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MY FRIEND.

The following touching poem was written in the prison dead-house at Camp Chase by Col. W. S. H. A fellow prisoner was engaged to a beautiful lady; she proved faithless, and her letter came, breaking the truth, soon after he died, and this was Col. H.'s reply:

Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own;
Ah, sudden change! from prison bars
Unto the Great White Throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain.
Could he have read those tardy words,
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many a weary hour?
Had you other lovers with you
In that silent, dimly lit tower?
Did others bow before your charms,
And twine bright garlands there?
And yet I ween in all that throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
A while before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still had left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwelt upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah, trust of thoughtless maiden's love,
Thou art a little thing!
For when these valleys fair in May,
Once more with bloom shall wave,
The Northern vernal shall blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear;
Though, to the last, he kissed with love
This tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For, when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I have read the letter, lady, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it; fearful though
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For a trifle light and small!
What many forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now
He's past your hope and fear;
Although I wish that you could stand
With me beside his bier,
Still, I forgive you; heaven knows
For mercy you'll have need,
Since God his awful judgment sends
On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,
As I my vigils keep,
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds him now,
Yet death gives always grace;
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night, your rooms are very gay,
With wit, and wine and song;
And you are smiling, just as if
You never did a wrong.
Your hand so fair, that none would think
It pained those words of pain;
Your skin, so white—would God, your soul
Were half so free of stain!

I'd rather, be this dear, dear friend,
Than you in all your glee;
For you are held in grievous bonds,
While he's forever free.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve,
In that which is to come;
He chose his way; you, yours'; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom.

ARE ANIMALS IMMORTAL?

A BROOKLYN gentleman writing to a New York paper suggests some very curious and interesting thoughts concerning the possible future of animals. When we come to think of it a state of existence in which there is no animal life save man would be a marked contrast to earthly existence. To imagine Heaven without the sweet songs of birds, the busy hum of the bee and the myriad of sweet sounds that fall so soothingly upon the ear in the hush of a summer eve, is to imagine a state of existence of which much of the possible pleasure would be left out.

Are there no trees in Heaven? Is the murmuring brook and the gentle plash of fountains silent? Is there nothing but man and God in Heaven! The untutored Indian reasons differently. To him the land of the Great Spirit teems with myriads of animal life. To him Heaven is a "happy hunting ground." May not the Indian notion be right after all, and Heaven be a place filled with all sorts of animal life which are pleasant and agreeable to man? Of course, these are hard questions to answer satisfactorily, but hear what the writer has to say:

"Why should we be called upon to believe in the annihilation of the brute creation at death? Is not the idea a relic of an unworthy and now fast vanishing conception of the future state of

mankind? It is difficult to formulate a distinct belief upon the subject; and although I cannot yet say that my mind is distinctly and definitely made up about it, I have, in the course of my reflection, been led to entertain a hope so strong that it closely borders upon the certainty of belief that there is a future state for the brute creation as well as for mankind, and that the orthodox belief is erroneous.

"Heterodox as this opinion may be deeper reflection only serves to convince me that it is true, and leads me to desire that more light should be thrown upon the subject. Ever since my childhood, when I can remember feeling a deep sense of the injustice which the popular idea did to my conception of the Creator, down to the present time, have I sought for some reason upon which I could entirely accept the orthodox view, and have found none. As far as I can find, the Scriptures afford no basis for it; philosophy disowns it, and science consigns both man and beast to one fate. So far, indeed, from confirming the idea of total annihilation I have found much to strengthen the opposite side of the question, and any belief at which I may have already arrived has been in a great measure deduced from a consideration of some of the passages which I quote, and others of similar import: "Most of the arguments of philosophy in favor of the immortality of man apply equally to the permanency of the immaterial principle in other living beings," says Agassiz. "Culver is said to have expressed a similar opinion. In the memoirs of Charles Kingsley, himself no mean student of the natural world, we read 'that his love of animals was strengthened by his belief in their future state—a belief which he held in common with John Wesley and many other distinguished men.' The following words which George McDonald put into the mouth of one of his characters, taken in connection with many similar passages scattered throughout his books, show how far he has accepted this idea of the immortality of animal life. "My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observation, not one of which I can recall, generated in a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of the brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is himself but a speck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all can say that the spirit of man lives and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything of certain sure myself, but I do think that he who, if from mere philosophical considerations, believe the one ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it." If we recall the character of Wilfrid Cumbermede we can at once see how strong a declaration the foregoing passage is on the part of the author. I will not fill more space with further quotations all tending to show the same point. I cannot help but feel that the savage of whom the poet sang:

"To be content's his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company,"

has an idea of heaven far nobler than that held by many civilized Christians.

