

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1869.

Volume XXV, No. 46.

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. \$2.50 if not in advance.  
ADVERTISING RATES.—For plain matter, one cent per square for the first insertion. For rule and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines (or that space occupied) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until notified, and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advertisers 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.

**BONE DUST, BONE DUST!**  
GROUND BY OURSELVES,  
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES. Also  
**GRIMES' Patent Raw-Bone Phosphate,**  
AT \$40 PER TON.

THE past two years have fully realized the CHEAPEST and BEST in the Market, and unsurpassed by the highest priced Guanos. Its adaptation to Wheat, Corn, Oats, Buckwheat, Tobacco, Garden Truck, Grasses, &c., has been fully and most satisfactorily tested. Finely ground and suitable for drilling, put up in Bags of 25 cwt. each.  
FOR READ THE FOLLOWING CERTIFICATES, and call at our Warehouse and examine hundreds of a similar character from those who have been using it with the most satisfactory results.

O. P. MERRYMAN & CO.,  
Sole Manufacturers,  
WAREHOUSE, 54 South Gay Street, betw.  
Lombard & Pratt, BALTIMORE, Md.

Dowley's Quarters, Baltimore Co. Md.  
November 21st, 1868.

Messrs. O. P. MERRYMAN & Co.  
Gentlemen.—The Raw-Bone Phosphate I bought of you last Spring, I applied to Corn by the side of Peruvian Guano in equal quantities, and if there was difference at all, it was in favor of the Phosphate. My Corn Crop was excellent. I applied it also upon Oats and Potatoes with the most satisfactory results. I prefer it decidedly to Peruvian Guano from the fact, that whilst the Guano spends itself upon the growing Crop, the effects of the Phosphate can be strongly seen in the Crops following. Some that I applied to Potatoes by the side of Fish Manure, made a splendid yield, the Fish turning out an abundant Crop of Vines, the Phosphate the Potatoes. I have used it this Fall upon my Wheat, and at this time it looks as well as I could desire.

GEORGE EDWARDS,  
Overser of Dr. Wm. H. Keener.

12th District, Baltimore Co., Nov. 11th, 1868.

Messrs. O. P. MERRYMAN & Co.

Gentlemen.—I applied the Raw-Bone Phosphate purchased of you last Spring on my Corn, side by side with one of the most popular of the expensive Fertilizers in the Market, and I could see no difference; yours was fully equal to it. I also applied it to Turnips with perfect success. It gave such entire satisfaction that I used it upon my Wheat this Fall. I sowed the most of it the latter part of September, and at this time it bids fair to make as good a Crop as I ever produced by the use of Peruvian Guano or any of the expensive Guanos.—I have every confidence in it.—It is only to be tried to be appreciated.  
Yours, respectfully,  
JOHN E. WILLIS.

Ann's Arundel Co., Md., Nov. 10th, 1868.

Messrs. O. P. MERRYMAN & Co.  
Gentlemen.—In answer to your inquiry as to what I think of your Raw-Bone Phosphate purchased in July last, allow me to say—I gave it a fair trial on Cabbage by the side of three other Fertilizers of acknowledged merit, and found it equal if not better than the other, and at less cost. I am so well satisfied with it, I intend to use it the coming Spring.  
Yours, truly,  
REZIN HAMMOND.

FOR SALE at Manufacturers' prices (the cost of transportation added) by  
WM. BOSWELL & CO.,  
Port Tobacco, Md.

SERVICE AFLOAT  
IN THE  
**Sumter and the Alabama!**  
DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

By Admiral RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the late Confederate States Navy.

THE above work will be issued in a few weeks to subscribers, complete in one royal octavo volume of nearly 800 pages, illustrated with a fine line Engraving on Steel of the Admiral and various Portraits of the Officers of the Sumter and Alabama, together with Six full page illustrations in Chromo tints, engraved expressly for this work from original designs furnished by the author. It will be sent by mail, post paid, and furnished to subscribers at the following rates: In Extra Cloth, full gilt back and side stamp..... \$5 00  
In Library Style, full sheep..... 6 50  
In Half Turkey, full gilt back and side stamp..... 7 50  
In Half Russia, full gilt..... 7 50  
In Half Calf, full gilt..... 7 50  
This work will be sold only by subscription, and cannot be obtained except through our authorized Traveling Agents, who will send for Circulars and see our terms, with a full description of the work. Address  
KELLY, PIET & CO., Publishers,  
BALTIMORE.

