

The Port Tobacco Times.



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

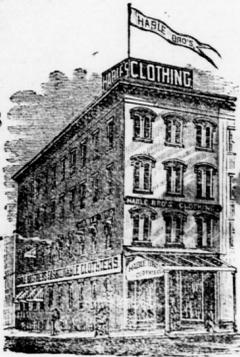
Volume 31.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, MARCH 5, 1875.

Number 45.

Our Final Temptings!

WE OFFER
INCREASED REDUCTIONS
FOR POSITIVELY ONLY



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IF YOU WOULD SAVE
A LARGE PERCENTAGE IN
THE PRICES OF CLOTHING.

A SHORT TIME LONGER.

35 Per Cent. Reduction!

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35 Per Cent. Below Regular Prices.

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Low Prices and Good Articles Guar-
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Lime, Cement and Plaster
Depot,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND
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Immense Stock of JEWELRY and FANCY GOODS
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Successor to Teal & Hartman,
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Suspenders, Hair Hose, Umbrellas
AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.
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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
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COUNTRY DEALERS WOULD DO WELL TO GIVE US A CALL.
AGENTS FOR
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Jesse Oakley & Co's Celebrated Glycerine, Transparent and Laundry Soaps.
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246 West Pratt Street, between Hanover and Sharp Streets,
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aug 21-6m

PRICE & HEALD,
SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD PRICE AND SONS,
**Hardwood, Cabinet and Building
LUMBER,**
OFFICE AND YARD: Mill Street, Long Dock,
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Liberal inducements to Cash buyers.

Selected Miscellany.

CURIOS CROWS.

Remarkable Confidence—Game by a Crow.
A Florida correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows: The crows had kept up a racket since dawn. Trees and palmetto scrub were black with them. They alighted in camp within ten feet of us, and stole the provisions in the instant our backs were turned. Incessantly did they scold us. It was plain that they were anxious for us to break camp, so that they might pick up what was left.

"Talk about crows," said Moore, while puffing his smoking pipe, "they're the most knowing birds in Florida. Yes, sir, their intelligence is ahead of the nigger. They can tell a nigger from a white man a mile off, and they know a shot gun from a rifle. They know that they are of no account. Nobody hankers after crow meat, and no hunter wastes powder and shot on them. Why, I've been hunting and had the crows follow me and point out the game. They were willing to take their share of the work, too, and were satisfied with the leavings. If a man only knows how to take him, a crow's just as good as a dog. When I've been jumping a bear or a deer, I've had the crows light on the trees above 'em, and sing out: 'Here he is old man, down below here!' Go for him! And if I shot and missed, those crows would actually get disgusted. I could hear them talking to one another and saying: 'Oh he's an hombre—he don't know how to shoot. But if I brought down the game, they'd scream and bounce from the trees and sail in for their divy.'"

But the greatest ease of sagacity in a crow that I ever saw," continued Moore, "was on the ocean beach, just across the lower end of the lake. Last year me and a fellow named Crowell were down there catching turtles. We used to clean 'em on a big beam of mahogany that had drifted ashore. There were thousands of crows on hand a picking up the entrails and scooping out the shells. They were so noisy that we had to holler to understand one another. You never see such a raft of crows. They were pretty shy aloft in the beginning, but they kept getting bolder, and by and by they walked right to the mahogany beam, and stole the choice steaks we were saving for ourselves. Well, when Crowell saw that, he began to get mad. He swore he couldn't stand it, and he hauled up and gave the crowd two barrels of duck shot. He had a thundering charge—a painful of shot in each barrel. You never seen such a sight. If it had been raining crows, the beach couldn't have been blacker. You see this was in the morning. Well, for several hours the crows were mighty shy again, but along in the afternoon they took their chances once more and were around thicker than ever. They fought among themselves for the shells and entrails, but they gave the steaks a wide berth. They were smart enough to know what the shooting was for.

"Well, among the flock we noticed a lame crow with a sickly kind of a caw. He had come out from under Crowell's battery with one leg gone. He was a hard sight. When we first saw him his wing was drooping, and he was a limping along and a skimming around for something to eat, with the rest of them. We felt sorry for him. If you'd seen him you couldn't help but feel sorry, too. You see, the other crows didn't give him a living show. He would have starved to death if we hadn't sympathized with him, and see that he got his share. We fed him the nicest chunks of turtle, and he got so tame that he'd limp up within two or three feet and almost eat out of our hands. We used to call him Santa Anna, because, you see, he had lost his leg.

