The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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MARRIED—DIED.

In the columns, side by side,
Stand these captions, Married, Died.
What fine irony is this
That shades with death our nuptial bliss,
That blends beneath one earnest gaze
The story of two wondrous days?
The kiss of death, of blushing bride,
Sarcastic blend in—Married, Died.

Throbbing breast of heart that bleeds,
Tearful, bright or dull eye reads
Lines whose message is not clear,
Blurred and broken through a tear;
Icy fingers, hand of age,
Trace the lines along the page;
Death and Cupid side by side
Sport with man in—Married, Died.

Here a requiem, there a song
Blend and roll their notes along,
Village bells that ring or toll
Greet a glad or passing soul;
To the chancel call the crowd,
Clad in satin, gown or shroud,
To the church we twice may ride;
Heed the heading: Married, Died.

Hoist the anchor, sail away;
Summer winds or sunlit bay
Lure the o'er the outer bar,
Where the white-capped breakers are;
Staunch thy painted shallop be,
Strong to ride life's restless sea.
God shall rule the surging tide
That laps the shores of—Married, Died.

Orange blossoms, ripened wheat,
Sprigs of rue or lilies sweet,
Curls of gold or locks of snow,
Wedding robes or garb of woe,
Hands in loving hands to rest,
Or folded lie on pulseless breast;
Who shall blooms and fruit divide,
So near the stories, Married, Died

A Select Story.

MAY BUDD'S REVENGE.

In a pretty little village in Somersetshire lived the Rev. Maximus Greene, the rector of the parish, and the father of a numerous family of boys and girl's. The eldest of the brood was called Antinous by his godfather; and as he grew up to manhood his appearance justified the provision of a sponsor. A fine, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a neck like a bull, a head like a cocoanut, the figure of an athlete, and the face of a Greek god, he was the handsomest young man to be found for miles around. Conscious of his power of limb and beauty of face, he swaggered like a French drum-major, looking as if he could lick all creation, if he chose, and as if the meaner fry swarming at his feet owed their immunity from destruction solely to his mercy. And assurelly he seemed as if he were the master of his own life and the captain of his own ship. But, in point of fact, he was the weakest creature that ever twirled a moustache or swore by Jingo and Saint George he would smash this six-foot poacher, or double up that pet of the prize-ring. What ever might be the solidity of his physique, morally he was nothing better than a pumpkin; and anyone with brains, and the knowledge how to use them, could circumvent him as easily as Ulysses circumvented Polyphemus. To women he was as wax in the hand of the moulder, as tow in the flame of the furnace. No petticoat was too poor, too scanty to warp him from his own will and bring him round to hers, and he always declared that kisses needed no pedigree, and that a well-turned ankle was its own justification. The weakest creature alive, he was also the vainest and the greediest of flattery. Nothing came amiss to him. Praise him for his intellect and he lauded your perspicacity, and gave you credit for just so much intelligence as could appreciate his own. Tell him you respected his fine heart and noble nature, his independence and integrity and he was your slave. Let a woman look up into his face and say: "How handsome you are!" and he was her lover; let her pretend to be his lover and though she were one of the most notorious birds in the wood, he believed in her devotion and took it all for pure, unsophisticated passion, born of his charms and due to his merits. With such a nature as this, then, it may well be supposed that his *amourettes* were legion, but among them all he loved only one sincerely, and this was Miss May Budd, the daughter of the market-gardener of his father's parish. But he had just common sense enough to know that he never could go beyond loving; that the eldest of a large family, and with a face and figure that should make his fortune, it was folly and would be suicide to marry May Budd, with nothing but her pretty eyes and the percentage to be got out of her father's cabbages. Still he had not sufficient resolution to cut the matter short, and whenever he came down on leave to the old place, he hung about May Budd a great deal more than was wise in him to do, or prudent in her to allow.

