

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 36.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1869.

Terms, \$2. in advance.



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

**TERMS:**  
Two Dollars per Annum, Payable in advance. \$2.00 in advance.  
**ADVERTISING RATES:**—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion. For rule and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines (or that space occupied) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until further notice and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advertisements extends only to their immediate business.  
Obituaries, tributes of respect, calls upon persons to become candidates, inserted as advertisements, at the usual rates. Marriage notices 25 cents.  
Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cents per square.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
FALL AND WINTER TRADE.  
1868.  
74 KING STREET, 74  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The subscriber has now on hand and can afford to sell at prices to suit the times one of the largest and best assorted stocks of fine goods for Gentlemen, Ladies, Misses and Children, and heavy work suitable for Farmers, ever before offered for sale in this market. His long experience in the trade has enabled him to procure a stock manufactured from the best material and in the most durable and stylish manner, and on the most favorable terms, and with such advantages he can afford to sell as cheap as the cheapest. All in want will do well to call at 74, King street, before purchasing. His stock comprises in part—  
Men's Kip Boots, suitable for Farmers.  
Men's Calf Double-sole Pegged and Stitched Scotch Bottom Boots.  
Boys' and Youths' Calf and Kip Double-sole Boots.  
Ladies' Misses' and Children's Calf, Goat, Morocco, Glove Kid, Turkish Morocco and Lasting Boots of every style and description.  
Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Gum Shoes.  
Also, a good stock of goods suitable for country merchants, to which we invite their attention. W. B. WADDY.  
Sep 17—3m

**GEORGE C. HENNING.**

DEALER IN

**CLOTHING**

AND

**FURNISHING GOODS,**

No. 511 Seventh St.,

INTELLIGENCE BUILDING,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

All Goods are marked in plain figures, and sold for

**ONE PRICE ONLY.**

Clothing to fit all ages from two years, ready-made, or made to order.

The stock is one of the largest to be found in the District, nearly all of it made up for Mr. H.

Persons ordering by mail, need only state the style, color and price desired.  
Sep. 3, 1868—6m

**CORTLAN & CO.,**

215 & 213 Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.,

IMPORTERS.

**CHINA, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE,**

Table Cutlery, and Family

Hardware,

PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES,

Forks, Spoons, Casters & Butter Tubs,

Britannia and Block Tinware,

FENDERS, SHOVEL AND TONGS, AND STANDARDS.

AND

**HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS**

OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERNS, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.  
CORTLAN & CO.  
aug 20—6m

**NOTICE.**

The undersigned has on hand, for sale, a good lot of Hoghead Stings, Hoops and Hoopings. Also Plank and Wheelwright stuff.  
P. A. SASSCER.  
je 30—1f



**NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chartered by Special Act of Congress, Approved July 25, 1868.

**CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000,**  
PAID IN FULL.

**BRANCH OFFICE:**  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Where the general business of the Company is transacted, and to which all general correspondence should be addressed.

**OFFICERS:**  
CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.  
JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.  
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice President.  
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.

This Company, National in its character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium and New Tables, the most desirable means of insuring life yet presented to the public.  
The rates of premium being largely reduced, are made as favorable to the insured as those of the best Mutual Companies, and avoid all the complications and uncertainties of Notes, Dividends, and the misunderstandings which the latter are so apt to cause the Policy-Holder.

Several new and attractive tables are now presented, which need only to be understood to prove acceptable to the public, such as the INCOME-PRODUCING POLICY and RETURN PREMIUM POLICY. In the former, the policy-holder not only secures the insurance, payable at death, but will receive, if living, after a period of ten years, an annual income equal to ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the par of his policy. In the latter, the Company agrees to return to the assured the total amount of money he has paid in, in addition to the amount of his policy.

The attention of persons contemplating insuring their lives or increasing the amount of insurance they already have, is called to the special advantages offered by the National Life Insurance Company.  
Circulars, Pamphlets and full particulars given on application to the Branch Office of the Company, or to

**JOHNSTON BROS. & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md.,  
General Agents for Maryland.

**THOMAS H. HIBBS,** West River,  
Agent for St. Mary's County.

jan 1

**DOBBINS' ELECTRIC BOOT POLISH**

**MAKES A LASTING SHINE.**

Those who black their boots on Saturday night with ordinary blacking, don't have much shine on Sunday, as the polish fades off, but the shine of

**DOBBINS' BLACKING**

Lasts Saturday Night and all day Sunday. It beats any other Blacking made.

