

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

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 24, 1875.

Volume XXXII.—No. 32.

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QUEEN, WELLS, SEA BIRD,

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A Large Variety of Heating Stoves,

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Manufacturer and Dealer in STOVES, RANG-

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Schlimm & Klein,

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AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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HENRY C. HARTMAN,

Successor to Teal & Hartman,

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Under Dress, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AND READY-MADE.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDER DRESS,

White Trimmings, Working Cotton, Neck Ties, Bow, Scarfs,

All styles of Corsets, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, Linen Handkerchiefs, Suspensives, Hair Hose, Umbrellas

AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Christmas Poetry.

VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced thro' their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.
When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
To open the shutters and throw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,
And he whizzed and he shouted and he called them by name:
'Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen;
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder! on Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! or the roof of my wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!
As the leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top, the couriers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
So I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes were like twinkling, his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And he laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke out a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings;—then turned to his jerk,
And laying his fingers aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all drove like the down of a whistle.
But hear him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
'A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!'

hungry, and I've nothin' to give him," and sobbing in a subdued way, she strove to think calmly.
They were orphans, Tim crippled and blind from birth. Two years before, their father had fallen from a scaffold, and been brought home to them—dead. Turie picked up a scanty living by selling the laces and crocheted tidies, in the day, that her fingers wove so deftly at night. Some three years before, the father, then a carpenter in a minor theatre, had been engaged a ballet-girl; and in return, Mademoiselle Corinne (Mary Brady) had commenced teaching Turie to dance. Through all their poverty and want the lessons had continued, and Turie had been an apt pupil. A great grief to Corinne was the fact that Turie couldn't, or wouldn't, grow fat; and many were the comical consultations held with Tim on the subject. Turie entertained the shrewd idea that more food would solve the difficulty; but she kept this idea secret, and the others had not yet stumbled on it. Unfortunately, Corinne had been away with her troupe in the north country-towns, or Turie would have gone for her, sure of kindly help. Poor little woman! the Christmas Day was not a very hopeful or happy one. Tim, rapidly failing health had kept her more at home of late, and her stock of pennies had dwindled to one.
With a resolute look dawning through her tears, she started up and wrapped her ragged shawl about her. A straw bonnet, without trimming of any kind, and so large that it slipped down and rested on her ears, she fastened by tying an old veil over it. From under this ludicrous headgear beamed the same resolute face, as she ran down the stairs, through the narrow street, and out into a broad thoroughfare. Watching her chance, she crossed the crowded street, went into a baker's, and, holding out her penny, said: "A penny worth of butter-cakes, and stood with wistful eyes as the man buttered the steaming edibles, slapped them together, and bade her "eat 'em while they smoked." She was only a child, and her heart swelled as the delicious smell rose to her nostrils; and it took all her strength to restrain her from taking just one bite.
Not a morsel had she tasted all day, and hunger was tempting her sorely. Keeping her head well up, so that no sight of the cakes might make her false to Tim, she started for the opposite side of the street. The roadway was crowded with carts, but Turie was not afraid. She had almost gained the opposite side, when an infuriated horse broke from its master's guiding hand, and sprang forward. Turie heard the warning shouts, and even then would have been safe, but her hat fell forward, blinding her eyes, and in the next instant she was under the trampling hoofs, down in the snow, with the wheels crushing away her life. Around the pale form a pitying crowd gathered, some only curious,—many with the Christmas softness resting in their moistened eyes.
For she was dead. Her fragile bones were broken in many places, and her face, unharmed, and smiling with the triumph of a vanquished temptation, and one hand grasping the precious food, were all the look like Turie. Just before, a boot-boy had ridiculed her comical hat; now, with his bare cold hand he strove to shape it round the stiff face. No one seemed to know who she was, or where she lived. A poor man drew his cart to the walk, and laid her on its rough board. With an ashamed movement, he pulled off his warm coat, covered the broken form with it, then drove away with the policeman, and faced the bitter day, bare-armed, and faced the marion at the hospital-dropped tears of sympathy on the white flowers she laid around the child face, then kissed the peaceful lips, and saw them close her last frail nose, and hear Turie to the field of everlasting quiet. No more of dancing, no more of knitting, no more want, but a rest immortal, a peace eternal, and the raiment and glory of the angels, for Turie.
Tim lay quiet after Turie had left him alone, eating his cracker slowly, and trying to believe that it satisfied him. When it was gone he watched the clouds sailing by, and thought of the angels that dwelt in them. Surely Turie was staying long! He covered his thin arms more closely, for the scrap of fire she had left was ashes, cold and dull. A great heavy cloud of gray, he thought, must be the home of his father, sturdy and strong of arm, and changed in no way in his close her last frail nose, and hear Turie to the field of everlasting quiet. No more of dancing, no more of knitting, no more want, but a rest immortal, a peace eternal, and the raiment and glory of the angels, for Turie.
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A Christmas Story.