"Well," continued Moore, "for some time Santa Anna turned up regularly for his rations. He seemed to be growing weak, in spite of all the building up we gave him. One day we missed him. Crowell felt mighty bad. He almost cried. 'Poor Santa Anna,' he said, 'he could roost any place but on the ground. Some snake has got him, and that's the last of him.' You see the bird had got to be a great favorite. I felt about as bad as Crowell, and no mistake. Down here in the wilderness, where you don't see a white man once in years, a fellow gets mightily attached to a crow when he's social like, and puts confidence in you. Well, all that day the crows kept a coming in a ripping away at the lights and livers, but poor Santa Anna never turned up. I reckon if we talked about him once we talked about him a thousand times!

"The next forenoon, while we were dressing a big turtle, we heard a feeble kind of a caw, and Crowell sang out, 'here's Santa Anna again, as sure as you are born!' And sure enough, there was the little black cuss a hopping along on one foot over the sand. He cocked his head on one side, and seemed thundering glad to see us. We were hypercane. We picked out the richest part of the turtle and fed him. Well, good Lord, you'd ought to see that crow eat. He stuffed himself so full that he couldn't holler. You could see him swell out like a rubber ball. The other crows stood off about

twenty feet watching him. The little hombre got all he wanted, and then started off. He limped awfully for about fifteen feet, and I heard Crowell say: 'Poor little devil! I'm afraid he'll never get well.' Just then the crow stopped, and shook up his wing. Then—as I'm alive and a sinner—he dropped another little black foot, and walked off on two legs as sound as a dollar. The other crows set up a mighty cawing, and all of them flew away together.

"Well," inquired Hammond, "how did he get his leg fixed?"
"It wasn't Santa Anna at all," Moore replied. "Some other crow had played Santa Anna on us. Our crow had been eaten up by a 'possum. We found the feathers afterwards. And," continued Moore, turning to me, "you won't believe me, but that story is just as true as the Gospel—every word of it."

Madame Le Vert.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes:—"Mme. Le Vert will give her usual Lenten reception, full of music and readings, as one evening's delectation to the world of fashion. It will go, and it ought to go, to gladden the eyes and fill the pocket of this wonderful little lady. She's already a historic figure in Washington, as were her father and her grandfather before her. Her grandfather, George Walton, signed the Declaration of Independence, married the daughter of an English nobleman, was Governor of Georgia, and a millionaire. Her father, Col. Walton, succeeded General Jackson as Governor of Florida. He was handsome, accomplished, and noble, and lost his large fortune by endorsing for his friends. He spent many of his later years in Washington; genial, full of anecdote, sunshiny to the end, never arraigning the fickle world that so quickly forgot him, and that he so long adored. His daughter, Octavia Walton, was born at Pensacola, while her father was Governor of Florida. In early youth she accompanied her father to Washington, and became a famous belle of successive Administrations. She married Dr. Pierre Le Vert, of Mobile, and as a young wife accompanied her husband to Europe. She was a favorite at the Court of Victoria, winning the personal friendship of the Queen. Although a Protestant, she received the blessing of the Pope at the Vatican. She spent years abroad, and 'Souvenirs of Travel' are a graceful record of her European life. For many years her home in Mobile was the centre of the most generous and elegant hospitality. She entertained there many of her European friends. Lady Emmeline Wortley, in her notes on American life, makes especial mention of her visit at the beautiful home of Dr. and Mme. Le Vert. She beyond question is socially and personally the most famous woman the South has yet produced. Never profane, she is simply marvellous in her grace, versatility, and in an outlying range of being which neither time nor misfortune has found possible to diminish. The Mme. Le Vert who entertained the titled and distinguished in her Southern home, and who, till the first year of the war, gave grand levees to the wealth and fashion of New York, wherein she would carry on sparkling conversation in half a dozen languages at the same time, and the Mme. Le Vert of to-day, 'timidless,' no longer young, trudging over the long spaces of the capital on the little feet that, till of late, never had need to touch the ground, an umbrella for a staff, and her pockets full of tickets that are to earn her bread, are one and the same. Nothing could be more changed than the condition of her lot, while she is utterly unchanging, unbroken, undimmed, loving, enthusiastic, ever delightful. 'I saw you lift up that little finger to stop a car,' said her friend, Mrs. Paron Stevens, to her not long since. As you got into the car you smiled as if you were perfectly happy, and I ask myself, what in the world now can she find to smile about—this woman who has lost fortune, friends, everything that makes life delightful. Tell me, I want to know. Were you as happy as you looked? It seems impossible. 'I was,' said the little lady, 'just as happy as I looked. It was so delightful to have just five cents left to take me home in a car.' Is not such a nature the fortune beyond price after all?"