The *grande dame* of the parish was undoubtedly, my Lady Julia Lambkin. Now, my Lady Julia had seen her best days, and had passed her grand climacteric. She was sixty-six, if a day, with a past that would scarcely bear a microscope, the remains of beauty deftly patched and repaired by Fay and her own maid, a title, great connections, and a jointure which was an El Dorado to a man like Antinous Greene, with nothing but his pay as a lieutenant in the Heavies, and more debts in pounds than he had pence wherewith to liquidate. Lady Julia Lambkin was by no means one of those who think, with Solomon, that there is a time for everything—love among the rest—or if she did, then she did not believe that she ought to be contented with memories, of which she had a goodly store. She had been too much accustomed to admiration in the years gone by to be able to put up with the chimney corner, and regrets, and Antinous Greene was ready made to her hand. Weak, he was to be flattered; impecunious, he was to be bought; handsome and young, he was desirable; a bachelor, he was possible. On all accounts, then, he was Lady Julia Lambkin's affair, and she set herself to spread her arts for this magnificent human peacock, who would, she thought, make such a delightful addition to her household

"I should like to make your fortune," she said to Antinous, with a fond look in her bleared old eyes, which the antimony round the lids made awful to behold. "With your talents, my dear Mr. Greene, you ought to be a general before you are thirty."

It was in the days of purchase and promotion by private interest.

Antinous wagged his small head, while a fatuous smile stole over his handsome face.

"Worse men have been promoted," he said with artful modesty. "But merit goes for very little at the Horse Guards. And unfortunately I am not rich. My father's large family keeps us all short."

"Yes, I know," said my Lady Julia, "but I am not poor, and I have no children."

She hung her head as she said this, and looked down on the ground with touching sweetness.

"By George, I wish she would make me her son," thought Antinous, squeezing her hand.

"And I should like to be of use to you," continued the Lady Julia.

"You are an angel of goodness," answered Antinous.

"I should like to see you a general," she said warmly.

"I should like to be one," he answered naively.

"Would you?" she returned languishly, but something that was not languishing came into her eyes and for a moment overpowered the ghastly effect of the antimony.

"I would not disgrace my uniform," said Antinous.

"You would honor it, my dear," said the lady, as she slid her white and shrivelled hand caressingly into his.

"You are too good," he answered, kissing her well-preserved finger-tips.

"Shall I work for you? Shall I make your fortune and insure your advancement?" she then asked, leaning a little heavily against his shoulder.

"No one could do it so well, and to no one should I be more grateful" was the reply.

"Then is that understood? I am to use my influence to gain your promotion? And you—what will you do for me in return, Antinous?"

Her voice fell as it lingered on his name. She had never called him by it before.

"What shall I do?" said the young man gallantly; but his voice was not so dulcet as hers, and his heart was a great deal heavier.

"Love me—be my husband!" said the Lady Julia. "I love you. I will be your faithful, fond and loving wife!" ("Oh, Lord!" thought Antinous, with a groan, which he cleverly changed into the deep-drawn breath of a man powerfully stirred.) "I will introduce you into high life; my great friends shall be yours, my family yours; I have money, position, social influence—everything—and I love you and wish to make your fortune. You have that fortune now in your own hands, my dear," she added, pressing her hands in his. "You will be wise to take advantage of your good luck."

"You are too good," murmured Antinous.

He thought of May Budd's pretty eyes and fresh, round, rosy face, of her winsome smile and dainty feet; of the flower-like grace of her whole being, the unmistakable love of her looks; and then he turned his eyes on this painted, bewigged, bepowdered old hag who was fitter for her funeral than her marriage, and who had rehearsed the whole thing so often before that it was a wonder the situation had any charms left for her. But though his heart was heavy, his vanity was touched and his ambition roused. It pleased him to think that the *grande dame* of the place had fallen in love with him, so that she had offered herself to him as his wife; it intoxicated him to think that he might be placed at the head of his profession without more trouble than was involved in a few dinners and obsequious words to those who could dispense patronage and give away places—he, who was the most inefficient officer in the regiment to be the general of a division! The prospect of enough money to spend and some wherewith to pay, with tradesmen clamoring for their bills like so many jackdaws in a nest—all overcame the natural repugnance of flesh and blood; and before he well knew where he was, Antinous Greene had again kissed Lady Julia Lambkin's white and shrivelled hands, and had sworn that he loved her to distraction, and nothing short of making her his for life would satisfy him.

"It will make my fortune and then I can ensure that of the rest," said Antinous to his father and mother that evening, when he told them of the step he had taken and the plunge he had made.

But his father pulled down his long upper lip and said, "I do not like it, my boy;" and his mother cried and said, "It is a crime, Antinous, to give yourself away to this old harridan! You might have done so much better if you had waited;" and his little brothers and sisters stood all about in a state of fearful amaze, and wondered if Tinny would be changed when he was the grand lady's husband, and what a queer thing it would be to have to call her "sister."

