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Select Poetry.

SITTING AROUND.

They are sitting around upon barrels and chairs,
Discussing their own and their neighbor's affairs,
And the look of content that is seen on each face
Seems to say, "I have found my appropriate place,"
Sitting around.

In bar-rooms and groceries calmly they sit,
And serenely chew borrowed tobacco, and spit,
While the stories they tell, and the jokes that they crack
Show their hearts have grown hard and undoubtedly black,
While sitting around.

The "sitter around" is a man of no means,
And his face wouldn't pass for a quart of white beans,
Yet he somehow or other contrives to exist,
And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist,
While sitting around.

THE PARSON'S STORIES.

LAST week I told of a marriage where the daughter feared the mother and now I will tell of a case where the tables were turned, and a mother ran away to be married unknown to her daughter.

"I want you to marry us," an ordinary-looking man said when I went to my front door one afternoon in reply to a demand for my presence; "and there is the license," he added.

"With pleasure," I replied. "Please bring in the lady," for I saw he wished to be married on the spot, and was in a great hurry.

"She can't come in," he said; "she came a horseback with me, and we are in a desperate haste. Please come down—never mind your hat—and marry us on our horses. You see we are in such a hurry."

I went down to my gate, some sixty feet from the front door—for we lived in the suburbs of the town—and, sure enough, there was a woman there on horseback in a calico dress and a deep sun-bonnet, holding her companion's horse by the bridle as he got on.

"I will not marry you in the street," I said. "Ride at least into my yard;" and I went in. Now, there was a hedge of *bois d'are*, or Osage orange, along my front fence twenty feet high. I had interwoven the branches over the gate, so that we had to stoop in entering on foot. Of course it was impossible to ride on horseback through the close and thorny barrier, and I went up to the house, leaving them to do as they pleased. Fastening their horses very reluctantly, they came into the house. I made a swift ceremony of it. The bridegroom forgot to pay me my fee—which was perhaps his revenge upon me for my obstinacy—and mounting their horses they were soon out of sight.

Hardly were they gone before a young girl rode up on a pony to the gate, jumped off and ran in, exclaiming, "Oh, am I too late?"

She was nothing but an ordinary country-girl, not at all pretty, much freckled, evidently used to hard work, adorned with the duplicate of the calico dress and gingham sun-bonnet worn by her mother. The ladies of my household took pity on the poor thing as she sank upon the matting in the hall, weeping and lamenting. She had ridden hard, was very dusty and thirsty, and it was impossible not to sympathize with her. It was easy to imagine her story before she told it. "My mother is a poor, sickly woman. She is almost worked to death already since father died," she sobbed.

"We live out along the road on a little place—keep chickens and things. Why there's a little baby in the cradle not a year old—Bub we call him—and there's four more of us, all girls."

"What on earth did the man want to marry her for?" one of my family asked, for we saw that they all belonged to the class known as "poor white folks," with whom the negroes had as little to do, except to sell stolen chickens to them for whiskey, as possible. "What inducement—what did the man want?" was asked.

"He wanted her to work for him. He has got no nigger, and that was the only way he could get one," was the reply. "You see, he lives near us," the poor girl proceeded, rocking herself to and fro as she sat on the floor, and already sunk into the stony sorrow which seemed to be her normal condition, "and he worked his other wife to death not six months ago—four months. There he was with six little children, and he the laziest man that ever lived. He's too lazy to patch his roof to keep out the water, and half his children are always down with ague or something. The weeds is higher than his corn. All he cares for is a patch of tobacco in a corner of his place, and that is for his own smoking. The cester-oil weeds are taller than his chimney almost, and he raises gooberpeas, only his hogs always root 'em up, for his fence is always down. He's got an old cow, and she hooks, and he wants my mammy to milk her for him, I suppose. He's the meanest white man living!" the girl added.

"But why did you not persuade your mother—" I began.

