

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, MAY 27, 1881.

Volume XXXVII.—No. 51.



BUY OUR LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHES,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,

AT LOW PRICES FROM
Saml. Burns & Co

104 LIGHT STREET WAHIF,
Baltimore, Md.

George A. Shehan

EXTENSIVE DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

LUMBER,

Shingles, Lathes, Sash, Doors,
Blinds, &c.

Offers Special Inducements To Country Buyers.

Get Our Prices Before Buying

We sell as low as any other Yard in Washington, Alexandria or Baltimore.

OFFICE and LUMBER YARD, 7th St. & Wharf
WASHINGTON D. C.

B. F. Peake,

DEALER IN

Doors, sash, Blinds,

Hardware, Paints, Oils, Leads, Cement, Lumber, Calcined
Plaster, Slate Mantles, Hearth, &c.

Cor. King & Pitt sts,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

J. J. TURNER J. B. KELLEY, JR. J. J. TURNER, JR.

J. J. TURNER & CO'S

"EXCELSIOR," "AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE" "PURE DISSOLVED BONES"

ESTABLISHED 1850.

TO
Tobacco Planters,

1850. 1881.



Forming the most concentrated, universal and durable FERTILIZER ever offered to the Farmer—Combining all the stimulating qualities of Peruvian Guano and the ever-durable fertilizing properties of bones in fine dry powder, prepared expressly for drilling, and can be applied in any quantity, however small, per acre. It is the opinion of many discriminating Farmers, after TWENTY-TWO YEARS experience in testing it side by side with other popular fertilizers, that an application of 100 pounds of "EXCELSIOR" is equal to 250 pounds of any other fertilizer or guano, and therefore fully 100 per cent. cheaper.

Uniformity of Quality Guaranteed by the Manufacturers.

Farmers can only be secure from inferior imitations by seeing that every bag is GRANTED WITH OUR NAME AND THE ANALYSIS IN RED LETTERS.

Ammoniated

Super



Richer in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphate

Than any other fertilizer sold, except OUR EXCELSIOR, and is made with the same supervision; uniform quality guaranteed. Fine and dry, is excellent under also a very superior quality of

PURE DISSOLVED BONES,

And keep constantly on hand a large supply of high grade PERUVIAN GUANO.

J. J. TURNER & Co., 42 W. Pratt St., Baltimore Md.

St. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation so early made as JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A tried and true, and comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Plain Language. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

BARBOUR & HAMILTON,

Wholesale Grocers
Liquor Dealers

COMMISSION ERCHANTS.

SOLE AGENTS for the unrivalled Brands—
"OUR NEW WHEAT" a Minnesota Flour
"ROYAL" a St. Louis Family
"GERM" Family Patent.

"HARVEST QUEEN" Wisconsin Family
"IDEAL WHEAT" a Choice Ohio Family
"SILVER SPRING" a Virginia Extra
These are the BEST FLOURS on the MARKET

WE ARE AGENTS FOR
Devoe's Brilliant Oil,
The SAFEST
FINEST,
CHEAPEST,
BEST Illuminator
IN THE WORLD

WE also call special attention to our larger STOCK OF
Whiskies,
Wines,
Brandy &c.

All of which we offer to the trade at prices as LOW as can be obtained in any market north of Washington. Buyers will find it to their advantage to examine

OUR STOCK
before making their purchases. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BARBOUR & HAMILTON,

Nos 63, 63B, 641 LOUISIANA AVE.
Washington, D. C.

ESTD 27-90



Ayer's Hair Vigor,

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brassy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The Crown cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff, and by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair, The Crown is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dyes, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Dr. John T. Digges,
Port Tobacco, Md.

Office in the FERGUSON BUILDING
OFFICE HOURS

From 10 to 12 a. m.

and at other hours a found at his residence, unless professionally engaged.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Times.]
POOR BLIND RICHARD,
BY LOSTOV.

[In the graveyard, attached to St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Brytown, near the southeast corner, stands a walnut tree. Beneath this tree, protected by its overhanging branches are two graves—one surmounted by a marble slab, on which can be read the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of William C. Dyer, who departed this life, April 9th, 1853; in the 72nd year of his age. Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, Amen." The other with a plain marble tombstone, on which are inscribed these words: "In memory of Poor Blind Richard, who departed this life, Dec. 30th, 1850 in the 66th year of his age. Who during this life was a sincere Catholic and a faithful servant. May the Lord be merciful to him."]

