

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 12, 1875.

Number 46.

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Lime, Cement and Plaster
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CLOCKS, for sale by
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SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD PRICE AND SONS,
Hardwood, Cabinet and Building
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OFFICE AND YARD: Mill Street, Long Dock,
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Liberal inducements to Cash buyers.

Port Tobacco Times

PORT TOBACCO:
Friday Morning, March 12, 1875.

The United States Senate.
The following is a list of the Senators of the Forty-fourth Congress. The new Senate is now sitting, an extra session having been called by the President for executive business.

State.	Senator.	Politics.	Ends.
Alabama.	George F. Edmunds,	Dem.	1877
Arkansas.	George F. Spencer,	R. Rep.	1879
California.	Stephen W. Doolay,	R. Rep.	1879
Colorado.	Aaron A. Sargent,	R. Rep.	1879
Connecticut.	Orville D. Ferry,	Dem.	1881
Delaware.	William W. Eaton,	Dem.	1881
Florida.	Simon B. Conover,	R. Rep.	1879
Georgia.	Charles M. Jones,	Dem.	1881
Illinois.	John M. Norwood,	Dem.	1879
Indiana.	John A. Logan,	R. Rep.	1877
Iowa.	Richard J. Oglesby,	R. Rep.	1879
Kansas.	Oliver M. Johnson,	R. Rep.	1879
Kentucky.	John W. Stevenson,	Dem.	1877
Louisiana.	Thomas C. McCreary,	R. Rep.	1879
Maine.	J. Rufus West,	R. Rep.	1879
Maryland.	George R. Dennis,	Dem.	1879
Mass.	W. Pinkney Whyte,	Dem.	1881
Michigan.	George S. Boutwell,	R. Rep.	1877
Minnesota.	Thomas W. Ferry,	R. Rep.	1877
Mississippi.	William Windom,	R. Rep.	1877
Missouri.	S. J. R. McMillan,	R. Rep.	1881
Nebraska.	James L. Alden,	R. Rep.	1877
Nevada.	Francis K. Blair,	R. Rep.	1879
New Hampshire.	Frank M. Cockrell,	Dem.	1881
New Jersey.	P. W. Hitchcock,	R. Rep.	1877
New York.	Algeron S. Packard,	R. Rep.	1879
North Carolina.	John P. Stinson,	R. Rep.	1879
Ohio.	William Sharon,	R. Rep.	1881
Oregon.	Aaron H. Cragin,	R. Rep.	1879
Penn.	Bainbridge Wadleigh,	R. Rep.	1879
Rhode Island.	F. T. Frelinghuysen,	R. Rep.	1877
South Carolina.	Edmund O. Ross,	R. Rep.	1879
Texas.	Roscoe Conkling,	R. Rep.	1877
Vermont.	Francis Kernan,	Dem.	1881
Virginia.	Adam S. Loomis,	Dem.	1877
Washington.	John S. Sherman,	R. Rep.	1879
West Virginia.	John S. Johnston,	R. Rep.	1879
Wisconsin.	James K. Kelly,	Dem.	1877
Wyoming.	J. H. Mitchell,	R. Rep.	1879

to bring down upon the country we hold some of the respectable Representatives who voted against these bills, but honest men expect their honest representatives to fight against attempted wrongs, with all the strength, all the fire, the courage, the obstinacy, and indignant eloquence of which they are capable, fearing neither the frowns of power nor the ridicule of the party which is not able enough to hint objections under one's breath, or to pick holes in an article which is not able to get through. If every Republican Representative who thinks with Messrs. Willard and Hawley had used as plain speech as they did, the bill would probably never have passed.

Editing a Paper.
Editing a paper is a nice business. If we publish jokes people will say we are rattleheaded. If we omit jokes they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections. If we publish selections folks say we are lazy for not writing something they had not read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices folks say we are a hog. If we insert articles that please the ladies the men are jealous. If we do not cater to the wishes of the ladies the paper is not fit to make a bustle. If we speak well of the acts of the President folks say we dare not do otherwise. If we censure them we are called a traitor. If we remain in our office and attend to our business folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out they say we never attend to our business. If we are not to be trusted. If we do not pay promptly folks say we stole the money. If we wear poor clothes folks say business is bad. If we wear good clothes they say we never paid for them. Now what are we to do? Some may say we stole this item from some other paper; and so we did.

