

The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Volume 31.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JANUARY 23, 1875.

Number 39.

Our Final Temptings!

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Port Tobacco Times Humorous Miscellany.

PORT TOBACCO: Friday Morning, January 23, 1875.

From the American Farmer. The Shad Fisheries and the Maryland Commissioners.

Mass., Editors of the American Farmer:

We continue to-day our "labor of love," by sending you a list of the fisheries upon the Chesapeake Bay and the Susquehanna River, and an extract from the gentleman's letter, which is much interested in the matter, and kindly worked up the number and value of those fisheries at our request. This exhibit fully confirms our assertion in the November No. of the Farmer—that the fisheries of the upper counties were fully as valuable as those upon the Potomac. It is not necessary, we hope, to remind you that the object of this and the former communication is to call the attention of our people to the wealth we have, and to prospective, in this industry, and to contrast it with the imaginary wealth in fancy fish. We have but little to add in this line to-day, because we hope by this time the fishermen have their eyes open to their own interest and are ready to stand in defence of it, preferring as wise men "a bird in hand to two in the bush."

We regret exceedingly that you should have so harsh, and we believe unjust, an editorial upon Mr. Seth Green as you had in the November No. of the Farmer. You have, doubtless, done Mr. Green injustice in saying that "he asked more royalty for his box than the entire sum at the disposal of the Commissioners for one year." This is so unlike Mr. Green that we feel that you have done him injustice, and ought, therefore, to make the *amende honorable*. Mr. Green's generosity, and his love for his country, all praise and cannot be paralleled. We know that he does not charge the States of Connecticut or Massachusetts anything, and other States have his patent at a mere nominal price. Mr. S. E. Burt, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, used Green's patent from Florida to Maine, upon all the principal rivers, without charge. We have been in communication with Mr. Green for many years and have always found him a truly public-spirited man—ever giving encouragement to all to go into the business of fish culture. "There is something wrong in Denmark," which Mr. Green knew of, if he asked such a price as you assert. Suppose, for instance, that it is true that Mr. Green bluffed our Commissioners off by his extortion. Ought that to have paralyzed them? By no means; they ought to know that there are more ways of doing a thing than by hanging him. Mr. Green himself proves to you in certain of his reports that his boxes are not an absolute necessity; he says that "the hatched shad eggs in a tawdry tin Gen. Spenser's office," and in a *safe* in the basement of the Treasury in Washington. (Department of Agricultural Report, 1868, page 331.) Green, you see, ignores himself! What then would an ingenious man have done under like circumstances? We would have gone for that "tamble" and that "tall box," failing to find them, we would have looked up a few old hog troughs and put wire bottoms to them—we would have looked up a few hundred corn mofers and improvised them into spaw boxes; or better still, we would have gone down upon some of the principal rivers, and hunted up the spawning beds of shad, and in one or two of the mouths of them we would suit our purpose, with fine wire netting to keep out voracious fishes; have gone to work and snatched our impudent fingers in Mr. Green's face. Our Commissioners, like a certain old man, "care not for these things," but fear, a rejoicing that half their work was done. "Is true we have no legal right to interfere in this matter, for the law is so framed as to put all our interest in the hands of men who have no interest in common with us,—therefore they cannot feel the absolute necessity of giving attention to an interest which they are to be benefited—only equally with the public at large—save as to their salaries."

We object to fancy fish of all kinds, because their utility is simply problematical—shad and herring certainly. We do not care to put all our interest in the hands of men who have no interest in common with us,—therefore they cannot feel the absolute necessity of giving attention to an interest which they are to be benefited—only equally with the public at large—save as to their salaries. We object to fancy fish of all kinds, because their utility is simply problematical—shad and herring certainly. We do not care to put all our interest in the hands of men who have no interest in common with us,—therefore they cannot feel the absolute necessity of giving attention to an interest which they are to be benefited—only equally with the public at large—save as to their salaries. We object to fancy fish of all kinds, because their utility is simply problematical—shad and herring certainly. We do not care to put all our interest in the hands of men who have no interest in common with us,—therefore they cannot feel the absolute necessity of giving attention to an interest which they are to be benefited—only equally with the public at large—save as to their salaries.

