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## Selected Poetry.

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!  
Summer's bright roses one by one have past;  
Gone is the beauty of the golden leaves;  
Ye come at last,  
Prophets of winter hours approaching fast.

Oh, autumn leaves!  
Why look ye thus so brilliant in decay.  
Why for the dying year when nature grieves,  
Are ye so gay,  
With richer hues than graced her opening day?

Oh, autumn leaves!  
Ye, as ye do your crimson robes of mirth,  
While dull decay a moment scarce reprieves,  
Your forms from earth—  
Ye tell us, happier far is death than birth!

Oh, autumn leaves!  
Like you the dying taint in splendor grows!  
With each faint pulse of life that feebly heaves  
At evening's close,  
His éry grace with added glory glows.

Oh, autumn leaves!  
Like you, he casts aside all hues of gloom,  
And of his bright'ning hope a chaplet weaves  
That o'er his tomb,  
Throws the glad promise of eternal bloom.

Home, in the Third Book of the Iliad, makes  
Antenor thus describe the oratory of Menelaus,  
King of Sparta, and Ulysses, King of Ithica:

"Antenor took the word and thus began:  
Myself, O King! have seen that wondrous man;  
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,  
To Troy he came to plead the Grecian cause;  
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)  
My house was honor'd with each royal guest:  
I knew their persons and admir'd their parts,  
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.  
Ere, the Spartan most engag'd our view;  
Ulysses seated greater reverence drew.  
When Atreus' son harangue'd the listening train,  
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,  
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;  
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought;  
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,  
His modest eye he fix'd on the ground,  
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,  
Nor raised his head, or stretch'd his scepter'd  
hand,  
But when he speaks, what elocution flows!  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows!  
The copious accents fall, with easy art;  
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!  
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise;  
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

\*Ulysses.

## Selected Miscellany.

### LARREY, THE SOLDIER-SURGEON.

If there is any man of whom the Pyrenees may be proud to have given birth, it is he who was pronounced by Napoleon I to be the most honest man in his empire.—Endowed with a noble heart, vast intelligence, and a vivid imagination, Larrey was, indeed, worthy of the friendship given to him by the greatest man of modern times. His name, too, holds an equally distinguished position at the present day, not only among men of science, but amongst all who are benefactors of humanity. "If ever the army raises a column of gratitude," said Napoleon, "it owes one to Baron Larrey."—This debt has been paid. The Government, the army, all France, has joined in the national labor of love, and the truthful bronze now recalls to us the venerated traits of him whom we may justly term the father of French military surgery; for, from Ambrose Pare—of whose illustrious memories but an incomplete fragment has been transmitted to us—up to the first revolution—medicine was in its infancy. In the first days of the Republic everything had to be done. It was necessary to create, to organize, and the genius of Larrey alone was capable of this immense undertaking. Formerly, our wounded soldiers were carried to a distance from the field of battle, to receive the surgeon's first attentions; and many, too many, alas! died before they traversed the route to the ambulances. Larrey, seeing the insufficiency and danger of this system, at once ordered that the wounded soldier should be cared for, even under the fire of the enemy, and that the military surgeons should share with their comrades the dangers of war. From this arose his system of ambulance carriages, containing every necessary provision for acting on the spot.—From this time, too, the French army-surgeon, who had before been considered a sort of accessory to the army, gained definitively his place of honor on the field of battle.—Larrey formed one of that phalanx of savans who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt; he

was the friend and rival of Baron de Genet-tes, who immortalized himself by his heroic conduct among the plague-stricken at Jaffa. In this rough and laborious campaign he rendered such service to the French army, that this page alone in his life would have served to hand his name down to posterity. Later, in all the capitals of Europe, his voice was heard among scientific men, and philosophers of all nations came to listen to his instructions. Even Kings honored him with their friendship.

