The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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1885.

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These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

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"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. They regulate the action of my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers."

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Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

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J. T. HAYES."

Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The Rev. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Lafayette, Ala., for some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

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And many other goods down in proportion.

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Select Poetry.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

"Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground
Without the village tattling;
How doubly blest this spot would be,
Free from the bitter misery
O gossip's endless prattling!

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might call it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever;
There, like a queen, might reign and live,
While everyone would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
From our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon relate them o'er again,
Mixed up with poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales; they say,
'Don't mention it, I beg and pray,
I would not tell another.'
Straight to your neighbors then they go,
Narrating everything they know;
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and lover.

Oh, that the mischief making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red and blue,
That everyone might know them,
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret
And fall into an angry pet
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish."

—*Kent News.* JACK

A Select Story.

A STUBBORN FIGHT.

The Struggle Between Shields and Jackson for Winchester Town—Fifty-Six Bullets in One Flag.

In an article in a recent number of the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, Harvey S. Wells, formerly of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, writes: History has never done justice to the literary bat operated in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862, first organized as a separate command by General Lander and afterwards known as Shield's Division. All of the large armies were accompanied by a corps of correspondents, representing the leading newspapers of the country, and every movement or engagement was duly recorded for publication, which afterward became part and parcel of the history of the war. I doubt if any command in the Union army endured more hardships, suffered more privations, did more hard marching and desperate fighting than Shield's Division commencing with the beginning of the year 1862 and ending with the transfer of the troops composing the command to the Army of the Potomac in July following. But all the movements of the little army operating in the Shenandoah Valley were overshadowed by the Army of the Potomac in the East and the armies under the command of Grant, Sherman and other generals in the West. Even to this day, almost twenty years after the close of the war, of the hundred of so-called histories of the Rebellion, very little is said of Shield's Division and the gallant part it bore in the struggle for a restored Union. It is my purpose in this article to give a mere outline of the operations of this army for the six months in the first part of the year 1862, when it was an independent command.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S RAID.

In the latter part of December, 1861, the Confederate troops under the command of Stonewall Jackson began making demonstrations along the Potomac river in West Virginia, from Martinsburg to Cumberland. The track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was destroyed for many miles, the machine shops belonging to the road at Martinsburg were burned to the ground and a vast amount of railroad property went up in flame. My regiment (the Eighty fourth Pennsylvania Infantry) then in Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, was hurried aboard the cars of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, without arms, on New Year's Eve and taken to Hagerstown.

From Hagerstown we marched to Hancock, Md., a town of three or four hundred population, on the left bank of the Potomac River, with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal between the town and river. There had been stored in a warehouse at this place several thousand stand of arms belonging to the Government called Belgian rifles. Our first night of actual camp life experience was in a large field on Maryland soil, without tents, a violent snow storm raging and the weather bitterly cold.

Arriving at Hancock the regiment was supplied with guns and the same day crossed the Potomac on flat boats, starting in the direction of Sir John's Run, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, seven or eight miles further up the river. At this point a few companies of the Thirty ninth Illinois Infantry were doing guard duty. The next day Jackson made a demonstration on the place, and the commander of the Union forces, seeing his utter inability to cope with a force ten times larger than his own, ordered a retreat on Hancock just in time to save being captured. The Confederate troops followed closely and opened their artillery before the last of the Eighty-fourth Regiment had recrossed the river. In the meanwhile three or four thousand green troops were concentrated at Hancock and General Lander was sent from Washington to take command.

ASHBY BLINDFOLDED.

The next morning the afterwards famous Confederate cavalry leader, General Ashby, came across the river under the protection of a flag of truce, blindfolded, and in the name of Gen. Jackson made a formal demand for the surrender of the place. This was refused by General Lander in language and with emphasis characteristic of the man. One hour was then given in which to remove the women and children, preparatory to shelling the town. I shall not attempt to picture the harrowing scenes as women and children went crying through the town to seek a place of safety. My regiment was posted along the main street of the town, with orders to put out any fires in dwellings struck by shells. There was not much danger to be apprehended from any attempt of the Confederate army to cross the Potomac, for the river was high and running full of ice.

At the expiration of the time alloted for removing non-combatants the enemy opened on the town with a battery of artillery. A hill range immediately back of the town afforded an excellent position for planting the two batteries with the Union forces. On the opposite side of the river, about one mile and a half from the town, the high bluffs gave the Confederates a desirable place to station their artillery.

The combat deepens; on ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave.

An artillery fight was kept up thro' out the day and until darkness compelled a halt. To the best of my recollection not a single Union soldier was injured, though we were all badly frightened. This is not to be wondered at considering it was our first engagement. Occasionally shots were exchanged between the soldiers of the two armies, but at such a distance that no execution was done. A number of the houses were badly damaged by the shells thrown from the enemy's artillery, but not one was destroyed by fire.

A HARD MARCH.

About nine o'clock at night we received orders to fall in for a forced march to Cumberland. The distance was forty-nine miles over the National turnpike, with five mountain ranges to cross and with the ground covered with snow. The first of the troops reached Cumberland before dark the next day and the balance came straggling in for three days afterward. With over four years of active army service to look back upon, I can truly say that this march was the hardest one in which I ever participated.

