ear in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning towards her, and looking down into her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all a-trembling with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Only try it, dear, for this one evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, Caddy, when thought is oppressed with care."

"It did not seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis, glancing up at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped down upon the face of Mr. Lewis, which was again partly turned away, and again they walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis said to herself, the shadow on her husband's face darkening over her own. "I have to be as careful of myself as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile as he passed a few words, lightly, with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only set him to thinking. After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis said—

"You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required," said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed. "But this must be taken into account; my mind was in a certain state of excitement, or activity, that repressed sober feelings, and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and are gay in company, at cost of little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it often is when we are alone, I need not say.—You, Caddy, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband."

Mr. Lewis spoke with a tender reproof in his voice.

"But the sober face is caught from yours oftener than you imagine, my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sunlight and the shadow of your home.—Smile upon us; give us cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interests, and there will be no brighter home in all the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart; and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in unison not to be disturbed when yours has lost its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence, his face partly averted; and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely. But he soon dispelled this impression, for he said:

"I am glad, Caddy, that you have spoken thus plainly. I only wish that you had done so before. My smiles have been for the outside world—the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever-living activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then went in. Instantly, on passing his threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheerful interested exterior, put on for those he met in business intercourse, began rapidly to change, and a sober hue to succeed.—Like most business men, his desire for profitable results was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; and his daily history was a history of disappointments, in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipations. He was not as willing to work and wait as he should be; and, like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his life-path, because they were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was that, when the day's business excitement was over, his mind fell into a brooding state, and lingered over its disappointments, or looking forward with falling hope to the future—for hope in many things, has been long deferred. And so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they moved along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband was in danger of relapsing into his usual state.

The warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words!" said he. "I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, of their day's employments. The feelings of children move in quick transactions. They had not expected a greeting like this; but the response was instant. Little Jenny climbed into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his questions, while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against her father's shoulder, and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smothered back the dark hair, just showing a little frost from his broad, manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth from her chamber to the sitting-room, where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl and change her dress. Well did her husband understand the meaning her look gave him; and warmly did her heart respond to the smile he threw back upon her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around her, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his and whispered: "If you're smiling and happy, dear father! home will be like heaven."

Mr. Lewis kissed her; but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in her words. But the rebuke did not throw a thrill over his feelings; it only gave a new strength to his purpose.

"Don't distribute all your smiles.—Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evening saw them; through not for the outside world. Other, and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles, and the same happy cheerfulness.

And was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man? Of course he was. And so would all men be if they would take home with them the smiling aspect they so often exhibit, as they meet their fellow men in business intercourse, or exchange words in passing compliments. Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husbands, fathers, and brothers. Your hearts are cold and hard without them.

cry upon the rocks and mountains to hide and cover them from its overflowing wrath.—*Balt. Epis. Methodist.*

The Late Dr. Nelaton.

To Nelaton, the greatest of modern French surgeons, recently deceased, it is said that the medical profession owes the perfection and simplification of an immense number of the most difficult chirurgical operations. Although he wrote but little, he manifested a wonderful genius for devising tools and apparatus, and for imparting clinical instruction to others. "Give him a piece of wood, some iron wire, and some chisels," was a biographer, "and he will invent and construct an instrument to suit any requirements."

He detested display, and particularly avoided spreading out cases of implements during the course of an operation. "Surgery a grand orchestra," he called such exhibitions; and it seemed as if he managed to do far more with his fingers than many other surgeons with the most elaborate of tools.

His coolness equaled his dexterity, and some of his sayings will doubtless pass into proverbs. "When you have made a correct diagnosis and know what you are about, you risk nothing," was a favorite remark. "If you have the bad luck, while operating, to cut a man's carotid artery, remember that it takes two minutes' time to cause syncope, and four minutes will elapse before he bleeds to death. Now four minutes is just four times as long as is necessary to place a ligature on the vessel, provided you do not hurry."

"And you are working too quickly, my friend; remember that we have no time to lose," were other now famous observations made during the course of difficult operations.

Nelaton attained very general celebrity from the fact of his treating the Prince Imperial and the wounds of Garibaldi. He died of a lingering malady of the heart, continuing his teachings and practice to the last.

Growth of the Tobacco Interest in Connecticut.

