

### THE TIMES.

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### Select Poetry.

#### A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,  
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;  
She glared at the mud on the doorsteps ('twas raining),  
And this was her wall as she wielded her broom:  
"Oh! life is a toil, and love a trouble,  
And beauty will fade and riches flee;  
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,  
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.  
"There's too much of worryment goes to a bonnet;  
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;  
There's nothing that pays for the time that you waste on it;  
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.  
"In March it is mud; it's slush in December;  
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;  
In fall the leaves litter; in muggy September  
The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.  
"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,  
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies;  
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,  
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.  
It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;  
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;  
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;  
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.  
"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,  
Forever at war and forever alert,  
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter—  
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.  
"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever  
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;  
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor  
To sweep off the waves that swept over me.  
"Alas! 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!  
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!"  
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,  
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt!

#### SAVED BY A DOG.

"GOOD-BYE, DEAR," I said after I had put on my coat and gathered up the reins.  
She took hold of my wrist and detained me.  
"Wait a moment, John."  
Then she called to Mack, my great Newfoundland dog, and he came out of the house, and, at a motion from her, jumped into the sleigh and curled himself at my feet.  
He was a noble fellow, my brave Mack, I really think there never was such another dog. I had brought him all the way from New Hampshire, and we had grown to feel perfectly secure in the house with him, so watchful and faithful was the noble dog; but it never occurred to me to take him on this trip, in a sleigh.  
"Belle," I said, "you are a silly girl. The dog will only be a botheration to me, and ten to one you'll want him here before I get back."  
"Now, John, please do take him—for me! Please do take him, John—take him, just because your silly little wife is afraid to have you go without him."

Of course the girl had her way. I was never able to understand how a man can resist this kind of persuasion. I never could, and never expect to. So I kissed her and chirruped to Chevalier, and he bounded away through the settlement like an arrow.

It was in the dead of winter and an unusually heavy snow had fallen, filling in the roadway to the depth of ten feet. There had been travel enough to pack it hard, so that I found the sleighing excellent. Chevalier's hoofs glanced nimbly over the snow, and in two hours I had made more than twenty miles, and had reached the substantial log cabin of one of our best and most intelligent customers. He received me with a hearty welcome, and when I told him what my mission was, he invited me to make his cabin my headquarters while I remained in the neighborhood. I thankfully accepted the invitation, stayed all night, and the next morning, under the guidance of Dick, my host's youngest son, a clever boy of about thirteen, I started out to make my first experience in collecting. It does not concern my story to describe anything that happened to me during my stay with our friend, which lasted rather more than a week.

When I began to realize that I had collected about as much money as my employer expected from this trip, I sat down to count it up. I had been out all day, and it was just at the edge of the evening. Supper was almost ready, and I made up my mind that if my portmanteau contained as much as I thought, I would only wait to appease my hunger before starting for the settlements. I poured out the money on the floor and counted it. It was all in gold and silver for banknotes would have been despised among us then, and there was the sum of eleven hundred and seventy-three dollars. They were all sorry to have me go, and made me promise to come again and bring my wife before the winter was gone. I put on my coat and muffled up my ears, and started.

The sleighing was still excellent; the night was clear and cold, and the full moon made it as bright as day. We skimmed along for a mile or two, my thoughts all the time on Belle and the happy meeting we would have in a little time, when the extraordinary conduct of Mack attracted my attention. He had been lying quietly at my feet, with the rug which enveloped them also covering him. He suddenly shook it off, growling savagely, and began to smell around the bottom of the sleigh.

Had it been summer time, I really believe I should have thought the animal was going mad. Never before did I see him behave thus; and his conduct so troubled me that I shouted to Chevalier and we skimmed away faster. About sixty rods ahead I saw a tall, blasted tree, which I had been told was half way from the settlement to Mr. Selkirk's, and, pulling my watch out to observe the time, I saw to my surprise that I had been an hour and three-quarters coming twelve miles. I think I was never so astonished in my life. The capacities of Chevalier were so well known to me, and I was so sure that his ordinary gait, without the frequent urging I had given him, would carry Mack and me a mile in six minutes, mile after mile that I could not comprehend that he had been so slow, while apparently traveling fast. I called to him again, and he stepped off smartly; the dog growled, and, I am ashamed to say it, I kicked him hard in my unreasonable anger. I had cause to repent those kicks before another ten minutes had passed.

I passed the blasted tree, and entered upon the last half of the way. Before me now lay a long level stretch of road, without an obstruction or turn for several miles, and one dazzling white surface of snow upon it. I looked out ahead, and just as far as I could distinguish anything from the snow, probably not less than a mile away, I saw a black speck. It did not hold my attention when I first saw it; but as Chevalier sped on, rapidly devouring the distance it took form and size, until within thirty rods of it, I could plainly see that it was a man. There he stood, upright in the middle of the road, without speech or motion, apparently waiting.