After the coronation of the Emperor, when that great captain wished personally to distribute the stars of the Legion of Honor, he told Larrey that he intended to name him commander of the order. But, although a surgeon-in-chief, he would not receive a lone his distinction; and he told the Emperor that he would not accept the honor, without Baron Percy, another eminent surgeon, were accorded the same favor. Napoleon yielded, and the two representatives of French medicine science were thus named, at the same time, commanders of the Legion of Honor. This fact pictures the character of the man. Above all else a man of heart, he always remained pure, and independent among the courtiers who only echoed the opinions of their master. It was not obstinacy, but a free spirit and a truthful disposition. Let us see what he did at Esling, when the French army was surrounded, and want began to be felt, even in the ambulances. He told them to kill his own horses, and upon his responsibility, to sacrifice a greater number of those of the superior officer, to make bouillon for his sick and wounded. The indignant generals, of course, demanded reparation against Larrey, and the Emperor summoned the surgeon to his presence. "What have you to say to this accusation?" said he. "Sire," replied Larrey, "the sick were my children; I owe to you an account of their lives; under these circumstances, I but did my duty. Besides, of what do these gentlemen complain?" "They have a horse each left, while I have killed all mine." "What could Napoleon do? He could not be angry; he pardoned the man for his intrepidity and honesty.—When the harassed and maimed relics of the Grand Army were crossing the bridge of the Berezina, not one stayed to save his general, his friend, his father, not even to preserve his flag. Suddenly, on the middle of the bridge a buzzing whisper ran through the crowd—a name is pronounced, hands are stretched out, a man is passed from arm to arm, with all the care affection can suggest; that was Larrey.

After the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, a number of soldiers were wounded in the hand by ill-constructed weapons. At the same time, treason was suspected in the camp, and the gloomy mind of Napoleon saw in this a fresh proof of it. He summoned his generals to a council of war; they confirmed his suspicions, and, furious with jealous rage, he ordered Larrey to draw up a report upon the matter. Larrey presented it, and the Emperor paced the tent in great agitation, digging up the turf with the end of his cane.

"These men are guilty," he said.  
"They are not, sir," replied the intrepid surgeon; "the accusation of treachery is a calumny for which you will have to account to history."  
"Begone!" said the Emperor. "I will make you know my pleasure."  
Larrey, calm in the security of a good conscience, retired, satisfied that he had done his best to save the lives of the innocent. A few hours passed, and at last Napoleon summoned him.

"Thank you, Larrey," said he; "alas! why am I not always surrounded with men like you!"  
Bonaparte spoke truly; if he had only been advised by men of such energy and greatness of heart, in the days of his misfortune, he might never have fallen.

We must return to Larrey at Waterloo, where he had gone to assist at the obsequies of the Empire. His horse was killed under him; he was wounded in two places; he was crushed on the ground among the flying crowd; they had made him prisoner, and the Prussians were on the point of shooting him, when one of the enemy's surgeons, an old pupil at Vienna, recognised his old teacher, and hastened to apprise Blucher.

His life was saved, and a guard of honor escorted him to the French frontier. They could scarcely do less for such a man.

After the Restoration, he retired into the shade, shut out from the Court. Surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital of Guard, he had neither distinctions nor honors; he was neither Peer of France nor Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor; he had almost forgotten the road to the Tuileries of the Bourbons.

One day, a guard presented himself to him with a letter of recommendation.  
"What do you wish?" said Larrey.  
"I would like to be a corporal, Monsieur le Baron."  
"Alas!" replied the surgeon of the Emperor, "I have made generals in my time, but to-day I don't know if I have interest enough to make a corporal."

In 1830, the Hospital of the Guard was on the point of being attacked by the mob; the authorities were unable to check them, when Larrey appeared; and said:  
"My friends, we have only sick people here; every good Frenchman ought to respect this asylum."

The crowd instantly retreated, with a round of applause to the gallant veteran.