Manufactured by J. B. Dobbins, at his immense Soap and Blacking Works, Sixth Street and Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by

**W. W. PADGETT,**  
Port Tobacco, Md.

nov 27—3ms

**PRINTER'S INK.**

**A Good Article.**

THE INK with which this issue of THE TIMES is printed is from the GRAY'S FERRY PRINTING INK WORKS OF C. E. ROBINSON. It is clear, works clean, and is of a good color. Our brother Printers can judge of its quality by comparing it with ink from other manufacturers.  
E. WELLS,  
Port Tobacco Times.

**J. A. DUSHANE,** Manufacturer of Printing Paper, No. 40 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, is Sole Agent for the sale of the above Ink.  
Dec. 18, 1868—3m

**DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA.**

DEMOREST'S Young America Enlarged.—It is the best Juvenile Magazine. Every Boy and Girl that sees it says so; all the Press say so; and Parents and Teachers confirm it. Do not fail to secure a copy. A good Microscope, with a Glass Cylinder to confine living objects, or a good two-bladed pearl Pocket-Knife and a large number of other desirable articles, given as premiums to each subscriber. Yearly, \$1.50. Publication office 839 Broadway, New York.

Try it, Boys and Girls. Specimen copies ten cents, mailed free.  
dec 18

**DYSPEPSIA.**—A certain cure can be effected by buying, from E. H. Muschett, two bottles of HOSLETTER'S BITTERS.  
dec 25

**TOWLES' ELIPTIC SUSPENDERS.**  
For sale by P. H. MUSCHETT.  
nov 20

## Selected Poetry.

**THE FIRST SNOW FALL.**  
BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was fringed inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds now roofed with Carrara  
Came chattering the muffled crowd;  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden furies of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little head-stone stood—  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father,  
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked on the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud-like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered:  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,  
And she, kissing back could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

## Selected Miscellany.

**THE DRUMMER'S DREAM.**

A New Year's Story.  
BY MARY E. TUCKER.

I am only a drummer; not one who calls forth very equivocal music from the noisy instrument called a drum, but one whose business it is to bring to bear all the weight or force of tongue influence upon the mind of man by irritating the tympanum of his ear, by which means I often convince him, and against his will, that my employers sell goods at a much lower figure than any one else possibly can, because they (my employers) manufacture first the materials, and then convert them into articles of their traffic, which, of course, enables them to deduct from the purchaser's price a certain percentage which would otherwise be paid into the hands of the original manufacturer.

Before the war it was my duty and pleasure to travel through the Southern States, and a more social and hospitable people was never born than I found there. I was born in cold New England, where you were duly weighed before being received into a house as a guest, and to me the warm-hearted greetings of the Southern stranger were as pleasant as the sun.

Many a day have I spent, an honored guest, at the country residence of some rich city merchant, whose fast accumulating funds were invariably invested in negroes and lands, until the double burden of plantation and store ruined him in purse, or worried him into his grave.

During the latter part of the year 1858 I was traveling through Georgia and Alabama. I had hoped to arrange my business so as to be able to spend Christmas in my New England home, but advice from my employers convinced me of the necessity of closing accounts with our Southern patrons because of the prospective war, which we felt could not be avoided.

So on Christmas day I found myself in the prairie lands of Alabama, and a glorious day it was. I was, fortunately, the guest of a wealthy planter, who counted his slaves by the hundreds, and never shall I forget that morning!

Immediately after breakfast mine host and his family went out upon the portico, upon which stood a dozen large boxes. A negro man opened them, and displayed dress goods of a very superior quality, and also ready-made clothing for men, among which I recognized many of our own goods.

"I suppose," said my entertainer, pointing to the articles, "you thought I bought these things to establish a country store, but they were destined only for family use. I have quite a small family of my own, as you will see—three or four hundred. Simon, ring the bell."

Scarcely had the ringing ceased when the doors of the cabins opened, the servants gathered around the master's house, and the presents were distributed. All

were valuable. I am sure that five dollars would scarcely have paid for the most inferior. Each seemed to give satisfaction, and a more happy, joyous set of servants never was.

The remainder of the day was spent in general festivities. Good things were provided by the quantities, and the white family was expected to visit each cabin to taste of the Christmas cheer. At night the negroes gave a ball, using as a dancing room a large barn, which had just been completed.