Our Fishing Spree.

WHILE stopping in Indiana, I formed one of a company that went to the falls of White River, near the village of Newberry, for the purpose of having a regular set, two or three days' fishing spree, as the Hoosiers call it. The first day of our excursion turned out to be windy, and we had no luck; the next day we caught only one small bass, a little snapping turtle, a few frogs—just for the fun of it—and a bad cold. On the third day the tables turned, and fortune smiled on us propitiously; for we all caught fresh colds, Jake Collins fell overboard and we caught him, Bill Marling caught the ague, and Tom Burbon caught a catfish that weighed some seventy pounds.

Our "spree" was now at an end, and we found it a matter of little difficulty to take home with us all that we caught, except the big fish. It was too large to carry, and too small to justify the hire of a special conveyance, so we were sore-

ly puzzled as to what disposition we should make of it. At last a happy thought came to our relief. Joe, the auctioneer, formed one of our company, and so we resolved to go up to Newberry and sell the monster at auction. It was just about the first of the fishing season, and so we expected to realize a handsome profit, by way of fun, at least.

When we arrived at the village, we found about thirty persons assembled around a little grocery. Chuckling over such a streak of good luck, Joe shouldered the fish, mounted upon the head of a molasses hogshead, and proceeded to business.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "how much do you say to start him? Do I hear fifty cents! F-i-f-t-y c-e-n-t-s! do I hear fifty cents?"

But they did not say, and poor Joe cried and went on at an awful rate without the least prospect of a bid. Seeing that our chance of a speculation was but slim, we concluded to amuse ourselves by bidding for fun.

"Five dollars to start him," said I.

"Five dollars—five—five, and going as cheap as dirt; who says more?"

"Ten," says another of our company.

"Fifteen!"

And so the bids ran on till they reached thirty dollars—all sham, of course.

Just at that moment a tall, gawky-looking Hoosier was seen making rapid strides towards the scene of action. Having arrived and looked at the fish on all sides, and listened to "thirty, and going," he bawled out:

"I say, stranger—you on that 'ar barrel—I kin do better than that myself. Jest hold on a minute, and let me hev a nuther squint at 'im. By golly! jest say fifty, and risk it!"

"Fifty! fifty!" cried the auctioneer, astonished at the bid; "fifty!—going—going—gone at fifty."

The fish was handed over to the Hoosier, who, after looking at old Joe a moment, and smelling to see that his prize was not spoiled, began to walk off with it.

"Stop, old fellow! you have not paid for it!" cried several.

"Paid, darnation!" replied the green one, coming to a halt. "Warn't the fish gin to me? Didn't I hear you all a guessin' thirty? and didn't I guess fifty?—and I'll bet a coon-skin he don't weigh anny more; and didn't that old puss-bellied feller up thar give it to me?"

"No, no!" exclaimed old Joe, while we were all holding our sides, "you bid fifty dollars for that fish, and you've got it to pay."

After a sour look, and a frown that was intended to tell how indignant he felt, the Hoosier replied:

"If yer Ingin enough to take a thing back arter givin' it to a feller, take it;" and suiting the action to the word, he threw it at the auctioneer with all his strength. Our corpulent friend having no desire to come in contact with a flying fish, leaped as high as he could, and when he came down, the hogshead top gave way beneath his weight, and in the next instant, he was floundering about up to his chin in molasses.

"Te, he, he!" roared the Hoosier, as he made tracks off in the way he had come. "Te, he, he! now your in a sweet pickle!"

And so he was. With much difficulty we succeeded in extricating him, after which we paid the damage, and started in search of water, resolving never again, under any circumstances, to set up a fishing-market in Newberry, or go on a fishing spree.

A School Anecdote.

AMONG the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended school, was a poor clergyman's son, of the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal gloomy nature, his playmates had nick-named him "Pontius Pilate." One morning he went up to the master, Doctor Bozer, and said in his usual whimpering manner:

"Please, Doctor, the boys call me 'Pontius Pilate.'"

If there was one thing which Doctor Bozer hated more than a false quantity of Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nick-naming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried with his usual voice of thunder:

"Listen, boys; the next time I hear

you say 'Pontius Pilate,' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last! You are to say, 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.'—Remember that if you value your hides!"