PERIODICALS.
The *Aldine*.
The *Aldine* for March (No. 15 of the current series) is at hand, quite as heavily freighted with good things as usual (which is saying much), and with some peculiarities demanding special attention. Artistically, it has many features of the first excellence. The first engraving is "The New Doll,"—admirably well done, but one of those things which seem like a waste of fine labor, until one knows that it is a portrait of the daughter of the French writer, Edmond About, by John S. Davis. Knowing which, the picture assumes a marked interest. "Evening, Pigeon Cove, Mass.," by Krausman van Eken, is a full-page picture, like the two preceding, proving both decorative and smaller pictures follow—"The Modern Adam and Eve," and "The Fisherman's Daughters," both telling their stories to perfection. There is also a pair of companion pictures, "Confession" and "Stillness of Death," both worth a world of study for their true conception and faithful execution. Then follow "Apprentice Hours of Childhood," which is equal to the high *Aldine* average, and another full-page picture by Mr. Davis, "Dance of Evening," which may be set down as one of the most graceful things in drawing, and one will readily understand a wonderful engraving, anywhere published within a long period. Three excellent views of Hereford Cathedral (west of England) conclude the art-contents of the number. A list of true opinion in illustration, and one appealing to all tastes in its singular variety.

RECAPITULATION.
Radical Republicans..... 36
Moderate Republicans..... 28
Liberals..... 2
Independent..... 1
Vacancies..... 1
Republican majority..... 13
Anti-Radical majority..... 1

The Force Bill.
The following article—written before the adjournment of Congress, and when it was thought the Force Bill might pass the Senate and become a law—is from the *N. Y. Tribune*. Notwithstanding the failure of the bill to pass, it is not too late to publish the article, furnishing as it does, in addition to what we have already said in these columns on the subject, matter for the serious reflection of every lover of our republican institutions. The *Tribune* says:

The Plot Thickens.
The provisions of the Force bill are so monstrous, so distinctly in violation of the principles of all free government, and with the most baneful and pernicious effects, that many of us, though we know the desperate character of the Republican majority at Washington, could not believe it possible for the measure to pass either House of Congress. But we underrated the power of the Administration, which are driving the party to ruin. The bill has passed the House of Representatives, and the Administration, Mr. Willard and Mr. Hawley opposed it with a zeal that did them the greatest credit. The bill was introduced by communicating ability, far fame, and long record of patriotic services, though not perfectly correct in his views, and was looked upon as the leader of the party, stood against it in solid array. But the house-organ of the Administration cried out, in capital letters, "The passage of this bill is required to preserve to the Republican party the electoral vote of the Southern States." Gen. Butler sat up all night, "at the risk of his life," to keep his eye on the House and lead the reluctant members into line, and the bill passed. Study the record of the votes, and you will see that, allowing for some few exceptions, the responsibility of the Republican side of the House ranged itself on one hand, and the jobbers, adventurers, and demagogues on the other. If the bill can be pushed to a vote in the Senate—which we reject as unjustifiable—let us see if it will be supported by the Republican side of the Senate. We do not look to the Senate as a body that will do justice, but we will see if it will be supported by the Republican side of the Senate. We do not look to the Senate as a body that will do justice, but we will see if it will be supported by the Republican side of the Senate.

Somebody for the Children.
One of the greatest pleasures which *St. Nicholas* brings to its readers, is certainly the monthly chapters of Miss Alcott's story. This time we catch a delightful glimpse of the "Eight Cousins" at home and in the very midst of the confusion and riot produced by the return of their sailor-uncle. Just as interesting, also, is the sight of Rose in her new fancy costume, and the peep with her into that curious room never before explored, where she makes a great discovery.

Now if there is a public school teacher who has courage enough to throw away the Brown's, Jones' and Robinson's Fifth and Sixth Readers, and let his advanced classes read Paradise Lost, or Rascelas, or Macaulay's Essays, or some first class historian, (not Goodrich we beg you) from the copy he may own or can borrow, for two or three terms, we would like to hear his report of the effect such a course would have upon the minds of his pupils. And if there is a Sunday school teacher or superintendent who believes it is absolutely necessary for children to read fictitious writing, who will substitute for the average Sunday School library book, Ivanhoe, Dombey & Son, or the Leatherstocking books, we believe he will strengthen, rather than enervate as he is doing now, the mental and moral constitution of his children. And if there is a parent who feels sufficient interest in the right training of his children as to ascertain for himself whether they can read *about* some selection from an English master, or will test whether they can discriminate between a worthy and a worthless writing, and if they fail in either, will require of their teacher an explanation of the reason why they have failed, he will do a sensible thing. He

will do a still more sensible thing if he,—being a competent man,—will take his child by the hand and lead him from the swamps of literature, where day school reading books and Sunday school library books have placed him, and where the mephitic vapors and noxious exhalations are stupefying his intellect, to the higher ground of literature where the air is pure, and bracing and rigorous.

