

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.

The Disguised Passenger.

DURING the summer of 1831 the British had laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck, and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off as soon as possible, madam."

"O, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wincasset, where we belong, and where his parent will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I sha'n't go to Wincasset."

"If you only will land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising one corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange companion on board, yet he could not refuse.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon; beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. But it may have been but prejudice on their part, but the seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. Ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the

frigate now that she was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on dre'fully!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and then went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin being brought aboard. The woman's eyes ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes apart, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman.

"Thank'e, ma'm," said Dan. "Ha, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll ough!"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh" above mentioned.

Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the south'ard of your course."

"Blow me! so I am," said the man, bringing in the helm smartly apart. "But say, didn't you notice anything peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you're as scared as a child in a graveyard!"

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin' her face. By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough and bearded as a holy-stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there was no 'oman there, and so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was thunderstruck by what he had heard, but, with a calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in, and seem to be sleeping. Tucker returned, and took Carter to one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; follow me, as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stooped to raise it when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had

gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great Heavens!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunderclap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," muttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood; upon a light frame work in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the triggers of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four bucketfuls into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no, my men. Do nothing rashly; let me go into the cabin first."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin; walking up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away; the gun came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine; then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along, then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and, as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. All I can say is that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck, and lashed to the main-rigging.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us!" uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment; then he turned away, and muttered to himself:

"Well, well, I can't blame them. If he is dead, it is only what he deserved."

"A man isn't fit to be the controller of the columns of a newspaper unless he has a strong spinal column of his own."

"There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men engaged in humble employments as in the highest."

A HITCH AT A WEDDING.

"I HATE to see a hitch in a wedding," remarked a farmer from out Jamaica, way, as he dropped into the Eagle's counting room with a nuptial notice; "It looks bad, and it makes talk."

"Anything wrong about this wedding?" asked the clerk, as he made change for the old man.

"Nothing positively wrong, but it didn't launch like I want to see things of that kind. You seen by the notice that Buck Thomas was marryin' Mary Biff, and at one time we began to think they never would get through that ceremony."

"What was the hitch?"

"Why, Buck is a Methodist and Mary is a 'Piscopalian, and as one wanted one service and the other another, they patched up some kind of a scheme to have both. Neither would go to the other's church but each had their own minister and the weddin' came off in the school house. The 'Piscopal minister married Mary, and the Methodist undertook to marry Buck, and there they was takin' alternate whacks at the thing and neither payin' any attention to the other. The Methodist brother fired off a sermon first, and the bride sat down and went to sleep. Then the 'Piscopalian said as how we'd all dropped in to see the woman j'ined, but he wouldn't say who to, and wanted to know if there was any objections. That started up the Methodist, who asked Buck if he knew what solemn business he was peggin' at, and if he really meant trade. All that time the 'Piscopalian was howlin' 'round about this woman, and Mary was sayin' she'd do this, that and the other thing. The Methodist was a marryin' away on his side, and finally they brought up agin' a stump."

"How's that?" asked the clerk.

"Well, the 'Piscopalian wouldn't recognize Buck or his minister, and the Methodist wouldn't have anything to do with Mary or her minister, and there was no way of gittin' 'em together.—Everything was already except askin' them if they'd take each other, and neither of 'em would do it. Mary and Buck was standin' hand in hand, and the crowd was gettin' hungry."

"How did they get through it?"

"They had to compromise. They wrangled around for a time and finally Buck spoke up of his own accord and said he'd take Mary for his wedded wife, and Mary chipped in and said she'd take Buck for her husband. At that we all cheered and hollered. But there they plumped on another snag."

"In what respect?" inquired the clerk.

"Because there was no one to pronounce them man and wife. Buck tried to reason Mary into lettin' the Methodist do that part, and Mary argued with Buck and tried to persuade him to listen to her preacher; but it was no use. That brought on another row, and as it was gittin' nigh unto dark we all felt that something ought to be done, as we'd been there most all day."

