



THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper, IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Table with subscription rates: One Year (Within the County) \$1 25, Six Months (Within the County) 75, One Year (Out of the County) \$1 50, Six Months (Out of the County) 85.

Select Poetry.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow— Half is real, half they borrow— Full of rocks and full of ledges, Corners sharp and cutting edges. Though the joy bells may be ringing, Not a song you'll hear them singing— Seeing never makes them wise, Looking out from downcast eyes.

BEATRICE'S CHOICE;

AND, Why She Made It.

OF ALL things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield, as he let himself fall heavily in the stiff and uncomfortable railway car, with its faded velvet cushions, and its back at exactly the wrong angle for aught anything approaching the luxury for a nap.

shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!"

And he put up his feet on the opposite seat and prepared for as comfortable a four hours' ride as possible.

Clarence Hatfield and I, be it understood, were employees in the extensive business of Jenkins, Jumperton & Co., auctioneers, and had been down in the country "putting up" a sale of swamp lots, cut into streets and squares, according to the most approved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been a dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and the three days' fog had conspired against the success of "Mount Morra Park," as Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. had christened their new speculation.

Yet we had done reasonably well, and were thankful enough to get back to New York.

As the train gave its starting lunge the door flew open, and in came a tall old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet and a fur cloak, surrounded by squirrel cages, leather bags, brown paper parcels, and sandwich boxes. She was followed closely by a young lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a voice as gruff as that of a man, "is this seat engaged?"

"Yes," said Hatfield.

"For your feet?"

"No matter what for," replied Hatfield. "Pass on, old lady, you'll find seats enough beyond."

But this was a stretching of the truth. There were no seats beyond, as the old lady could easily perceive unless she chose to sit directly opposite a red-hot coal fire or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which are equivalent to no seat at all.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet-bag from one arm to the other. I thought of my own good old Aunt Polly at home and rose at once.

"Pray take this seat, ma'am," said I, "and let me put your parcels in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, impatiently. "Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"

"It is my business to see that every lady is made comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel cage, ma'am—I'll comfortably go under the seat, I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt, but never offered to take his feet off the opposite cushion, although the younger woman stood in the aisle, uncomfortably swaying backwards and forwards with the motion of the train, until a woman beyond observing the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her lap, and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time the old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and had opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said the old lady. "It is easy to see that you've a mother at home, and that you are in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for that person,"—with a nod of her poke bonnet in the direction of Hatfield—"if he's got a mother I can't say much for her bringing of him up. Perhaps he may be old himself one day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I am anxious for your good opinion, ma'am, I'll let you know," returned Hatfield rather slyly.

The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at his manner.

"Hatfield," said I, in a low tone, "you might behave a little more like a gentleman."

"So I will," he retorted, "when I find myself in company which demands such a measure."

I said no more, but leaning up against the door prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible, until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way station, when some descending passenger might make way for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train while in full motion? Did you ever stand and feel yourself swayed

backward and forward, bumping one of your pre-natal developments against one side of the car, and bring the base of the spinal column against the top of a seat at opposite swerve of the train? Did you ever grasp blindly at anything for support? Did you ever execute an involuntary pas seul, by the way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see the two pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics? If so you will know how to pity me during the hour and a-half between B— and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellent smelling sherry; the young lady sat as noiseless as a black-velled statue; old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lights flared like sickly moons overhead, and the shriek of the train as it flew through sleeping villages, sounded like the yell of a fiery throated demon.

"Stamford!" bawled out the conductor.

At last I succeeded in dropping my wearied and stiffened limbs into a seat, where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter; for I had been asleep on my legs once or twice, even in my former disadvantageous attitude, and I could scarcely believe the evidence on my own senses when we thundered into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central Depot of New York.

Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a car before all the world of travelers should crowd into it, stumbled over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

"Oh, take care! You've knocked the squirrel cage over," cried she.

"Confound the squirrel cage," shouted Hatfield, gnashing his teeth, as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the furry pet up again, thereby completely blocking his egress.

"Serves you right, Hatfield," said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our lady advanced, flinging back her veil.

"Grandma," said she, "the carriage is waiting. I'll send Thomas for the parcels. Mr. Clifton, I am much obliged to you for your kindness to my grandmother, who is unused to travelling. As to Mr. Hatfield—the less said about his courtesy the better." And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's cowed visage.

"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I had had the least idea who you were—"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale. "Thanks—I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton," turning graciously to me, "you'll call and see how grandma stands her journey, to-morrow, won't you? Oh, thank you—the carriage is waiting."

And to this day I believe that is the way I won my wife; for Clarence Hatfield was a showy sort of a fellow who far outshone me in general society, and I think Beatrice had been rather disposed to fancy him until that night.—But she was disenchanted for good and all. And grandma comes to see us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from the Hale farm.

Morning in Venice.

LITTLE by little business began to take possession of the streets.—Bakers' shops and butchers' shops and fish stalls were opened; the din of countless blacksmiths and coppersmiths filled the air at every turn, as though the making of locks and kettles and chimney-pots were the one usurping industry of the world; loud-voiced women called all the people to come and partake of baked pumpkin, fresh and hot; and the melody of mingled street cries grew to a chorus of supplication.

Lately risen maidens lowered baskets from their balconies, and fished up cat-meat, or bread, or onions, or other household supplies, lowered the coppers for payment, gathered their scanty raiment about them, and withdrew. The vender—we knew him at the opera—pocketed his money, tossed his load to his head, and yelled his noisy way down the alley.