"Beg her not, you mean?" the girl said. "I never did nothing else. I said, 'Oh, mammy, mammy! please don't! Look at poor little Bub. All he wants—old Parkins, they call him—is to make a nigger of you.' Beg? I've been down at her knees crying and begging all this last week. And she is such a good, good mother, such a hard, hard working woman when her ague will let her. I knew what he meant when I saw them horses hitched to his fence this morning. But, you see, little Bub was having the fever after his chill—was crying for water. 'You run to the spring, Marthy,' she said to me—mammy says, says she—and I'll quiet Bub till you come back.' I ran every step of the way there and back, never thinking; but when I come back she was gone! Bub was crying fit to kill; but I caught up Bill—that's our pony—in the stable-field, and I jumped on, and I hollered to a neighbor as I rode by, 'Please to run over for a moment to Bub!' and I rode as hard as I could—What did you do it for?" she said to me with sudden ferocity. "You might ha' known better!—No, I won't have anything to eat under this here roof. I want to get back to little Bub,—and you a minister too!"

"Ah me!" I thought as she mounted her poor scrub of a pony and rode wearily off; "this is not the first time I feel after a marriage as Jack Ketch feels, or ought to feel, after an execution; and I am afraid it will not be the last time I feel so."

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

THE NEWEST STORY ABOUT HIS BURIAL.

AFTER a lapse of twelve years there are still those who doubt that John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, suffered death for his great crime. From time to time his presence has been reported in various quarters and currency given to statements of his recognition in Cuba, Italy, South America, and even in different sections of the United States, by those who had known him professionally and otherwise before and during the war. Others admitting his death claim to know the last resting place of his remains. For a number of years some ladies of Baltimore are said to have annually decorated with floral offerings a grave in the vicinity of that city in which the bones of Booth are supposed to lie. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* states that he is buried in the soil of Maryland between two lofty mountain ranges and predicts that a monument will yet be erected to perpetuate his memory. That these several theories are fallacious, that Booth met his death in the manner officially reported at the time, and that his body was forever hidden from sight in a sequestered place, known only to those

to whom the duty of secreting it was entrusted is generally accepted.

And yet there is an air of mystery hanging about the fate of this noted criminal that invests with interest whatever may tend to the final solution of all remaining doubts.

It has been ascertained that Captain Oliver P. Leslie, now of Pittsburgh, possessed personal knowledge of facts and circumstances connected with the great tragedy and its subsequent events, a reporter of the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* called on him and received from him an account of the scenes of which he was an eye-witness.

Captain Leslie was one of the earliest friends of Mr. Lincoln's youth, and it so happened that he was in the vicinity of Ford's theatre on the night when he received his death wound, and was one of the few who had reached the door when the President was brought out on his litter, and carried across the street to Bennett's, where he died. Capt. Leslie says that he had often seen Booth act in Cincinnati, and at other points and had boarded with him at the Metropolitan Hotel, in Washington, for weeks before the close of his career.

In the corridors of the hotel he frequently saw Booth put his hands into his box-coat pockets and pull them out filled with gold, exclaiming, "I have made two thousand dollars in 'fle' speculations and I will strike a lead in less than a month that will bring me in a million." This was about ten days previous to the assassination and Capt. Leslie says his attention was attracted to the circumstance by its repetition and by subsequent events.

From his previous knowledge of the man's personal appearance, he is positive beyond doubt that the dead body of John Wilkes Booth, which was brought from the scene of death by Col. and Lieut. Baker, was on the monitor Montauk at 5 o'clock on the morning after he was killed by Boston Corbett, and that it remained there under guard for about forty-two hours thereafter. After the body was placed on the boat, a guard of six naval officers, of whom Captain Leslie was one, was set to watch it.—Capt. Leslie and Captain Willoughby were in the same relief, and served two hours on and four hours off while the body remained on board the monitor.—While these men were standing guard the multitude was allowed to view the body, passing on the stern of the Montauk by a bridge of scows, and off at the bow in the same manner, after looking at the remains for a few seconds. Among these were many persons who had known Booth more or less intimately, including about three hundred actors.—The Captain relates the instance of a large, fine-looking man, having the appearance of an army officer, who, in passing, placed the palm of his hand on the forehead of the dead assassin, and invoked the most frightful imprecation on the soul of the departed.