From the American Farmer. Messrs. Editors of the American Farmer:

As a close to the series of articles on Tobacco Culture in New England, I herewith reproduce an article written by myself, and published in the *Evening Post*, Hartford, August 7, 1872, as follows:

"Just at what date tobacco was introduced into Connecticut we are not at present informed; but that it has been grown from an early date in the history of the State is evident from the facts that in the early ecclesiastical records, we find that in connection with certain money, etc., the ministers were to be allowed, or paid, a certain number of pounds of tobacco as their salary. The amount of tobacco grown, or the area devoted to its production, was small, and the number of growers few, unless we count those who grew a few plants in the garden for individual use; of these there were more, but the increase in production was quite slow till within the last 20 or 30 years, the greatest increase occurring within the shorter period. Something like 25 to 40 years since, tobacco-growing was looked upon by many in Connecticut (of a certain class) as of an immoral tendency, and one which they would not countenance either by practice or otherwise, and would not even allow it to be grown on their lands. At this time, as also for a previous period, it was customary for all farmers to grow corn and rye, as commercial crops, and these products were sold to the distillers to be converted into gin, whiskey, etc., and the consciences of strict temperance men seemed not to twinge therewith, but when it came to tobacco the case was otherwise, for a time, till the price went up from 2, 3 to 8 cents per pound. Those who grew the 'weed' always claimed that there was more money in the crop when it sold for 5 or 6 cents $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., than in rye and corn, or other cultivated crops, and hereupon hangs an anecdote of two neighbors, one residing in the lower part of East, now South Windsor, and the other in East Hartford, whom we will designate as O. and B. O. was opposed to the culture of tobacco, while his neighbor B. grew it in a moderate amount yearly, claiming that he made the greatest profit from his farm thereby. Nearly every time they met, especially during the summer, something must be said by each in support of his side of the question. In the course of time tobacco advanced to 8 cents $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; the next neighbor B. kept a little look-out, and about the season of the year, in passing along, he discovered on O.'s land a field set out to tobacco; reserving his fire till meeting O. one day, he says: 'Colonel, how's this, I thought you wouldn't have any tobacco grown on your farm?' O. replies, 'Oh! I thought growing grain is getting rather dull, don't find it as profitable as it used to be.' Says B. 'that's not it, I can tell you, it's the 8 cents $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tobacco grows, that's the principle, 8 cents per pound.' Undoubtedly that is the principal reason which has brought over to tobacco culture a great many who now grow it, to a greater or less extent, there being very few exceptions of men, women too, who own farms thorough the valley who do not grow, or allow it to be grown on their farms. The present 'Seed-Leaf' tobacco has been grown generally only some 15 years; previously, what was known as 'Narrow-Leaf,' 'Shoe-string,' etc., was the variety cultivated; that never required the nice care, etc., in producing which is requisite for the 'Broad' or 'Seed-Leaf,' or at least it never received anything like the care, etc., which is accorded to tobacco at the present; worms troubled less, and pole-burn was a thing seldom known; the tobacco was not asorted by the grower, neither was it very particular as to manuring high, very little more manure being used than was required to well fertilize a piece of corn land of equal extent, and the labor of producing two acres of corn about equaling one of tobacco. By degrees the growers informed themselves as to the better preparation and marketing of the crop, and as information increased better practices prevailed, better prices were realized, more pains were taken in all its culture and preparation for market, leading to the change in variety cultivated, and then an improvement on that, till now we have a variety which is noted far and near; yet it is not all in the variety, very much is due to the soil, experience in culture, etc.; and then experience has taught that heavy manuring with horse-stable manure, with a certain amount of Peruvian guano to give the plants a start in the hill, produces the finest and best quality; and also, that it is essential to bring the plants forward early, so that good strong ones may be had ready for transplanting early in June, that the crop may have ample time to mature before early fall-frosts, which often occur as soon as the 10th of September. Great pains are taken to select plants of near equal size and strength of growth in transplanting, that the field

may grow and mature evenly, and when once set care is essential to keep the stand perfect and the plants growing evenly to maturity.

