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## Selected Miscellany.

### MISS CICELY'S PORTRAIT.

A STORY OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

I do believe, said Mr. Dipchurh, the Steward of the Grange, while doing the honors of the picture gallery, there never came down upon God's earth a sweeter angel than that little child about the dog's neck. She was the joy of the house; and if you were ever so lowhearted, the sight of her bright face, as she glanced round the lawn, or tripped down the passage, was as good a cure as a sorrowing man could desire—better, a deal, than can be found at the bottom of a tankard. I declare there was music in her merry laugh, fine music as ever was played; and a little speech of her's made heavy work come very light.—Every one was glad to have her at his knee, to hear her pretty talk and prattle; and she had such coaxing ways there was no refusing her anything. She would come to me with "Dear Mr. Dipchurh" (I was understood then, and had charge of the bread-room). "Dear, good, Mr. Dipchurh, I want a very, very big loaf for the poor woman at the gate." And though Squire would not have been overpleased, as he said it encouraged rogues and tramps (which I believe it did), yet I could not resist her little ways, and she would go off with her large loaf in her arms, down the avenue.—She had such delight in doing good works that she might have been a little Sister of Mercy, and I believe most of the best-poor-money Squire took delight in giving her she gave away to the poor people about, always getting some one to take her out.—It was a pretty sight to see her going on these walks, in her straw hat and blue cloak, her little basket on her arm, and the pet dog following behind. Pincher was the name of the dog—a sheep-faced, blinking yellow-haired, long-backed creature, who was good for nothing but lying in the sun all day, and eating at all times. No one cared particularly for him; and he would have been sent away long since (shaming the house as he did), but that he was Miss Cicely's dog. One day he came panting up the avenue with his tongue hanging out and his fore-paw broken by a stone, flying from some cruel boys of the village who had been hunting him. At the door he fell over on his side, and lay there quite spent and exhausted. It was Miss Cicely who, chancing to come out upon the steps, took him in her arms, cried over him, and tied up the broken paw with her own little hands. The Squire was for having him shot at once, to put the poor brute out of pain; but Miss Cicely begged so hard that they would only try, just try and save his life, that he was brought in and taken all care of, and soon after was going about quite sleek and fat. From that time out was Miss Cicely's own dog, going with her everywhere; and very often I have seen her as you see her in that picture, sitting on the terrace, dressing his yellow neck with flowers, making frills for his sheep's face; he, blinking his round eyes lazily, and letting her do much as she pleased with him. For she was a pleasant child.

Some way, I never could take much to her cousin Lady Alice, and I believe nobody about the place ever did. I fancy that same ladyship to her name went a good deal towards turning her head; for she was always talking of her family, and what a great woman her mother had been—one Donna Maria, as she told us. Which was like to be true enough, as her father was a proud man, and was said to have married a prouder lady over in Spain. He was all this time away at the wars, fighting the French, and for four or five years his daughter was left at the Grange, and brought up with Miss Cicely. It used to make us laugh sometimes to see her little airs, and the way she would go up and down in her black lace, a red rose fixed in the side of her hair, with a fan in the broad day-light, as she told us the Spanish dames always did. This was dull enough; but there were other points about her that came, no doubt, of that Spanish blood, which we servants were not long in finding out. If we were long in attending her when she called, or if she wanted, she would toss back her head, and beat her little hands with her fan, and stamp her foot—looking so wicked all the time. The Squire used to laugh at these fits, and I believe, encouraged them unknown to himself, giving her her way in everything; but the old people would shake their heads, and prophecy that such a temper would never bring her good. Miss Cicely, curious enough, loved her very much, doing anything to please her, and giving in to all her perverse ways, which the Lady Alice took easily enough, as if she were a young queen, and such things were only her right. But what I fancied least in her was the dislike she had

to the poor limping dog—wondering how anybody could take up with such a low-born cur. Often, very often, I have seen her exactly as in that picture before you, standing behind and looking down with a sort of contempt on Miss Cicely and her dog Pincher. It is a mystery to me up to this day how she ever came by the odd notions she had.—I suppose she took them from her mother's country, where, I've heard, that they are women full-grown at sixteen years old. Once, indeed, when Miss Cicely was taken very bad with some sickness (a sickness that came once more in her little life, and took the sweet child along with it), once, I say, when she was lying ill, and everybody going around with blank faces, and a dead weight on their breasts, I think Lady Alice took it to her heart. I saw her at the end of the long gallery, when she thought no one could see her, crying bitterly.