He was an old man, still active and energetic, however, and he felt that but a few years separated him from the tomb, when the irresistible desire seized upon him to revisit Africa, the scene of his earliest labors. The Government yielded to his request, and he set out. His journey across the African provinces was one continuous ovation, an immense triumph; and his son, a savant, worthy of the great name he bears, witnessed how his illustrious father was venerated by the French army. The presentiment entertained by everybody, as to the result of climate and camp-life upon Larrey, soon realized itself, and, on his return to France, he fell a victim to the illness incurred by his devotion. His remains were conveyed to Paris. The Government of July refused the tomb of the Invalides to the capture of Saint Helena, but the city of Paris spontaneously awarded a place therein to the citizen who had so well deserved of his country. A crowd of soldiers, savans, and people, mingled in one mournful procession, followed Larrey to his last resting-place.—His numerous works, conceived, as it were, under the fire of the enemy, collected from nature and enriched with ideas the most rare, are mines of information of which France may be proud. Friend of the Emperor, philosopher, a man of excessive energy, noble character, true heart; masculine and imposing in appearance, even among the greatest men of the Empire, Larrey is worthy of immortality.—*Winter Sketches in the South of France and the Pyrenees.*

### NATURAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF REVEALED RELIGION.

Edward Everett, in his eloquent address recently delivered before the Agricultural Society at Buffalo, said:

"A celebrated skeptical philosopher of the last century, not one stayed to save his

general, his friend, his father, not even to preserve his flag. Suddenly, on the middle of the bridge a buzzing whisper ran through the crowd—a name is pronounced, hands are stretched out, a man is passed from arm to arm, with all the care affection can suggest; that was Larrey.

After the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, a number of soldiers were wounded in the hand by ill-constructed weapons. At the same time, treason was suspected in the camp, and the gloomy mind of Napoleon saw in this a fresh proof of it. He summoned his generals to a council of war; they confirmed his suspicions, and, furious with jealous rage, he ordered Larrey to draw up a report upon the matter. Larrey presented it, and the Emperor paced the tent in great agitation, digging up the turf with the end of his cane.

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which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury, thirty, sixty, a hundred fold,—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature,—the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the foot of man; there an unplanted wilderness;—the great Father's farm,—where he, who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated, with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds for the humbler families of animated nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life;—has he seen all this, does he live and move and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fibre and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt—and does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the August Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness!"

## Agricultural.

From the American Farmer.

### WORK FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

#### FATTENING HOGS.

See to it that your hogs are regularly attended to, as we advised last month, as regularity in the times and manner of feeding hogs, is an important consideration in the fattening process.

#### ACCUMULATION OF MANURE.

Permit us to impress upon your mind the importance to your interest, in a pecuniary point of view, of collecting all the rough materials on your farm, and either covering your cattle yards with them, or forming these into compost heaps. In disposing of such materials, whether in the cattle yards, taken to adopt such means as will tend to prevent loss by the escape of liquid manure of your stock, and to arrest the escape of the gaseous portions of it. By the form of your cattle yards, and a judiciously arranged system, you may effect the first, while by the use of plaster sprinkled through and on your manure piles, you may prevent the loss of the latter, to a very great extent.

The plan we here recommend may, and probably will be objected to, upon the score of labor and expense; but such objection should not prevail, as every dollar judiciously laid out in the accumulation of materials susceptible of being converted into manure, from one's farm, will not only bring back interest, but compound interest, through increase of products, and lasting improvement of the soil on which the manure may be applied. It may be laid down as a truth, that a farmer's profits may be graduated by the quantity of manure he produces on his farm; and it is equally a truth, that by well directed energy and industry there are few farms on which a sufficient quantity of raw materials might not be collected, which, when added to and mixed with the manure of the stock, would go far to fertilize the spring hoe crops. And surely, if such returns proceed from the accumulation of manure, no agriculturist should begrudge the labor or expense it may cost, but, on the contrary, make it a heart-duty, as it certainly is his interest, to devote a full measure of the time of his hands, in the collection of such materials as are convertible into manure; for verily, manure is a material part of the capital of a farmer.

