



The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1868.

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THE PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
And Charles County Advertiser,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
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Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cents per square.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
FALL AND WINTER TRADE.
1868.
74.....KING STREET.....74
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The subscriber has now on hand and can afford to sell at prices to suit the times one of the largest and best assorted stocks of fine goods for Gentlemen, Ladies, Misses and Children, and heavy work suitable for Farmers, ever before offered for sale in this market. His long experience in the trade has enabled him to procure a stock manufactured from the best material and in the most durable and stylish manner, and on the most favorable terms, and with such advantages he can afford to sell as cheap as the cheapest. All in want will do well to call at 74, King street, before purchasing. His stock comprises in part—
Men's Kip Boots, suitable for Farmers.
Men's Calf Double-sole Pegged and Stitched Scotch Bottom Boots.
Boys' and Youths' Calf and Kip Double-sole Boots.
Ladies' Misses' and Children's Calf, Goat, Morocco, Glove Kid, Turkish Morocco and Lasting Boots of every style and description.
Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Gum Shoes.
Also, a good stock of goods suitable for country merchants, to which we invite their attention. W. B. WADDEY.
sep 17—3m

GEORGE C. HENNING.
DEALER IN
CLOTHING
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,
No. 511 Seventh St.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
All Goods are marked in plain figures, and sold for
ONE PRICE ONLY.
Clothing to fit all ages from two years, ready-made, or made to order.
The stock is one of the largest to be found in the District, nearly all of it made up for Mr. H.
Persons ordering by mail, need only state the style, color and price desired.
Sep. 3, 1868—6m

CORTLAN & CO.,
216 & 218 Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.,
IMPORTERS.

CHINA GLASS AND EARTHENWARE,
Table Cutlery, and Family
Hardware,

PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES,
Forks, Spoons, Casters & Butter Tubs,

Britannia and Block Tinware,
FRIDERS, SHOVEL AND TONGS, AND
STANDARDS.

AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS
OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought much UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.
aug 20—6m

STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY.
Mrs. Allen's Preparation for the Hair,
Farrar's Juniper Tar,
Jenny's and Schenck's Medicines.
For sale by
W. C. BRENT,
Port Tobacco.

Selected Poetry.

"IF WE KNEW."
If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load:
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?
If we knew the baby-fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again:
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewed along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violet
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorn the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweet accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out their thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

A Thrilling Narrative.

From Lippincott's Magazine for December.
A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.
At sunrise next morning they let go their hawser and resumed their voyage, still preferring empty stomachs to such food as they had. Still, as throughout the previous day's voyage, the river flowed on smoothly between low and verdure-clad banks, but the velocity of its current was perceptibly increasing. At length, toward noon, they came to rapids swift and rocky, in descending which they lost their carabines and their little store of flour—their only provision—while their revolvers were wet so as to be unserviceable. Below these rapids the banks were steep and rocky; but an island of some extent afforded them a convenient place to haul out for repairs, while the screw-boat mesquit with which it was partially covered furnished them with a scanty but not altogether unpalatable meal.

(Of mezquit, a thorny bush which grows in great abundance on the Colorado, and in many other portions of California, Arizona and Mexico, there are two varieties—one producing beans in a large pod resembling our ordinary garden beans; while the other produces small seeds, a- bout the size of those of the locust, enveloped in a small, spiral pod from two to three inches in length, which is fleshy, and has a pleasantly sweetish taste. I have tasted them and found them to be rather tough, but otherwise palatable.)
Having passed the night at the island, our voyagers set out in the morning with their raft in better condition than before, and with renewed hope of soon getting to the end of their voyage, or at least of reaching a port. From the size and depth of the stream, they argued that the head of navigation—Callville—must be near. After they had floated for a few hours, however, the sound of falling water was borne to their ears, becoming more and more distinct as they proceeded, until they were satisfied that they were approaching a cataract. Meanwhile, they had gradually and almost unconsciously drifted into a canon with high, precipitous walls, which confined the river within a narrower channel than it had coursed in above. A hasty reconnaissance convinced them that they could not escape from the gorge by climbing the walls, while the current was now so swift that it was useless to think of attempting to turn back.

