

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 37.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1869.

Terms \$2.00 in advance.

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

**TERMS:**  
Two Dollars per Annum, Payable in advance. \$1.50 if not in advance.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion. For colored and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines for that space (occupies) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forborne, and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advertising extends only to their immediate business.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, calls upon persons to become candidates, &c., inserted as advertisements, at the usual rates. Marriage notices 25 cents.

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 at prices as cheap as the market. 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.,

INTELLIGENCE BUILDING,

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, Cutlery & Butter Tabs,

Britannia and Block Tinware,

FENDERS, SHOVEL AND TONGS, AND

STANDARDS.

AND

**HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS**

OF EVERY VARIETY.

TRAFFIC IN

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERNS, 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.

W. B. WADDEY.

**CORTLAN & CO.**

216 & 218 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has on hand, for sale, a good lot of Houghhead Siding, Hoops and Headings. Also Plank and Wheelwright Stave.

P. A. SASSBERG.

je 30—14



**NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COM'Y,**  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chartered by Special Act of Congress,  
APPROVED JULY 23, 1868.

**CASH CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000,**  
PAID IN FULL.

**BRANCH OFFICE:**  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,  
PHILADELPHIA,

Where the general business of the Company is transacted, and to which all general correspondence should be addressed.

**OFFICERS:**  
CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.

JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.

HENRY D. COOKE, Vice President.

EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.

This Company, National in its character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium and New Tables, the most desirable means of insuring life yet presented to the public.

The rates of premium being largely reduced, are made as favorable to the insured as those of the best Mutual Companies, and avoid all the complications and uncertainties of Notes, Dividends, and the misunderstandings which the latter are so apt to cause the Policy-Holder.

Several new and attractive tables are now presented, which need only to be understood to prove acceptable to the public, such as the INCOME-PRODUCING POLICY and RETURN PREMIUM POLICY. In the former, the policy-holder not only secures a life insurance, payable at death, but will receive, if living, after a period of a few years, an annual income equal to ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the sum of his policy. In the latter, the Company agrees to return to the insured the total amount of money he has paid in, in addition to the amount of his policy.

The attention of persons contemplating insuring their lives or increasing the amount of insurance they already have, is called to the special advantages offered by the National Life Insurance Company.

Circulars, Pamphlets and full particulars given on application to the Branch Office of the Company.

**JOHNSTON BROS. & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md.,  
General Agents for Maryland.

**THOMAS H. GIBBS,** West River,  
Agent for St. Mary's County.

jan 1

**DOBBINS' ELECTRIC**

**BOOT POLISH**

MAKES A LASTING SHINE.

THOSE who black their boots on Saturday night with ordinary blacking, don't have much shine on Sunday, as the polish fades off; but the shine of

**DOBBINS' BLACKING**

Lasts Saturday Night and all day Sunday.

It Beats any other Blacking made.

Manufactured by J. B. Dobbins, at his immense Soap and Blacking Works, Sixth Street, and Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by

**W. W. PADGETT,**  
Port Tobacco, Md.

nov 27—3ms

**PRINTER'S INK.**

A Good Article.

THE INK with which this issue of THE TIMES is printed is from the GRAY'S FERRY PRINTING INK WORKS OF C. E. ROBINSON. It is clear, works clean, and is of a good color. Our brother Printers can judge of its quality by comparing it with ink from other manufacturers.

E. WELLS,  
Port Tobacco Times.

**J. A. DUSHANE,** Manufacturer of  
Printing Paper, No. 40 S. CHARLES STREET,  
BALTIMORE, is sole Agent for the sale of the above ink.

Dec. 18, 1868—3m

**DEMORST'S YOUNG AMERICA.**

DEMORST'S Young America Enlarged.—It is the best Juvenile Magazine. Every Boy and Girl that sees it says so; all the Press say so; and Parents and Teachers confirm it. Do not fail to secure a copy. A good Microscope, with a Glass Cylinder to confine living objects, or a good two-bladed, pearl Pocket-Knife and a large number of other desirable articles, given as premiums to each subscriber. Yearly, \$1.50. Publication office 838 Broadway, New York.

Try it, Boys and Girls. Specimen copies ten cents, mailed free.

dec 18

**DYSPEPSIA.** A certain cure can be effected by buying, from E. H. MUSCHETT, two bottles of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

dec 25

**TOWLE'S HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.**

For sale by P. H. MUSCHETT.

nov 20

108 KING STREET, 108

Alexandria, Va.