What a commentary on Abolitionism, and what a practical and enduring relation of the senseless doctrine of fanatic enthusiasts. That which is seen in no place in the Northern States, is to be found here in the slaveholding State of good old Maryland, viz, a white man and his black slave reposing side by side near the walls of the same church in which they both worshipped and which, like the Master who founded and established it, makes no distinction between master and servant, freeman and slave.

United in life, united in trials and cares. The tie, that once bound them, has never been broken. Together they lived, the master and slave. The word of farewell has never been spoken. They served the same God, at the same altar kneel. Together partook of the sweet bread of heaven. Bowled their heads one time at the feet of the priest.

When to both the sweet benediction was given, Poor Blind Richard thought life was true to his master. To his master on earth, in his Saviour on high. Through sunshine and storm, through joy and disaster, He was faithful to look, till his time came to die.

No sunlight for him, as his lone pathway led. No light here below to guide and to cheer him. But affection made smooth the rough ways of life. And his footsteps were safe, for angels stood near him.

With humble submission to the will of his God, He reached the same goal for which others are striving. With his heart fixed on high, he was free the while. All love of the world and its pleasures leaving.

Hand in hand they followed the way of the Cross. Who follows that way knows nothing of hindrance. And Blind Richard could see with the eyes of his soul. His Saviour's sweet face, all beaming with kindness.

His master would lead in the highways of life. But he, his master in pathway, was ever glorious. By humility taught him submission to God. In the struggle with sin he was always victorious. There's no blindness in heaven—no color-line there.

In the mansion on high the distinction is made. Who follows most closely the steps of the Lord. Will his grace and favor most largely be made. The same flowers bloom o'er both of their graves.

Through the walnut tree boughs the same angels are singing. And angels stand guard, where the same Cross is seen. O'er the spot where the slave and the master are lying.

No emboldened herald, to tell of their fame. Nor inscribed are their deeds on the bright page of glory. But their names are recorded in God's book of life. And their souls with the saints shine resplendent with glory.

A Select Storg.

[Written for the Times.]
Original.
KINDERHOOK,
BY LOSTOV.

It was a beautiful morning in May 182— The sun, just rising from his couch, threw dazling rays of ruddy light o'er hill-top and valley. The tear drops of nature, who seemed to weep, on being aroused from her repose, glittered from every leaflet and shrub and blade of grass, which appeared dancing in the bright sunlight, nodding gracefully to each new breath of fresh air, that gently and noiselessly swept over the hills and lingered in the valleys. All nature seemed decked in gala dress. The feathered songsters, in thrilling notes of exquisite harmony, gave the melodious greeting to the donor of light and heat and life; the cattle eagerly sought the inviting pasture, and the farmer, refreshed by a long night's rest, started gayly to his daily occupation of coaxing from bounteous nature her lavish gifts. And in no part of good old Maryland, did the people greet the May day morning with more joy and gratitude than that evinced by the denizens of Brytown—for it was the day appointed for the grand races at Kinderhook. Brytown of sixty years ago was little different from Brytown of to-day. The age of this antiquated village is beyond the knowledge of that "soldest inhabitant." Built like all Indian villages at the foot of the hill, partly to protect it from the inclement weather, and partly to guard against surprise from other tribes of marauding Indians, it presented at the time of which we write, a singular appearance. A few houses were apparently rolled down the hill and landed on the road running from Washington

to Leonardtown, a few more were put up on the road from Leonardtown to Bendlet, and the town was made. A hired a large number of others, all of whom were kept busy hurrying to and fro, some obeying the behests of the bottom landlady, others attending to the wants of the numerous customers.

These ebullient waiters presented a picturesque appearance. It had been a pet notion of their mistress, that like better flies, flitting from flower to flower, appeared these dusky Africans, clad in spotless white cotton shirts and demure black pants, with shining faces and woolly heads. In the interior department, the waiter girls were attired in a costume, resembling that of the Normandy peasant girl, consisting of green bodice and red skirt, of rather short dimensions, leaving the feet and ankles entirely unencumbered, so that their movement in sitting on the guests, would not be retarded by the efforts made to hold up a long skirt.