When upon the Commonwealth's attorney, being anxious to get rid of the witness upon any terms, told him to go on and tell the story his own way. "Well, as I was going to say, 'twas on election day; Buchanan and Filmo was running for the Legislature, and says I to my old woman, says I, 'I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and posit my vote. And says my old woman to me, says she, 'well, Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, says she, hadn't you better take the umbrill?' Says I to the old woman, I spect I had better take the umbrill. So I took the umbrill and advanced on down towards Ringgold; and when I got down that Mr. Cole comed, and says he, to me, says he, Uncle Buck, have you seed anything of neighbor Harris?' Says I to Mr. Cole, for why? Says he, He's got my umbrill. The witness was here interrupted by the Court and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole, the prosecutor. In answer to this the witness remarked, in a tone of indignant reprobation: "Well now, Mr. Judge, you hold on, for I am sworn to tell the truth, and I'm gwine to tell it my own way—so taint worth while for you to say 'nothin' about it."

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A lawyer was in a country town on a flying trip. He was accosted in the hotel by a "drummer" who thought him one of the fraternity, and inquired: "For whar house are you traveling?" "For my own," "You are? May I ask your name?" "You may," Pause—enjoyable to the lawyer, embarrassing to the other. "Well, desparately what is your name?" "Jones." "What line are you in?" "I don't understand you, sir." "What are you selling?" (Impatiently). "Brains" (coolly). The mercantile traveler saw his opportunity, and looking at the other from head to foot, he said, slowly: "Well, you appear to carry a deced small lot of samples."

About the maddest woman in America lives in Brattleborough, Vt. A boy, coasting, came up behind her and took her feet from under from under such a way that she sat down on the sled and was carried all right to the foot of the hill.

Cousin Sally Dillard Outdone.

The scene reported below occurred some years ago before the circuit court of Pittsylvania county, Va., in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Cassidy, on a charge of malicious stabbing. The venire being impanneled and the jury solemnly charged by the clerk, the Commonwealth's attorney called, in support of the indictment, the witness, Buck Briant, who, being solemnly sworn the truth to tell, testified as follows:

Question, by the Commonwealth's attorney—Tell all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor by Cassidy, the prisoner at the bar. Answer—Well, gentlemen, it was election day; 'twas a dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, and says I to my old woman, says I, I believe I will go down to Ringgold and posit my vote. And says my old woman to me, says she, well, Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, says she, hadn't you better take the umbrill? Says I to the old woman, I spect I had better take the umbrill. So I took the umbrill and advanced on down towards Ringgold; and when I got down that Mr. Cole comed, and says he, to me, says he, Uncle Buck, have you seed anything of neighbor Harris?' Says I to Mr. Cole, for why? Says he, He's got my umbrill.

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LUV.

BY JOSH HILLINGS.

Luv is a pashun that is easier felt than described. It iz common to the yung, middle-aged, and even old fellows have thought they had the disease.

It generally makes victims feel phoolish, and akt phoolish, too. Sometimes it breaks out sudden, without any warning, and then again it cums on slo, like the rumatiss. I have known sum pashunts to be in luv for six months and not know exactly what did all them, and then I hav known other cases whare the partys thought they was in luv, and nothing was the matter ov them all the time, only they was out ov humor.

Sumthing to do alvuz kures these kind ov attacks. When a person really iz in luv they ain't fit for anything else. It unfits a farmer and a blacksmith for bizness just as much as it dux a student at law or a boarding-school miss.

Genuine luv never fastens its fangs onto a fello being but once, he often gets nipped by it before and afterwards, but the fust skar sticks to him for life. Sum people fall in luv every ninety days, just for the phun ov the thing. Lead luv won't divide it possesshun ov the heart with any other ov the pashuns; it drives out ambition, and takes the stiffening out of pride and vanity.

A man iz never more pure than when he is sensibly in luv. Luv iz a great humanizer; it makes the rude az gentle az a div, and polishes up the rustik like three months' tuition at a dancing skool. It iz hard work to be in luv and not akt phoolish; but luv iz the only thing I kno that makes phools excusable. Wealvuz laff at the yung when they are in luv, and pity the old ones.

An old man desperately in luv iz az helpless az a loss child. Natural slippers: eels. Trade winds: business airs. Shades of night: window curtains. A bad policy: one that has run out. A man was lately ordained in Ohio to go out and "preach ignorance to the heathen."

"You look as if you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fellow who stood by a donkey. What does a stone become when it is thrown into the middle of the Dead Sea? Wet of course. Coing before marriage and billing arter, as the man said who drew his check to pay for his wife's new camel's-hair shawl.

"I say, Mr. McDougall, what is that undertaker's wagon doing over there?" "Oh! that one? It's just laying round for a job."