I think she would have died sooner than let any one see her cry, and I recollect she had picked up some old story out of the old history books, about a boy who had a stolen fox under his cloak, and let it eat his flesh sooner than cry out—which she said was a fine thing, a noble thing, of the boy. Heathenish, I thought it, and what you might expect of unchristian people. But the way the poor dumb brute Pincher took on and grieved was enough to shame christian men with souls. To see him—that we had taken for a lazy, sleeping creature, with no thought but his meals—moping, and scratching, and turning up his long face to everybody, whining dismally in corners, and refusing his food, would have touched a heart of stone, and made me heartily repent having so misjudged the poor animal.

There was much jubilee, you may be sure, when Miss Cicely got over that attack.—Poor Squire had nearly gone distracted, and in his trouble, I do believe, vowed to build a church if she got well. Whether this was so or not, a church was commenced immediately, and there it stands on the southern half of the estate some five miles away. It might be a year after that, coming on to November—it was hard by November, for All Hallows' Eve was only a few days off—that young Mr. Richard came down to the Grange for the shooting. A fine bold spoken, cheery fellow, full of life and spirits, with an off-hand manner which took everybody that came near him. He was full of dash and spirit, and was bound for the French wars then being fought. So he came down and shot and ranged over the fells, and every keeper and follower about the place, and Squire himself, thought they never met with so fine a fellow. As I said, he was so ready and off-hand with the men, and in-doors as you may well guess, the two little girls thought there was nobody far or near to match with Cousin Richard—only each liked him in a way of her own.

It was pleasant when the long evenings came on, and the lamp lighted, and the fire well raked up, and they were all sitting in this room—the Squire weary with his day's hunting, and young Richard having ridden perhaps to and from Arbour Court, where he was fond of visiting—it was pleasant to see how he would draw up his chair, and set to work amusing himself with the two little things. He would have them on each side of him, and very often Miss Cicely, his pet, upon his knee; and there she would laugh and chatter, and ask questions the whole evening. It was enough to make one laugh to see Alice's little airs, and the way she tried him with her dignity looks, all to let him know what a great lady she was.—Then she would dress herself up in all manner of queer ways, and come in and walk up and down the room, with her head back, trying to attract Richard's attention, of which he would purposely take no heed, but talk and laugh with the little creature on his knee, telling her that he loved simplicity, and to be simple and natural, until the latter, having flouted to no purpose, would be ready to sit down in the corner and cry. Not that she would do such a thing. She would not give him that satisfaction, but would sit and sulk the whole evening. Then he would speak to her with a kind of mock respect—calling her the grand Spanish lady, the Donna, the dark-haired Donna who had a right to queen it there on account of her high blood. "Poor little Cicely," he would say, "you have no blue blood in your veins."

Blue blood! that was his word, on which she would stamp her foot and fire up, saying she had a great Don in Spain for her uncle, who had a long sword, and would protect her and kill any one that insulted one of his family. At which terrible threat Mr. Richard would nearly drop off his chair with laughter, and the Squire would lift his eyes from his newspaper and laugh, too, and then she would step away out of the room, looking around on them all very wickedly.—Then Miss Cicely, with tears in her eyes and putting up her hands, would beg and pray of Cousin Richard not to be so very cruel to Cousin Alice; and it would all end in Mr. Richard's going out and bringing her in with much difficulty, finding her outside the long corridors like a scared deer.—She would tell him that she hated him, and always would hate him, and talk again of her Spanish uncle and his long rapier, which only made Mr. Richard laugh more and more, and say he would be proud to meet the old Don.

