

# 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.

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Number 44.

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CONSTANTLY ON HAND Building Lime in Barrels, or Packed in Hogheads for Shipment, or Delivered in Bulk at Buildings, Wholesale and Retail.

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PRICE & HEALD, SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD PRICE AND SONS, Hardwood, Cabinet and Building LUMBER, OFFICE AND YARD: Mill Street, Long Dock, BALTIMORE, Md. Liberal inducements to Cash buyers. sep 4 6m

## Selected Poetry.

### THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

[The following lines contain the simple unadorned statement of a fact in the experience of a friend, who is fond of wandering in the Highland glens.]

As I came wandering down Glen Spear, Where the lasses are green and grassy, With my light step I overtook A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back, Another in her hand, And she walked as one who was full loath To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she Had hair of flowing gold, And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs, Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aeth thee, On this bright Summer day, To travel sad and shoeless thus Upon the stony way?"

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod, And thou art burdened so; March lightly now, and let me bear The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said, "What may not be; What's mine is mine to bear; Of good or ill, as God may will, I take my portioned share."

"But you have two and I have none; One burden give to me; I'll take that bundle from thy back That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said, "What, if you will, That holds—no hand but mine May bear its weight from dear Glen Spear 'Cross the Atlantic maine!"

"Well, well!" but tell me what may be Within that precious load Which thou dost bear with such fine care Along the dusty road?"

"Belike it is some present rare From friend or parting hour; Perhaps, as prudent maidens wot, Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand She gave a mournful wave; "Oh, do not jest, dear sir—it is Turf from my mother's grave!"

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An American's Adventure and Life in Central Africa.

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Fifty-eight days of painful marching and I arrived weary and footsore upon the hills of Uganda. The palace of the great African King M'Tse faced me upon the brow of a hill 500 paces distant. The roads before me were broad and well swept. The scene was pleasing. The mountains that stood between me and the Victoria Nyanza, the vast banana forests from which smoke ascended from countless "Zerebas," the flat pestiferous marsh of Unyoro, were indeed novel sights to one like me, a victim in common with my soldiers to the jungle fever. The barbaric pomp and circumstance with which M'Tse received me ("the white prince") was both ludicrous and cruel. He thought it a courtesy honor. The next day, to complete the honor, he decapitated thirty of his subjects. M'Tse during these bloody executions oftentimes displayed great feeling. When permission was given me to visit the lake and to return thence by Ripon Falls and by the river to Urodogani, M'Tse decapitated seven more of his subjects, saying to me in broken Arabic, "It is necessary to do so because you wish to go by the River Nile; but it pains my belly (heart) to kill them."

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My horse, the only one in Uganda, was an object of the greatest wonder to M'Tse—of wonder and fear to the whole country; and at the end of the expedition, notwithstanding the malaria, he was yet sound. M'Tse's manner toward me was one of marked consideration. In his presence I sat on a chair—a princely honor there—while his courtiers prostrated themselves before me. After conversing with the King some time I tried to awaken some ambition in him, contrasting his royalty with that of the civilized world. I told him of brilliant pageantry, imposing celebrations, dazzling festivities, and made him voracious for these wonderful things. M'Tse said to me, finally: "All that I have is yours if you make me great King. I want a carriage and a horse."

By talking such grandeur to him I got him to consent to my propositions. He, however, resisted my desire to return by the Victoria Nile. But I was stubborn, and ultimately succeeded. On July 14, although suffering from long-continued dysentery, I visited the Victoria Nyanza, three hours to Murchison Creek. I was met by a thousand of M'Tse's warriors in canoes of bark of a native tree, sewed together and ornamented by the head and antlers of the Tetel. The Nagarrah drum, accompanied by imitations of the crow, echoing over the smooth surface of the lake made the occasion one never to be forgotten. Down Murchison Creek and out upon the lake I was escorted by this numerous suite. I found the lake twenty-five to thirty feet in depth and from twelve to fifteen miles across. It might be double that distance. And although I visited the right shore I found no traces of shells and no tide marks to disturb this one source of the Nile.

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On the 11th of August, in north latitude 1 deg. 30 sec., a high mountain on my right, I entered a large basin or lake. The bed of the river here loses itself. I was beset by storms and without compass. I was forty-eight hours struggling to find my way in this lake, which is at least twenty to twenty-five miles wide, wholly unable to perceive land on either side. Finally, the storm abating, I again started my journey. This lake seems not alone the reservoir of the waters of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, but of the waters of the plateau, the great watershed extending southward. Almost perpetual rains (except in July and August) fall and fill this basin to an immeasurable depth, and when the waters get too high they break through the channel, and, perhaps, this accounts for the periodical inundation of the Nile.