The defects of a poor arithmetic may be remedied by a good teacher; a competent conversation, however important, and listless, can correct the errors of an incorrect geography or history; a live teacher can put life and animation into a dead, dull, heavy grammar; the best, the wisest, the most skillful teacher cannot mould into a healthy mental food the heterogeneous mass of scraps that compose our school reading books.

Vesper Bells.
To the traveler in Spanish America the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where it may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half open for the arrested remark, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of prayer; you would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America at the tinkle of the Angelus resembles a city in the "Arabian Nights," whose inhabitants are turned into stones. The magicians here is the bell-ringer; but hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hands meet hands, questions seek answers, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the children sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many.

Breakfasts in the French Fashion.
For my own part, I like nothing so well for breakfast as a good breakfast; but then, again, how rarely is a good breakfast served! Very often, when one asks for a steak, an over-done, leathery, sodden, black-looking mass, with an unattractive smell of grease and frying-pan about it, is presented. Look at it and shudder; but, in pity to your digestion, do not attempt to eat it. Now ask for the same dish in France—I do not mind saying, ask for it almost anywhere in France, not only in Paris—and a tender, delicate and tasty plate is given you, called, I suppose, in mockery, "Bittock à l'Anglaise." Of course, we ought to be able to prepare a breakfast as well as the French, therefore let me direct you with advice from Jourdan Leconte. To begin with, utterly despise ramp-steak; for this purpose you must take the fillet, otherwise the undercut of the sirloin, and if you spoil that you must be a bad cook indeed. It should be dressed in this way: Cut several small steaks in rather thick pieces, say one and a-half inch; on no account thin slices, and, having given each a hearty rub with a rolling-pin, get out your gridiron (mind, gridiron, not frying-pan), grease the bars, put it over a very clear fire, entirely free from smoke; place your little steaks on it, and grill them nicely, and not too long, as, when cooked, they should be just pink inside; do not neglect to baste them, before serving, however, chop up very finely a little parsley, with just a suspicion of onion; mix them with rather more than a tablespoonful of fresh butter, and drop a little of this on each steak, placing the remainder in your hot dish, where it will quickly melt, and mixing with the juice that will flow from the steaks, from a delicious gravy. Some people like a little lemon juice added, but this is, of course, entirely according to taste. Need I say that the steaks cannot be served too quickly nor too hot? Now, this appears to be a simpler method of cooking a steak, than frying it till it is as hard as a piece of wood, and until all the succulent juices are dried up. These steaks can be served in a variety of ways—"à la sauce tomato," "aux champignons," and so on; fried potatoes are generally served with them.

LITTLE FOLKS' DICTIONARY.—A writer in the School-day Magazine has gathered together the following dictionary words as defined by certain small people here and there:
Back-biter—A flea.
Bed-time—Shut-eye time.
Dust—Mud, with the juice all squeezed out.
Fan—A thing to brush warm off with.
Fins—A fish's wings.
Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.
Monkey—A very little boy with a tail.
Nest-egg—The egg that the old hen measures by to make new ones.
Pig—A hog's little boy.
Salt—What makes your potato taste bad when you don't put any on.
Snoring—Letting off sleep.
Snow—Rain all popped out white.
Stars—The moon's eggs.
Trunk (of an elephant)—His front tail.
Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.
A small catechism—Kittchenism.
A Vermont schoolmaster says he never felt unequal to any demand in the line of his profession, excepting on one occasion, when a farmer brought his bouncing 15-year old daughter to the school, and walking up to the master's desk, said: "That's my youngest girl, and if ever you catch her slidin' down hill with the boys I just want you to bounce her."

"Pretty bad under foot, to-day," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street.
"Yes, but it is fine overhead," responded the other.
"True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."
"Good morning," said a compositor, to the head of a flourishing family: "have you any daughters who would make good type-setters?"
"No, but I have a wife that would make a very good devil."