Pretty much the same scene used to go forward every night, but the fact was that for all her pettishness and talk of hating him, she was very fond of Mr. Richard.—Whenever he would pretend to be angered at some of her saucy speeches, and not speak to her for a time, I see she got troubled, and tried all manner of tricks to bring him round again, without bringing down

her pride. Once when she had marched her bit out of the room into the corridor Miss Cicely came running out after her (I was just then coming up stairs so I heard it all), and putting her arms around her, said: "Come back, darling, do. Cousin Richard didn't mean what he said—I know he doesn't. He told me so the other day. I'll run and tell him and make him promise not to do it any more."

Well, I declare, I saw her push the sweet child from her, firing up as if she had been a woman of twenty.

"Don't speak to me in that way," she said. "I don't want your help, you poor child. I can do without it." Here came a little scornful laugh. "I dare say Cousin Richard loves me, though he doesn't set me on his knee and pet me like a baby."

With that she flounced away, leaving poor Miss Cicely standing there with her hand hanging down and looking after her quite seared.

Would you think it? The proud little lady was jealous. It was queer, the notion of such a thing in one so young; but so it actually was, as I afterwards came to find out.

Poor Miss Cicely was sadly distressed at finding her so cold, and could not make out what was at the bottom of it; however they were soon friends again. Meantime Mr. Richard stayed on over a month, until his time drew very near, riding over, every day, to Arbour Court for reasons of his own. One day Miss Cicely, as usual, came down to ask for her loaf, "And," said she, as soon as she came in, "dear, good Mr. Dipchurh, when I have my own big house, I shall have plenty of bread to give away, and you shall take care of it, and have a great room to yourself."

"I thank you, Miss Cicely," I said, "but I fancy we shall have to wait a few years before we get into that big house."

"Not so very, very long, Mr. Dipchurh," she said, putting back her yellow curls, with one of her roguish looks, "not so very long."

"Pretty well, I think," I said. "Say ten years at least."

"Listen, good Mr. Dipchurh. I have such a great, little secret; oh! such a wonderful secret," she said, opening her little eyes; "but you won't tell any one?"

"Trust me, Miss Cicely, for that."

"Well, dear Cousin Richard says so since he came home from the wars that I am to be his little wife, and we are to live together in a big house."

"You don't say so," I said, pretending to open my eyes with astonishment.

"I do, I do!" she said, clapping her hands and giving one of her merry laughs, "he has told me so over and over again."

"Take care," I said, "he doesn't meet with some beautiful lady in foreign parts—a handsome princess, who might fall in love with him when taken a prisoner, and marry him for good and all."

She turned very grave and thoughtful at this.

"Do you think so, really, Mr. Dipchurh?"

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely; these military gentlemen do it every day."

She began counting on her fingers, and looking on the ground, and then very wistfully at me.

"I must speak to Cousin Richard," she said, taking up the hem of her skirt and plaiting it as if she were going to sew.

"I think that would be the best way," I said, looking wise. "In fact it would be more desirable to put it off altogether until he came back."

"Do you think so?" she said again, still plaiting.

"Well," I said, "it's purely a matter of convenience, but it would be better. Then, there's your cousin, Lady Alice, I fancy he has promised her, too."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Cicely, "Cousin Richard would not do that."

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely," I said. She seemed wonderfully confounded at this notion, and fell to thinking it over.—Then, putting her hands to her little head, she called out suddenly: "Oh! dear Mr. Dipchurh, such a strange pain in my head! such an odd feeling!"

"Oh! Mr. Dipchurh!" she cried, "I have made up my mind." (Her little mind, sweet soul). I thought it over in bed last night, and have made up my mind.—

"Tell me all about it, then, Miss Cicely," I said; "but, first, how is that little pain?"

"I had it a long time last night," she said, "but it is better this morning. I will give up Cousin Richard to Cousin Alice, and she shall be his little wife, and they will be very happy together. Don't you think so, good Mr. Dipchurh?"

As she said this, the sweet angel looked at me so earnestly and sadly that I could have taken her up in my arms and cried heartily over her.