To me the grotesque appearance of the black faces, and gaily dressed forms of the black women, were most amusing, and their smiling countenances showed how intensely they enjoyed themselves.

Musical fondness is one of the chief elements of the negro character. Each plantation had its musician, and night dancing invariably followed the day's work.

The supper that night prepared entirely by the negroes, would have put to shame one of Delmonico's *chef d'œuvres*. Whole pigs were barbecued, lordly turkeys, which two days before were the pride of the poultry-yard, roasted crisp and brown upon the table. Chicken pie and salads were among the *entrees*, and cold ham and pickles made excellent relishes. True, they had no ice-cream, but cups of golden custard were far more acceptable, and syllabub and jelly relieved the heaviness of the beautifully spread cake-table.

"Do you make so much of Christmas every year?"

"Yes, massa," answered a very old negro. "We always had monstrous good times every Christmas, when in ole massa's time, and he warn't nigh so good to we 'uns as Mars Harry. We don't do nuffin now till New Year's day, and den we goes to work like de mischief."

Nearly a week insensibly elapsed before I could find it in my heart to tear myself away from my kind plantation friends, but I knew it must be done, so with regret I bade them adieu, and started for the next settlement, some twenty miles distant.

The journey should have been made in half a day, but owing to the terrible state of the roads and my only partial acquaintance with them, I at first found my

A pretty state of affairs, thought I, for New Year's Eve! After groping about in the woods for two hours, without succeeding in even finding the sign of habitation, I threw the bridle on my horse's neck, and determined to trust to luck and brute instinct for a lodging-place that night, and soon my patience was rewarded, for I saw "light ahead."

Down in a valley almost completely hidden by hills was a large mansion. I could see the size of the house, for every window was illuminated, and laughter and music greeted me as I reached the gate, who at once assisted me to alight, evidently thinking me one of the invited guests to the party in progress in the house, called for the master, explained to him my unpleasant position, and told him who and what I was. To my gratification he was well acquainted with my house in New York, and at once ordered my saddle-bags to be taken to a room, telling a boy to provide me with refreshments and everything needful, and, politely requesting me to come down to the parlor after resting, he left me.

Feeling very much fatigued, I hastily drank a cup of hot coffee, and barely tasted of the delicacies brought me. I then threw myself upon the bed, intending to sleep a few moments before joining the happy crowd below.

I fell asleep and dreamed. I seemed to be in the same house, for I recognized the elegant surroundings of my room, and I distinctly heard the music, which gradually changed from the joyous dancing glee into a sad, sweet strain.

My door unopened softly, and a most beautiful vision entered the room, which came directly toward my bed, and stood by my side until the form and features fully impressed themselves upon my mind.

The figure was that of a young girl, exquisitely lovely, but clothed in the habiliments of the grave. Upon her head was a wreath of orange flowers, and in her hand she held an Episcopalian prayer-book, opened at the bridal service. She looked at it a moment with a smile, sadly shook her head, and then turned to the beautiful service of the dead. I raised my hand to my face, and when I removed it, the vision had vanished, and very soon I awoke.

Looking at my watch, I found it was eleven o'clock; the music seemed to invite me to join the dancers, and I obeyed the call. My new friend met me at the door, and at once introduced me to his wife, a very handsome, stylish lady. As we stood conversing, and watching the joyous throng, my eyes rested upon the face of one I felt to be the lady of my dream.

"For God's sake," I said, grasping the arm of my hostess, "tell me who that girl is."

She was much surprised at my vehemence, but she politely asked which one, as there were many girls in the direction I appeared to be looking.

"Can you ask which one? I mean the fair-faced angel in the dress of ethereal blue?"

"Oh!" said the lady, smiling; "that is my eldest daughter. But why did you ask so earnestly?"

"Because—because," I stammered, "she is very lovely."

"Yes," said the pleased mother, "she is considered a very pretty girl. Let me introduce her to you."

I knew I seemed awkward, but how could I help it, when in the dance, at the supper-table, among the flowers, and everywhere, the dream vision seemed fitting between the blue-robed girl and myself?

Her sister, a bright-eyed lass, scarcely in her teens, came in for a share of attention, and in her kindness of heart, she strove to amuse me by showing the rare pieces of silver in the possession of her parents. One, of exquisite workmanship, particularly attracted my attention. It was a massive silver pedestal, upon which was mounted a race horse, over whose head was a kind of canopy, upon the eave of which hung delicate horse shoes of frosted silver; a present, she said, from the members of a jockey club, which was organized by her father.