White, however, took the precaution of lashing himself to the raft, and advised Strobo to do likewise.
"No," replied the latter; "I am an old Mississippi boatman, and can stick to the raft wherever she goes, without tying. It isn't much of a fall, and there is no danger in running it: but if a man is tied in such a place, he might lose his life before he could get loose. We had better tie our revolvers, though; they're wet now, and a little more won't hurt them. And we had better be rid of them."
On swept the raft with rapidly increasing speed; the voyagers, silent, stern, with compressed lips and tense nerves, boldly facing the peril which they were now powerless to avoid. A moment they were balanced upon the brink of the cataract—the next were plunged sheer twelve feet into the seething waters beneath. Emerging at length, White found himself alone upon the raft, which an eddy had caught in the rim of its vortex and was slowly whirling around. When he had partially recovered his self-possession, which had been seriously disturbed by the shock of the fall, he looked around for his companion, and quickly descried him in mid-channel, some twenty yards distant, buffeting the current with feeble and uncertain stroke. Shouting to him some words of encouragement, and hastily freeing himself from his lashings, White prepared to make such efforts as he could to assist and save his comrade; but almost immediately poor Strobo, half strangled doubtless, and bewildered by his frightful plunge over the cataract, without a cry or a groan, sank and rose no more.

The fate of either of his comrades would have been a merciful one to White in comparison to what befel him. Poor fellow! his troubles had hardly yet begun, while theirs were ended, at least for this world. The death of Strobo fell upon him with crushing weight. Sticking upon the raft, which floated slowly around with the eddy until it stranded upon the head of a small island, he abandoned himself for a brief period to all the misery of despair. But his rugged and energetic nature would not long succumb to such a feeling. Recovering himself, he began to survey as calmly as he might his situation.
And now came back upon his memory the stories he had heard from some old prospectors while he lay in camp at Salt Lake—idle tales he had deemed them then, but now he could not resist the conviction of their reality—of the terrible Grand Canon; of its great length, tremendous depth and impassable walls; of the vain efforts which had been made to explore its fearful solitudes. Looking around upon the high, steep walls which hemmed him in on either hand, and stretched away before, dark and frowning, far as the eye could reach, he no longer doubted but that he was in the veritable Grand Canon, through which no living human being had ever passed. He thought of endeavoring to return, but a brief examination convinced him that would be impossible unless he were gifted with wings. He thought of attempting to scale the walls of the canon, but as his eager eye wandered over their dark surfaces, where a lizard could hardly gain a foothold, he abandoned the idea as too wild to be entertained. There was no way open for him except in the course of the river through the canon; and in that direction there seemed not the shadow of a chance that he might succeed and live. He only dared to hope that by carefully tying himself to the raft, his body might float through with some portion of it, and be identified by means of a pocket memorandum-book, which he endeavored to secure to his person, so that his fate might become known to his relatives and friends. Having considered these things with the desperate calmness of a man who regards himself as doomed to speedy and inevitable death, he nevertheless omitted nothing which might tend to the preservation of his life. First, he overhauled his raft and tightened its lashings. Next, he stripped the mezquit bushes which grew on the island of their scanty crop, with which he partially appeased his hunger. Then, with a fervent appeal to the Great Father of all, he launched his raft and floated away to encounter unknown dangers and terrors.

It is hardly necessary to say that White kept no "log" of his voyage, and it would

therefore be impossible to give, from this point the details of his daily progress. Never before did mortal man perform such a journey. For near five hundred miles he floated over a succession of cascades and cataracts, varying in height from four to twenty feet with patches of smooth water between. Frequently, in plunging over a fall, the raft was overturned, and it was with much difficulty he saved himself from drowning. Once he was so long under water that he became insensible; but on that occasion the raft providentially emerged right side up, and when he revived he found himself floating along as if nothing had happened.

