

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

TERMS:
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, POSTAGE FREE.
50 CTS. FOR 6 MONTHS.

To subscribers residing in THIS COUNTY, where we have no postage to pay, a discount of 25 cents from the above terms will be made if payment is made in advance.
Advertising rates furnished upon application.

A Physician's Story.

I HAD been six years a surgeon in the navy, and for the last two of these six years I had been cruising on that dreadful Gold Coast. Perhaps I was not the best tempered man in the service, but I thought I was badly treated. The Admiralty and I had a slight disagreement, and the end was that I threw up my commission in disgust. My health was much broken, and while I was recruiting my strength at a little Devon village, I did the one thing which I have never regretted—fell in love with a good girl and married her. I had a certain amount of money, which I invested in a country practice; and for some time all well with us.

But we were not to escape without our share of trouble. My health which had suffered more seriously than I imagined during my period of service, broke down; my practice went to the dogs; we got deeply into debt, and, to make a long story short, three years after my marriage, one miserable Sunday in November, found my wife and myself with our two little children, occupying a single poor room in Grenville street off Guildford street.

We had then been in London about six months, and I had been unable—chiefly on account of my precarious health—to get any thing to do. About a month, however, before the day I speak of, my only friend in London had held out a hope of obtaining for me the post of private physician to a wealthy relative. But my friend had been compelled suddenly to go abroad, and though he was daily expected back, yet three weeks had now passed, and I had gone to his house in Kensington day after day without getting any tidings of him.

Meanwhile our little stock of money was quite exhausted; and on this Sunday evening, with a month's rent due next day, my wife and I sat before a miserable apology for a fire, with absolute want staring us in the face. We had not quite a shilling left, and when I looked at my sleeping children and thought of the future, I fairly broke down in utter despair. It was then I found what a treasure I had in the noble woman by my side. Affecting a cheerfulness which she could not feel, she imparted to me a portion of her own courage, and at length induced me—anxious to please her, and glad to do anything rather than sit powerless—to go once more to my friend's house.

It was 10 o'clock, on a cold drizzling night, when I set out on my walk. I somehow felt a kind of flitting hopefulness and walked briskly, resolutely shutting out the thought of failure. I stood some time at my friend's door before I dared to ring the bell that would change my hopes or my fears into certainty; and when at last the servant who answered my ring told me that her master had not yet returned, I fairly staggered into a chair in the hall, overcome with disappointment.

The woman seeing my condition, brought me a little brandy, which revived me somewhat; but it was some time before I felt able to move, and it struck midnight as I left the door for my long and cheerless walk. The rain fell in a steady drizzle, but though I was lightly clad I never heeded it; my thoughts were fixed on my poor wife sitting alone and watching for me, and on the wretched news I was bringing her. I walked on, heedless of the bitter cold and constant rain, feeling the numbness of misery in my heart.

How it happened I do not know, but somehow I lost my way, and after wandering aimlessly for some time, I found

that I was in a street I did not know—the Gray's Inn Road, as I afterward learned. I could see no one to direct me, and was walking on rather anxiously when I stumbled over the form of a man who was lying half in and half out of the covered entrance of a wretched court. For a few yards I walked, too absorbed in my own troubles to think of aught else; but then, thank God, I thought of the unfortunate man lying in the rain, and as a doctor, felt, perhaps more strongly than I otherwise should, that it was my duty to go back and assist him if possible. There was a gas-lamp in the entrance to the court, and by it I was enabled to see that the prostrate figure was that of a singularly tall and powerfully-built man; and on a closer inspection I was surprised to find that his dress was that of a gentleman. At once I thought that he had been robbed and murdered; but, taking his hand to feel his pulse, I saw that he had a remarkably handsome ring on his finger, and the beating of his pulse, though faint, showed me that he was not dead.

Then I thought, with something of contempt, I had a case of mere drunkenness to deal with; but yet on careful examination I could detect no fume of spirits, and the faint action of his heart at length convinced me that the man was in a state of complete exhaustion, probably from want of food.