#### FALL AND WINTER PLOUGHING.

All who may have stiff, adhesive clay soils, if they are not what may be termed wet lands, should have them ploughed during the fall or winter. Care must be observed to plough them when they are neither wet nor dry, but when they are in that condition of moderate moisture, when there will be neither danger of running into mortar nor into indurated clods. By exposure to winter and early spring frosts, and to the alternations of freezing and thawing, the texture of stiff, clayey soils are measurably broken down, become more friable, and easier worked. Plough deeply, leave the furrows lapped, so as to leave the greatest surface liable to the action of the atmosphere; and next spring at the proper time for such operations, roll, and then harrow the ground; perform both operations thoroughly and well, in order that as fine a tilth, or pulverization may be produced as the nature of the land will admit of; and here let us remark, that perfect preparation of the soil performs a most important part in the production of a crop.

#### CORN COBS.

As ground corn cobs mixed with cut straw, fodder, or hay, make excellent food for your stock, don't sell your corn on the ears, but shell it before you sell it. Those who may not have the convenience for grinding their corn cobs, can render them good food for

their cattle, by having them chopped and cooked, either by the process of boiling, or steaming. If the corn cobs be properly economized, cattle can be subsisted upon much less long provender.

#### CORN STALKS.

Where these have been cut up, after the corn has become glazed, with the fodder on, if cut up with a proper machine, make an excellent provender for cattle; and when a half bushel of the stalks cut up, and mixed with a peck of bran, or a peck of cob meal, they will make two feeds for a milch cow—two such feeds as will induce her to contribute generously to the milk pail.

#### ROOTS, OF ALL KINDS.

These should be dug and housed, before they are injured by the frost.

#### MILCH COWS AND YOUNG CATTLE.

These should all have the advantage of warm, well ventilated stables, or dry sheds; be cleanly and comfortably kept; have full supplies of food, and receive, at least twice a week, an ounce or two of salt, or the same quantity of a mixture comprised of equal parts of mild oyster shell lime, salt, and sifted ashes. In addition, they should have pure fresh water thrice a day.

#### FEEDING OF ROOTS.

Roots when fed to milch cows and other cattle, should be cut fine, and mixed with cut hay or straw. For milch cows and other cattle, a peck of roots and a peck of cut straw or hay, mixed together, sprinkled with salt, makes an enriching meal for each. Most roots are the better of being cooked; but potatoes should never be fed raw, as cooking them makes them much more nutritious and healthful.

#### WORKING ANIMALS.

See to it that these noble creatures do not suffer for anything that is necessary to their condition and comfort. As the weather increases in intensity of cold, they stand in the more need of warm, though well ventilated stables. Their stalls should be well bedded, and kept clean. They should be well fed thrice a day, watered as often, and curried and brushed, or rubbed with a wisp of straw, morning and evening, and receive salt, ashes and lime mixture, twice or thrice a week, say 2 ounces each at a time.

By chopping the grain fed to working animals, and mixing it with cut hay or straw, one-third the quantity of grain may be saved, while the animals will be able to thrive better, as then the whole of the nutritive portions of the grain will be appropriated to their systems. Hence, then, if you attend to this suggestion, you will be able to sell more grain, while the beasts will actually thrive better by the reduction of the grain. Corn and cob, chopped and ground together, is an excellent food, as well as being the most economical way of feeding your corn. In feeding corn and cob meal, it is best to mix it with the hay cut.

#### SHEEP.

Your sheep should be provided with sheds facing the south or southeast, opening into yards. The sheds should be covered with cut straw a few inches in depth; this covering should be resupplied three or four times during the season. If you can't spare straw for the purpose, substitute it by leaves from the woods, as it is important that your sheep should be kept clean and warm.

In a trough in a corner or other part of the shed, under cover, salt should at all times be kept for them; they should be regularly watered thrice a day, and have pine boughs thrown into their yards every few days for them to browse upon. If some pulverized charcoal were occasionally mixed with the salt it would be of advantage in correcting acidity of the stomach of the sheep.

The sheep should be fed thrice a day.—From 3 to 4 lbs. of hay per day, according to the size of the sheep, will be sufficient. When they receive roots or grain, less hay of course will serve them.

#### GATHERING APPLES.

Gather your apples by having them hand-picked, and have them carefully stored away before they become injured by the frost.