Was he waiting for me? Did he know that I was coming with eleven hundred dollars in cash in a portmanteau at my

feet? And, if so what would he do? For the first time since my absence from the settlement I began to feel nervous, and thought it would only be safe to take out my pistols and have them ready. I felt in my right hand over-coat pocket, and found nothing; I felt in the left one and found nothing. They had both been removed, and at Selkirk's. I was certain I had them when I returned there at night.

A horrible suspicion of intended murder and robbery flashed upon me; and here I was stripped of my weapons and defenceless. The horse was now within four rods of the motionless figure in the road, and bearing down rapidly upon him, I shouted to Chevalier, and lashed him with the end of the reins. He bounded like a bolt up to the man—stopped in his fright, swerved, and was instantly seized by the bit, and his head brought down by the powerful ruffian. Before I had time to think, there was a shout, which I distinctly heard: "your money, quick!" and then came two pistol shots in rapid succession that I could not have counted two between them. One ball passed through my hat, as I afterward discovered, within an inch of my head; the other went between my right arm and my body, cutting the skin in its passage. Almost at the instant Mack gave a ferocious growl and dove under the seat upon which I was sitting. I heard him snapping and growling, and heard a human voice, half suffocated trying to say: "Oh, God! Oh, God!" and then I thoroughly realized the situation. The man who had stopped me was struggling with Chevalier, desperately striving to keep his head down, when a happy thought came to my deliverance, and I quickly jerked the lines, one after the other. Quick as thought the noble brute broke from the ruffian's grasp, and reared straight up in the air above his head, coming down again instantly. I saw that the man was lying motionless beneath Chevalier's hoofs, and, at a word from me, the animal flew onward, while I lashed him into greater speed. The growls of Mack underneath me had ceased, as well as the cries of the miserable being who was suffering in his jaws; and in a few moments the glorious dog came out again and put his bloody paws on my knees, while he whined at if requesting some recognition for what he had done. I was terribly excited—I could not help it; the awful trial I had just passed through was enough to work upon stronger nerves than mine; but I put my arm around the noble fellow's neck, and hugged him as if he had been a woman. The last half of the way was passed rather quicker than the first, and the gallant Chevalier was covered with sweat when he stopped at the door of my employer's house.

I tumbled in upon my wife and her parents sitting round the fire, and I was just about speechless from cold and the reaction of my excitement. I found voice after a while to say that I wasn't hurt at all, and to ask my father-in-law to look under the seat of the sleigh.—What he found there all of you know by this time. The man was stone dead, Mack's teeth having torn and mangled his neck frightfully. Selkirk came to the settlement the next day, and with his help the web of villainy was completely unraveled. Both men had been to his house the afternoon previous to my return, but had left an hour before I came. Both might easily know that I had a large sum of money with me, for no secret had been made of my business, and it had been talked over in their hearing. After talking with Mr. Selkirk, I remembered for the first time that I had left my overcoat in the sleigh after coming back to the house that afternoon. Here, then, was the opportunity which the intended robbers and murderers embraced to steal my pistols, and for one of them to secrete himself under the sleigh-seat. In the woods, near the scene of the encounter, Mr. Selkirk found one of their horses, saddled and bridled and hitched to a tree; and he had no doubt that it had been ridden there that evening by the man whom Chevalier killed.

If we except the blessings of strength, health, and the testimony of a good conscience, all the other conveniences and pleasures of life depend upon opinion. Except pain of body and remorse of conscience, all our evils are imaginary.

#### Who was Casabianca?

OWEN CASABIANCA was a native of Corsica, on which island he was born in the year 1738. His father was Louis Casabianca, a distinguished French politician and naval commander and the friend of Napoleon. He was captain at the time of the Orient, one of the largest vessels in the French navy, a magnificent man-of-war, carrying 120 guns and 500 seamen. Of Casabianca's mother we know but little, save that she was a young and beautiful Corsican lady, and devotedly attached to her son. Owen was her only child, a wholesome, manly little fellow, with her beauty in his flashing eye and dusky hair. She died while he was yet quite young, and when the green sod was placed above her grave, the boy left the pleasant valley under the smiling hills of Corsica to go with his father and tread the hard deck of a war vessel. Mere child as he was, Casabianca soon grew to love his father's dangerous calling, and became a favorite with all on board. He was made midshipman, and at the early age of ten years practiced with his father in the battle of the Nile. The ship caught fire during the action. Soon after, Captain Casabianca, the father, was wounded by a musket ball. Not yet disabled, he was struck in the head some minutes later by a splinter which laid him on the deck insensible. His gallant son, unconscious of the chieftain's doom, still held his post at the battery, where he worked like the hero he was. He saw the flames raging around him; he saw the ship's crew deserting him one by one, and the boy was urged to flee. With courage and coolness beyond his years he refused to desert his post. Worthy son of Louis Casabianca, he fought on and never abandoned the Orient till the whole of the immense vessel was in flames. Then seeking refuge on a floating mast, he left the burning ship behind him. But he was too late. The final catastrophe came like the judgment doom. With an explosion so tremendous that every ship felt it to the bottom, the Orient blew up, and from among the wreck the next morning was picked up the dead body of our hero, whose story, romance and poetry, cannot make more heroic than it was.