Below each fall there was an island, formed by the sand thrown up by the eddying waters, affording him an opportunity of hauling up his raft for repairs—a very necessary operation, as the ropes with which it was bound were frequently cut upon the edges of the rocks at the head of the falls—and a place of rest during the night. At first the mezquit growing upon the islands supplied him with a scanty allowance of food, but after the sixth day he found the islands barren. A rawhide knife-scabbard then afforded him some slight sustenance and a good deal of chewing for a couple of days, after which he was without food of any kind until he got through to the mouth of the Rio Virgin. One day he saw some lizards and tried to catch them, but was too feeble to succeed, and so the tempting creatures escaped. To add to his misery, he was stripped by the rocks and waters of his hat, pants, drawers, boots and socks, while the sun, which he was compelled almost constantly to face, sitting in a constrained posture during the hottest part of the day, beat with burning fierceness upon his unprotected head and legs, the latter soon becoming blistered and raw from the unwholesome exposure. And all the time the walls of the canon towering above him, nowhere less than a thousand feet, and in some places a mile and a half in height, to the best of his judgment; he had no means or opportunity of measuring the distance. Anxiously he watched for some avenue of escape, some crevice or fissure in the adamantine walls which confined him, but there was none. The consoling reflection remained that it was perhaps better to be dashed to pieces, or perish of simple starvation in the canon, than to scramble out of it and add the torment of thirst to those which he already endured. So he voyaged on, now helplessly broiling in the merciless rays of the sun (no one who has not been upon the Colorado can form an adequate idea of the heat which prevails there in summer), as he floated calmly yet swiftly along upon an expanse of comparatively smooth water; then tumbling over a cascade or rushing through a rapid, at the imminent peril of shipwreck upon the rocks, which bumped and thumped his frail raft until its light timbers rattled a gain; and now, shuddering and with bated breath, plunging over a fall, for aught he knew into eternity. Day by day and hour by hour he grew weaker from want of food, while, from sitting in a cramped position and from exposure to the sun, his legs were so stiff and sore as to be almost entirely disabled. Still with dogged resolution he persevered, improving every available moment of daylight, and making, as he believed, at a moderate estimate, between forty and fifty miles distance every day.

At length, on the evening of September 6th, the raft—with our bruised, battered and starving voyager, more dead than alive, but yet retaining a great deal of the wonderful vitality which has thus far sustained him, still clinging to it—emerged from the canon. Again the broadening river flowed between low green banks. White felt that the worst of his voyage was over—if he could but hold out a day or two longer he would be saved. But, though his spirit was undaunted, his physical strength was nearly gone. He floated on, watching eagerly for the signs of human habitation. Soon he passed the mouth of a considerable stream—the Rio Virgin—and almost immediately he heard voices shouting to him. He could hardly convince himself that the sounds were real; and as he gazed in wondering suspense toward the bank, a number of Indians leaped into the water, swam off to him and pushed the raft ashore. Being pretty well aroused by this

summary proceeding, of which he did not know whether the intent was hostile or friendly, White attempted to rise to his feet, but the Indians pulled him down again so violently that the skirts of his coat, which they took hold of for the purpose, came off in their hands. They then seized one of the two revolvers which remained fastened to the raft, but White, who had no idea of being robbed without resistance, stoutly retained possession of the other. One of the Indians then addressed him in English, informing him that they were Pah-Utes and "good-Indians;" whereupon White demanded something to eat. After some parleying they agreed to give him a dog for his remaining pistol; but, having secured the weapon, they let the animal go. He was finally obliged to give them his vest for catching and killing the dog (a small one), and then they appropriated the fore quarters. The Indians seemed to comprehend the fearful trip which he had just made, and to express some astonishment among themselves that he should have survived it; but his condition excited not the smallest spark of sympathy in their dusky bosoms. He was a white man, and their lawful prey. The fact that they were "at peace" with the whites hardly accounts for their treating him with so much forbearance as they did, since they could have killed him without fear of discovery; and I have known but few Indians, however "good," who could resist an opportunity of shedding a white man's blood with impunity.