WM. H. BLANDFORD, of Port Tobacco, has been appointed Agent for the sale of the above work in Charles county, Md.  
Jan 22-3m

**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

ORANGES, Lemons, Candies, Figs, Almonds, &c. For sale by  
E. A. SMITH, Agent.

**FLOUR.**  
WILLIAM R. HOWARD,  
Flour Dealer and Commission Merchant,  
No. 2 Spear's Wharf, Baltimore.  
Good to Choice Fine, Super, Extra and Family Flour, suitable for retailing, constantly on hand.  
[Feb 26-3m]

## Selected Poetry.

### LITTLE SHOE IN THE CORNER.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;  
When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
At the bows it tolls so stalwart  
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when, over, breaker to leeward  
The tattered surges are hurled,  
It may keep our head to the tempest,  
With its grip on the base of the world.

But after the shipwreck, tell me  
What help in its iron teeth,  
Still true to the broken hawser,  
Deep down among the sea-weed oozes?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
When the helpless feet stretch out,  
And find in the depths of darkness  
No footing so solid as doubt.

Then better one spar of memory—  
One broken plank of the past—  
That our human heart may cling to,  
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
To the flesh its sweet despair,  
Its tears o'er the thin worn locket  
With its beauty of deathless hair!

Immortal! I feel it and know it;  
Who doubts it of such as she?  
But that is the pang's very secret—  
Immortal away from me.

There is a narrow ridge in the graveyard  
Would scarce stay a child in his race:  
But to me it's a thought it is wider  
Than the star worn vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
Your morals most dearly true;  
But the earth that stops my darling's ears  
Makes mine insensate too.

Consume, if you will; I can bear it;  
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;  
But all the preaching since Adam  
Has made Death other than Death.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,  
But I, who am earthly and weak,  
Would give all my income from deadland  
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek!

So worn, and wrinkled, and brown—  
Its motionless hollow confutes you,  
And argues your wisdom down.

### THE RAIDS OF DEATH.

This magnificent piece of poetry is from the Rev. W. H. Platt, the Rector of Calvary Church, Louisville, Ky.

On his phantom steed, with passion's speed,  
Death sweeps on his circuits wide;  
Through every zone he rides alone,  
With death as his weird bride.

Pause and think  
On the brink  
Of the tide,  
Dim and wide  
In the gloom  
Of thy doom,  
Passing these.

With a mocking gleam o'er every sea,  
He gathers his tracking storm,  
And he hunts down life in its gasping strife,  
In every breathing form;

With his muffled feet, his courier fleet,  
O'ertakes each flying man,  
And summons him back, in every crowd,  
To tramp in his caravan.

Poison! sigh!  
Each must die;  
Vengeful death,  
In each breath,  
Conquers life.

To the laughing child and the savage wild,  
To the maiden in mystic light—  
To the rayless mind, in mission kind—  
To hope, with its beamings bright—  
To the proud and great in pomp of state—  
To all of a vagrant's birth—  
To the heart of grief, like a smitten leaf—  
To all of this moaning earth.

Hasten death,  
Ponder death!  
Ink waves,  
Silent graves,  
All around  
Thee abound,  
Man! O man!

## Selected Miscellany.

### A TALISMAN.

A Story for Young Men.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A young man lay upon a sofa in a waking dream. His thoughts were in the future, and fancy dwelt with brilliant images. On the morrow he was to depart for a distant city, and there enter a law office to study the profession he had chosen. He had talents and was ambitious. Up to this period of his life he had dwelt chiefly in the country, receiving his education at a college in the neighborhood. He was pure minded and free from the vices that sensualize so many of our young men.

So lost was he in his waking dream that present things faded out of his mind.

He saw only success, the proud satisfaction that awaited him in the future.

"I will stand among the first," he said in his thoughts, with every pulse leaping in full throbs along the arteries.

A kiss upon his forehead dispersed his fancies, and instead of unreal things he saw the face of his mother bending over him.

"How can I love it—tender, yearning, anxious love," she murmured.

"It is hard, dear mother," he answered, drawing his arm around her neck, and kissing her fondly in return.

"But it is best. You see that as well as I do. I could live but half a life here in the country. You know I have talents and ambition for a wider sphere. You shall be proud of your son, dear mother."