**S. DEALHAM,**

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DEALER IN

**Ready-Made**

**CLOTHING**

AND

**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.**

The Largest and Finest Clothing House in the State.

**OUR WHOLESALE STOCK IS COMPLETE**

AND OFFERED AT

Less than Baltimore Prices.

dec 4—1y



**We Defy Competition!**

**\$50,000 WORTH OF**

**BOOTS & SHOES**

At Wholesale and Retail.

**L. HEILBRUN & BRO.,**

506 Seventh Street,

(one door south of Odd Fellows Hall.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

**Home-made Boots and Shoes,**

Water Proof, Grain and Riding Boots,

Heavy Brogans and Balmorals,

**SEWED ARMY BROGANS,**

Boys' Heavy Boots and Shoes,

Ladies' Fine and Heavy Shoes,

Children's Shoes—all sizes and kinds,

**ARCTIC AND BUFFALO SHOES,**

Rubber Boots and Shoes,

At Prices to suit all Pockets.

506 SEVENTH STREET.

dec 4—1f

**Fall and Winter Millinery.**

Mrs. SHACKELFORD

CALLS attention of the Ladies of Charles county to her stock of Fall and Winter MILLINERY, together with a nice lot of WORSTED GOODS, GLOVES and DRESS TRIMMINGS of every variety, such as GIMPS, SATINS, VELVETS, FRINGES and BUTTONS.—HATS of every style, and a large number of French and American Corsets, &c.

Also, a few sets of FUR for Children, and MUFFS for Ladies.

All of the above will be sold as low as possible. Call and see the new styles.

Oct. 23, 1868.

**Selected Poetry.**

From the Alexandria Commercial Advertiser.

**A FAREWELL TO EARTH.**

BY MISS NELLY MARSHALL.

Drifting away—drifting away—  
To an unknown land  
My weary feet have never trod,  
With few to stretch a parting hand  
And fewer still for me to pray—  
I seek the presence of my God.

Slowly dying—slowly dying—  
Closing eyes to sight and sound  
Thus I do to-day;  
None to catch my soul's sad sighing—  
None to weep above my mound  
When I'm laid away.

Time is flying—time is flying,  
Slow the sunlight fades away,  
And the city's hum grows still;  
O! for one sweet soul's replying!  
O! for one sweet voice to pray—  
Ere my form grows pale and chill!

Ah, when Death has laid upon me  
Hands so very dark and cold  
Will my troubles cease?  
Will I in Eternity,  
Where the soul can ne'er grow old,  
From my pain find some succor?

There are one or two who love me,  
One or two who hold me dear,  
As their life-blood of the heart;  
These, I know, will mourn me,  
Sometime, too, will wish me near  
When we drift apart.

Idle notes of music straying  
Through the memory-haunted air—  
Merry tunes some hands are playing—  
Flowers caught up with graceful care;  
Books with blossoms laid between;  
To recall some favorite thought,  
Will connect us here to heart,  
Tho' I lie in dust as naught.

And there's one will surely miss me—  
One who holds me very dear—  
How he'll long sometimes to kiss me,  
How he'll wish that I were near!  
How he'll call back hours and days  
Full of sunshine and of love—  
When our hearts were gay and glad  
As the Summer winds that rove!

Farewell, earth, and sky, and water,  
Farewell, friends who love me well—  
To a brighter land I'm drifting  
On my fainting heart's glad swell.  
Come to kiss me when my pale hands  
Folded lie above my breast,  
And, beloved ones, oh, miss me  
When I sink to silent rest.

What is Fuel Oil.

The New York dailies, since the report of analytical chemists of the Board of Excise has been made, are asking the question, What is fuel oil? Some have also made a feeble attempt to answer the question which is thus propounded. The query has arisen from the fact that the report above alluded to states that out of thirty-two samples of Bourbon and brandy obtained from the liquor dealers of this city all but four contained fusel oil. One daily gives vent to its feelings in the following:

"Is it after all such a frightful thing? Duglison describes it as an acrid, volatile oil, formed in the manufacture of potato brandy, and which is not easily separable from it; and another authority says it accompanies ordinary alcohol in its production from potatoes and grain. Duglison also says that its chemical constitution is analogous to that of alcohol, and that, in small doses, it is highly stimulating—acting like narcotics in general; while, in large doses, it destroys the mucous membrane of the stomach. The same authority also designates it as 'potato oil,' 'grain oil,' 'corn spirit oil,' 'amylic alcohol,' and 'hydrated oxide of amylic.' Some medical men have considered that in the use of whiskey for consumptives, fusel oil was the effective element—having the tendency to retard the processes of decay in the tissues of the lungs. But there is no question of the ruinous effects of the fusel oil liquor sold in New York."