"Well, did they get married?" asked the tired clerk.

"Yes, we fixed it up. The ministers were gettin' party mad at each other, but they agreed that they'd each attend to their own flock, so the Methodist said, 'I pronounce you man,' and the 'Piscopalian said, 'I now pronounce you wife,' and they let it go at that.—Then Buck paid the Methodist, and the 'Piscopalian wanted to know where he came in. Buck said he'd hired his man and paid him, and as he was not responsible for his wife's foolishness before marriage, her parson could whistle for his wealth. I guess there'll be a lawsuit about it, for the 'Piscopalian says he'll have half of that fi' dollars if it takes a leg short off to the armpit. I don't like to see them hitches at weddings. It don't look right and it ain't business."

With which reflection the old man pocketed his change and drove off in sleep meditation.

"A country paper in Illinois says, among its local items: 'No word has yet been heard of Abraham Lever, who went off two weeks ago with his wife's red-headed hired girl. Until his return his Sabbath school class will be in charge of the Rev. Mr. Perkins.'"

Resources to Draw on.

Mr. Webster used to tell with great zest an incident in his professional life, to illustrate how past studies may prove of great service in an emergency. While practising in New Hampshire, a blacksmith employed him to defend a will contest. The case was such a complicated one that he was obliged to order books from Boston at an expense of fifty dollars in order to acquaint himself with and to settle the legal principles involved. He won the case, and as the sum involved was small, charged fifteen dollars for services, and was therefore largely out of pocket. Many years after, when passing through New York, he was consulted by Aaron Burr.

"I have a very perplexing case," said Mr. Burr, "which I cannot disentangle. I know I am right, but see no way of proving it in court."

Mr. Webster listened, and found the principles identical with his early case.

He stated them in such a luminous way that Mr. Burr excitedly asked: "Have you been consulted before Mr. Webster?"

"No, sir, I never heard of the case until you mentioned it."

"How is it possible that you could unravel such a case at sight, when I had given many hours of anxious study to it in vain?"

Mr. Webster enjoyed his perplexity, but finally relieved him by a statement of the facts. A great sum was at stake, and Mr. Webster received a fee of one thousand dollars to balance his former loss.

The moral of this incident is that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Mr. Webster, when a young lawyer, acted on this maxim, and this laid the foundation of his greatness as a lawyer.

The Best Memorandum Book.

After all, the brain is the best memorandum book; it is always at hand, use enlarges its capacity and increases its usefulness and reliability, and no one can read it but its owner. Once let the brain get into a receptive and retentive way, and it will go on gathering and holding information without any effort on the part of him, who carries it about, and before he knows it he will have a stock of valuable and immediately available facts that will distance the best kept set of memorandum books ever written.

A trained hand is a good thing, but a trained head is better and scarcer. People talk about being blessed with a good memory. Any man who has ordinary mental capacities can bless himself with that useful article if he will but try. Don't rely on fictitious aids. Don't try to remember a thing by remembering something to remember it by. That is clumsy and roundabout. Strive to remember the thing itself, and if you will but persevere, you will find that it isn't so difficult after all.

Oregon's Strange Lake.

Several of our citizens returned last week from the great sunken lake situated in the Cascade mountains about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is enough to average 2000 feet down to the water all around. The depth of the water is unknown and its surface is smooth and unruddled as it is so far below the surface of the mountains that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles and its width ten or twelve. It lies still, and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant geni of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forest watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times at an angle of forty-five degrees and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.—*Ex.*

Successors by Faith.

Love begets love; faith generates faith; lofty lives nourish the germs of exalted life in others. There is a spiritual birth. John was the successor of the spirit of Elias, Luther was the offspring of the mind of Paul. We are children of Abraham if we share in the faith of Abraham; we are the successors of the Apostle if we have a spirit similar to theirs.—*F. W. Robertson.*