When May Budd heard the news, which flew like wildfire over the country, she stumped her little foot in a fury—such fury as Antinous did not know she could either feel or show.

"He is a scoundrel!" she said passionately. "And I will make him repent as never man had cause to repent before!"

And with all her pretty eyes and nice round face, she looked as if she could keep her word, and would.

Of course, such a marrage as this made a great commotion in the county, and every one had his word to say and his stone to fling. Though it has become fashionable of late, and the sheep of society have now well-fleeced leaders whom they can follow in the ugly way, in those days, for a young man under thirty to marry a woman forty years his senior was considered a shame and a sin, and the handsome young Heavy, with his antiquated bride hanging on his arm and leering into his face, was a fair mark for all wits. Other things, too, did not go very well. That rapid promotion which my Lady Julia had promised so glibly seemed to recede as time went on; and the authorities at the war office turned a deaf ear to all hints, representations and supplications. The scandal of the marriage had been a little too highly flavored even for them; and the modern Ixion began to feel that the Goddess of Fortune whom he thought to have embraced was nothing more than a cloud. The Lady Julia had got what she wanted—a fine, stalwart, handsome young husband; and after the first few months she did not trouble herself about the rest.

Wisely for herself, and painfully for poor Antinous, she had kept all her own fortune to herself; and when the question came of his spending his part she let him know that he had no part to spend, still less that he had any to pay away. His tradespeople might be as clamorous as they liked; not a farthing of her money should they have. He might make such a composition with them as he could out of his professional income, and trust to her generosity for pocket money. She was inexorable on this point, and the Fates were not more stern than my Lady Julia, when the question was one of money. Antinous was forced to submit; so that he found himself in a far worse position than that in which he was before he married my lady; and many a time he had to curse his folly and the blindness which made him to trust an amorous old woman's promises, and sell his manhood for hope.—What had he got by the bargain? Loss of liberty, loss of repute, loss of such small private funds as he formerly possessed, loss of his own self respect, and loss of May Budd; and he had in return gained an old wife who was stingy and selfish; of a higher social position than his own, and proportionately insolent to him and his—a wife who was his mistress, his proprietoress, his slave driver; and who, having bought him as a toy, now treated him as a dog. It was a sorry bargain that he had made—a poor market to which he had carried himself! And all this while May Budd seemed to be ubiquitous, meeting him wherever he went, and never letting him forget his love love for her, nor her own unconsciousness of him.

He thought he had lost her; but had he? At first she was passionately indignant, and showed in every word and look how intensely she despised him, and how her former tender feeling had curdled into hatred and contempt. This nearly drove him distracted, but he had to bear it as his cross, for he could not get speech with her to soften or explain anything whatever; and once when he ventured to write to her, his letter was returned, at the imminent risk of falling into the hands of my Lady Julia, his wife, who had the uncomfortable habit of opening his letters and reading them herself before passing them over to him. As the months passed, however, and the mistake of the marriage became the talk of the town, May Budd's looks and manners changed.—For her former defying and indignant coldness, she substituted a sweeter, gentler, softer and more compassionate air. Her pretty eyes seemed to say, 'I love you still,' as plainly as if her fresh red lips had spoken; and Antinous more and more cursed the chains which bound him as he thought of what he had lost for false hopes and betrayed ambition. Of course he forgot the fact that he could not have married a girl who had only her father's cabbages for her dower. We always do forget the obstacles when we regret the loss; and in this case the loss was all that was remembered.

Step by step and day by day May Budd, with the skill of an old veteran, brought back her lover and led him still further and further on. From looks they came to words; from words to secret meetings, to fond embraces, and to letters when they could neither meet nor embrace. The postoffice was a hollow tree in Lady Julia's own grounds, just inside the little wicket-gate that led from the shrubbery into the lane bordered on the other side by Budd's cabbages and carrots, and both Antinous and the girl wrote their minds pretty freely. The former especially profitted by the relief which this correspondence gave him. He spoke of the Lady Julia, his wife, as he might have spoken of some she-demon who had possessed herself of him; of some vampire who was sucking his blood; of some Hecate to whose horrid toils he had been caught. He was a Heavy Dragoon, and his orthography was sometimes as imperfect as his syntax; but he knew what he wanted to say and he said it. He wanted to tell May Budd how much he loved her, and to assure her of his undying hatred and disgust for his wife; and he made both things tolerably clear and prided himself on his literary skill.

