

**THE TIMES.**  
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### Select Poetry.

#### TWO JOURNEYS.

"I go on a journey far away,  
He said—and he stooped and kissed me then—  
"Over the ocean for many a day—  
Good-bye," and he kissed me once again.  
But only a few short months had fled,  
When again I answered my husband's kiss:  
"I could not tarry away," he said;  
"There is never a land as fair as this."  
Again I stood by my husband's side.  
"I go on a journey, sweet, to-day;  
Over the river the boatmen glide—  
Good-bye; I shall linger long away;"  
"Ah, he will come back soon, I know,"  
I said, as I stooped for the parting kiss:  
"He cannot tarry, he told me so.  
There is never a land so fair as this."  
But many a month and many a year  
Have flown since my darling went away.  
Will he never come back to meet me here?  
Has he found the region of perfect day?  
Over the ocean he went and came;  
Over the river, and lingers there!  
Oh, pallid boatman! call my name—  
Show me the region so wondrous fair.

#### A Dog Worth Having.

THE episode I am going to relate occurred not far from the township of Horsham, Victoria. Where the exact locality is I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to they will remember that there exists one or two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there was standing about twenty years ago a hut, which was known at the Homestead as Deep Water station; and it is here that my lot placed me as hut-keeper. I lived at the Deep Water station for two years.

If readers of the following story wish to know who I am I will gratify their curiosity so far as to state that I was born in the north of England. My father was a retired tradesman. He gave me a fair education, but I never fulfilled the expectation formed of me. This night, while I write, I can show nothing to prove that I ever succeeded in the world. I am a poor clerk, struggling for a bare existence, and sometimes struggling with a wild, strong impulse to wander and work through the country as I often did before, near the scene of my former experience. I like the red sunset and the wild plains as much as ever; I like the glow of the sunlight among the gnarled, queer trees; I like the rippling of the water—the waving, shadowy grass of the silent hill, the bright, still moon, the wilderness away from towns; I like Australian life, but not among the dusty streets or near to white, sweltering roads. For twelve years I followed these impulses faithfully and enjoyed my brush life; with little profit, it is true, but with much pleasure. All that I have to show for my wandering hardships, as I write, is a long, ugly scar across my breast, and I am going to tell you how I got it.

I remember I was sitting at the hut (the Deep Water hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim, blue hills; long shadows were rapidly spreading; the deep-water hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river were just tipped with a crimson glory, and stars seemed drooping like silver specks on the paling sky. "Long Mat," the shepherd, was later than usual.

The darkness had not quite fallen before I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon after the white fleeces of the sheep slowly appear-

ed from out the sombre shadows of the trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the muffled fall of a horse's feet became audible. I knew the canter well, and came to the door to await the arrival of Mr. S—, the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut, and with a cheerful "Good evening, Bill," and as usual came inside to ask me if I wanted anything, and to light his pipe.

"I can't stay long with you this time, Bill," he said, pleasantly, but with a little anxiety; "the black fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

"We have quite enough," I replied, "both for Mat and myself; but there's no bullets; I'll run them to-morrow. Mat's rather late this evening, but the flock's not far off; they'll be home in a quarter of an hour. I saw them pass the belt before you came."

At this instant the shadow of a man darkened the door and Mat entered.

"Good evening," he said quietly, to Mr. S— and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin'. One of my marked ewes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawlers."

"You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat," replied the strong, pleasant voice of the squatter. "Bill says you've got enough powder and lead. The blacks are about; do you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mr. S— proceeded to undo his horse, and was about to mount, when Mat said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir."

"Why?"

"Injuns is close up. One of them sheep I spoke of was speared."

"I heard there were black fellows about," said Mr. S—, delaying to mount, "but the ride is safe enough; I've got my rifle with me."

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a panikin of tea, and, contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him inquiringly. He kept his eyes wandering over and around the flocks, while he explained. "Wall, you see, sir, after seein' the spear wound on the crawler, I looked about me purty sharp, but couldn't see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted one of the varmints wrigglin' through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a ball, but saw another wriggle in his wake, and then another; and," continued the narrator, with something like a glow of expectation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he lifted both hands and struck Mr. S— full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway and quivered in the slabs behind.