White ate a hind quarter of dog, raw and without salt, for his supper, and then lay down and slept soundly. In the morning he ate the other hind quarter; and having learned from the Indians that Callville was near, again embarked and resumed his voyage, which had now lasted fourteen days.
It chanced at this time the charge Colorado of Fort Mojave, in charge of Captain Wilburn, with a crew of four or five men, was at Callville, receiving a cargo of lime and salt. Standing on the river bank, Captain Wilburn saw the strange craft pass by on the other side, and hailed. The response came in feeble tones; "My God! Is this Callville?" "Yes," replied Wilburn; "come ashore!" "I'll try to," replied the voyager, "but I don't know whether I can or not." Wilburn and his men, being busily employed, did not particularly notice his appearance, and when they saw him bring the raft to about two hundred yards below, they thought no more of the matter until nearly two hours after, when a strange-looking object made its appearance on the crest of the hill near the landing.
"My God, Captain Wilburn!" exclaimed one of the crew, "that man's a hundred years old!"
And he looked as if he might even be older. His long hair and flowing beard were white; his eyes were sunken; his cheeks thin and emaciated; his shrunken legs were in front a mass of black and lathsome scabs from his loins to his toes; and as he crawled slowly and painfully toward them, with his hands resting upon his knees, the men, with exclamations of astonishment and pity, went to meet and assist him. They brought him into their camp gave him food, washed and anointed his sores and clothed him. The ravishment of feeling was too much for White. He became delirious, and remained so for some hours; but toward evening his wandering senses returned, and he was able to give an account of himself. James Ferry, U. S. Quartermaster's Agent at Callville, on hearing of the conduct of the Pah-Utes, sent out a runner for the chief, whom he compelled to restore everything that had been taken from White, and then dismissed him with certain moral and humanitarian exhortations which it is to be hoped will do him good. He took White to his house, and kept him there until he had recovered, so far as he could recover, from the effects of his terrible voyage. When I last heard of White, he was carrying the mail between Callville and Fort Mojave. At the latter place, Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railway Company, E. D., saw and conversed with him, and from his statements was satisfied that the length of the Grand Canon is not less than five hundred miles, and that its thorough scientific exploration, while not absolutely impossi-

ble, will present difficulties which will not soon be surmounted. Gen. Palmer thinks the numerous falls in the canon have been formed by immense masses of rock which have fallen into the river from its walls. I believe the course of the Colorado might be advantageously diverted above the canon; and, from the character of the country above and around it, I think it probable that if this were done, a large quantity of gold might be found in the river bed.

Selected Miscellany.

Hints to Young Gentlemen.
Don't say complimentary things to a young lady at a party without first making sure her "intention" is not standing behind you the whole time.
Don't accept a lady's invitation to go shopping with her, unless you have previously measured the length of your purse.
Don't stay later than eleven o'clock, when you spend the evening with a pretty friend; the wisest and wisest man in Christendom becomes a bore after that hour.
Don't believe any woman to be an angel. If you feel any symptom of this disease, take a dose of sage tea and then go to bed; it is as much a malady as the small-pox, and it is your business to get over it as quickly as possible. An angel, indeed! If you don't find out pretty soon that she lacks considerable more than the wings, we are mistaken!
Don't make up your mind about any creature in a belt-ribbon and velvet rosette without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it, one woman can know better in five minutes than you can another in five years.
And, above all, don't think that you must keep your lady-talk and gentleman-talk in separate budgets, labelled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh in their sleeves at your wishy-washy sentimentalism. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because they are women, they don't know anything.

Remember all this advice, sir, and you may make rather less of a fool of yourself than you would otherwise.
Useful Hints.
Flour and meal of every kind should be kept in a cool, dry place.
To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.
Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.
Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped in soft papers and laid in a drawer of linen.
Bread and cakes should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.
Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old.
Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using, as it spends a great deal of its strength in the sun.

A SCENE IN COURT.—An individual, possessing unmistakable evidences of African extraction, was arraigned for larceny. The Judge, as of right, was dignified, but with severe presence. "Are you guilty or not?" "Golly, boss, 'clar never done it." "This man says you did?" "He sin's notin' but white trash." "And what are you?" "Me! Why don't you know me. I rid wid you in de persecution! I helped to tote you home when yer' got tired dat night—don't yer' member me now?" There was the "suddenness" of *de procs.* in that darkey's case that judicial analysts afford an example of. So much for the advantages of good society. —New Orleans Picayune.