Meanwhile May Budd read the letters to herself, and laughed, and took care not to show them to young Carr, who was courting her.

One day the Lady Julia received a packet addressed to her in an unknown hand. Opening it, she read merely these words. 'For whom these most concern,' written on the inside cover. Opening this again, she came upon a whole pile of letters, written in her husband's handwriting. Naturally my Lady Julia, being a woman, read what she saw, though it cannot be said she particularly enjoyed what she read.—To see yourself ridiculed and exposed—you, an old woman, made fun of to a young girl—you, a lady in your own right, degraded below the level of a market gardener's daughter—you, a wife, lampooned to a mistress—it was enough to make even the false hair on her head stand on end, and to turn her skin into goose-flesh under her enamel. All her weaknesses betrayed; all her senile fondness laughed at, when not loathed: her meanness dilated on; her artful caulking and repairing exposed; her person despised; her continued length of days grudged; everything that could wound her as a woman, outrage her as a wife, insult her as a lady, poured out in floods of gall to Miss May Budd, intermingled with floods of love for this fair, traitorous young cabbage girl. Honey to her indeed, but gall to poor Lady Julia!

Here, then, was a *locus standi* which not even a married angel would have refused to occupy. Threats and fury and tears and reproaches were now the portion meted out to Antinous, and not all his fourteen stone of handsome flesh could soften the outraged lady's firm decree. He was discarded like an untrustworthy servant; dismissed, disgraced, destroyed. His fine hopes vanished into thin air; his general's sword became a harlequin's rapier of pith; his dreams turned to tears; his apples were all filled with dust. He lost what material good had to come to him by his marriage; and he lost everything else. He had to sell out of the army and go through the bankruptcy court; and, on the day of his arrest at the suit of Paste, the jeweler, he passed a wedding party on their way to church, where his father stood by the altar waiting the arrival of May Budd and Louis Carr to be made man and wife. And May wore the pearl necklace for the payment of which Lieutenan Antinous Greene was now going to the Queen's bench prison—and she felt that she had indeed her revenge.—*London Truth.*

The Coming Men

A Race the Southern States are now Rearing.

The typical Southern man is no longer a free handed fox hunter whose inherited fortune is lavished as long as it lasts upon his friends, his horses and his hounds; he is no longer the gay society man studying etiquette as the finest of the fine arts, and cultivating his capacity for conversation as the most valuable of all intellectual gifts; he is no longer a believer in a classical education as the first requisite of a gentleman and an indispensable groundwork for celebrity in life.—The typical Southern man of other days has learned new lessons in a new school, and he is profiting by them—He is taking more practical views of life. He is grappling more with the robust realities of life. He is applying his muscle more to accomplishing the substantial things of life. He is developing himself more as a man of actual, useful affairs. He is training his spirit and his energies more in the direction of realistic results and less in the mere accomplishments, ornamentations and elegancies of life. It is always wise as well as brave to look facts in the face. Introspection of ourselves is not always agreeable, but it is essential to self understanding, and is wonderfully contributive not only to a generous construction of the conduct of others, but to an unprejudiced estimate of all changes that may be offered to us for our advantage. And however the people of the South may look back with tender emotions upon their usages and associations of other days, as candid and intelligent men they must admit that, industrially regarded, there are in the new order of things many improvements upon the old.—During the existence of the institution of slavery we had a noble race of splendid gentlemen in the South; but at the same time there were splendid gentlemen in the North too; and both here and there the race may be maintained to the end, not only without deterioration, but with an increased and ever increasing development of all the great manly capacities and virtues, under the agencies of honest labor of every description and the influences of that bold and chivalrous spirit of enterprise characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon with free institutions around him.

The Southern man has the moral, the mental and the physical forces adequate to the attainment of anything and everything within the compass of man's capacity to reach, and now that he is no longer enslaved by his own institution of negro slavery he is a sturdier worker in the rugged fields of industry; his enterprise is expanding; his inventive genius is awakening.—Ere two more decades shall have gone by, the wealth of the South will be the wonder of the world; and we think we may safely say that the coming men of the South, the men who are to guide us in council and direct us in energy, are the men who shall have most turned their thoughts to practical affairs involving the industrial interests of their section.