"By gum—"

More remarks were drowned by a loud quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after and he rolled heavily across the hut door, completely blocking up the entrance.

Mat muttered away: "First-rate for us coons! Ye'd better bar de door, Bill! Doctor! Doctor! Pat, pst! Here, lad." The dog leaped on the shepherd.

"By gum," he said, "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr. S— was coolly reconnoitering through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

These quiet, brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remembered thinking, as I threw water on the fire, so as to extinguish all light, that the black fellows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up and the light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first we could discern the outlines of the trees, and then, as the night withered, the white, seared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence. Mat, Mr. S— and myself had our barrels through the loopholes, and were closely watching for any movement outside. The convulsive shuddering of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence. The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and notwithstanding the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of the frogs along the river, there seemed to be a

frightful significance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign nor sound to betray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly round the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the white fleeces mingling with the color of the grass—the still shadows of the trees—the tan black forest—the spectral tracery of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the outside wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Blame my eyes!" said Mat, for the first time breaking the silence, "if the Ole Parson hain't sighted one of the blacks."

The "Ole Parson" was a patriarch wether that was afflicted with the foot rot, and usually fed on his knees.

"So he has; and by gum there's a crowd—the whole tribe hev come to visit. Not enough in shade boss," continued Mat, after another interval, and in a hard-whispering tone.

The next moment the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A shrill death-shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sudden force from the ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words.

"Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging; "Fifty yards to the right of the hurdle."

Boss (Mr. S—) changed the direction of the gun and fired. The human figure seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly, that I felt a strange thrill of pity.

"He's fixed safe as houses; let's physic another or two, and maybe they will make tracks," again muttered the shepherd in a tone of suppressed glee. "Cook, why the deuce don't you shoot? Squint round that block to the right of the wattle."

Looking in the direction indicated by Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns, but owing to my silence hitherto, he must have been of the opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied. For an instant I could see nothing through the smoke, but it cleared almost immediately. Just as the shepherd said, "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly toward the hut and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive, it was very like murder. This was the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S— asking me if I had run any bullets.

"Not one."

"Have you any in the hut?"

"Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tree'd," much in the same way as he would tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying: "I've only one more pull to keep our skins whole. We'll hev to trust to Doctor."

Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smithfield and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all kinds of tricks. Among others, he repeatedly took messages to the station when attached to his collar, and I presume this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable of relief.

"Mister, d'ye think you kin write a message in the dark, or by the moonlight, askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the blacks dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of the rotten slab behind your back. Here, Doctor."

The message was scrawled and fastened to Doctor's collar in a little less than a minute, and the noble brute, who seemed to know the danger, stood anxiously trembling till the preparations were completed.

As before stated, the hut stood close to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly toward the water. The American for the first time seemed affected. When the men fell under our shots there was not the slightest change perceptible in his voice; but the few words he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything being at last prepared, he spat upon the dog's muzzle, held his head

close to his cheek for a moment, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute; the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"My God!" said I, involuntarily, "the Doctor's speared."

"No, he ain't!" snapped Mat. "He's only touched an' no more. He'll do it."

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. S—, "the black fiends have struck a light somewhere, and they are going to burn us out. Look!"

Our eyes were now intently scanning the movements of the savages through the little loopholes, and we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark roof over our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect.

By this time the black fellows had gathered courage. Believing our ammunition was expended, many of them had left the cover and might be seen flitting about like specters. They had kindled a fire some distance off, and across its glare shadows were constantly falling.

The fire brands were thrown no longer; some fresh mode of attack was preparing. Our suspense continued a long period (nearly half an hour), during which time not a word was spoken by any of us; our sole dependence was the Doctor, and if help did not soon arrive it was certain that we could find no escape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look, slick," whispered Mat. "I see their game; going to give us fits. How's the moon!—well aback of the hut, I guess. Bill, stick your cabbage tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'll just go out and bid them good evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I show them my heels, open it. You see we can't spare ammunition."