In the piazza beyond the Rialto, where early activity most centres, I took up a

commanding position at an out-of-door table, and ordered my "white coffee" and bread and butter. What a wonderful place it was for breakfasting—just for once! What pretty but carelessly clad women in black lace head-dresses came from each street and went toward the church; what a clatter the wooden patterns made, and a gabble the newsboys; what loads of fresh fruit and vegetables the women carried past; how theurchins gambled for soldi; how unlike every thing was to what we see at home; and how unreal one grows in watching it all!

The cheap dealers of the Rialto were taking down their shutters and displaying their low-priced wares. Boys sat on the broad steps munching bread and reveling in the yellow luxury of broad wedges of hot and savory pumpkins.—The purveyors of the adjacent quarters were climbing the steps with whole head-loads of grapes, or fish, or vegetables. Over the hand-rail, filling the whole width of Grand Canal, lay a fleet of barges unloading, with produce from beyond the lagoons, or stowing away assorted cargoes of white and purple grapes, peaches, figs, lettuce, chicory, radishes, shining white onions, carrots, beets, potatoes—the whole fresh-colored assortment of green-grocery.

On shore the market people filled the streets and arcades with fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit, and flowers, and the whole air with a tumult of noisy traffic. I descended among the throng, where customers were importuned on every hand and where sharp bargains were driving in sprats and snails and fractions of the smallest fowl.

Entering a little square shut in by high houses, and, like most Venetian squares, dominated by the unfinished facade of a time-stained church, I noticed a singular activity among the people. They were scurrying in from every alley, and hastening from every house door, with odd-shaped copper buckets on hook-ended wooden bows, and with little coils of rope. Old men and women, boys and girls, all gathered closely about a covered well curb in the middle of the square; and still they hurried on, until they stood a dozen deep around it. Presently the church tower slowly struck eight, and a little old man forced his way through the crowd, passed his ponderous iron key in the lid, and unlocked the well. The kettles went jangling into it, and came slopping out again at an amazing rate, and the people trudged off home, each with a pair of them swung from the shoulders. The wells are deep cisterns, which are filled during the night, and it is out of amiable consideration for those who love their morning nap that they are given as good a chance as their neighbor of getting an unsold supply. It is the first instance that has come to my notice of a commendable municipal restraint upon the reprehensible practice of early rising. Few, very few, of those who came for water had had time for their toilets. Their day evidently begins with this excursion to the public reservoir.

Later in my walk I saw a cistern being replenished. A barge filled with fresh-water lay in a canal near by, and a steam-pump forced the supply through a hose to the square, where a gutter carried it to the well. The water is of excellent quality. It is brought through conduits from the Euganean Hills, near Paqua, but its distribution through the city is carried on in the original manner indicated. For a city where the salt sea is the scavenger, where ablutions are not de rigueur, and where water is not a beverage, the cost of laying distributing mains has wisely been spared.—Colonel Gro. E. Waring, Jr., in Harper's Magazine for October.

A Small-Tail Movement.

THE Presidential canvass of 1840, in which Gen. Harrison and President Van Buren were opposing candidates, was distinguished by an intense popular enthusiasm. It was an oratorical and musical campaign. Every village had its dozen of speakers and its score of vocalists. An amusing anecdote of that election gives a modern illustration of the old fable of the lion put to flight by the braying of a jackass.

A speaker was discoursing at a mass meeting in Western Virginia upon the merits of Gen. Harrison as a military

commander. Suddenly, a tall, gaunt man arose, and, in a shrill voice that pierced through the crowd, called out:

"Mister! mister! I want to ax a question!"

"I shall be happy to answer any question, if I can," replied the orator.

"We are told, fellow-citizens," said the quaint man, addressing the crowd, "that General Harrison is a mighty great General; but I say he's one of the meanest sort of Generals. We are told that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion, he was guilty of the Small-Tail Movement, and I challenge the speaker to deny it!"

"I don't know, my friend," replied the orator, "what you mean by the 'Small-Tail Movement.'"

"I'll tell you," said the quaint man. "I've got it here in black and white. Here is 'Quinshaw's History of the United States,'—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says: 'At this critical moment, Gen. Harrison executed a novel movement! Does the gentleman deny that statement?'"

"No; go on."

"Well, he executed 'a novel movement.' Now here's 'Johnson's Dictionary'—taking a small book out of his pocket—"and it says, NOVEL—a small tale! This was the kind of movement General Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no soper, and don't know much of military tactics—but this I do say, a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a 'Small-Tail movement' is not a fit man to be President of the United States, and he shan't have my vote."

And he didn't, nor the vote of that village.

A Country Greenhorn.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue, yesterday, to see the shipping. Several boot-blacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent looking shiner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted reply.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Jest stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost ye a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They had expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended the steps of the harbor master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and "souse" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger as he pulled in his leg and left half a gallon of water run out of his shoe—"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook saleratus for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz saw!"

A Curious Custom.

A curious survival of an old-time institution exists in some remote places in England, viz., the official ale-taster. The ale-taster takes an oath to "try, taste and assize the beer and ale put on sale" in his district, "whether the same be wholesome for man's body." The old ale-taster's method of "analyzing" beer for the purpose of detecting the addition of sugar to the liquor was rather primitive. Like most men in those times, he wore leather breeches, and, when he went to test the ale for the presence of sugar, a pint of fluid was spilled on a well-cleaned bench, and the taster sat upon it till it dried. If, on rising, the seat of the breeches stuck to the bench, then sugar was present, but if not, the beer was pure.