#### Man and Horse both Sold.

BEN MORGAN, (says the Cincinnati Star) is an ingenious and enterprising customer. His home is on the rolling deep, that is to say he commands a canal boat that plies between this city and Hamilton, and he is a judge of horseflesh, and previous to a week ago last Tuesday it was his daily boast that he had never been picked up in a horse trade. Previous to, but not subsequently by a jug full.

On the day and date aforesaid, Ben sat upon deck smoking his pipe and enjoying the transient scenery, while the boat glided through the calm waters smoothly and softly, "like a painted ship upon a painted sea," when his attention was attracted by a shout from the tow-path:

"Hello, boss, want to buy a horse?" Looking up he beheld an unsophisticated looking granger riding a fair specimen of a nag upon which hung a set of dilapidated buggy harness.

"I'm always open for a dicker," replied Ben taking his pipe from his mouth; "what's your figures?"

"Well, I'm pretty hard run," answered the countryman. "I started with an old wreck of a buggy, but the thing give out, so I concluded to ride my critter to horse market. What do you say to \$20 for horse and harness?"

Ben knew the beast was worth twice the money, and he finally purchased her for \$15, which amount was paid over to the granger just in time for him to catch the up train for Carthage. The horse was brought on board, and Ben sat down to witness the operation of divesting her of her harness. All went well until they attempted to remove the crupper from her tail, when—great Caesar—crupper and tail all came off together. Nothing was left upon the poor beast but a pitiable stump which she wiggled most uneasily.

It was a clear case. By some misfortune the mare had been robbed of her tail, and a substitute had been constructed to attach to the harness, thus adding

to her personal appearance and assisting her materially in fly-time.

Ben has not been able to dispose of that nag, but the harness is never removed from her in his presence. Never.

#### A Girl Worth Having.

WE heard of a pretty incident the other day which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems, was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful in San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when by unfortunate investment he lost his entire "heap." This event came upon him, it may be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow, as he is, he sits down and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which has taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the fact produced any change in her feeling towards him, she is released from every promise she has made him. And what does the dear, good girl do? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwarded it to him with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside:—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest will I go, and whither thou lodgest will I lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, also, if I ought but death part me and thee."

The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the north to wed the girl he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seem to have done are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.

#### A True Fish Story.

ONE DAY last summer, about a week after Rev. Frank Chandler, of Freehold, had removed with his family to his charming little cottage at Spring Lake, his amiable wife was somewhat exercised because they had not as yet been able to procure any fresh fish or crabs. Now one of the advantages, which they had expected to enjoy, in spending the summer by the sea, was a discussion of these very denizens of the watery element. Mrs. Chandler therefore proposed to her husband that he should hitch the horse and hunt up some place where these interesting creatures could be purchased. He thought the suggestion a good one and soon had "Old Dan" all harnessed and prepared for the expedition. In the meantime, his daughter Annie and some young friends had been playing in the yard in front of the house. All at once they were startled by seeing a fish drop right down in front of them, within a few yards of the dwelling. They looked up and saw a fish hawk flying through the air, closely pursued by a large bird of prey, which they took to be an eagle. The hawk had evidently just caught the fish in "Wreck Pond," which is close by their residence, and was making off with the prize when the robber bird attacked him and compelled him to drop it.

This is a well-known characteristic of the eagle. He will sit a long time watching until his industrious neighbor has caught a fish and will then pounce down upon him, and endeavor to rob him of his spoil. The poor fish hawk being less swift of wing becomes the easy victim of his powerful antagonist. On this occasion, however, both birds were fated to go home hungry, for Miss Annie, picking up the fish, brought it, squirming in her hands, to her father, who was just about starting, and related to him how it had been dropped at the very door. It was a blue mackerel and weighed several pounds. It is needless to state that "old Dan" did not go on his voyage of discovery that afternoon, and the pastor's family feasted on the fish which had been provided for them in so remarkable a manner.