I was almost glad when bed time came, for I could not forget my dream. It was nearly daylight when I went to sleep, and—could the room be haunted? for a most fearful noise awoke me. Had a bloody conflict been raging it could not have been more horrible; the booming of cannon and guns almost deafened me; groans of the dying, and even the flowing of blood I heard distinctly, and then all was still.

Hearing a movement at my window, I looked up and saw it gently raised, and a black head poked in. It was the head of the negro who had brought up my supper. I instantly thought it was his intention to rob me, and I attempted to move. To my intense horror, I could not. The negro, George, after speaking to some one below, came into the room, and instead of touching my clothes, he completely ignored my presence, and going to a closet, which he knocked open, he proceeded to take therefrom sundry articles of clothing. He then relieved a bureau of its contents and threw all from the window to his confederate below.

When he again entered, he had in his hand the silver ornament which I so much admired during the evening. He placed it on the table near my bed, and, now, thought I, my time has come—no, he only went to the window.

"I say, George," I distinctly heard, "you've got ebery thing, what you going to do now?"

"Set de house on fire, ob course," was the reply, "to keep de buccas from finding out we stealed from dem." I saw the negro place a light to the curtain, and as it blazed to the wall, he jumped from the window, forgetting in his fear of danger the silver horse on the table.

Utterly powerless, I lay on my bed and saw the flames draw nearer and nearer to me. At last the white spread over me caught; the smoke was suffocating, when the terror gave a nervous power to my senses and I awoke.

"I say, George," said I to the negro boy, who came in to make my fire, "what is the matter with this room?"

"Dunno, massa," he answered, scratching his head, "but dey do say it is haunted. Ole massa she used to sleep in here, and she 'clared dat ole massa's spilt come to her three times 'fore he died."

"Well, then," I said, impressively, "if things do come to pass which are dreamed of in this room, you are a villain; and if anything happens to this house, I'll shoot you!" With a look of ignorant terror, the negro left the room.

At breakfast I alluded to my dream. My friend said that the negro seemed to think there was something wrong about the room, but he had often slept there and had never been disturbed. In an hour's time I was on my way to the village of S—, some forty miles distant, and in two weeks I reached New York.

Six long years passed before I again visited Alabama, six years of cruel and unnatural war, for even after the actual battling ceased a more unmerciful species of persecution existed. Coming as I do from New England, and being imbued with New England sentiments, I am constitutionally an abolitionist, and feeling as I do that even negroes should be free, I can but contemplate with actual abhorrence the unjust laws which allow an inferior race of men all the rights of freemen and citizens, and condemn to ignominious servitude a people in every respect worthy and enlightened. "Equal rights to all" is my motto.

Again at New Year's I found myself in the same portion of the State, and then, remembering my dream, a portion of which had been fulfilled by the war, I determined to pay my old friends a visit. New Year's eve I spent in a backwood cabin, and in the morning started for the house among the hills. I rode up to where the large gate used to stand; it had disappeared. I looked for the house, and saw only a pile of ashes and brick. An old negro was crouched among the ruins, and when I approached him he regarded me with a vacant stare.

"Uncle," I said, putting my hand kindly on his shoulder, "where are the white folks?"

"Gone!" he said, with a wail of despair; "gone—all gone." "Who did this?" I asked, pointing to the ruins.

"Dunno, massa; nobody knows; some deevil or adder."

Scarcely knowing what I did, I raked among the ashes with a stick I had carelessly picked up. It struck against something hard. I took it up, and found the remains of the silver horse.

"Uncle," I asked, almost crazed, "where is your young mistress, the elder of the young ladies?"

"Gone, I tell you—dead, and gone to Heaven!"

By degrees I learned from him the horrible story. It was upon what would have been her bridal night, that the Federal troops took possession of that part of the State. They would not have harmed her, but she was almost crazed when they took her betrothed prisoner, and in her fear, she went into the woods and stayed all night. It was very cold for that climate, and the delicate girl could not bear the exposure. In the morning, when the Federals found her, she was insensible; they tenderly bore her to the house and kindly cared for her, but in vain—in two days she died. Then he told me how the rest of the family went to visit a dying friend, and when they returned, found themselves houseless.

