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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!

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.

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 mere 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.

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.

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.

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:

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 I tell 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.

"times of the Gentiles" is about fulfilled, men's hearts are falling 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.