Resting a short time at Cumberland, we moved down the right bank of the Potomac to a place called North Branch Bridge, near the famous Paw Paw tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Here we went into winter quarters. At this camp General Lander was taken suddenly sick and died. Quite a good little army was here organized, composed of three brigades, made up of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia regiments. To this army General Shields was assigned the command soon after the death of General Lander. About the 1st of March a forward movement was commenced along the line of the railroad to Martinsburg and from thence to Winchester. At the latter place the command was encamped in the fields, along the pike near the city.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

In the afternoon of the 22d of March the troops were hurried into line and marched through Winchester, down the pike to a little collection of houses called Kernstown. General Jackson had driven in the outposts and was moving forward with every indication of giving battle, provided his way was obstructed in taking possession of the city. Our little army was posted on the right and left of the pike in the fields and woods near Kernstown. There was some lively skirmishing between the cavalry of the opposing forces in the early evening. All night long in the Union army there was the bustle and hope of preparation for the coming battle, which now seemed imminent.

In the gray dawn of daylight on the 23d of March the preliminary scattering firing of the picket lines betokened the anticipated struggle. Then commenced the boom of artillery, the hasty movement of regiments into battle-line formation and the hurry and flurry incident to the commencement of hostilities. General Shields was painfully wounded in the arm by a piece of flying shell before the engagement properly commenced, although he did not retire from the field until after the battle was fought. Colonel Nathan Kimball, of the Thirteenth Indiana Regiment, the next senior ranking officer, was the putative commander of the Union army after General Shields was wounded. The enemy took up a strong position in the fields and woods on the Union right, having excellent breastworks in the stone fences and behind the rocks. In a very short time the entire right of the line was engaged in deadly conflict and the roar of musketry and artillery became almost deafening. A Confederate battery placed on an elevated position, so as to command the Union situation from both flanks and the front, was making sad havoc among our soldiers.

A GALLANT CHARGE.

Colonel William Gray Murray, commanding the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, was ordered to charge this battery and capture it if possible. The battery was supported by a Confederate regiment close in the rear, well hid in the edge of woods, with a ledge of rocks forming a natural breastwork. Forming in the woods, the Eighty-fourth Regiment moved forward over the open space on the double-quick to the charge, amid such a storm of bullets, grape and canister, as that it seemed impossible for the regiment to escape annihilation.

On they went, the dead and wounded fast thinning the ranks. Several times they halted, the men throwing themselves flat on the ground for protection from the rain of shell and bullets hurled at them by the enemy, to be rallied again in the forward charge by the stentorian voice and courageous example of the brave and gallant Colonel. Color-bearer after color-bearer had been shot down until six of them were killed or wounded and the noble old flag had been perforated fifty-six times by bullets. Just when hard-earned victory was almost achieved a ball fired by a Confederate sharpshooter penetrated the brain of the brave and heroic Colonel Murray, and he fell dead on the spot without uttering a word. The ball which killed him struck fair in the center of the bugle on front of the cap, passing clean through and laying open the brain. Colonel Murray served as a soldier in the United States army in the war with Mexico and was Postmaster at Hollidaysburg under Buchanan's Administration when the war broke out.

THE SCENE OF BATTLE.

Owing to sickness brought on by exposure through a vigorous winter campaign and to the hardships of the marches, all the regiments were pretty well decimated in numbers when the battle of Winchester was fought. About one hundred per cent. of those actually engaged in this battle of my regiment were killed or wounded. Soon after the fall of Colonel Murray the Union right drove the Confederate left from their position and in a very short time the army of General Jackson was in full retreat down the valley, having left their dead and wounded behind. Strolling over the battlefield after the fight the scene was appalling, especially in the immediate front of the position where the Eighty-fourth Regiment charged the battery.

The dead, the dying and the wounded were thickly strewn over the field, while the moan of those crying for help all contributed to make a weird and horrible picture, painted in blood, the memory of which has never to this day vanished from my vision. Many of the dead and wounded belonged to the Louisiana Tigers, a regiment made notorious for the bloodthirsty character of the men composing it. Some of the wounded were so bitter in their hatred of the Yankees that they utterly refused to accept water or other assistance. One man, who evidently had not long live, when asked if anything could be done for him, replied with bitter scorn in every word: "Go to h—, you blue-bellied Yankee. I would sooner die than accept help at your hands." Another desperately wounded man begged piteously for some one to shoot him and thus end his misery.

Select Reading.

Grant and the Kentucky Girl.

The Kentucky women are as enthusiastic about horses as the men. They unhesitatingly place the horse before themselves as the great attraction of the State. I remember of hearing a conversation between General Grant and a Kentucky girl at the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange in 1875, when General (then President) Grant was visiting the St. Louis Fair. A number of ladies were introduced to the President, whereupon he spoke in very high terms of St. Louis, the Fair etc. "You are mistaken, Mr. President; we are not from St. Louis," laughingly said one of the girls; "we are from Kentucky, a very fine State, you know, which possess three things all men of taste must appreciate." Smilingly, the President asked her what they were. She answered: "We have the finest horses, the prettiest women and the finest whiskey in the world." The President replied: "Your horses are certainly justly renowned. I have some on my farm near here; yourself and party prove the correctness of your second observation, but whisky is one of the things that requires age, and your men consume it so fast that it rarely has a fair chance to become good." The girl thought that, if General Grant could not make a long speech, he was apt at a repartee.