"Yes," she said, beginning again to plait the corner of her frock, "I think it will be all for the best. When Cousin Richard comes in from breakfast, I will go to him and tell him all, and that Cousin Alice is much more worthy of him."

That little pain of her's troubled me very much, and I determined to let Squire know of it at once. Presently they all came in to breakfast. Squire and Lady Alice laughed than ever—all except Mr. Richard, who was out riding. Squire looked knowingly, and laughed as he said he was gone over to Arbour Court—perhaps might come home to breakfast, perhaps might not—Squire rather thought he would not—and looked knowing again.

He did come back, then, but just as they had finished, Miss Cicely, who was sitting by the window, called out that there was the post man on his pony, coming down the long avenue, and Cousin Richard riding beside him. Not long after, I saw him in the oak corridor, with a great open letter in his hand, and looking very troubled.

"I must go to the wars at last, Dipchurh," he says, trying to look cheerful.

"Well, sir," I said, "nothing like honor and glory—but I hope they have given you a long day."

"Only ten days, Dipchurh," he says, with a sigh, and went on muttering about a bubble to the cannon's mouth.

Then it all came out. Mr. Richard was to be married to one of the young ladies over at Arbour Court, and now it was settled that they should hurry on the marriage before he went.

There was great bustle and excitement at the Grange that day. Every one about the place having the story that Mr. Richard was going for a soldier, but first to be married to Miss Abbott. I thought the Spanish Donna, when she heard it, would have bitten her lip through with rage and mortification; but she only tossed her head back as if she didn't care, and said not a word.

But for that sweet child, Miss Cicely, my heart bled and bled again. She was so grieved, and I believe took on quite as much at the idea of her cousin's mortification.—But she loved Mr. Richard so, and fretted so when he went. Not for that little notion she had first taken into her head, but because he was so free-hearted with her, and so good and kind that—but I don't like thinking of those times. She would sit on the grass, as before, talking to her dog. I have heard her say, when passing softly behind her: "You, poor Pincher, you are the only one left that I love after papa, the only one—the only one."

This she would say over and over again, while the creature would look at her fondly, with his heavy blinking eyes, and whine, as if he understood what she said.

Soon she began to complain of a certain weariness and heavy feeling about the head, and that first pain turned out (as I thought it was) the warning of the old sickness coming back again. Water-on-the-brain, as they called it.

As I said before, I don't like thinking over those days, it gives me a dead weight on my heart, and such a choking feeling in my throat. I may as well say that before a fortnight was out, the little angel was taken gently up to Heaven, where, added Mr. Dipchurh, huskily, it is my firm persuasion that she is now and ever shall be in a world without end! From which happy country, it is also my firm belief, there never came down a purer soul.

"And Pincher, the dog?"

He went about for some days in a restless sort of way, looking, I think, for his little mistress, in all manner of places. I once met him limping, in his old shambling way, through a place he was never known to be found in before; and Squire met him there, too,—burst out crying over him,—crying and sobbing as if his heart would break.

I had to go away, up to London, a little after that, on business, and when I came home they told me that Pincher had been found one morning under a rose tree, which Cicely planted; lying there, stretched out, his poor, white sheep's face resting on a bed of moss which grew about the root of the tree.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—A good deal, especially if it is a bad one. Eugene Sue, in his "Mysteries of Paris," happened to choose a very respectable street as the scene of some of the worst and most revolting of all the crimes which abound in that book. The effect was prodigious. Rents fell; some of the best families moved to other streets; and great was the grief of all the *habitués* that, for no fault of their own, their own, their neighborhood was regarded as little better than infamous. At last, however, it occurred to some clever fellow to have the name of the street changed. It was done; and presto, all was right again! The novelist was conquered, and the good people were as respectable and jolly as ever.

What maintains one vice will bring up two children.

## Agricultural.

From the Rural Register.