"Have they no suspicions who committed the horrible deed?"

"No, massa, none at all!"

"If you knew would you tell?" I asked.

"I would, massa; even if it was one ob my own children. Massa, let one ob my boys take your horse, and you go in my cabin and get some freshments," said the negro, prompted by the old hospitality which characterizes the race. "I nodded."

"George!" he called. The cabin door opened, the negro of my dream came toward me, he looked up, and when his eyes fell upon my face, he turned and fled. I took my pistol from my belt, and pointing it at the running negro, said:

"He burned the house."

"Shoot!" said the stern father.

There was a flash, a sound, and a fall. We went to the door.

"Daddy," he said, "You will find all of massa's things under the cabin floor. Jim helped me. If I had never been free I should never have thought of stealing. But the Yankees gave us freedom and nothing to support it, and how could we get bread without stealing it?" "Oh, daddy, daddy!" One convulsive movement, and the negro was out of his misery.

"Massa," said the old negro, turning to me with a hardened look, "the rest of the white folks are in Virginia now." Then pointing to the body of his son, "You sarrved him right—he ought to die, but he was my boy, massa, so please go away now, for I cannot bear to see you."

I slowly mounted my horse and rode sadly away from all that was left of the house among the hills, and I sincerely pray it may never again be my duty to spend a New Year's day in the devastated South.

**A New Kind of Writ.**

The editor of the Bryan (Texas) *News Letter* says he was an eye witness to the following scene between a lawyer and a judge, at the session of the county court held not long since in that town:

Lawyer—"I would like to continue this case if it be the proper time."

Judge—"This court can have nothing with your case before security is given for costs."

Lawyer—"But, your honor, this case was brought by an administrator, and you cannot, under the law, force him to give security."

Judge—"Mr. H—, this court, if it knows itself, is presumed to know the law, and it does not sit here to be dictated to by lawyers."

Lawyer—"Well, your honor, if this is your decision, I know my remedy; I will sue out a writ of mandamus."

Judge—"Young man," rising to the loftiest height of his judicial dignity, "it suits your purpose you can get a writ of *god-damns*, but little will it affect the decision of this court."

"Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why, hem! certainly, madam," replied the doctor, "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!"

"La, me," remarked the old lady; "now jest what it is to have a physician education, kin you tell me how it is that all that I could ever get out of him was, 'kase they is'?"

"The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully, who is the simplest in virtues, and whose reliance on truth, on justice, and on God, is the most unflinching."

Heaven gives enough when it gives us opportunity.

Alexander H. Stephens, who had been a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin P. Hill, of that State, when the latter charged him with saying that the Georgia could eat Judge Cone for breakfast himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "To which I should prefer him for breakfast, in accordance with that nice rule of medicine which prescribes a light diet to sleep on."

At another time Mr. A. H. Wright, of Georgia, is said to have drawn the line of the "great Georgian" in the following way: "Mr. Stephens, at the time of the great Know-Nothing convention in the South, I was accompanied by a favorite dog named Rio, and the intelligent animal was always well known on the huntings as the statesman."

Mr. Wright, at the close of a political speech, turned to Mr. Stephens and said: "Sir, I demand a list of your appointments. I intend that the people shall have information. I want to know where and where you are to speak, for I intend to dog you all around this Congressional district."

Then Mr. Stephens, pointing his long thin finger to his dog, standing on the stand at his feet, and lifting his life-like voice to its highest note, "when I shall see Rio home." One day at a time is enough!

Among the thousands who have seen the speech of Vice-President Stephens of Georgia against secession, made Nov. 13, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an amusing incident that followed it.

At the close of the speech the leaders of the Opposition, Messrs. Hon. Robert Toombs, Aaron, and after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the greatest statesmen moved that the meeting first be adjourned for him and adjourn, which was done.

Governor Herschel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their way to the hotel, and said to him, in substance: "Sir, your action to-night, coming from

praise, and I for one cannot forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behavior."

Toombs put on "that droff look which always precedes his best hits," and said, "dryly, 'Yes, I always behave myself at a federal law court, and I would not mind an overgrown political opponent's undertook to sneer at the diminutive size of Mr. A. H. Stephens, and said, 'I could put a little sand oil on you, and swallow you whole.' To which Mr. Stephens at once replied, 'And if you did you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head.'"

What Railroads do for Farmers! To haul forty bushels of