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Select Poetry.

WONDERFUL MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, How complicate, how wonderful is man! How passing wonder is He who made him such!

Popular Sayings.

ALMOST every one has on hand a store of trite apposite sentences, using them daily, but having no knowledge of their authorship; and as men are apt to be curious concerning the habits and laws they follow or are governed by, tracing their origin back into the dimness of long-slumbering centuries, so they are often possessed with a desire to know who first framed these words into the sentences so familiar to them.

It was Thomas A. Kempis who, in the fifteenth century, gave us "Man proposes, but God disposes; and the equally well-known saying, "Of two evils the less is to be chosen," the original of "Of two evils choose the least." Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gave, "Better late than never," and the key for four other common phrases in "For Christmas comes but once a year," "It's an ill wind that turns none to good," "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss," "Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go." It was Francis Rabelais, a French wit of the same century who said that by "Robbing Peter he paid Paul," and told that when "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

It was also in the sixteenth century that Sir Edward Coke, a celebrated English lawyer, said "For a man's house is his castle," and Lord Brooke sang, "And out of mind as soon out of sight." It was Christopher Marlowe, the forerunner of Shakespeare, and father of the grand old English drama, who sang to the ladies, "Love me little, love me long," and told of "Infinite riches in a little room."

We owe to the public genius of Shakespeare, "This is the short and long of it," "The world's mine oyster," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "It is a wise father that knows his own child," "And thereby hangs a tale," "He needs must go that the devil drives," "Why this is very midsummer madness," "The smallest worm will turn when trodden on," "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep," "So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long," "The weakest goes to the wall," "We have seen better days," "This was

the most unkindest cut of all," "Stand not upon the order of your going," "A deed without a name," "Frailty, thy name is woman," "I am a man more sinned against than sinning," "They laugh that win," and a thousand more as good, though not as well known.

Francis Bacon, the "wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," said "Knowledge is power," and Beaumont and Fletcher pronounced that "What's one man's poison, signor, is another's meat or drink." Milton tells of a "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness," and also of "A wildness of sweets," "All hell broke loose," and "The paradise of fools."

Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," dubbed a religious creed thus: "Twas Presbyterian true blue." Dryden says "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Sweet is pleasure after pain." He also warns thus: "Beware the fury of a patient man," "All delays are dangerous in war," and thinks that "Men are but children of a larger growth." The Earl of Roscommon has it that one must "Choose an author as you choose a friend," and says that "The multitude are always in the wrong." John Bunyan wisely reminds us that "He that is down needs fear no fall," and Thomas Southerne "That pity's akin to love." It was crazy Nathaniel Lee who averred that "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

Matthew Prior thought "The end must justify the means;" and Deane Swift said "Bread is the staff of life." George Farquhar called "Necessity the mother of invention;" Edward Young a very sombre fellow, said "Death loves a shining mark," he also thought that "Man wants but little, nor that little long," and that "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" he also told of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Pope says "To err is human, to forgive Divine;" and Thompson tells of "Cruel as death and hungry as the grave." It was John Gay who said "While there's life, there's hope," and sang of "Over the hills and far away;" Lawrence Sterne thought that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and Benjamin Franklin that "God helps them who help themselves;" Cowper said that "Variety's the spice of life;" Thomas Campbell that "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" he also said, "And coming events cast their shadow before;" Daniel Webster told of a "Sea of upturned faces," and Washington Irving thought our idol was "The mighty dollar." Byron says that war presents "Battle's magnificently stern array," and Keats that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and last, it was Bishop Berkeley, an English prelate, who in the seventeenth century, said, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Terrible Experience.

MR. J. J. TALBOT, who died at South Bend, Indiana, from the effects of a recent relapse into intemperance was formerly a minister, and once a member of Congress from Kentucky. He operated for the temperance orders, but evidently was not supported by religion. In a temperance meeting at South Bend he gave the following as his experience:

"But now that the battle is over I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy.—This demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing by-word among men. Afterward I had business large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice, mercy, and the right. But the dust gathered on my unopened books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities; but they took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. This devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and, leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart

that, no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. The infernal monster couldn't spare me even this. I had a mother who for long, long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease; and her choicest delight was in reflection that the lessons she had taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Ah! me; never a word of reproach from her lips—only a tender caress, only a shadow of a great and unspoken grief gathered over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a more piteous appeal to heaven if her cup were not full. And while her boy raved in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest.