"In 1867, M. Berger, a Parisian, lost his wife, whom he had married three years before. He has been almost heart-broken ever since, living in the room where his wife died, and in which her portrait was hanging. His wife's sister at the time of his marriage was a little girl, but she has now expanded into a handsome woman. For years she had not seen M. Berger. The other day she knocked at the door of his apartments. The servant was absent and M. Berger opened the door. She entered and, lifting her veil, said: 'Do you not recognize me?' 'My wife!' he cried, then suddenly recollecting, 'No, no! she is dead! It is her spirit returned to earth!' The poor girl tried to reassure the widower and explain that she was no ghost but his little sister-in-law, now grown up, and who had arrived in Paris the day before. 'No, no, help!' he shrieked, and fell back dead.

UNCLE HEB.

How the Old Man Died—Taking his Last Luxury on Earth.

His full name was Hebdon Wright Turner, but everybody called him "Uncle Heb." He must have passed his sixtieth birthday, but no one cared to grow a second time to see if he was looking old and wearing out. He chored around livery stables and saloons, always hungry and always ragged, and while no one was his friend he had no enemies.

The other day he fell down in a faint in a saloon on the river road, and when he was restored to consciousness he started the three or four men who had placed him on the bed by exclaiming: "Boys, I'll be darned if I ain't going to die!"
"No one had ever stopped to think whether Uncle Heb was ever going to die. It was the general impression among his acquaintances that he would live along for three or four hundred years.

"How do you feel?" they asked.
"Kinder trembly and weak," he replied. "I'll bet you fifty cents I'll kick the bucket afore noon!"
They offered to bring a doctor, but he said:
"No, don't take any trouble; 'tend right to business as usual, and when I kick the beam plant me quietly and without any style!"
The men imagined that it was mere weakness which would soon pass off, and one of them sat down near him while the others retired to go about their business.

"It's tough weather for a funeral!" remarked Uncle Heb, as the fierce wind howled around the house. "It don't make any difference how I'm carried up; I wouldn't know it if there were sixteen hucks, and a brass band; just as lief go up alone with the driver!"
After a pause he smiled blandly, and inquired:
"They'll speak of me as the 'late deceased,' won't they? Yes, of course. I should like to read the papers tomorrow and see what they say of me, but I won't be here, you know."

"Have you any property to dispose of?" asked the watcher.
"Lemme see," mused Uncle Heb. "Yes, there's an extra pair of bates and a hat and about 17 cents in money. I suppose the right way would be to have executors 'pinted, but, as I said before, I don't want any fooling around. You can divide up the estate between you."

The old man was very pale and he seemed to be suffering, and the watcher was anxious to do something.
"I tell you," replied Uncle Heb, "I'd like some brandy. If it wasn't just as it is I wouldn't put you to any trouble, but being I'm going away to stay I'd like a few swallows of real peach brandy—some of that in the fancy decanter."

Some was brought him, and he smacked his lips, smiled, and remarked:
"If I wasn't going to die I'd try and lay in a quart or two of that brandy."
After five or ten minutes more the nurse asked him if he didn't feel better.
"Feel better?" echoed the old man, "how can a dying man feel better? Do you suppose I'd be fooling around here if I wasn't going to expire?"
The man sat down, and Uncle Heb continued:

"As soon as I go up the spout one of you go to the poormaster and say: 'Mr. Willard, old Heb is dead; send a fellow down and plant him.' That will be as good as a speech two hours long. I'm sorry I was took sick here, but it wasn't my fault. You may go now."
The man went out, thinking Uncle Heb out of his mind, and sat down and played dominoes for an hour. Hearing no movement in the back room he opened the door.
The old man was dead!—Detroit Free Press.

What is a "Gentleman."