The time fixed for the first or grand race of the day was 11 A. M. Long before that hour the appearance presented at old Kinderhook was lively and animating, picturesque and attractive. There were two races for entrance to the grounds; one at the northeast and the other at the southwest extremity. On the eminence near the center of the enclosed grounds, just in rear of the stable and carriage house, was the place assigned to the promiscuous gamblers, or, as the high toned English would say, the vulgar herd or plebeian aristocracy. On the gentle declivity in front of the hotel and facing the main road, was the grandstand or the place assigned to the aristocracy proper, and the invited guests. The part of the track, fronting this position, was denominated the home-stretch.

A few minutes after ten o'clock a large family carriage, drawn by two spirited bay horses, made its appearance at the northeast gate. An order of the colored persuasion, preceded the carriage. Like many of the maniacs in the Southern States, this man Jim was endowed with rare physical qualities, and sat his restive young horse with the grace of an English huntman. Halting at the gate and turning towards the carriage, he told the dusky Jan to take the master, where he wished the carriage to be driven to.

"Massa Kurnel," said Tom, "which place is ye going to stop at?" "Anywhere ye choose, so that we can have a good view of the races," replied Col. Spalding.

"Oh no, Pa, don't say that," exclaimed his daughter Lou, "I want to be on the front terrace, that is, at the place, where we can see the end of the race."

"Well, just as you choose, my dear," said the good-natured Colonel. "Tell Jim to turn to the left and drive up in front of the hotel." Jim did as he was ordered. As soon as the landlady espied the festive Jim on his restive horse, centering towards the house, she hastened from the porch to meet and greet the jolly Colonel and his family, and told Pete, her major-domo on the present occasion and chief assistant, to have the carriage taken round to the carriage house, and send some boys with chairs for Col. Spalding's family.

And now, that the Colonel and his family have been seated, we will describe them for the benefit of our readers. The Colonel was in the prime of life, being in his fiftieth year. His large massive head was set off by a countenance, not handsome but striking. A bold forehead, prominent nose, and large hazel eyes, and full mouth, with high cheek bones, gave the observer an idea of a man, who was intelligent, courteous and firm, when occasion required it. The world had been kind to the good Colonel, and he was kind to his fellow man. His hospitality was royal in its lavishness, and his charity was proverbial. The poor and the needy, in their heartfelt gratitude, revered him as a being cast in a superior mould; his servants and slaves, looked up upon him as a father; and his neighbors regarded him as one of the most intelligent, generous and reliable men of his country. God bless the type, of which the Colonel was the sample; for there were many such in the olden times of long ago, and we can at present, thank God, point to many still left in good old Maryland.

Mrs. Col. Spalding, nee Neale, was a sweet, motherly lady, of a particular father; and her neighbors regarded her as one of the most intelligent, generous and reliable men of his country. God bless the type, of which the Colonel was the sample; for there were many such in the olden times of long ago, and we can at present, thank God, point to many still left in good old Maryland.

Gracie, her younger daughter, was a bright, sprightly, roving little fairy, not yet in her teens. Her life was all sunshine and she enjoyed it fully.

Miss Louisa, her older sister, was of that uncertain age, that ranges all the way from eighteen to twenty-five, for a lady is never older than twenty-five until she is married. Tall like her mother, she had all her grace and dignity, and a sprinkling of the jovial good-nature of her father. She was of the brunette order of beauty. Her lithe, active figure was surmounted by a head, that Raphael would have chosen as a model. Her hair was dark and glossy. Her eyes jet black, a slightly roman nose, with an exquisite mouth and dimpled chin. Her penetrating gaze o'er her brilliant eyes, that seemed to search the beholder

through and through. When she smiled, she was enchanting, bewitchingly so; and few there were among the young gentlemen of her acquaintance, who would not have given all that they valued here, to bask in the sunshine of those ravishing smiles for a life time.

(To be continued.)

Self Miscellany.

Unrequited Love.