On the next day he was away.

A large city is a dangerous place for a young man who has no other home circle to draw him back from its many false enticements. If the young man's early years have been passed in the country, the danger is still greater.

"I will see what is to be," he said communing with himself. "We must know the world if we would tread its paths with sure foot."

Social, witty and generous, he was not long without companionship. Within a few weeks from the time he entered the city he was introduced to a coterie of young men, mostly law students, who met two or three times a week for the purpose of self-improvement. They had a room fitted up with a library, and took many of the periodicals of the day. But cards, wine and cigars occupied usually more of their attention than books and periodicals. The literary designation of their club was a mere feint to blind parents and curiously prying friends and relatives.

Our young friend saw, on the evening of his introduction to the club, that it was a false pretense, and its association demoralizing. But the young men were so fresh and witty, the wine so exhilarating and the cards so absorbing, that he soon found himself within the sphere of a common enjoyment, and partaking with a zest.

He was not used to such wine; his second glass contained but a few drops of the white, and the third was a mere formality.

By occupying his mind with the sense of fear and shame, accompanied this feeling, and he resolved to drink no more that evening. So he passed the bottle when it next came around; but his neighbor filled his glass for him, saying:

"Don't be afraid of this wine, it's no stronger than water."

He was lifting his glass when his hand stopped midway. Then he sat it down and did not touch the wine again.

"This is dull work," exclaimed one of the company, as he took a pack of cards and began to shuffle them at the close of the game.

"Let's have a shilling stake just for the excitement of the thing. Even boys don't play marbles for fun, nor shoot at pennies or pick eggs without the hope of winning. And what are we but boys of a larger growth?"

Portmonies were instantly in hand all around the table. Yielding to the common assent of this proposition, our young friend's hand went down into his pocket, but ere he drew it forth his hand was arrested almost as abruptly as if external force had been applied. Then rising from the table, he left the room without saying a word, and never returned it again.

Knowing glances passed around the room.

"What's up?" asked one.

"Frightened," said another.

"O, you must excuse him; he's just from the country," said a third.

And then the game went on.

Said a fellow student in the law office to Alfred the next day:

"I wish I had left with you last night; but I hadn't the courage to break away."

Then drawing out his purse he held it up, adding, "Every dollar gone you see."

"What do you mean?" asked Alfred lifting his brow in surprise.

"I'm a plucked pigeon."

"And you knew that it was wrong to gamble?"

"Of course I did, and wished myself well out of it when a stake was proposed, but hadn't your manly courage. How in the world did you muster up strength of mind to brave that whole company? I couldn't have done it."

"Because," was answered, "I saw things more to be dreaded than their scorn of displeasure."

The days and weeks moved on. Our young friend attracted strongly; he was a favorite with every circle in which he gained admission. Gradually some of the finer perceptions which he had thus brought with him into the city lost their delicate edge. He was not so quick to perceive danger; was less on his guard; many currents passed against him, bearing him often away from safe channels.

He was noted for a large degree of self-control; for the ability to stop at the point of danger, and go resolutely back, no matter who might take offense and sneer.

"He bears a charmed life," said many a weak one, sighing over his own debasement. "If I could only plant my feet as he does, and say: 'Not one step further in that wrong direction.'"

But of himself Alfred was not so strong. It was not the firm will that saved him, but rather the charmed life. He had a talisman, and by virtue of that he was enabled to stand amid temptation where so many fell.

A year of city life wrought changes in our friend. He had grown mannerly in appearance, and moved with a firmer step and more confident air.

The experience of that first year—the dangers and escapes—the new aspect of life it had revealed to our young friend were lessons not to be unheeded.

One day, during the first month of his second year in the city, our young friend was sitting alone in his proprietor's office late in the afternoon, when an acquaintance came in. He was about Alfred's age, a youth of superior talents, and like him had spent his earliest years in the country. The city's allurements had been too strong for him. He had fallen into many vices and they had woven, like busy spiders, their half invisible cords about him, until he was held an almost powerless captive. He was pale; his eyes were congested from recent dissipation; his hand was hot and trembling as he laid it in that of his friend.

"How are you?" asked Alfred.

"Don't ask me; you see how I am—wretched," was the unhappy reply.

"Are you sick?"

"Yes—in body and mind. O, I wish I were dead!"

"There is a better, a braver, and a manlier wish than that," replied Alfred.