With considerable labor, in my weak condition, I managed—half lifting, half dragging him—to convey him into the covered passage, and determined to stay with him until some passer-by would assist me. I had not waited long when a half-tipsy woman, walking past, looked into the passage and came over to see what was the matter. She looked keenly at me and at my unconscious patient, and I noticed her eye gleam as she caught sight of a massive gold chain on his vest.

I asked her to go at once and fetch assistance, but she immediately replied that I need not trouble myself any further.

"I know him well. He's Rooney, that owns the public-house close by. I'll get him home all right."

At first her assurance almost imposed upon me, but when I looked at the pale, aristocratic face that I supported on my knee, I felt convinced that she had invented the story with a view to plundering the helpless man.

I told her sternly that if she did not go for a policeman I would do so myself. She went off hurriedly—as I thought for that purpose—but came back no more; and now I was once more alone with my strange patient, and as the minutes went by I knew not what to do.

Help, however, was near. I noticed a poor girl—she did not look more than sixteen—walking slowly on the other side of the street; I called to her, and after a moment's hesitation she came over. I briefly explained to her, if she possibly could, to get me a drop of cordial, or the man would die.

"I have only got fourpence," she said, in a kindly Irish voice, "and I was going to pay for my bed with that at the kitchen in Fulwood's Rents; but, sure I'll get something from the chemist instead, and I'll trust to God for a night's lodging—I've slept out before now."

And away she went—surely not the worst of Good Samaritans.

Very soon she returned with the medicine, and I sent her again to fetch a policeman. I forced a little between the man's teeth, and presently he came to and opened his eyes. I asked him how he came there; he said: "Tired and starving." And then I asked him where he came from, and he suddenly brightened up, and looking at me keenly for a moment, said, "Edinburgh," but from the way he said it I felt convinced he was deceiving me, and shortly after asked the same question again, and he, with the same look, said, "Glasgow."

In his weak state, however, I forbore questioning him further, and a policeman presently coming up, we got him into a cab and took him to the hospital, where I waited until he was put to bed. Before I left I asked the house surgeon to give a shilling to the poor girl—Mary Kennedy was her name. He readily did so, and she went off to sleep in "Old Walter's" lodging-house in Fulwood's Rents.

When at last I got home, I found my wife anxiously waiting for me. However, when I told my story she forgave the delay, and in talking over the strange circumstances of the night we forgot for the time our own trouble. My wife insisted that something good would come of the matter, and at eight o'clock next morning she roused me and made me set off for the hospital. As I was on my way there, my eye was caught by the following advertisement on a boarding:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—A gentleman of unbound mind has escaped from the M— Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him and restoring him to his friends."

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me, and I fairly ran to the hospital.

Here however, my hopes were damped, for I found that Policeman Z had gone there before me and told a story very different from the true one, which I have narrated, and had actually gone the length of warning the authorities against me. The solicitor whose address was given in the advertisement had been sent for, and the worthy constable had evidently determined to brazen it out and secure the £100. I saw the house surgeon, and told him the whole story. He thought for a few moments and then said:

"We must get that girl at once."

I went myself immediately to the wretched den where she had stopped, and brought her back with me. A very short examination before the solicitor settled Policeman Z's case; and an hour afterward I was able to go back to my wife with more money in my pocket than I had had for many a long day.

But that was not the best of it. I visited my patient—who was no other than the wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Crampton—every day.

He seemed to take a strong liking for me, and when he was well enough to be moved his friends proposed that I should take him under my care.

He was perfectly harmless, and after residing abroad with us a couple years, he so far recovered that he was enabled to dispense with my services, and to manage his own affairs. He showed his gratitude, however, in most princely fashion; settled an annuity on poor Mary Kennedy (she had previously been liberally rewarded by his friends), and bought me the practice which I still hold.

From that day everything has prospered with me, and I am now rich enough to leave the work to my oldest son, and amuse myself in writing some of the incidents of my life, not the least strange of which is the providential occurrence in Gray's Inn Road.

