

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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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## From Abroad.

NOTES FROM NORTHERN LANDS.

BY REV. JOHN LEYBURN, D. D.,  
ST. PETERSBURG.

It was very late when I went on deck the morning after leaving Helsinki, and the first announcement was that such good progress had been made that we would reach St. Petersburg an hour or two in advance of our time. The Gulf of Finland had certainly been behaving most beautifully, and this morning was as serene and smiling as the most fastidious voyager could desire. "Getting toward St. Petersburg?" "Certainly; don't you see Cronstadt?" said one. "And sure enough, there was the great fortress, guarding the approach to the Imperial capital; and guarding it so sternly that that enemy would be daring and reckless, indeed, who would provoke her thunders. England and France are at war, and when allied against Russia in the Crimean war, were able to storm and carry the apparently impregnable fortress of Sebastopol; but they deemed it prudent not to undertake Cronstadt. Their fleets were up in these seas, frowning and formidable, but they made no attempt to crack this hard nut. They preferred rather to batter down the fortifications of Helsinki, although not being on the way to any place in particular, it was rather a poor substitute for battering down the gateway to the Capital of all the Russias.

Yes, yonder is Cronstadt, sitting quite down in the waters, and, from our present point, looking like a great covered with a heavy frost. The fortress does stand on a small island, which Peter the Great had the sagacity to see held the key to his new capital. Threatened as he was, by his neighbor, the King of Sweden, he set to work to defend himself, and this he did so effectually that when the King of Sweden came in high confidence, that he would bring to a speedy end Peter's would-be great city, said King found he had run into a hornet's nest, and was glad to run out as quickly as might be; albeit, he found getting out grievously more difficult than getting in. From that time to this the great fortress has kept the world at bay.

But Cronstadt is not a fortress and town only, here lies the Russian navy; and it is the masts of these numerous war-ships which made the forest we saw on our first outlook from the steamer. On drawing near, we see that there is much mischief laid up there, vast power sleeping, which if waked up, might do frightful execution upon intrusive enemies. Among the slumbering monsters, we observe several of the highest possible grade, and in perfect condition for drilling.

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Pamphlets, with certified results of seven years' practical use, can be had at the Office. Parties purchasing the "MARYLAND" will please observe that the name of the President and Chemist is on each bag, with the trademark—a "Palm Tree"—as the brand has been pirated.

Farmers visiting the city are invited to visit the Works of the Company, on WARREN STREET, and learn how and of what materials first class Fertilizers are made.

To those making their own Fertilizers they offer all the ingredients required at the lowest rates.

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## Selected Miscellany.

"GOIN' SOMEWHERE."

"M. Quad," the humorist of the Detroit Free Press, has been secured as a regular contributor to the *Health and Home*. He makes his first bow to a sketch headed "Goin' Somewhere," as follows:

He had been to town-meeting; had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California. She had been to quilled "Generals," a circus or two, and had a woman whose sister thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction and change cars at a depot.

So I found them—a cosy-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travelers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face, and she became uneasy, and directly she asked: "Philetus, I actly bleeve we've went and taken the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and didn't he say we was right?"

"Naws, he did, but look out of the window and make sure. He might have been a lyin' to us!"

The old man looked out of the window at the flitting fences, the galling telegraph poles, and the unfamiliar fields, &c.; &c.; and to catch sight of some old landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we've all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, ain't it?" inquired the old man of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man. "There! didn't I say so?" chuckled the old girl.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied dubiously; "but if we're carried wrong it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led to some pirate's cave and butchered for our money, you'd wish you had headed my words."

He looked out of the window again, opening his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back in his seat and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said:

"Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys hev got them out in it."

"That makes me think of that umbrella!" she exclaimed, diving her hand among the parcels at her feet.

She hunted around for two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered:

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbrella!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" she went on; "that sky-blue umbrella which I have had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! Not a bit. I've talked to you and talked to you, but it's no good. Ye come from a headless family, and ye'd forgot to put on your boots, 'I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poor-house!" he replied in a cutting tone.