FROM THE ALBION.

GOING HOME TO CLOUD-HEAVEN.

Dear, dear, but it was cold on Christmas morning. The air was keenly bitter, the snow was crusted with ice, and everything was miserably wintry and chilly. Turie Quilty drew her thin legs up onto her chair, and sat on her feet with a pathetic idea of warming them. As she sat, her fingers, though numb and cold, knitted busily, and her thoughts flew as fast as a penny for bread, and where are we? Nowhere! Nothin' for milk, nor sugar, nor coal, nor jelly! A egg-bor' and nothin' else. Yes, Tim, coming!
The half-muttered monologue resolved itself into this cheery, sweet-toned "Yes, Tim, coming!" The small feet were placed stilly down on the floor, and Turie was in motion. Assuredly "in motion," for such comical getting over the floor could not be styled walking. One hand was flung above her head, one foot tried to elevate itself to the same height, and the other twisted itself along, and through the open door of her bare garret room, into one more comfortable, but poor enough at the best. A whirl of a second on one toe, and breathless she looked down on a white face lying so tired and weak on the pillow. Then the owner of the white face spoke proudly.
'That was a stunner!
'Yes, I didn't fall, nor tumble, nor scorable a bit, did I? Corinne says that if I can only get a little fatter, I can soon earn a shilling a week. Think of that, Tim! What did you want?
Tim looked down nervously, before he answered with a patient yet childishly wistful tone:
'I thought maybe it was most dinner-time, and I didn't smell no fire, and I thought you was gone out—that was all.'
It was well for his tender heart that he could not see her face as she stooped to move the one bit of carpet so that its brightest colors should lie where he could see them. That face was full of dismay; and it was quite a moment before, with a little twirl and spring, she regained her feet, and answered cheerily:
'You great baby! It was not the dinner you wanted, but me! Don't you never go for to say you're hungry! I must go out, but I'll give you a cracker.'
With a great show of bustle and fuss, she produced one from a stone jar, carefully concealing that it was the last and only one. Not daring to look at him again, she danced out, and shut the door. All the life died out of her whirling figure, and she sank down in the farthest corner of the bleak garret in outspoken grief.
'Oh, Tim; oh, poor Tim! He's

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BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

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How vividly come the pictures of the long ago, with this Christmas Day. How the sweet songs of David whisper through our souls, "a tree planted by the Rivers of Water," and Bethlehem, embossed in fig and olive orchards, overlooking the valley across to the wise men of the East came to find Jesus. Away yonder the hills where the shepherds "watched their flocks by night," and in those fields gentle Ruth gleaned, little dreaming, in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the sheaves, would arise such events to the human race—that her shepherd grandfather should be a King, and the father of a mightier one, and still on descending, there should come one, a King, and a "man of sorrow," who knew the true life, the true secret of peace, and taught it in saying:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."
Christmas! Another milestone in life, another in the long lane of memory, grown gray and damp with the passage of years. Christmas, marking the beginning of a Era for mankind, and the portal through which the new year will enter with light and buoyant step. The tidal of months, days and hours has been passed, and the finger is rapidly approaching the mark of years again. And the events are gathering. War has been close in pursuit of Peace. Avarice with clenched hand, and Prodigality with open purse, each seized a hand of Plenty. Sickness, with pallid cheek, crept unawares to the side of Health. Misery and Poverty with squalid men followed close behind gay, smiling Pleasure. Jealousy sheltered beneath the wing of Love. Despondency trod fast in the footsteps of Hope. Envy caught the robe of Content, and Melancholy, in sombre garb and tearful eye, drew near to Cheerfulness, while Death, with uplifted dart, armed with all his terrors, stalked silently behind.
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When we have accomplished this, we shall have hearts attuned to the fullest enjoyment of the season, and can gladly welcome the New Year so closely following in the wake of the Christmas season. Little humanities date their lives from certain epochs. Christmas is always an objective point after the Fourth of July. Children live from one to the other expectantly. Tired of the childish dissipation of the National holiday, they turn away towards Christmas, and grow impatient at the slow passage of days.
The first sight of toys in a shop window is the signal for wild, almost uncontrolable childish enthusiasm. The heart, unused to such a scene, is appointed anticipation, fastens upon these objects and their possession, the alpha and omega of a child's life.
Those above the child-level, are sometimes prone to forget their own childhood experiences, and soot children will call they are not more mature. Nothing can be more wrong than this.—You can wound a child's sensibility easily, and a child feels the defeats and disappointments of his little span of life quite as forcibly, as keenly as those which come to human nature of maturer years. You see it in the humid eye, in the quivering lip, the broken, suppressed sob, and when very great, in the sudden outburst.
Give the child its Christmas present, and in the giving interweave a lesson that shall teach it the importance to mankind of that glad sound, "Christos Anesti!"—Sat. Eve. Post.