### FARM WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

In the midst of national troubles that will draw off from agricultural and other labors more than half a million of men, for the military service, and at least one-third more as teamsters, camp followers, &c., economy in the cultivation of crops must be considered more than ever. In addition to this drainage upon the usual force of the rural districts, the farmers and land-owners will be subjected to heavy expenses in the shape of war taxes, for no war on such a scale as that in which we are now engaged, can be carried except at a vast expense of blood and treasure. Heavy loans of money must be negotiated, and, the annual interest on those loans will have to be paid—or the nation must go into bankruptcy.

In this state of things, a word or two of advice may not be inopportune. To meet the emergency of want of labor and increased taxes, our farmers and planters have but one course to pursue—they must decrease the amount of land usually put under crop and increase its product by a system of high culture. They must make one acre of land yield as much as two formerly did, and so make up the deficiency in farm labor. If the crop from fifty acres can be made equal to what the crop from one hundred acres usually is, everybody knows that it will require further hands to gather it, and thus so much expense will be saved. This is not a theoretical view of the case; it is the problem that the English farmers had to solve when the corn laws were abolished, and they were left to contend against foreign competition and high taxes. By subsoiling, ditching, draining and high manuring, they succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. By the application of scientific principles to agriculture, by the use of labor-saving machines, and by increasing the fertility of the soil to its maximum, they draw the largest possible crops from the smallest possible amount of land, and so save rent and taxes and the cost of extra labor. It is an example pregnant with instruction, and it is one which our people will now do well to follow. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed with the work for the month:

**WHEAT.**  
We have entered so largely into the preparation of the land for wheat, and the best method of culture, in another article in this number especially devoted to the subject, that a synopsis of the principal points upon which it treats, is alone necessary here, as those who desire to go into details will refer at once to the article alluded to. First, then, **As to Soil.**—A strong loam containing a fair proportion of clay, sand and vegetable matter, constitutes the kind of soil best adapted to the growth of wheat, and a good clover sod, well turned under, contains all the elements of nutrition which the wheat crop requires.

**Fertilizers.**—When the land is deficient in fertility, the clover lay is of indifferent quality, or cannot be had, resort must be had to such manures as are best suited to the growth of wheat. Assuming that the soil has been limed, the principal constituents in addition that wheat requires are potash and soda, and the phosphates, these substances entering largely into the composition of the plant. Either of the following formulas will furnish the necessary ingredients for the perfect growth of an acre of wheat:

1. 250 lbs. of Manipulated guano, to which might be added with advantage, 10 bushels of wood ashes and 1 bushel of refuse salt.

2. 202-horse loads of stable or barn-yard manure, 1 bushel of salt, 1 bushel of plaster, 5 bushels wood ashes—mixed, broadcasted and ploughed in.

3. 10 bushels of ground bones, and 10 bushels of wood ashes—mixed, broadcasted and harrowed in.

4. 10 loads of woods earth or marsh mud, 100 lbs. Manipulated guano, 5 bushels of wood ashes, 1 bushel of refuse salt—mixed, broadcasted, and ploughed under lightly.

**Preparation of Seed.**—A brine made of common salt sufficiently strong to float an egg, is perhaps of all others the best, soak for wheat seed—it throws all the light grains and filth to the surface, when it can readily be skimmed off. This being accomplished, drain off the pickle, spread the grain upon the barn floor, and sift over it a light covering of freshly sieved lime or plaster.

**Method of Seeding.**—Wheat drilled in stands best the winter, and will generally produce the largest crop. If, however, the old method of broadcast sowing should be adopted, the harrow should previously have reduced the land to the finest condition of tilth, and both the harrow and roller should follow in succession until the seed is well covered and the ground is made perfectly smooth and compact.

**Time of Seeding.**—For this latitude from the middle of September to the 1st of October, and certainly, if it can be avoided, not later than the 10th of the month. The earliest specified time is undoubtedly to be preferred.

**Quantity of Seed per acre.**—If broadcasted from a bushel and a half to two bushels per acre, according to the quality and condition of the soil. If drilled, about five pecks.

**Water Furrows.**—Well arranged water furrows must never be omitted on level lands where the soil is compact, or where it lies in hollows that require to be drained to carry off standing water.