"Such heavy manuring as is essential for premium crops causes a rank and rapid growth in favorable seasons, so that it is necessary to plant the rows wider apart than was formerly practiced; but in order that the number of plants to the acre may be kept good they are planted nearer in the row. This closeness in planting is thought to be favorable to fineness in the grain, growth of leaf, and while the plants stand near together in the row there is a chance to go between the rows for the purpose of weeding, topping, snecoring, etc., up to near or quite the maturity of the crop. Sometimes the last succoring, etc., must be done from the outside as the rows of tobacco are cut, as the plants so entirely cover the ground and the leaves are so interlocked that it is impossible to go between the rows without breaking and greatly injuring the crop. Evera manipulation, from sowing the seed in the seed-bed to the delivery of the crop to the purchaser, should be and is done with the utmost exactitude and care that the product may be perfect as is possible. In topping and succoring, experience has taught that a clean break or cut, not to shiver the stalk; essential, or the stem will catch water, decay or become diseased and cause the leaves to fall; no 'priming' or pulling off of the ground-leaves is practiced, for the reason that it injures those left more than it would add to quality; the plant bleeds, and in efforts to recover takes from the plant. In topping, the judgment of the cultivator has been so educated that he is enabled at once in entering a field to determine just what point to top, that what is left may mature, and still there be no waste in growth or otherwise. This part he has determined by experience, and it cannot be imparted or obtained in any other way; no arbitrary rules can be laid down to govern different growers, but each must be a rule to itself. If the top leaves are immature they are prone not to cure, but remain green, or dry up a mottled color; for this reason early maturity is one object, as the quality is better in all respects as a general rule; late maturing tobacco, even when not caught by a frost before harvesting, is subject to accidents after being hung, and of curing of uneven color, etc. In the matter of hanging and curing in the barn, great improvements have been made over former practices. Instead of depending upon the stables, barn-floor, over hay mows and other at present unoccupied space in farm-buildings, which are frequently needed before the tobacco can be taken down and stripped, there are now on every farm buildings with necessary conveniences and fixtures expressly devoted to the purpose, many of them comparing favorably with the best buildings on the farm, and of considerable cost. With the better price which the tobacco has brought the producer, there has been an increased interest in giving it more thorough culture; and better culture in one crop has begotten more thorough and many improvements besides, till now farming lands suitable for growing tobacco have reached a price that would scare the old proprietors who occupied the same 30 or 40 years since, as also would the cost of the manure and fertilizers used per acre. Manure which could have been bought ten or twelve years since for two to four dollars per solid cord, now sells readily for twelve to fifteen dollars at the yard, and large quantities are brought from long distances at larger prices; labor which could then be had in abundance by the six months for twelve to sixteen dollars per month, is now scarce at less than from thirty to thirty-three dollars, and not as good at that; nor will they work as many hours per day as was then practiced, or perform as much labor in the same time; and with all this, what is the result to the producer and farmer? Why, he has been enabled to 'stem' it all, pay his taxes promptly, add to his farm as necessary in lands and buildings, lay aside some money in stocks and bonds, live better, while he himself has added immensely to his labor, depriving himself of his former leisure of winter and the interim of slack work of the seasons. Now his time is all occupied from year's end to year's end in the necessary care and culture of his crops, caring for his farm and stock, hauling and accumulating manure, etc. Sometimes his last crop is not all stripped—as is the case this season—till time to set for the new crop. Ought not the proprietor who is obliged to work thus to be well rewarded? We think so, and that the successful producer of tobacco is none too well paid when he gets a fine crop and the highest price for it.

"Go through the tobacco-growing section to the Connecticut valley, and compare the circumstances of farmers to-day with those within the memory of the middle-aged, and you will find almost an incredible alteration in their financial and other circumstances; farmers who could scarcely bring the year around square, now have money at command, have better and more expensive

farm-buildings, better furnished, and in so far as money goes, are more independent in their circumstances. So long as they depended upon grain-growing and a little tobacco, which only sold for five to eight cents per pound, they were obliged to work with the greatest economy to meet their taxes, pay their help and other necessary farm and family expenses. Then, to be sure, they had more leisure, or spent a portion of their time to less advantage than the same can now be turned to.

"Preparations were made to plant a larger area of tobacco the present season in all of the valley, but from the ravages of cut-worms, unfavorable weather of the early spring and other combined causes, the crop at this writing is quite uneven, and it is very doubtful whether the quality produced will equal that of last year. Some growers did not finish setting the first time over till past the middle of July, yet if the fall-frosts hold off, and there be favorable weather, the crop may be much larger than at present expected."