During the time the body lay on the Montauk several propositions were made for the final disposition of the body, which were voted upon by the five hundred or one thousand officers aboard.—Of these Captain Leslie remembers but two of three of the more remarkable.—One was that two of the wildest steeds that could be obtained should be harnessed together and chained to Booth's heels and taken to the Bladensburg duelling ground, and there turned loose to run until the body was dragged to pieces.

A gentleman who had the appearance of a foreign officer proposed that a tower should be built from three hundred to five hundred feet high, and that thereon should be placed a cauldron, in which the body should lie until it was wasted away by the sun and storm, and destroyed by the birds of the air.

It was also suggested that this tower should be left standing for ages as a memorial of the infamous deed of the murderer. These and other propositions were rejected, and it was finally agreed to deliver the body to the two Bakers who captured the traitor, to dispose of in such manner as they might be directed. The body, which at the end of the forty-two hours it had lain on board the Montauk was in an advanced state of decomposition, was accordingly given into the custody of the Bakers, who were required to take the following oath.

"You, gentlemen, being already sworn officers of the United States do further swear that you will take the dead body of John Wilkes Booth, and dispose of it in a manner known only to yourselves, and that you never will communicate to any others the whereabouts or disposition of the body, either by words, signs, hieroglyphics, or in any other manner, and that you will not talk of it yourselves, least you be overheard."

The oath was administered by the Provost Marshal, Captain Stone, addressing the Bakers, added; "and not desecrate loyal soil with his body." The remains were then taken away, and their disposition is of course only a matter of speculation.

Captain Leslie, however, is of the impression that they were sunk in a lake some twelve miles in width and forty to sixty feet in depth, seven miles below Alexandria, Virginia, known as the "Alligator Pockets." He states that about two hundred pounds of hawser chain was on the deck of the Montauk near the body at the time he stood watch and he was of the opinion that this was afterwards used to sink the body in the "Alligator Pockets." In confirmation of this theory, Captain Leslie states that Murphy, who served as a pilot with Lieutenant Baker for twelve years, and knew that the latter had thoroughly measured the water in this lake when shooting alligators, said that he knew the body was sunk in those waters.

A DUTCHMAN'S LICENSE.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO there dwelt—and for ought I know there still dwells—an old Dutchman on the line of the Erie canal; very illiterate, but very fond of money, and, by some chance or other, pretty well supplied with it. It was rumored, however, that he was not over-scrupulous at times how he made it and the following incident goes to substantiate the charge:

There came to his house one day an awkward looking individual, betraying in every turn and gesture that he hailed whence wooden nutmegs and other Yankee commodities are brought to market.

"How do, Squire?" was Jonathan's salutation, squirting a gill of tobacco juice inside the door, by way of a more definite announcement that he was "round."

"Valk in, mine frient," said the Dutchman.

In stalked Jonathan, peeping on all sides, and finally settled his six feet—the same more or less—of flesh and bones in a chair near the chimney corner.

"Squire," he said, after a pause, producing a jack knife and chipping off a piece from the boot jack that lay behind him, "I've a notion somehow or t'other to be arter gwine to the far West; but darn my plecter if it ain't a long way thar, and I kinder guess I'm on the wrong track." And he went on whittling, eyeing the Dutchman occasionally from beneath the half disjointed front-piece to his plush cap.

"You goash vest, eh?" exclaimed Mynheer; "vell, you ish on the right road, my frient; but have you got a license to go vest?"

"License!" cried Jonathan, suspending his whittling; "I ain't got the first one, and what's more, cap'n, I ain't never hearn of the thing afore nuther."

"Vell, vell," said the Dutchman, "that you'n do at all. You must have a license to go vest, for because they von't let you shettle out there without none."

"How you talk!" was the Yankee's ejaculation, deeply concerned at this piece of intelligence.