#### CIDER-MAKING.

Attend to this early in the season; see to it that the cider is well made, the barrels well cleaned, and that the cider is properly stored away. If there were more good cider made, there would be less occasion for whiskey, and consequently there would be more sober and healthy men.

#### APPLE BUTTER.

Make a goodly store of this—make it early, and make it well.

#### GRANARIES AND CORN HOUSES.

These should be well cleaned before the grain is stored in them. For modes see our September number.

#### DRAINING WET LANDS.

We repeat our advice. If you have fields containing wet lands, have them drained.

#### FIRE-WOOD.

When the leaves have ceased to fall, commence providing your fire-wood, and halt not until you have enough cut, hauled into your yard and piled up to last a year.

#### CARTS AND WAGONS.

Carefully look over these, and, if they need repairs, have them made at once.

GEARING.  
Examine, repair, clean and grease these TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS.  
Inspect these, and, if any of them need it, have them repaired,—and put all, not in use, away under cover.

FENCES.  
Have these carefully examined and repaired.

OF THE ORCHARD.  
Have you one? If not set out one as we recommended in September.

If you have one, examine your trees carefully and treat them as we have so often advised you before. Good fair fruit cannot be grown, without attention and care being paid to the soil and to the trees. The best apple tree in the world cannot grow good and fair fruit, unless there be in the soil the elements to make it out of—everything that has life must be fed, or its performances will be imperfect.

Our doctrines are—feed the earth, and it will feed you—feed the apple tree, and it will yield fair fruit.

OUT HOUSES AND CELLARS.  
Appearance, comfort and health, all combine to recommend that these should be cleaned and whitewashed.

ASHES.  
Save and keep all the ashes made on your place under cover. Five bushels of ashes, composted with 60 bushels of marsh, river, or creek mud, will convert the latter, into good manure.

POULTRY DUNG.  
Have the droppings of your poultry carefully scraped up every Saturday, and packed away in barrels. Sprinkle each layer over with plaster, and keep the barrels in a dry place. Three barrels, if well kept, will grow an acre of wheat.

BONES.  
Have all your bones carefully saved. In every 200 lbs. of them, if dissolved in sulphuric acid, there are enough of the elements of ammonia, phosphate of lime if mixed with 5 bushels of ashes, and 2 two-horse loads of earth, to manure an acre of wheat.

URINE.  
Save as much human urine as practicable; in every pint of it there are all the elements in it required to grow a round of wheat.

WOOLEN RAGS.  
Economise these; they are rich in nitrogen, are a lasting manure, and, in fact, 34 times stronger than cow-dung. One ton, if properly spread and ploughed in, will manure an acre of ground sufficiently well to carry it through a rotation of crops.

## Humorous.

A boy from the Ragged Mountains, Virginia, met Professor B—, and presented his basket, with the following explanation: "Yer don't want any chesnuts, does yer?"

"How do you know I do not want any, my little man?" inquired the professor.

"I nary say yer don't, I ax yer—does yer?" was the positive answer.

This was more polite than the Quaker's reply to one who said to him: "You don't want to buy any wood, do you?"

"Friend, thee first tellest a lie, and then thee askest a question."

When Sir Edward Landseer, the famous animal painter, invited Sydney Smith to sit for his portrait, the reverend joker replied: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

Upon this celebrated painter of quadrupeds being introduced to the young king of Portugal, his majesty complimented the artist in rather queer terms, saying: "He was very glad to make his acquaintance, for he was very fond of beasts!"

An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a small tree, climbed another close by; and on being asked the reason of so foolish a freak, said: "That he didn't want to strain his gun by a long shoot."

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why those who used to ride down in their carriages now walk."

An Irish counsel being questioned by a Judge, to know for whom he was concerned, replied, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed by the defendant."

Is them old fellows alive now? said an urchin to his teacher. What old fellows do you mean, my dear? "Why Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

An honest farmer thus writes to the chairman of an English agricultural society: "Gentlemen please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

The editor of a newspaper down east has been bled, to improve the circulation of his paper.