The man who is always right finds every one else always wrong.

Playing Comet.

"But, look-a-here," says the grocery man, as he gave the boy a little dried up lemon, about as big as a prune, and he told him he was a terror, "what is the matter with your eye winkers and your hair? They seemed to be burned off."

"Oh, thunder, didn't pa tell you of the comet exploding and burning us all? That was the worst thing since the flood, when Noar run the excursion boat from Kalamazoo to Mount Ararat. You see we had been reading about the comet, which is visible at four o'clock in the morning, and I heard pa tell the hired girl to awake him and ma up when she got up to set the pancakes and go to early mass, so they could see the critter. The hired girl is a catholic, and she don't make no fuss about it, but she has got more good, square religin than a dozen like pa. It makes a good deal of difference how religin affects different people, don't it? Now pa's religin makes him wild, and he wants to kick my pants and pull my hair, but the hired girl's religin makes her want to hug me, if I am abused, and she put sauerkraut on my bruises and gives me pie. Pa wouldn't get up at four o'clock in the morning to go to early mass, unless he could take a fish pole along, and some angle worms. The hired girl prays when no one sees her but God, but pa wants to get a church full of sisterin, and pray loud, as though he was an auctioneer selling tin razors.

Well, when I heard pa tell the hired girl to wake him and ma up, I told her to wake me up about half an hour before she waked pa up, and then I got my chum to stay with me, and we made a comet to play on pa. You see my room is right over pa's room, and I got two lengths of stove pipe and covered them all over with phosphorous, so they looked just as bright as a comet. Then we got two Roman candles and a big sky rocket, and we were going to touch off the Roman candles and the sky rocket just as pa and ma got to looking at the comet. I didn't know that a sky rocket would kick back, did you? Well, you'd a dide to see that comet. We tied a piece of white rubber garden hose to the stove pipe for a tail and went to bed, and when the hired girl woke us up we laid for pa and ma.

Pretty soon we heard pa's window open, and I looked out, and pa and ma had their heads and half their bodies out of the window. They had their night shirts on and looked just like pictures of Millerites waiting for the world to come to an end. Pa looked up and seed the stove pipe, and he said: "Hanner, for God's sake, look up there That is the damest comet I ever seed. It is as bright as day. See the tail of it. Now that is worth getting up to see."

"Just then my chum lit the two Roman candles and I touched off the rocket, and that's where my eye winkers went. The rocket bursted the joints of the stove pipe, and they fell down on pa, but ma got her head inside before the comet struck, and was not hurt, but one length of stove pipe struck pa endways on the neck and almost cut a biscuit out of him, and the fire and sparks just poured down in his hair, and burned his nightshirt.—Pa was scart. He thought the whole world was coming to an end, and the window came down on his back, and he began to sing. 'Earth's but a desert drear, Heaven is my home.'

"I seed he was caught in the window and I went down stairs to put out the fire on his nightshirt, and put up the window to let him in, and he said:—'My boy, your ma and I are going to Heaven, but I fear you are going to the bad place,' and I told him I would take my chances, and he'd better put on his pants if he was going anywhere that there would be liable to be ladies present, and when he got his head in ma told him the world was not coming to an end, but somebody had been setting off fireworks, and she said she guessed it was their dear little boy, and when I saw pa feeling under the bed for a bed-slat I got upstairs pretty previous, now, and don't you forget it, and ma put cold cream on where the sparks burnt pa's shirt, and pa said another day wouldn't pass over his head before he had me in the reform school.

"Well, if I go to the reform school, somebody's got to pay attention, you can bet your liver. A boy can't have any fun these days without everybody thinks he is a heathen. What hurt did it do to play comet? It's a mean father that won't stand a little scorching in the interest of science."

The boy went out, scratching the place where his eye winkers were, and then the groceryman knew what it was that caused the fire engines to be out and around at four o'clock in the morning looking for a fire.

The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect to wealth.

He who only knows his side of the case, knows little of that.

Where is the artist who can paint a topers nose in water colors.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

Flattery is like false money; it impoverishes those who receive it.

It is a great point of wisdom to know how to estimate little things.

Chance is a word void of sense, nothing can exist without a cause.

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.