"And thus I stand: a clergyman without a cure; a barrister without brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without a hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The Marine Band.

EIGHTY years ago, when the republic was in its earliest infancy, and the navy consisted of a few wooden hulls, one of them, during a cruise on the Mediterranean, was boarded by a band of musicians claiming that they were the "Royal Band" of Italy, and had deserted with the idea of reaching America and making their fortunes in the new world. The American captain realized the situation and hesitated, although he had just received orders for the ship to return. It seems almost impossible to smuggle the band to America without detection, and if exposed he would incur the displeasure of the Italian Government, and in the end be dismissed by our own.

The band-leader watched his countenance, and read that a decision was about to be declared against the band.—The poor fellow pleaded his cause, and with accents of pity and distress begged for a voyage to the "land of the free." At last, when nearly every ray of hope had deserted him, a happy thought occurred. He was a good leader—also a fine judge of human nature—and he discovered that the American captain was a lover of good music, and while the officers were called aft to discuss the question of carrying off the band, the leader sounded the call, the instruments were brought out, sheets of music placed in position, and the consultation of the officers interrupted by such delicious strains of music that silence pervaded "fore and aft."

It was the "last hope," and every member of the once famous band felt that his life and liberty depended on the effect of their music on the Americans. Arguments, pleadings and words had failed, but music, heavenly and divine, was successful, and as the last strain died away on the soft air of that sunny clime, the brave old veteran captain said to his officers, "Gentlemen, that band shall go with us to the United States, and the consequences, whatever may come, will rest on my shoulders alone." The voyage was a long one, and before reaching the country the band adopted a suggestion of the captain, and, on being landed, scattered to different cities, adopting for the while other trades and occupations.

As expected, the Italian minister received a notice from home to watch for the runaway band. Some diplomatic correspondence followed. He was certain the band had never reached America, and soon after the count was recalled, and the band, who had friendly advisers, were assured that all danger was over.—They met in Washington and favored Congress, then assembled, with a con-

cert such as was never heard before in America.

The effect was electrical on our worthy law-makers. An act incorporating the "Marine Band" was passed and became a law, and the Marine Band from that date has been one of the special objects of interest to all Washington visitors.—As years rolled by it was kept strictly a private affair. Sons were trained to succeed fathers, and only a few outsiders allowed to enroll their names.

Tabby's Curiosity Satisfied.

THE Virginia (Nev.) "Enterprise" tell this affecting story: "Charles Kaiser, who has the only hive of bees in town, says that when he first got his swarm his old cat's curiosity was much excited in regard to the doings of the little insects, the like of which she had never before seen. At first she watched their comings and goings at a distance. She then flattened herself upon the ground and crept along toward the hive, with tail horizontal and quivering. It was clearly evident that she thought the bees some new kind of game. Finally she took up a position at the entrance to the hive, and when a bee came in or started out, made a dab at it with her paws. This went on for a time without attracting the special attention of the inhabitants of the hive. Presently, however, 'old Tabby' struck and crushed a bee on the edge of the hive. The smell of the crushed bee alarmed and enraged the whole swarm. Bees by the score poured forth and darted into the fur of the astonished cat. Tabby rolled himself in the grass, spitting, sputtering, biting, clawing, and squalling as cat never squalled before. She appeared a mere ball of fur and bees as she rolled and tumbled about. She was at length hauled away from the hive with a garden rake, at the cost of several severe stings to her rescuer. Even after she had been taken to a distant part of the grounds the bees stuck in Tabby's fur, and about once in two minutes she would utter an unearthly 'yowl' and bounce a full yard in the air. On coming down she would try and scratch an ear, when a sting on the back would cause her to turn a succession of back somersaults, and give vent to a running fire of squalls. Like the parrot that was left alone with the monkey, old Tabby had a dreadful time. Two or three days after this adventure, Tabby was caught by her owner, who took her by the neck and threw her down near the bee-hive. No sooner did she strike the ground than she gave a fearful squall, and at a single bound reached the top of a fence full six feet in height. There she clung for a moment, with her tail as big as a rolling-pin, when with another bound and squall, she was out of sight and did not again put in an appearance for over a week."

Anecdote of Judge West.