August 17 I arrived near M'Roohi, where I was attacked by 400 men of Keba Regas in canoes. I defeated them after a severe fight, with a loss to them of eighty-two killed, causing them to desert their sinking boats. I was wounded in the face during the battle. The river then from Karuma to Foweira to Urodogani is navigable even for ships like the Great Eastern. Resuming my march northward the 15th of September I arrived at Gondokoro the 18th of October.

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The country of Uganda is mountainous and picturesque; soil fertile and impregnated with iron. The climate is salubrious, but debilitating for Europeans. It is a land of morasses and marsh in some quarters. Buffalo and elephants abound. The jungle fever is prevalent, and even the natives are victims to it. Spring may be said to exist there at all seasons of the year.

The products are coffee, grown wild; tobacco largely cultivated, and of excellent quality, resembling the perique of Louisiana; sugar-cane, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, yams and beans. The banana is of excellent quality. It is the only fruit of the whole country. Boiled, roasted or baked, it is the chief food of the natives. The character of the native is childlike, and in no wise warlike. He works but little, smokes, drinks "morrissa," and the harem is his happiness.

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## HOT-BEDS.

Mr. J. B. Root, an experienced market gardener and seed grower of Rockford, Ill., has published a "Garden Manual and seed catalogue" which contains a great deal of useful and practical matter compacted in small space. From it we give his plan of making hot-beds.

**Frames and Covers.**—The first step is to provide ourselves with frame covers. I have finally settled upon the use of frames twelve feet long and five and a half feet wide. This allows of the use on each bed of four sash three feet wide. Sash 54 feet long are as large as are convenient, and permit the use on the same frame of the cloth covers hereafter described. Beds of more than four sash are difficult to keep of an even temperature, and a two-foot alley-way is needed as frequent as every twelve feet. These frames we make of inch boards, 2x4 scantling in the corners for strength. The bottom or lower side is made 12 or 15 inches high, the back or upper side 18 to 20 inches high. The cross-boards for the sash to slide on are made of 3x2 stuff, so as to bear a man's weight if necessary.

For use on early beds we use glass mostly, but for the large number of our beds in use after hard freezing is over and we have to protect only against spring frosts, we use cotton cloth or coarse sheeting. Two widths are sewn together, cut twelve feet and six inches long, and the edges hemmed, and small brass curtain rings sewed on stoutly at fifteen inches apart around the border. By hooking these over small nails, or inverted hooks, the cover is stretched nearly air-tight over the whole bed. When it is desired to open the bed they can be unhooked and rolled down as far as desired, and fastened, or rolled entirely off upon a clean board at the foot of the bed.

For sprouting sweet potatoes, for hardening plants, and for all uses after the 20th of April, I have used simply cotton sheeting, but for earlier use and to render the cloth air-tight and warmer, use the following preparation: 1 quart raw linseed oil, 1 oz. pulverized sugar of lead, and 2 oz. pulverized resin. Heat in an iron kettle till all is dissolved, and apply with a brush, while hot, to the muslin while stretched over a frame. Endeavor to apply when two successive clear days can be had to dry it well before placing it over the vapor and heat of a bed.

Ready for use, these cost in money \$1.25, and in labor enough to make the entire cost nearly equal the interest on glass for one year. In careful hands they will serve three seasons. They do not gather heat so rapidly during the day as glass, and hence there is less danger of burning or drawing plants; nor do they throw off heat so fast at night, and so need less covering. Fitting tight to the frames they admit of no drafts, undergo no sudden changes, and suffer little from dampening off. Old gardeners are usually prejudiced against them at first thought, but I notice after once trying them they annually increase their number, finding them a cheap way of increasing their beds, causing no breakage like glass in careless hands and are stored at less expense, and answer many other uses during the year.

Our sashes are made with heavy frames and rails as the steam and heat beneath and cold and sun above will warp them if made light. The glass is all bedded in putty and each pane laps one-quarter inch on the one beneath it, and gutters must always be cut at the foot of each row of panes, so that water shall not stand to freeze and heave the glass.