There is nothing half so sad in life as the spectacle of an auctioneer attempting to sell fifteen thousand dollars' worth of goods to an audience whose aggregate and tangible assets foot up thirty cents. They do funny things on the River Seine, as the following from a French newspaper shows: "A young man of agreeable presence and desirous of getting married would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."

Ellen Larrabee, an Illinois farmer's daughter, just missed being a heroine. Seeing her father's barn on fire, she got a pail of water, ran toward the barn, and—fainted on the way. The blaze was destroyed, and her father, rating her intention by the low standard of her failure, warmed her shoulders with a strap. A couple of members of the darkey conference were passing down the avenue, when one of them trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up the rest of his body was correspondingly lowered. "Ka-yah, Brudder Jones, is you fallen from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not preactly, Deacon. I'm sittin' on the ragged edge of dis pear."

It is told of the late Judge Benjamin Tappan, of Ohio, a brother of Arthur and Lewis Tappan, that when he applied to the judges of the Supreme Court for admission to the bar of that State he was asked the following questions, to which he gave the answers as follows: "Mr. Tappan, what is law?" Answer.—"An unjust distribution of justice." "Mr. Tappan, what is equity?" Answer.—"An imposition upon common-sense." No other questions were asked and he was given a certificate of admission. A young lady in Paris, Ky., remarked to a companion in a conversation, the other day, that she would never paint her cheeks again before attending a funeral. "Why not?" asked her friend. "Because," replied the young lady, "I was painted up when I attended a funeral last summer, and never wanted to cry so bad in my life, and was getting my handkerchief ready when, glancing around at —, I saw that coarse, yellow skin of her through the tear-tracks, and it looked horrible. I never had such hard work to hold my tears in since I was born. I'm done painting for funerals."

What Ailed Ugly Sam.

BY JOSH HILLINGS.

He had been missing from the Potomac for several days, and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him, couldn't make out what had happened. They hadn't heard there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his being sick for a single day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole-in-the-Wall saloon yesterday morning, nearly a dozen of them, drinking smoking and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. When they saw that it was Ugly Sam they uttered a shout and leaped up. "Cave in that hat!" cried one. "Yank that collar off!" shouted another. "Let's roll him on the floor!" yelled a third.

There was something in his look and bearing which made them hesitate. The whiskey-red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eyes fell around upon the red eyes and bloated faces before him.

"Why, whar ails ye, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there. "I've come down to bid you goodbye, boys!" he replied, removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket. "Whar have ye turned preacher?" they all shouted in chorus. "Boys, ye know I can lick any two of ye; but I hain't on the fight any more, and I've put down the last drop of whiskey which is ever to go in my mouth! I've switched off. I've taken an oath. I'm gwine to be decent. Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming nearer to him.

"I've come down here to tell ye all about it," answered Sam. "Move the chairs back a little and give me room. Ye all know I've been rough, and more, too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've earned an honest dollar. The police hev chased me around like a wolf, and I've been in jail and the workhouse, and the papers has said that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this, boys, but ye didn't know I had a mother. The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I never mentioned it to ye, for I was neglectin' her," he went on. "She was a poor old body living up here in the alley, and, if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food, she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her to a cent—didn't see her for weeks and weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a feller goes back on his old mother, he's gittin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yesterday. I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Pote, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys. "That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went she reached out her hand to me and says she, 'Samuel, I'm going to die, and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away.' I sat down, feeling queer like. She didn't go on and say how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that, but she says, 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried hard to be a good mother to you, and have prayed for you hundreds o' nights and cried about you till my old heart was sore.' Some o' the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying, and I tell you, boys, I felt weak."

He paused for a moment and then continued. "And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore she died, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by and by she whispered, 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man if you'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that my only son and the last of our family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you'd turn over a new leaf and try and be good it seems as if I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son? And I promised her, boys, and that's what ails me. She died holding my hand and I resolved to quit this low business and go to work. I came down here to tell ye, and now you won't see me to the Potomac again. I've bought an axe and am going up in Canada to winter."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then he said, "Well, boys, I'll shake hands with ye all round afore I go. Good bye. I hope you won't find any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling az you. It's a dying promise, you see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm." The men looked reflectively at each other after he went out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner, and said: "I'll lick the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't level!" "So'll I!" repeated the others.

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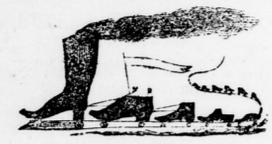
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BOOTS, SHOES & BROGANS

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