A Strange But True Incident.

IN the year 1723, a young man, who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sailmaker, got leave to visit his mother, to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey; and on his arrival at Deal in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public-house, who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full, and every bed occupied; but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indian-man, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest.

In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and wakening his bedfellow, he asked him the way to the garden. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen; but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, with which he could raise the latch. The young man did as he was directed, and after remaining nearly half an hour in the yard he returned to his bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at

home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained, with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain.

The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced from the bedroom into the street, and at intervals down to the edge of the pier-head. Rumor was immediately busy, and suspicion fell of course on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder and thrown the body over the pier into the sea. A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty.

He related all the above particulars in his defence; but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, and the blood at the pier, traced from his bedroom, were supposed to be too evident signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree, the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations, that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were drops and platforms invented. The young man was very tall; his feet sometimes touched the ground; and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended.—After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in the coffin, and in the course of a few hours, animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his quitting the country, and never returning. He accordingly traveled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a man-of-war on the point of sailing for a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name, and disguised his person, his melancholy story never was discovered.

After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he and a few more of the crew were transferred to another man of war, which had just arrived short of hands from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstasy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship was the identical boatswain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and executed five years before. Nor was the surprise of the old boatswain much less when he heard the story.

An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared that the boatswain had been bled for a pain in the side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal; that when the young man awakened him, and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street, but a press-gang laid hold of him just as he left the public house. They hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting, a few minutes brought them on board a frigate then under way for the East Indies; and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the two friends thus strangely met. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man could only be explained by the conjecture, that when he took the

knife out of the boatswain's pocket in the dark, it is probable, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of the knife, and in this manner became the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, this wonderful explanation was told to the judge and jury who tried the cause, and it is probable they never after convicted a man on circumstantial evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at the time.

A Touching Scene.

A touching scene occurred recently in front of a "lunch room" on Broad street, says the Providence Journal, which caused tears to flow from the eyes of many of the ladies who happened to be standing by. A well-dressed genteel appearing man, and a tidy looking girl about fifteen years, came up Bennett street, and it was noticed that the child was weeping while the father was swearing at a furious rate. It seems that the child had taken the drunken father's pocket-book for safe-keeping, as he was entering every drinking saloon that he came to. He swore at her and said: "Mamie, give me that pocket-book." The child replied: "But father, what will mother do for food for breakfast? You have taken every cent from the house; and, remember, Graide is ill; and, mother could not send for the doctor, as she had no money. O, please, papa, come home with me! You promised Girty when she was dying that you would not drink again."

At this point the father completely broke down and wept like a child, and kissed his little Mamie, and said: "Yes, dear, I do remember, and I will go home with you now." He covered his face with his hands, and moaned, "O, Gertie! Gertie! Hark! Mamie, I can hear her sweet voice saying to me, 'papa, dear papa, you will always love Mamie, and stop drinking.' Yes dear, I will go home; come!" When the dialogue ended, there was many a stout heart that could not hold back the tears, but said "amen" to that new resolve on the part of the father, and praised the courage of the child.

Who is a Gentleman.

A gentleman is a person not merely acquainted with certain forms and etiquette of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak, act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste—a gentleman is something more than this; that which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do unto you. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation on any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from allusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank or reputation in the person in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in habits or tricks or inclinations which may be offensive.

He Got Even.

A man formerly of considerable note in the journalistic and literary world, whose renown has since been clouded by the notoriety of a great scandal, was at a crowded evening party in New York some years ago, standing in an upstairs corridor. To him a lady, in a magnificent dress and sparkling jewels, came with great eagerness. Though she was unknown to him, he naturally supposed she had recognized him by the light of the genius, shining on his Hyperion brow, or knew him by reputation. He was therefore prepared to receive her with smiles. "Are you the waiter?" she demanded. "No!" retorted he, with looks of thunder, "are you the chambermaid?" and he darted downstairs.