**Making the beds.**—Other materials than horse manure are sometimes recommended for heating beds, particularly tan bark and spent hops, but the former has a heat so mild and slow, and the latter one so intense and quick, that they had best never be used except in connection with stable manure, which is always the chief reliance. As gathered from town stables, if it be scarce, it can be profitably increased by adding one-half its bulk of leaves or unrotted litter, or one-fourth its bulk of fresh tan bark. These additions prevent too intense heat and maintain the desired temperature a longer time. If spent hops from the brewery be added, a like amount of tan bark or litter should be used to reduce its intense heat. Fresh horse manure is most desirable, but when scarce we have always used a portion of older or frozen manure, provided it had never heated, but this, if used, should always be mixed with such as is perfectly fresh. As fast as drawn all should be mixed together in a conical pile until it begins to heat, when it should be forked over into a similar shape, working into the center all the coarser and frozen parts. At every forking over a moderate sprinkling should be given each layer of a foot or more, to be considerably increased if any parts are found to be dry or fire-fanged. When heat rises a second time it is ready to be made into a bed. When only one or two beds are to be made, and for earliest use in February, a pit, if well drained, is most economical of heat. These are made one foot larger each way than the frame to be used, and are as deep as manure is to be piled—for early use about three feet. But for our larger and later use we make beds on the sur-

face of the ground having only enough slope to secure drainage, and only two-foot paths between the beds. First a six-inch layer of cold manure or litter is spread upon the ground and sprinkled, and then successive layers of hot manure of same thickness until of the desired depth, giving to each layer a good sprinkling and tramping down. My experience is that if every third or fourth layer is of fresh manure unheated, the bed retains heat longer. For our earliest beds in February, we usually make the manure fully three feet deep, and gradually lessen the depth until the beds, in April, sweet potatoes and other plants, are only from 12 to 15 inches deep. When within a few inches of the required depth the frame is placed on the manure, and one layer piled within and without the frame. The sash, or covers, are then put on and kept closed until the heat rises, usually two to three days, when air is given. The first heat is usually too high for any seeds to endure, 100° or more, and the bed must not be used until it recedes to 90° or less, and the rank vapors have passed off, usually a couple of days more.

If heat does not rise in the piles, or in the bed, or any particular part of the bed, because of frozen lumps or other reasons, a few peels of boiling hot water will help to start it. If any portion or all the bed be too hot, the temperature can be lowered by punching holes with a crow bar or stick, in different parts of the bed, and leaving them open a day or two. A considerable revival of heat can be induced in old beds by removing the old manure from the edges and renewing with that which is fresh and hot.

**Elements of Strength.** Gen. B. H. Hill in a recent speech made many pungent suggestions, among them the following: Make cotton your surplus crop! In these five words lie the Samson locks of your future power. Make your own fertilizers by resting, cropping, grassing and manuring your lands. Thus you become independent of the guano merchants. Raise your own provisions. Thus you become independent of the provision merchants. Your cheapest and safest line of transportation runs from your own fields and hog-pens to your own barns and meal-houses. With no debts for your supplies, you will need no accommodation credit at two per cent. per month. Thus you become independent of the merchants, factors, and linen merchants. You can then sell your cotton at your own time, to your own chosen buyers, and will get your own money. None of these things can a cotton planter do who plants on credit, and borrows money to buy his provisions.

Irregular feeding of sheep will show in the wool. Every time the sheep falls off in condition, there will be a weak spot in the fiber, and the wool will snap there when stretched. Wool buyers don't neglect to look for this, and the wool loses 5 or 6 cents a pound in value, where they find it. Regularity in poor feeding is not so bad as good and bad feeding alternately. The sheep do not suffer so much. Half a pint of grain a day will keep sheep in good condition, with good straw or sweet corn-fodder. A little sulphur in the salt is a preventive of "stretches," which is simply indigestion.

**A CONTRABAND SUBJECT.**—Bishop Ames tells a story of a slave master in Missouri, in the old time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel: "Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "Ise mighty fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied: "You see, massa, dat wouldn't never do, cause 'twould trow such a coolness over the meetin'."

Not a bad story comes from the Savage Club, London, but it does not seem clear who first made the joke. A "Savage" was standing on the steps at Erau's Hotel, Covent Garden, where the club is now located, when a gentleman came up to him and asked him if there was "a gentleman with one eye named Walker" in the club. "I don't know," responded the "Savage;" "what was the name of his other eye?"

One of the best double puns we have ever heard was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectfully Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both Annie-mated and Bonnie-titled," was the reply.

A man who was sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said, "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" No, replied he. "That's just like you," said she; "for you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."