A Rum Go.

At a dinner party the coachman had come in to help wait at table. Among the guests was a very deaf old lady. Coachman, in handing vegetables, comes to the deaf party. "Peas, mum?" says Jehu. No answer. "Peas, mun?" (louder.) Still no answer from the deaf party, but placing her ear-trumpet to her ear, lifts it interrogatively to the man, who, glancing down and seeing the tude ejaculates: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" and down went the peas into the ear-trumpet.

The enervation and lassitude of spring time are but indications of the sluggish action of the blood, overloaded with carbonates accumulated by the use of heating food in winter. This condition may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier known.

When a man starts out to paint the town red he does not do it in water colors.

President Tyler and his Witty Coachman.

A Washington letter recalls a story told of John Tyler, who it will be remembered, got to the White House through the death of President Harrison: Tyler was very fond of a fine turnout, but his pocket was not deep enough to correspond with his tastes. One day one of the leading members of the diplomatic circle was recalled from Washington, and his magnificent establishment had to be sold. An important part of this was his carriage, which was at the time the finest by all odds in Washington. Tyler had looked at it many times with longing eyes as its owner had driven it up and down Pennsylvania avenue, and as it had stood now and then in front of the White House. He feared, however, the criticism which was sure to attend the buying of anything by the President at auction, and called his coachman, with whom he was familiar, to advise with him in regard to it. The coachman liked the carrage and was anxious that Mr. Tyler should buy it. "But Pat," said Tyler, "what will the world say at the President's riding in a second hand carriage?" "Och! your honor," was the rely, "they will say nothing about it at all, at all. You know you are but a second-hand President, any way, and it seems to me nothing could be more fit." Whether the President bought the carriage or not the reports fail to state.

The Editor's Condition Described.

A clerical looking gentleman entered an Austin newspaper office one day lately, and drawing out a concealed document, said to the editor:

"I am soliciting for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence. He is sadly in need of money, but he is too proud to let the public know it."

"You don't say so!" said the editor, with animation.

"I am hopeful of securing quite a handsome little sum."

"You say this unfortunate man is very intelligent, highly cultivated, and all that sort of thing?"

"That's just the kind of man he is."

"And too proud to beg."

The visitor nodded.

"My kind friend, I appreciate your delicacy. You have described my condition precisely, but I had no idea I had enlisted your sympathy so strongly that you would take up a collection. It's all right. Just as soon as you get $10 or $15 together, bring it to me, and I will give you a receipt for it.—God bless you, my noble friend," and he gently pushed the visitor into the street, where he, after gazing, around in a dazed sort of a way, kept on in his mission of mercy.

"One good turn deserves another," remarked the editor, as he resumed his seat. "That man came to help me out, and I helped him out."

A Bluff Game.

A well known and elderly Albany merchant was in New York, recently, buying goods. He entered one house, when the junior partner stepped up to him and said, brusquely, "How old you are getting, Mr. Blank? Pity you can't keep young and strong like us." The remark was gratuitous, and the manner of it impertinent.

The Albany merchant said nothing for a moment, but presently answered, "My young friend, it is true that I am getting old, being past sixty; but I will wager you the best dinner you and your friends can get in New York that I will take you—side hold—and throw you over my head. Come up stairs. We will be alone and you can throw some buffalo robes on the floor so you will not get severely hurt, and if I don't upset you in short order I will buy both wine and dinner. Come." And the old gentleman took him by the arm. But he wouldn't go. He looked ashamed and embarrassed by the smiles of those in the store.

"The fun of the thing was," said the Albanian, relating the circumstances and chuckling to himself, "that it was such a clear, cold case of bluff. The youngster could have made a wreck of me with one hand. I am really ignorant of what a side hold is. But I looked him square in the eye, and he doubtless thought I was a bad man from the North, although getting up stairs would have winded me."

A Bride Who Didn't Need Advice.

A rather green looking couple entered the office of a justice and requested the magistrate to unite them in marriage. At the conclusion of the ceremony the justice, out of his vast experience, gave them a few words of advice. After he had explained to the young man his duties as a husband, etc., he turned to the bride, he told her how she should conduct herself, that she must look to her husband for everything, and, forsaking father and mother and brothers and sisters, follow him wherever he went. She stood it pretty well, but when he became eloquent she became restive, and finally she interrupted him with the remark,—

"Cut that short, judge; I've been married twice before."

A poet says: "The beauty of her hair bewildered me." It probably fell down when he was kissing her.

Mr. Walters, of Long Island, hanged himself "to fool his wife." He would have his little choke.

"It is not good for man to be a loan," replied Mrs. Yeast when a lady asked her to loan her husband as an escort for a few minutes.

A man never realizes how rapidly children learn until he begins to buy school-books for them.