MANY years ago there lived in Tolland, Conn., Judge West, who had been a magistrate for many years and was also elected to the Connecticut General Assembly. One day as the Judge was in his field plowing, having an ox team with a boy for a driver, a man came in great haste with no hat on, coat badly torn and looking as though he had fared hard in a hand-to-hand encounter. The Judge, who conjectured what was the trouble, kept on ploughing, merely asking:

"What is the matter, Nate Smith? You seem to be in a hurry." "Matter enough," said Nate following along; we had a little fuss, Bill Jones and me, down at the tavern. He insulted me, and because I resented it, he pitched in and nearly half killed me as you see. Now, I want you to give me a writ."

"Can't do it," said the Judge. "I won't stand the abuse of that rascal Jones any longer," said Nate, "and I must have a writ."

"If you had been at home about your business," replied the Judge, who still kept on plowing, "you would have had no trouble."

"If you don't give me a writ, I'll have you brought before your betters," said Nate, thinking to accomplish his object by a threat.

"Whoa!" said the Judge. "Boy, give me that whip." The Judge, who was a powerful man,

gave Nate a good whipping and resumed his work as though nothing unusual had happened.

Smith was hardly out of sight before a man came puffing and blowing from another direction.

"What's the matter with you, Jones?" said the Judge.

"The matter is," said he, when he got his breath, "I've been assaulted and abused by Nate Smith at the tavern, and I want a writ for his arrest."

"What business have you to be at the tavern? If you had been about your work, at home, Smith would not have troubled you."

"Give me a writ or I'll have you before your betters before night."

"Whoa! Boy, give me the whip."

The Judge gave Bill a sound thrashing with the ox whip and went on with his work. After going around the field once or twice, the Judge stopped and delivered himself of the following:

"Well, John," said he, addressing the boy, "I declare, a believe I have broken the law! But I've done those rascals justice, anyhow."

It is, perhaps, needless to add that Judge West was not brought "before his betters."

Camp Meeting Experience.

IN a camp meeting in this State a woman related her experience in giving up certain articles of ornament and gay attire that she had loved. She said that at first she resolved to wear no more artificial flowers, gay colored ribbons, handsome silks, ear ornaments, nor brooches; but one idol remained. It was her wedding ring. At last she resolved to throw this away, too, and when she did it the blessing of sanctification came. The Methodist says: "As she stood in the audience relating the great change that had come over her, she displayed an immense mass of false hair wound up on the back of her head, upon which was mounted a topknot of a hat, neither protection from sun or cold, nor ornamental to behold. She disclosed beneath a half cast-off shawl, a corseted waist which was reduced to such diminutive proportions as to appear painfully abnormal. She supported padding, puffs, pannier, and pinback, and a dress skirt sadly bedrabbled to a depth of the several inches which is dragged upon the ground. As she sat down after her testimony and an exhortation to erring sisters to renounce all pomp and glory of the world, she pined her fan and panted very like a ball-room belle who had waltzed too long and was dressed too tightly to breathe with ease. When at the close of the meeting the woman walked away, she had a parasol, a fan, and a hymn book to hold in one hand, and the other was employed in gathering and holding the front breadth of her skirts high enough to enable her to step, while the limit of her mincing gait was determined by her contracted pinback and stilted boot heels. And away she went, a sanctified woman."

A Singular Petrification.

Judge E. C. Bronaugh has attached to his watch-chain a little amulet or charm, which, aside from its peculiar history, is very pretty in itself. It is nothing less than a petrified rosebud.—During the Rebellion a young nephew of Judge Bronaugh, while in one of the Southern States, writing home to his mother enclosed a rosebud. The letter arrived safely and after perusal was laid aside with the rosebud in a drawer, where it remained for eight or nine months. When the drawer was overhauled and the letters again brought to light, the rosebud was discovered to be petrified. The Judge's aunt recently sent the stone to him at this place, and he placed it in the hands of a jeweler for the purpose of having it fitted to carry on his watch-chain. The petrification is so very hard that, while trying to drill a hole in it, two or three tools were broken. It is a perfect rosebud, and so well preserved that the finest fibres are to be seen. What peculiarities of air, earth or water could have changed the tender rosebud into a hard, almost diamond-like substance in the short space of nine months is to us a mystery. —Portland Oregonian.