In regard to the effects of fusel oil upon the human system we can do no better than to quote the "United States Dispensary," which says: "Amylic alcohol (fusel oil), as shown by experiments on interior animals, is an active irritant poison."

If that is not sufficiently definite to satisfy anxious and thirsty inquirers we shall not attempt to make it more so. Of course it may be taken like other poisonous diluted with water and common alcohol, as it is found in the compounds doled out by honest and conscientious druggists without danger of immediate death or anything more serious than "redness of eyes," temporary madness of brain, and now and then a touch of delirium tremens, until the coats of the stomach and the nervous system succumb to continued and prolonged attacks, and another wreck is cast upon the shores of life. But it is, nevertheless, a poison, an active

irritant poison, upon good authority—How it gets into the liquor is of little consequence. The report says it is there, and we say let it alone and it won't poison you.—Scientific American.

**From Winchester to Strasburg.—A Laughable Experience.**

Among the many familiar chronicles of the war none excels in interest the "Diary of a Southern Refugee during the War" (Hale & Son, N. Y., 1867.) It is understood to be from the pen of a gifted lady of Virginia, wife of an Episcopal clergyman, and member of a family connection widely known and esteemed.

The humorous extract below strikes us as not unworthy of Dickens, and is commended to the attention of our readers.—[Eds. Lynchburg News.

We left Winchester in the stage coach for Strasburg at 10 o'clock at night, on the 24th December, 1861. The weather was bitter cold, and we congratulated ourselves that the coach was not crowded. Mr. McG., and the girls were on the back seat, a Methodist clergyman, a soldier and myself on the middle, and two soldiers, and our maid Betsy on the front seat. We went off by starlight, with every prospect of a pleasant drive of eighteen miles. As we were leaving the suburbs of the town, the driver drew up before a small house from which issued two women with a baby, two baskets, several bundles and a box. The passengers began to shout out, "Go on, driver; what do you mean? there's no room for another; go on." The driver made no answer, but the women came to the coach door and began to put in their bundles. The gentlemen protested that they could not get in—there was no room. The woman with the baby said she would get in; she was "agwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with her relations, whar she was born and raised, and whar she had not been for ten years, and nobody had a better right to the stage than she had, and she was agwine, and Kitty Grim was agwine too; she's my sister-law; and so is baby, 'cause baby never did see her relations in Strasburg in her life. So, Uncle Ben," she exclaimed to the driver, "take my baby, basket and box by you, and me and Kitty Grim and baby, and the bundles and the basket will go inside." All this was said amidst violent protestations from the men within: "You can't get in, driver, go on!" But, seeing the action to the word, she opened the door, calling, "Come, Kitty," got on the step and thrust her head in, saying: "If these gentlemen is gentlemen, and has got any politeness, they will get out and set with Uncle Ben, and let ladies come inside." A pause ensued. At last a subdued tone from the soldier on the middle seat was heard to say: "Madam, if you will get off the step, I will get out." "Very well, sir; and why didn't you do that at first? And now," said she, looking at a man on the front seat, "there's another seat by Uncle Ben; sposed you get out and let Kitty Grim have your seat; she's bound to go." The poor man quietly got out, without saying a word, by the very expression of his back, as he got out of the coach, was subdued. "Now, Kitty, get in, and bring the little basket and them two bundles, they won't pester the lady much." The door was closed, and then, the scene being over, the passengers shouted with laughter.

Our heroine remained perfectly passive until we got to the picket-post, a mile from town. The driver stopped; a soldier came up for passports. She was thunder-struck. "Passes! passes for white folks! I never heard of such a thing. I ain't got no pass; neither is Kitty Grim." I suggested to her to keep quiet, as the best policy. Just at that time a Tennessee soldier had to confess that he had forgotten to get a passport. "You can't go on," said the official; and the soldier got out. Presently the woman's turn came. "Madam, your passport is Kitty Grim (that's my sister-in-law); we ain't agwine to get out neither, 'cause we's agwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with my relations, and I ain't been there for ten year, and I never heard of white folks having passes." "But, madam," began the official. "You needn't 'but, madam,' me, 'cause I ain't agwine to get out, and I'd like to see the man whar would put me out. This is free country, and I'm agwine to Strasburg this night, so you might as well take your lantern out of my face." But, madam, my orders," began the picket. "Don't tell me nothing 'bout orders; I don't care nothing 'bout orders; and you needn't think, 'cause the Tennessee man got out, that I'm agwine to get out—'cause I ain't. Ain't I got three sons in the army, great big bigger than you is? and they fit at Manassas, and they ain't no cowards, nuther is their mother; and I ain't agwine to get out of this stage this night, but I'm agwine to Strasburg, whar I was born and raised."