The London Daily Telegraph says:—"What is a 'gentleman?' is a question almost useless to ask in society, for it is practically insoluble, and leads to endless discussions as to birth, moral worth, mental accomplishments, and conventional manners. But the lawyers have got hold of it now, and last week four of our best Judges—Coleridge, Keating, Grove, and Denman—debated heartily the pros and cons of the disputed point. The case arose through the description in a legal document of a retired lawyer's clerk, who acted occasionally in the capacity of writer, as a 'gentleman.' No doubt, accuracy of description is extremely useful, and may be essential in matters of law. So the four judges 'granted a rule' on the prima facie ground that the word so applied was 'inaccurate, insufficient or wrong.' One counsel contended that he ought to have been called a letter writer or debt collector, while a judge pointed out that if indicted for any offence he would be called 'a laborer.' It appeared in evidence that at the time he was employed in what is called 'winding up' an estate, but 'estate winder' is not a calling in any directory we know. In one quoted case the Judges held that a Government clerk ought not to be described as a 'gentleman,' a decision that may dismay some of the young patricians who take the Queen's pay in West End offices, and would especially shock

Thackeray's Rawlins Rawlins, Esq., of the Foreign Office, who was such an 'ass and respectable.' At the previous hearing of the case Mr. Talfourd asserted that 'the term would include anybody who had nothing to do and was out of the workhouse.' This, we humbly think, is going a little too far; for it comprises habitual thieves, mendicants and persons in the receipt of outdoor relief. Some of the Judges inclined to the belief that this handy man who worked at all kinds of odd jobs ought to have been described as of 'no occupation,' because he attached himself permanently to none. The awkwardness of the whole question arises from two causes—the desire of some persons with democratic occupations to pass in society for persons of higher standing, or to conceal their connections with new callings that are not based on property or status. The best final solution might be to have the legal status of the word. The means of livelihood generally supply the best indications; men are land-owners, farmers, fundholders, shareholders, &c., and few cases cannot be covered by titles of this kind. In truth, 'gentleman' ought to be, not a legal style, but a title of honor given by society, and therefore affixed according to the varying standards of place, circumstances or time. Its retention in law papers when the proper use of the term is so perplexed is apt to be a snare."

A World beyond the World.

"They that deny a God," says Bacon, "destroy man's nobility; for certainly, man is of kin to the beast by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity and the raising of human nature; for, take an example of a dog, and mark what a courage and generosity he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain." This confidence of a better nature is religious faith; and here it is that man begins to look beyond mere sense and outward fact in his thoughts. And in this point of view, religion is seen to be the spring of all genius. Genius is but an intellectual faith. It looks round on the world and life, and beholds not a limit, in some sense not a reality; but the confidence in all of a better nature. The forms, colors and experiences of life are not truth to it, but only the imagery of truth. Boundaries break away, thought is emancipated, a mighty inspiration seizes and exalts it; and what to others is fact and dead substance, to it is but a vast chamber of spiritual imagery. Colors are the hues of thought, forms embody it, contrasts hold it in relief, proportions are the clothing of its beauty, sounds are its music. Whose the thought is, its own reflected, or God's presented, it may never pause to inquire; or with the immortal Kepler it may exclaim, "In the pious ecstasy of a child—Oh Lord, I think thy thoughts after thee! In either case, the world is changed—it is no more the whole, but only the sign of things. The blank walls of sense are become significant, and a world beyond the world is beheld in distinct embodiment."—Bushnell.

FEROCITY OF THE HAMSTER RAT.

This is the only species of rat found in Europe possessing pouches in his cheeks, and is a native of Austria, Silesia and parts of Germany. He feeds on grain, herbs, roots, and at times even eats flesh. The life of a Hamster is divided between eating and fighting. He seems to have no other passion but that of anger, which induces him to attack every animal that comes in his way, without in the least attending to the strength of the enemy. Ignorant of the art of saving himself by flight, rather than yield he will allow himself to be beaten to pieces with a stick. If he seizes a man's hand, he must be killed before he will quit his hold. The magnitude of the horse terrifies him as little as the tenacity of the dog, which is fond of hunting him. When the Hamster perceives a dog at a distance, he begins by emptying his cheek and pouches, if they happen to be filled with grain; he then blows them out so prodigiously that the size of his head and neck greatly exceeds that of the rest of the body. He raises himself on his hind legs, and thus darts upon the enemy. If he catches hold, he never quits his foe but with the loss of life. The ferocious disposition prevents the Hamster from being at peace with any animal, even with his own species. When two Hamsters meet they never fail to attack each other, and the stronger always devours the weaker. A combat between a male and female usually lasts longer than that between two males. They begin by pursuing and biting each other; then each of them retires aside, as if to take breath. After a short interval they renew the combat and continue to fight till one of them falls. The vanquished animal uniformly serves for a repast to the conqueror.

"What station do you call this?" said a man as he crawled out of the debris of a railroad smash-up. "Devastation," replied the conductor.