"For one like you, perhaps, who have gone through the fire unharmed, but not for me, I have no will—no power. My good resolutions are like wax, and my appetites like flame. How did you stand, when I, and so many like me, went down?"

"Not in my own strength," replied Alfred, his face growing serious.

"You never against those evil allurements, to stop at the right moment. I have seen you leave a card table when a stake was proposed; I saw you push aside the bottle when others were drowning reason and self-control; I have seen you turn your back shuddering when syren voices were in your ears, and others went madly on to folly and disgrace. How was it?"

"I had a talisman," said Alfred, "and through that I was safe."

"What is it?"

The young man looked up quite hopefully at his friend.

"Let me tell you about it." Alfred's voice softened, and his eye had a tender light. "On the day before I left home I was lying on the sofa dreaming of the future. My heart was full of grand anticipations; I saw a splendid career before me. The picture that my fancy created was full of allurements. From this dream I was suddenly awakened. A warm kiss touched my forehead again, and I felt it with strange distinctness. Then comes a vision of that tender, loving face, and I start back with a shudder. It seems for a time as if mother's eye was resting upon me."

Silence followed.

"I have no mother," was answered in a sad voice. "When I went out from my home no talismanic kiss was printed on my forehead."

"Have you a sister?"

A faint light flashed into the young man's face.

"Yes," he replied, and his voice trembled a little. "I have a sister. Dear girl! It would break her heart to see me as I am now!"

"Is not her pure kiss now on your lips and cheeks?"

"Yes, yes!" The voice shook still more.

"Then be that sister's kiss your talisman."

"God bless you!" cried the young man, grasping Alfred's hand. "My feet are touching bottom! I feel the commencement of resisting power. O, the flood shall not overwhelm me again. My sister's kiss shall save me!"

He trembled; light warmed his pale face; hope looked out of his eyes.

"Let it be talismanic to restrain as well as protect," said Alfred. "Let its sweet influence hold you back from dangerous ways and evil companionship. We often fall for going into slippery places. It is easier to keep away from temptation than to resist its influence."

"Thank you, my friend, for that warning," answered the young man. "It shall be heeded." "Yes—yes," he added, speaking hopefully, almost cheerfully, "my talismanic shall restrain."

You would hardly have known him a month after. The pale exhaustion of his face was gone—his mouth was firm and confident, his eyes clear, his step elastic.

"How well you are looking," said Alfred, meeting him one day.

"You keep the talisman?"

"Ah! it is here." And he laid a finger softly on his lip. "My sister's kiss—God bless her!"

The Last Dance.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building near to the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jeweled hand above his head, and exclaimed: "One dance more, and defiance to the flames." All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more and defiance to the flames," burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry: "The fire has reached the magazine; fly—fly for your life!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded; the building was shattered into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be as careless as those ill-fated revelers—yes, there are thousands and tens of thousands as careless now. We speak to you of death, the grave, judgment and

into the world and forgetfulness before. God's hand is laid on them in sickness, but no sooner are they restored than they forget it all, and hurry on. Death enters their homes, and the cry is heard, "Prepare to meet thy God," but soon like Carnot they say, "One dance more and defiance to the flames," and hurry on.

"The Spirit of the living God seeks powerfully home to their hearts, and they shake, tremble, and are amazed; but earth casts its spell around them, and sings to them its song, and with their 'time enough,' 'by-and-bye,' they speed on, stilling the voice, till often, ere days or months have passed, the bolt has shed, the sword has descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is lost forever—lost! Episcopal Methodist.

The Power of Forgiveness.

A soldier, whose regiment lay in a garri-son town in England, was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old soldier, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, "his name being mentioned; everything—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried upon him. Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said:

"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that?" was the inquiry.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him saying: "Well, we have resolved to forgive you."

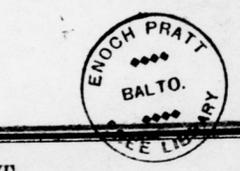
The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer and retired—to the old refractory man.

No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better duet man never wore the Queen's colors. In his kindness bent one whom hardness could not break; he was conquered by mercy, and, forgiven, ever afterwards feared to offend.

When a word has once got out of the mouth, there is no getting it in again; nor telling where it will fly; not what will be made of it, if it has been spoken unadvisedly.

If you would talk less about other people, other people would talk less about you.

A smart thing—a mustard plaster;



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