While speaking Mat unbarred the door. He slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me: "D'ye see that fellow with the blazing log? When he gets close to the wattle open the window and prop up the pillow. Take care of the spears yourself."

As soon as the black fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long, little shutter with some noise and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall as though one of us was mortally wounded.

There was a wild shout without. At this time the black fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall figure emerge beyond the shade as the butt end of his gun fell crashing on the head of the fire-bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned; it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught it in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered himself and painfully struggled to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approached him, "it's better as it is till help comes."

"If it ever does," thought I.

The American's sortie, I believe, had a disastrous effect, for the black fellows seemed to conclude at once that our ammunition was expended and they thronged around the hut without caring to shelter themselves.

In a short time the crackling of the flames on the roof put an end to our trouble. The hut was on fire and there was nothing left us but an attempt to dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S— would not try without Mat, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack.—The American's rifle rested in the loophole where he had first taken up his position.

"There's the worst of them," Mat said, looking along the weapon; "he's coming up with a log to stave in the

door. He'll never do it," and our last bullet brought down the ringleader.

There was consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the besiegers rushed shrieking on our little garrison. A moment's surge outside and the door fell back as Mr. S—'s gun swung down on the crowding savages with terrific force, felling two of the foremost like oxen. I remember a wild struggle with our guns and fists.—Mat and the squatter towered above their opponents like giants, fighting with terrible energy. The black fellows had forced me to the ground; one was shortening the grasp of the spear to drive it through my body, when I felt a gush of blood spouting over my face and chest, just as the savage fell on me mortally wounded. Then I remember the hurrah outside, and the cracking of rifles.

"That was a good back-handed blow, boss," said Mat, faintly; "I guess the cook's got another squeak. D'ye hear that? Hooray! Knowned the Doctor would do it," said he, with renewed energy, "take that." And then I heard the dull sound of another blow, and a low moan of pain, as the station-hands rushed in. The Doctor soon recovered. So did Mat, who is now one of the richest men in the colonies. I—well, I have a large scar across my breast.

#### A Rather Novel Sect.

The Rev. Mr. White, of New Hampshire, has founded a religious sect called *Angelic Believers*. They believe in the disposition of angels to visit earth's people, if they were only properly encouraged. His object is to restore the old sociability between human and angelic beings. In a sermon lately White said it would not surprise him to have angels call upon him at any time, and he held himself in readiness to give them a welcome. Three boys resolved that White's faith should be rewarded. One of them borrowed three of his sister's night gowns, and got three pairs of chicken wings, which were fastened on the shoulders of the white garments. With some other fixings by way of disguise, the boys went at night to the cottage of White. They knocked, and said they were angels. He examined their wings and raiment, and was satisfied. They were hungry, and asked for kid. White had no kid. A fatted calf would do. White had no calf, and offered them pork, at which they turned up their noses. Some cold chicken was set before them, and hard cider, and they were enjoying the repast when Mrs. White came in. She was suspicious, and examined the flowing garments, on which she saw the name "Blodgett" marked. "Ole man," she cried, "I've washed all three o' them night gowns afore." The Whites locked the door, took off the angelic robes, used up two broomsticks on the boys, and turned them out to go home like common mortals.

#### Noah Webster.

Noah Webster came very near being Washington's private secretary. Some old letters show it. It was about 1783, when Noah Webster was teaching school, that a mutual friend applied to him to take the position of tutor and private secretary in the family of Washington. A correspondence was begun and five or six letters were exchanged, Washington stipulating that the applicant should keep his books, teach three children (the Custis children, probably) and act as his secretary. Mr. Webster insisted that he must have some time for private study, and, more than all, that he must be allowed to marry, which I hope is not a singular ambition in a young man. The great soldier and the great lexicographer did not make a bargain, and perhaps the world gained a dictionary and lost a statesman.

One of the punishments in vogue in Russia is known as the "red herring torture," and is practiced by feeding the miserable victims on salted fish, and denying them water to drink until they will consent to make statements incriminating themselves and others.

I think it best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.