"Dat is the truth, mine frient," pursued the Dutchman; "but I have liehouses to shell—don't you vant to puy von, my frient?"

"Can't dodge it in no way, can I?" exclaimed the raw one. "How much'll the tarnal critter come to?" he asked, producing a weazel skin in an alarming state of depletion.

"Only tew tollars, dat'sh all, mine frient," said the operator, rubbing his hands and rising to receive the fee.

"Well, I suppose I've got to deu it, anyhow, cap'n," remarked Jonathan, "shelling out the pector," piece by piece, until he had counted out into the Dutchman's greedy palm two "halves" and "four quarters," leaving a balance

in the weazel of three "York shillings," a "dime" and two "reds."

"Down with the document, Squire," he cried, shoving the skin into his breeches pocket, and rising.

"Vell, mine good veller, said Dutchey, "I ain't got my spectacles, and you writes, don't you?"

"Just like a school marm, old chap," replied Jonathan.

"Vell, den, you writes won," said Mynheer, "for yourself, putting down your name, for to go vest and shettle there, and I'll shign it. Come up to the table, misther, and I shall give you de pen and paper."

The writing materials were produced; Jonathan threw his plush cap on the floor, seized the old grey goose quill in the ink-horn, tried its point on his thumb nail; crouching his head until his right ear almost touched the paper, he drew his tongue out its whole length and wrote. When he had closed the scroll he threw himself back in his chair to scan the production and see if it was all right.

"That's the talk," he cried at length. These are presents is to inform all it may concern as how Jeddidiar Doosenberry is hereby and herein entitled to go to the far West, and take up land, be the same more or less, and squat thereupon, for having paid me in hand the sum of tew dollars, lawful currency, as license for so gwine West and squatting thar."

"Dat's it!" exclaimed the Dutchman.

"Wall, Squire," cried the Yankee; "put your fist thar."

The license man did as he requested, and signed his name to the writing. "Jeddidiar," as he called himself, took the paper, folded it very carefully as boys foot up a puzzle, and deposited it in his vest pocket among an assortment of old "chews" of tobacco, gun-flints, matches and other articles too numerous to mention. Then rising, he exclaimed:

"Squire, I'm much obliged to ye for this ere piece of counsel. It takes a feller nine lives to keep track of the new kinks that turn up in the law. Good-bye to ye."

"Good-bye, good-bye," cried the Dutchman, and the victim went off, whistling "Yankee Doodle."

A week had elapsed after the transaction we have just chronicled, and our Dutch acquaintance had about forgotten it, when a merchant of the village called upon him saying:

"Mr. S. if it is convenient, I should like the amount of the order which you sent me the other day, which I paid to a man by the name of Doosenberry."

"An order?" cried the Dutchman, utterly upset by the demand. "I never give an order to nobody."

"But here it is," continued the merchant, producing an order duly signed, requesting him to pay "Jeddidiar Doosenberry" twenty-five dollars in goods.

Dutchey saw at a glance he was sold, paid up like a man, and has never operated in licenses since.

A Surprise Party Surprised.

Surprise parties are still in vogue and very popular. So the young people of ————thought, and one day they decided to surprise old Grandpa and Grandma Dorking, who had a large house and long parlor, and a fine piano, and just the nicest place for a grand party in the State. And they packed their baskets and harnessed their horses and went over to the Dorking mansion, fifty strong, bound to have a delightful night of it. But old Mrs. Dorking looked out of the window in her night-cap, and wanted to know "where the fire was?" And old Mr. Dorking brought out his double-barrelled shot-gun and got ready to shoot the burglars. And when the bravest of the party—a woman—explained to old Mr. Dorking that they were not desperadoes, but an innocent surprise party, and that they had baskets of cold chicken, biscuit, and jelly along with them, old Mrs. Dorking said that if she wanted a party, she could find the victuals, and old Mr. Dorking said that when he wanted to see his neighbors he generally invited them, and got ready to shoot again—and the young people of ———drove away, very much of the opinion that surprise parties were not very popular in that neighborhood.