As will be seen, the foregoing was written in July, before the crop had made much growth generally. From about the middle of July I never saw such a rapid growth of any kind as there was with tobacco. The weather was a good deal cloudy, moist and warm, resulting in one of the most unprecedented large growths of tobacco ever known, a large portion of which was diseased growth, some rotting in the field before harvesting; more was injured by pole-burn after being hung, so that throughout the whole valley there was only a very little portion of the whole which was fine wrappers, resulting somewhat disastrously to many; yet, undiscouraged, they set about to put out equally, or nearly so, in amount the present season with returns to be made on the final result. In all my experience and observation, extending over a period of about forty years, I have never known so much general, or even local diseased and pole-burn tobacco as was known of the crop of 1872.

W. H. WHITE.

P. S. In writing of casing tobacco I omitted to give the reason for being particular to press equally, putting the same number of pounds in each case; it is that the tobacco may sweat evenly; it has been found that where the cases varied considerably, or were not pressed alike, that the tobacco did sweat alike; while some would be overdone, others would not be sweated.

Poetry.

AUTUMN.
'Tis the golden gleam of an Autumn day,
With the soft rain falling as it plays;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if Autumn remembered the days of Spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath,
To sink their gold to the sword beneath;
And a glow of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard comes,
The muffled bell from the beehive booms,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rocks, caving, across them sail,
While nearer the swooping swallows skim
O'er the steel gray river's fretted rim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
No grief for the vanished Summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose,
Like that which age in its Autumn knows.

The Spring time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and Autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh,
It ponders the past that has hurried by;
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious Autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be,
When the Autumn of age shall come to me.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

Selected Miscellany.

A Scientist and Mount Sinai.

The Scientists still keep on with their marvellous discoveries. One of them, a Londoner, claims that he has found out that Mount Sinai was a volcano. The inference which it is desired, no doubt, to draw from that assumption, is that Moses availed himself of a volcanic eruption to impose upon the Israelites the moral law, making them believe the flames and rumblings were a supernatural display of Divine Power in attestation of the Ten Commandments, acknowledged by every one to be the most perfect code of piety and morality in the world! It was a remarkable coincidence that Moses should have had this perfect code all ready for the eruption, or perhaps he had the eruption all ready for the delivery of the code, and as he had the Israelites on the spot in the exact time for the delivery of the Decalogue or the volcano, no doubt he let off the volcano himself! There is another difficulty common to objections against Moses, and to the Greater than Moses, and that is how an impostor could produce and labor to inculcate upon mankind the best models of integrity and virtue mankind have ever known.

There are Scientists who assert that man originated in a monkey, the only proof of which is that in their cases he seems to have descended to one.—Whether Mount Sinai ever was a volcano or not we do not pretend to decide. But there is reason to fear that these infidel scientists, and their miserable dupes will one day find it a volcano, if it has never been so before, and

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum, Sine qua non, Ne plus ultra, Miltum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

A man out West brags that all the furniture and flooring of his house is made of live oak, but his wife, who does the hard work of the house, says it's nothing but scrub oak.

A keen observer says there is as much difference between self-conceit and self-respect as there is between selfish men and men who sell fish.

Cheap Things.

One of the worst mistakes which can be made is to purchase an article because it is cheap. Very many persons are in need of a *first-class Sewing Machine*, yet do not feel quite ready to pay the full price at once, and are sometimes led into purchasing an inferior machine, at less cost, because a machine of some kind is really needed in every family. And then, again, some say, "I will get me a cheap machine now; it will perhaps do my work at present, and I will learn to run a machine, and sometime I will get a better." To all, both high and low, we would say:—when you select a sewing machine you should be as particular as you need to be in selecting a family horse. See that it has a reputation unexceptional; see that it is made for endurance; see that it is sound; see that it is always ready to go; see that it has no bad tricks; see that it can do all kinds of work; see that it is in good health, so that it will not need constant doctoring; see that you get one you can depend upon, to do all the work, and do it just when you need it done; and above above all don't buy a balky horse, nor a balky machine. A poor sewing machine is worse than none and a constant source of trouble. Many of what are called *selling points* in a machine are simply frivolous, and intended to tickle the fancy of those who are sold. It is an great recommen-

Can the pedigree of a sky-terrier be traced up to the dog star?

When is a baby not a baby? When it's a tea-thing.