"Philetus—Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, lying her hand on his arm, "don't ye dare twit me of that again. I've lived with ye night on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had bites and toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke yer leg, but don't push me to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used her next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was pale as death as she straightened back and whispered:

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"That bottle with the tea in it!"

"It's been stolen!" he exclaimed, looking around the car as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to their lips.

"Just the umbrella—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family for twenty years—ever since mother died, and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a canny bottle, when we get home—if we ever do."

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know you are always ready to buy, and if wasn't for me to restrain ye the money would fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Witing agin! It isn't enough that ye've lost a good umbrella and a canny bottle, but ye must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes, but as he was looking out of the window she said nothing more. Ten or fifteen minutes passed, and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle:

"What's the aisle around here?"

"Philetus—Philetus H. Harrison!"

## stop yer noise!"

she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd yer brother Joab tell ye the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked.

"Didn't he say somebody'd strangle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye again rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye hev'n't, 'cause yer blind. I know that man's a villain, and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train I'll miss my guess. I can read human nature like a book."

There was another period of silence broken by her saying,

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"Cause it is."

"Waal, know it ain't, but if you are contented to rush along to destruction I shan't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye shan't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using one hand to catch his arm and the other to waive the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to git money to go this visit, but it's half gone now; and the laud only knows how we'll git home!"

The boy passed on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking:

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say!" she hissed, "but it's a blessed good thing for ye that I did come! If ye'd come alone ye'd have been robbed and murdered and gasped and scolded and sunk in the river afore this!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, I want to, but I know!"

He leaned back, she settled herself anew, and by and by—

He nodded.

And in sleep their gray heads touched, and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.

It was only their way.

MRS. COLLINS' CROQUET SET.

How his Hot Biscuit for Tea was Lost was not Unlike Very Many Other Family Jars.

Croquet, that eminently fascinating game, was introduced on the premises of the Collinses, Friday. In the afternoon, Mr. Collins brought up the set, and just before tea Mrs. Collins arranged the wickets. Collins had learned to play when visiting in Glovershire, last summer; and Mrs. Collins acquired an indifferent knowledge of the game from two elderly maiden sisters in Paxton street. And so on that delicious Friday afternoon they took out their mallets and balls and commenced the game.

"Now, Emeline," playfully observed Mr. Collins, "don't you begin cheating at the start. If you do, the game will be prostituted to mere gambling, and we'll injure our moral natures in trying to build up our physical."

"People who are so ready to charge others may need close watching themselves, young man," said she, in the same spirit; "and I mean to keep a sharp eye on you."

"Then they both laughed.

"But it will be a good thing for you," he said, with a tinge of tenderness in his voice; "you are kept cooped up in the house so that you hardly get a breath of air. This will give you exercise, and keep you out doors, too."

"You are always thinking of me," said she, as her eyes grew moist.

"You need the out-door air as much as I do, but you are too unselfish to think of yourself."

And this exchanging sentiments, which did credit to both their hearts, the game progressed.

After passing through the center wicket, Mr. Collins used her balls to help himself through the other wicket to the upper stake. Then he left her near the first wicket and struck for the stake, which, being about eight inches distant, made him confident.

The ball missed by about an eighth of an inch.

"I declare," he exclaimed in vexation.

Then she, having watched his rapid progress, now struck for him and hit him, and a minute later the ball was spinning through the grass to the other end of the ground. She was now in position for her wicket, and passed through it and the others to the stake, but missed it. Then he came up by a well directed blow to within two inches of the stake. But she went for him again, and when she got through she was three wickets beyond the stake, and his ball was at the other end of the ground again, and his brow was finely corrugated. He stopped nervously toward it. It was quite evident that he was not untruffed. When his turn came again he drove back to the stake but struck a wicket, and rebounded so close to her that she easily hit him, and again introduced him thro' wickets he was not for, and then sent her laughing again. Her success caused her to laugh, and he heard it.

"You think you are pretty smart, but I'll get even with you," he said, without smiling.

"You'll have to play better than you have done," she pertinently suggested.

"I think I know as much about croquet as you do," he said, still with a straight face. "If you had fairmess about you, you'd let me have that stroke

## over when I was up to the stake. You knew I slipped as well as I did," he said, growing red in the face.

"No, I didn't know anything about it," she replied, taking on a little color.