**GRASS.**  
This crop should positively be in the ground before the middle of September. It ought to be seeded at least three weeks earlier. For soil, preparation and management, see last number of *Rural*.

**GRANARIES.**  
We refer to those again, with the simple intimation that they should be thoroughly cleaned before storing the grain in them. A favorite method of purifying them, is that originally adopted by Mr. Carmichael. It is as follows: When the granaries are cleaned and swept, place powdered brimstone in an earthen jar on a bed of sand in the centre of the granary floor, set fire to the sulphur, and close the doors and windows.—The fumes of the sulphur effectually rids the granary of weevil, either by destroying them, or driving them off.

**ORCHARDS.**  
To restore fertility to the soil of orchards that have long been bearing, spread over each acre a compost formed of six loads of woods earth, 2 loads of stable manure, well rotted, 5 bushels of bone dust, 5 bushels of ashes, 1 bushel of plaster, 1 bushel of refuse salt. Broadcast the above and plough it under from three to four inches deep. Harrow and roll. As a wash for the trees, take one gallon of soft soap, one-quarter of a pound of flour of sulphur, one quart of fine salt. Mix these ingredients together, scrape well the bark of the trees, and then apply the mixture to the trunk and larger limbs with a bush.

**GRASS SWARDS TO BE BROKEN IN SPRING FOR CORN.**  
Spread over an old grass lay intended for corn in the spring, from 10 to 25 bushels of lime, and harrow it in. If the lime be slacked with strong brine, still greater benefit will be derived from the application.

**TREATMENT OF MEADOW LANDS.**  
Lands that have been several years in grass require the assistance of fertilizing elements to keep up the annual product to a point capable of yielding a profit. Some of the grasses will also have given out. To restore these and improve the land at the same time, top-dress the meadow with a mixture composed of 5 bushels of bone dust, 5 bushels of wood ashes, and 1 bushel of salt per acre, and follow immediately by seeding half a bushel of timothy seed thereon per acre.

**SALTING STOCK.**  
Equal parts of mild shell lime, salt and finely sifted wood ashes, should be mixed together and furnished to stock three times a week.

**SALTING SHEEP.**  
See that rock salt is placed under cover, where the sheep can have access to it at all times.

**PREPARATION OF SOIL FOR A YOUNG ORCHARD.**  
If it is intended to plant out a young orchard in the fall, heavily top-dress the ground with a compost of woods earth, bone dust and ashes, and plough and subsoil the space set apart for the new orchard as soon as possible.

**FENCES AND OUTHOUSES.**  
See that the first are in good order, and the second well cleaned and purified before the winter sets in.

**DRAINING AND DITCHING.**  
Push forward this necessary work as speedily as possible.

A wretched editor who hasn't any wife to take care of him, went the other night to a ladies' fair. He says he saw there "an article which he fancied would own, but it was not for sale"—declares that since that night he is "wretchedly wretched." As the article was bound in hoops, the reader is left to infer that it was either a girl or a keg of whiskey. They are both calculated to make a wretch "wretched."

"A glass of Madeira, doctor, come, I'm all right again," said Gobble to his physician after a fit of gout, when caught indulging. "Ah," said the doctor, "that Madeira will never do; it is the cause of all your sufferings." "Well, then," rejoined Gobble, growing witty, "fill your glass; for now we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

One Scotchman complained that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do ye ken the reason of that?" asked his worthy cronies. "No." "I'll tell you; it's because it's empty." "And have you never had a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "No, never." "And ye ken the reason?" "No." "It's because it's cracked."

Theodore Hook, after having been frightfully crammed at an aldermanic feed, being asked to be helped again, replied, "No, thank you, I don't want any more; but I will take the rest in money, if you please."

"Look here, printer," said an enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Well, sir, I am not a pointer, I'm a setter," replied the printer.

Never look at the girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows and frills merely to gratify their mamma—that's all.

A mob's a monster, head enough but without brains.

He that has a trade has an office of profit and honor.