In Bible Language a day's journey was 33 and 1-5 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly. Cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was \$3.00. A talent of silver was \$10,000. A piece of silver or a penny was thirteen cents. A farthing was three cents. A gosh was one cent. A mite was one and a half cents. A homer was twenty-five gallons and five pints. A bin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A ephah was three pints.

His Trade.—An old-fashioned clergyman, named Moore, was riding on horseback one stormy day, enveloped in a loose cloak of large proportions, and having a broad scarlet collar. By the action of the wind the cloak was tossing about in all directions, when a gentleman rode up on a spirited horse which shied, and almost threw the rider.
"That cloak of yours would frighten the devil," said the gentleman, to Moore.
"You don't say so?" replied Mr. Moore, "why that's just my trade."

Receipt for Curing Meats.
To one gallon of water, half pound of salt, 1 pound of sugar, 1 ounce salt petre, 1 ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least 100 days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. —Ed. Germantown Telegraph.

Receipt for Cabbage Pickle.
The following practice I have been in the habit of for the last 25 years, and am confidently recommended. It is important, in the first place, not to allow your meat to lay in bulk after it is separated from the body of the hog, but keep it spread out until you are ready to cut it. If the meat lays sometime in bulk, your sausages will soon become strong. This plan prevents it. When you are ready, cut it in small pieces for grinding through a sifter, and weigh in order for seasoning. Then for every 40 lbs. of meat take 1 lb. of salt, 4 oz. of best black pepper and 2 oz. of sage, all of which mix together. Then mix this with your meat. Afterwards put it through your sausage grinder, and you will find, if a Judge of good sausage, an article, in this line, which is first-rate. —Cor. Country Gentleman.

Keeping Cabbages Through the Winter.
The Massachusetts Farmer gives the following method of keeping 'cabbages' through the winter, for which its editor vouches, having tried it successfully for several years:
"Cut off the stump close to the head, and pull off loose leaves. Cut clean away or hay and cover the bottom of a barrel or box with it, and sprinkle the straw with clean water until it is quite wet. Add a layer of heads, then cover with wet straw, and go on. Put the whole in a cold place, and they will keep until May in excellent condition. No matter if they freeze a little. This is a clean and easy method. The barrel need not be headed."

A correspondent writes as follows:
"I have tried hanging cabbages in the cellar, but they wilt and lose all their flavor. My way is this: I let them stand in the fall as long as possible; dig a trench about a foot deep, out of the trench place to the head, strip off the loose leaves and cover them with the earth taken from the trench. They must freeze and thaw with the ground, which makes them brittle and tender, and very much improved in flavor. They must be taken out of the ground as soon as the frost leaves otherwise they rot. I have practiced in this way for forty years and never had a head rot. By way of experiment I have thrown in a few apples with the cabbage; they all came out sound in the spring. Try it."
The Prairie Farmer gives the following, as the method practiced by the gardeners of Chicago:
"Select a dry knoll, where the water will not settle, dig a pit six feet deep, twelve feet long and two feet deep. Lay the dirt's little back from the edge of the pit. Set strong posts eight feet long, two feet in the ground, in the middle of each end, and lay on these a good size ridge pole and pin it fast. Make a roof of stakes or planks long enough to reach from ridge pole to edge of pit, and cover them with a little straw and dirt, eight inches of dirt, digging a trench under the pit; beat down the dirt hard and smooth, so that it will shed water, and what is better, and it will be in the spring. Make a door in each end of pit to ventilate in mid-weather. Cover the cabbages' heads, two by two, in a row, and lay the dimensions mentioned will hold securely two hundred heads of cabbage. In very severe winter, another bundle of straw may be set against the door. A very cold winter may require a thicker covering than this will do."

Time Does It.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man that despises the school and enters upon the career of a life it is painfully amusing to witness his self-estimation—he would have all the world to understand that he has "succeeded out"—that he is master of all knowledge, and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did; and by the time he reaches to three-score years, he is prepared to be a doer, as his own, the sentiment of John Wesley, "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years the thing was mistaken a thousand times; I was not half as sure of most things, as I was before. At present I live hardly sure of anything, but what God has revealed to me."