The poor man looked non-plussed, but yet another effort; he began, "My dear madam," "I ain't none of your dear madam; I'm just a free white woman, and so is Kitty Grim, and we ain't no

**Selected Miscellany.**

**Blanketing of Horses.**

Professor Liantard, the veterinary surgeon, has favored us with some observations upon this subject, which are of special importance at this season of the year.

He believes that very much harm is done by too heavy blanketing, supporting this view by sound physiological reasons.

The skin of one domestic, as of all vertebrates, consists of two distinct layers. The outer, or cuticle, is composed of layers of round cells, in which resides the coloring matter. Though deprived of blood-vessels and nerves, this outer skin has a true vitality, and its proper functions.

The inner or true skin has a more perfect organization, is more sensitive, and is the real rooting-place of the hair. It varies in thickness in different animals, and in different portions of the same animal. It is much thinner and more sensitive in the thorough-bred racer than in the ordinary cart-horse. On the interior part of the thigh, the skin is thin; on the exterior, much thicker. The hair, also, which is distributed over the whole surface, varies in thickness and length, as protection against cold is more or less needed. From all domestic animals in a healthy state there is an exhalation from the surface of the skin, called insensible transpiration. When this exhalation becomes sensible, by active exertion or condition of temperature, it is called sweat.

Both forms of excretion are important to the vital economy, and very generally with the state of the atmosphere, activity of the digestive organs, and quick or long continued muscular exertion. It is, if we may use the language, a sort of skin breathing, by means of which, food or unnecessary matter is eliminated from the body just as vitiated and carbonized air is thrown off by the lungs. Thus, sometimes this cutaneous transpiration will have the odor of urine; at other times (after dosing), it will have the odor of sulphur.

This natural transpiration should never be checked nor should it be excessively provoked. Heavy blanketing is staples will very likely make the hair lie smoothly (thus saving some labor to the groom), and make the skin supple; but it will open the pores unnaturally, and make a delicate horse fearfully sensitive to sudden changes of temperature.

Nature very wisely provides a thicker and more rapid growth of hair in the winter than in the summer; and the disposition of the hair to assume a bristly appearance in cold weather, however objectionable to final tastes, is nature's own adjustment of covering, to ward off danger from cold, and to keep healthy the pores of the skin.

Grooms may rub as much and as often as they will, but they should not find an excuse for laziness in heavy and close blanketing.

Blankets of coarse wool are the best, which permit a free circulation of air, and, if lined, they should be lined with a porous cloth. Buffalo-ropes, used for this purpose, are bad, and, if used at all, should be used with the hair side down, by which means the vapor will be absorbed by the wool, and not held in close contact with the sweating skin of the animal.

It is the poorest of all policies to secure a sleek, supple skin at the expense of constitutional vigor and native hardiness.—Heath and Home.

**A Great Gawk saw for the first time a school girl going through some of her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and commiseration for a while, he asked a boy near by "if that gal had fits?" "No," replied the lad, contemptuously, "that's gymnastics." "Oh 'tis hey," said the gawk, "how long has she had em?"**

**Can't Rub It Out.**

"Don't write 'em," said a father to the son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

"Did it ever occur to you," my child, that you are daily writing diamonds on your window?"

"You made a cruel speech, my father, the other day, saying that I wrote diamonds on my window, and I have been writing diamonds on my window ever since."

"You whispered a wicked thought on the day in the car of your playmate. I wrote it on his hand, and he had to go to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out."

"All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God! The record is a very sad one. You can't rub it out."

"Mind me! What you write on the minds of others will stay there. It can't be rubbed out anyhow. But, 'tis news! What is written in God's book can be blotted out. You can't rub it out; but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry and ask Him. Go, then, O my child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God."

**A Remedy for the Blues.**

When Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much disturbed in his mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in an adjoining bed, who finding that his master could not sleep, said: "Pray, sir, will you give me the remedy you ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governs the world very well before you come into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and turning in about half past sleep.

**A Lady was reading to her husband the story of a little boy whose father was taken ill and died, after which the youngster set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and mother. When his father had finished the story she said:**

"Now if I were a little boy, I would try to work to help my mother and support a ship."