"I say you did."

"And I say I didn't. But if you are going to play this game, why don't you go ahead?"

"I'll play when I get ready," he answered, turning white about the mouth.

"If you ain't going to play, you'd better go into the house and shut up," she suggested, raising her voice.

"Don't you talk to me that way," he cried, "or I'll make you sorry for it, you brazen-faced hussy."

"Hussy! hussy!" she screamed. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, John Jacob Collins, to call your wife a hussy? Hussy, ain't I, you villain. Hussy is it you miserable brute. I'm to be called a hussy, and, after working my knuckles off for you, and slaving for thirty years." "There," she cried, in a paroxysm, throwing the mallet on the ground, "take your old croquet and shove it down your throat and choke yourself to death with it, if you want to. And don't you ever ask me to play with you again, or I'll tell you something you'll remember the longest day you live!"

And then she bonned into the house, leaving him standing there and rubbing his head in a benumbed sort of way. But almost immediately water she thrust her head out of the window, and snapped out:

"You needn't think you are going to get any hot biscuit for your tea in this house this night, young man, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it just as soon as you have a mind to."—*Danbury News.*

Washington's Communion.

Major Popham, an officer of the Revolution, wrote a letter, in which he says:

"It was my great good fortune to have attended the first church in this city, with the General, during the whole period of his residence in New York as President of the United States. The pew of Chief Justice Morris was situated next to that of the President, close to where I constantly sat in Judge Morris's pew; and I am as confident as a memory now laboring under the pressure of four-score years and seven can make more than the President had more than once—I believe I may say often—attended at the sacramental table at which I had a privilege and happiness to kneel."

And I agreed to my recollections by my eldest daughter, who distinctly recollects her grand-mama (Mrs. Morris), often mentioning that fact with great pleasure. Indeed, I am further confirmed in my assurance by the perfect recollection of the President's uniform deportment during Divine service in church. The steady seriousness of his manner, the solemn audible, but subdued tone of voice in which he read and repeated the responses, the Christian humility which overcame and adorned the native dignity of the saviour of his country, at once exhibited him a pattern to all who had the honor of access to him. It was my good fortune, dear madam, to have frequent intercourse with him. It was my pride and boast to have seen him in various situations,—in the field of victory, in the field and in the tent in the church and at the altar,—always himself, ever the same."

The Colorado Potato Bug.

The *Scientific American* says: The farmers in our vicinity are just now having their potato fields invaded by the celebrated Colorado bug, and the canals for Paris green has become as great throughout the country that, were it not an article obtainable in almost unlimited quantities, the price would be greatly enhanced.

Let every user of the article keep constantly in mind that Paris green is a deadly poison, and great care should be taken in the handling of it. Hands from which the skin is not protected with gloves, and all precautions should be used against inhaling the poison while mixing it.

The following, from the *Maryland Farmer*, seems to be a practical mode of applying the poison to the vines. We would, however, suggest, that on small patches, the dipping of the vines in the liquid and shaking it over the vines be used as a substitute for the appliance which our contemporary suggests:

Sweeten a barrel of water with 1 gallon of cheap molasses; then add and well incorporate 1 lb. good Paris green, and apply the same in one application to the acre of potatoes. The best mode of applying the liquid to the potato vines is in the use of a can that will contain 4 or 5 gallons, which may be lashed on the back of a man, who may apply the liquid, very uniformly and rapidly, by having two short pieces of 3 inch india rubber hose attached to the bottom of the can, the other end of the hose terminating in a tin rose, similar to that on watering pots. The liquid should be well stirred at each filling of the can, and it should be frequently and violently shaken during the time of applying it. An active man can apply the poison to four acres of potatoes in a day with ease, and two applications, at proper intervals, will do the crop.

The cost is estimated as follows: Hauling water, mixing, and applying the liquid, 30 cents per lb., two applications, 60 cents; 2 gallons molasses, 60 cents; 2 lbs. Paris green, \$1.40; total, \$2.60.

"I say, Jim, why don't you walk straight?" "How in thunder, Tom, can a fellow walk straight after drinking crooked whiskey?"