Next day, when the same class was reciting the catechism, a boy of remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the Creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next words when the doctor's prohibition unluckily flashed upon his mind. After a moment's hesitation, he blurted out: "Suffered under 'Simon Jennings,' was—"

The rest of the sentence was never uttered, for Dr. Bozer had already sprang like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders. When the irate doctor had discharged his cane-storm upon him, he said:

"What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?"

"I only did as you told me," replied the simple minded youth.

"Did as I told you!" roared the doctor, now wound up to something above the boiling point; "what do you mean?"

As he said this, he grasped his cane more furiously.

"Yes, doctor, you said we were always to call 'Pontius Pilate' 'Simon Jennings.'—Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him. Sam said naught; but the doctor, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried:

"Boy, you are a fool! Where are your brains?"

Poor Doctor Bozer for a second time was "floored," for the scholar said, with an earnestness which proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate:

"In my stomach, sir!"

The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant.

Professor Knapp's Terrible Prediction.

ASTRONOMERS are looking forward to the coming year with considerable perplexity, believing that the year 1880 will bring with it the most widespread and dreadful calamities that have been known for over two thousand years.

To explain:—The sun is the centre of our solar system; around the sun revolve a number of planets, and among them is the earth. The are certain periods when these planets approach nearest the sun. These periods are noted for general calamities, for the peculiar relation the planets sustain to each other produces serious disturbances in the atmosphere, thus causing terrible rains, or prolonged drouths, famines, diseases and pestilence generally.

Soon after 1880, four of the larger planets will be at their nearest approach to the sun, something that has not happened for two thousand years. We are rapidly approaching that period, and already the distant rumblings would seem to indicate that the storm is approaching. One of our exchanges says: "The fact that so many fish are dying off the coast of Florida calls to mind the awful prediction of Professor Knapp. From the juxtaposition of certain planets to our earth, he predicts that one half of the population of the world, including man and animals and even vegetable life, will perish before 1880. In a lecture delivered several years ago he said that this desolation would commence by the fish of the sea dying, and pestilence and famine occurring in more southern latitude."

The famines in China and Brazil, the scourge in South America, the black and fatal plague that is almost depopulating certain parts of Asia, as well as the pestilence among the fish in the Southern waters look like so many steps in the fulfillment of the dreadful prophecy. It looks much like the fulfilling of the prophecy uttered by the Savior, and recorded in Luke 21: 25, 26: "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after these things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken."

The prophecies are fast fulfilling; the

"times of the Gentiles" is about fulfilled, men's hearts are failing them, the gospel has been known in nearly part of the earth, and already the civilized world is looking with mingled feelings of awe and anxiety to the great future. We are living in a fearful age. May God help us to confide in him.

A Romance.

WHO says that the days of romance are ended, needs to read the strange history of a Scottish ploughman who has returned to his native heath after a long exile. Twenty years ago a farmer in Orkney hired a young man to do farm work. The ploughman touched the fancy of his master's daughter, and the result was that in a runaway fashion, and in opposition to the will of the patriarchal farmer, the two became man and wife.

The old gentleman was furious, and turned his back decidedly upon his son-in-law. The young ploughman kissed his wife, left her father's farm, and sailed to Australia, whence he soon ceased to write. His wife became a mother, and remained in a state of such wretched suspense that her father began to repent of the treatment to which he had subjected her husband. Efforts were then made to trace the whereabouts of the latter by means of advertising in Colonial papers and otherwise, but all to no purpose. He had gone to America.—Years passed. The grandson grew up to manhood, and not liking farm-work, he bade adieu to Orkney, took ship last year to the United States, and, after some knocking about, found employment in a mercantile house in Illinois. In the course of business he discovered that the gentleman at the head of the firm, was a native of Scotland, hailing, indeed, from the same district as himself. Occasional meetings led to more minute inquiries as to dates, names of places, persons and the like in the old country, and after being six months in the establishment, the youth found—however wonderful it may appear—that he was actually serving as a clerk with no other than his own father. The effect of this discovery on both may be left to the imagination of the reader. Father and son are now both in Scotland. The man who went away a penniless ploughboy but returns rich has been welcomed with much emotion by his venerable father-in-law, who is still hale and hardy, as well as by the wife whom he left many years ago in her youth and beauty, but is now a middle-aged matron.

Womanly Modesty.
Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and the full blown rose leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives boldness and prominence.
Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flowers of the albe, which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms, which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

The Beauty of Neatness.
A woman may be handsome, or remarkably active in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder, and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written upon her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he turns out, in all probability, either to be an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk, and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligations of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.