The following brief but thrilling story will more than repay perusal: Camille was a scrub girl in a large hotel in Paris. She loved Pierre, a young Gascon who blacked the boots of the guests. Pierre did not know this. Often she stood at the head of the back stairs and watched him scrapping the mud from the shoes and boots, humming softly to himself the song that he had learned when a boy. There was no hydrant in the little hallway where Pierre had his office, and often, when the rush of travellers was great, Pierre would have hard work to furnish enough saliva to properly moisten the blacking. At these times, when he had gone to borrow a chew to tobacco from Pauchery, the night clerk, Camille would run quickly down stairs and spit in the blacking-box. "It will save Pierre's lungs," she would say to her self, "and perhaps some day he will know of my love." Then she would go back to her scrubbing again. Always she thought of Pierre. Like Heloise, her love brought misfortune. One day she was at work in the fourth story of the hotel cleaning a window sill. Unconsciously she kept scrubbing away at the same place. Lisette, the boss chambermaid, came along. She did not like Camille, because the latter had once changed her with wearing striped stockings after they had gone out of fashion.

"What are you doing?" said Lisette. "I am scrubbing," answered Camille. "I should remark," said Lisette, with a brutal laugh, "see, you have worn the paint off that window-sill. What will the landlady say when I tell her of this?" Then she passed on.

A big tear slowly rolled down Camille's nose. "I shall have to pay for painting that window-sill," she said sadly; "and it will take half my dot. Pierre is too proud to marry a penniless girl. O, how I suffer."

She was sadly silent all day, and seemed in a bewildered state, even declining to look at a fashion magazine which she, a second floor chambermaid, who loved Camille dearly, had found in one of the boarder's rooms.

The next morning Camille was at the head of the back stairs looking at Pierre as he cleaned the boots. Presently Lisette came into the hallway with a bundle of newspapers, and laid them on the banisters to catch their breeze but could hear nothing but a confused murmur. Presently Pierre became demonstrative and attempted to kiss Lisette. She struggled coyly for a little while, but at last became passive. Just as his lips were about to touch hers something came swiftly through the air and fell between them to the floor. Camille had fallen over the banisters.

A Fatal Change of Mind.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that on the day previous to the late Czar's assassination, the Grand Duke Constantine and his wife were dining with his Majesty. In the course of conversation during dinner the Emperor casually observed that, in all probability, he should not, as had been his wont, attend the Sunday morning parade, as he was suffering from a slight cold. Upon this the Grand Duchess rejoined that his Majesty's absence would prove a serious disappointment to her son Dimitri, who had just purchased a handsome charger, which he had proposed to himself to show off to his uncle in the Riding School after parade during the following forenoon. "That being the case," said the Emperor, good naturedly, "I dare say I shall manage to attend the parade as usual," and he did so. The Grand Duchess, when apprised of his death, was for a time completely overwhelmed by the conviction that, but for persuasions, her brother-in-law would not have left his place on that fatal Sunday morning.

VARIETIES.

It is a cold spring when a frog jumps into a well. The net that many are anxious to get into—the Cabinet.

The land speculator is always ready to show the sites to his customers. The reason the female sex is so fond of ribbons is doubtless because Eve was made of a rib-bone.

"Oh, Lord," prayed a Methodist minister, "keep me humble and poor." "Oh Lord, if Thou wilt keep him humble," said the deacon who next prayed, "we will keep him poor."

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is said to have been the author of the phrase: "The office seeks the man, not the man the office. Add his name to the list of American authors of fiction.

"Oh, give me anything made of beans," exclaimed a Boston man, taken sick in the West, when asked what he would have to eat. They obeyed his request, and gave him castor oil.

Mr. Vanderbilt bought \$5,000,000 more of Government bonds the other day. If William continues to keep up his lick, the man that sells him scissors to clip coupons with will become opulent.

The man who knows the most is not an owing man. Man is like a carpet when he is kept down by tax.—Man is like a pin; the size of the head does not indicate how sharp and pointed he may be.

A mad-dog scare in an Arkansas town resulted in the immediate execution of two hundred healthy dogs.—In the meantime the original mad dog having swallowed the bone that was striking him, went around wondering what they were killing all the dogs for.