THE MAN WHO WAS MAD.

BY N. QUAIN.

On the cars the other day a very corpulent man, who wiped his cheeks and chin every two minutes with a check-bordered handkerchief, had a seat in front of mine. I might not have noticed him particularly had he not been talking to himself.
'Dum fraud on 'Merican people—blest if don't sue somebody!' he kept growling.
I thought that his trunk had been smashed by the sportive baggage-masher, or that some one had played the string-game on him; and as he kept growling worse and worse instead of better I finally asked:
'My friend do you often have these fits of colic?'
'Colic colic!' he roared.
'Yes, colic. I think I have some peppermint in my satchel.'
'You go to Texas!' he growled, wiping the dew of excitement from his double chin.
'I won't do it, sir. When I come across a man suffering as you are now suffering I shall make every effort to better his condition.'
'Suffer! thunder! I am as well as you are!'
'Then why these groans and sighs—these oaths—this maltreatment of genteel language?'
He looked at me savagely for a minute, and then asked:
'Ever been to see the tomb of Washington?'
'No.'
'Then shake!' he exclaimed, extending a fat hand over the back of my seat.
We shook.
'I'm an old mule—a fool—an idiot!' he went on.
'I know it! I realized it the moment I set eyes on you!'
'You are a liar!—and I've just got back from Mount Vernon!' he gasped.
And then he lowered his voice to a whisper, and told me that business had called him to Washington. Before leaving home his wife had exacted a solemn promise from him that he would go down to Mount Vernon and gaze upon all that remained of the great Father of his Country.
'And I went!' he continued, raising his voice two or three stories and a basement higher all at once—'went down there like a dum—'
I asked him to hold on for my sake, and he waited a minute and then continued:
'Father of his Country he hanged!'
'But he wasn't.'
'No, he wasn't, and I'm a fool!'
I made no reply, and after he had wiped his chin and dug a cinder out of his eye he continued:
'George might have been all right, but I'll tell my wife just what I think of her when I get home!'
'You saw Mount Vernon, did you?'
He made a motion as if he would strike me.
'And you saw Washington's family mansion, did you?'
'See here, young man,' he gasped, making five distinct motions with his fingers, 'they were cooking onions in that house—in that memorable old mansion which has been engraven upon the heart of the American patriot as if it had been cut there with a knife.'
'They were?'
'Strive as I live they were! I smelt onions when I first got off the boat, and the nearer I got to the house the stronger grew the smell. Think of onions and George Washington, will you?'
'I will.'
He wiped some more, and in an agitated voice he continued:
'George Washington was a blasted came for living on such a farm as that—fifteen miles from market—clay land—no place for an underground stable, and such a house!'
'It is a sacred old house.'
'Yes, I know it, and dum me if I'd give a hundred dollars for it to-day! Washington, sir, didn't know enough to sleep in a corn-crib, sir.'
'I did, sir. The smelt of onions followed me from room to room, and right in the room where George breathed his last what do you suppose I saw?'
'A goat?'
'A goat! Now! A woman, sir—a woman who doesn't know any more about American patriotism than I do about hanging shirts right end up on the clothes-line—was cooking a billed dinner in that room! Think of the smell of carrots, cabbage, taters, turnips, and corn-beef that pervaded the atmosphere of that sacred room!'
'And you saw his tomb?' I asked after awhile.
'I did. A red-headed young man, chewing a hunk of gum as big as the end of my thumb, sir, led me to the place.'
'And you felt sad?'
'I wanted to feel sad, sir—I was just beginning to feel sad—when that infernal red-headed young man got that hunk of gum in his windpipe, and I had to dance him around, maul him on the back, and roll him over the grass to save his life. How could I feel sad, sir, under such circumstances? How could my soul get down to her work under those conditions?'
'And you finally came away?'
'Yes, I finally came away, and makes me mad to think of it. While I was waiting for the boat and trying to feel sorry about Washington's death a lame man came up to me, and—oh, how mad I am!—what do you think he wanted?'
'Wanted to trade jack-knives?'
'Thunder, no! Sir, will you believe me, sir, when I tell you that that miserable scoundrel wanted to sell me

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words of peace that came to her. When her voice was still, Tim had gone to find his loved ones, and Turie among them, little as he knew it.
Corinne learned one day of Turie's death from a chance witness of the scene; and through all her life the memory of the tender, self-denying, suffering children kept her heart more fresh and pure than it might otherwise have been. The large white cloud, with the golden edges, and a red light showing through, lying at sunset in the far-western sky—is it not the home of Timothy Quilty and his wife and children?—Elnora Sjöjer-Jensen.

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'I will.'
He wiped some more, and in an agitated voice he continued:
'George Washington was a blasted came for living on such a farm as that—fifteen miles from market—clay land—no place for an underground stable, and such a house!'
'It is a sacred old house.'