

# The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## THE BLOOMFIELD TIMES

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BY

FRANK MORTIMER.

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## The Hasty Marriage.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

SOME sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston, arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well-looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any other hand Tudor had come on deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well-dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and enquired of Tudor for the Captain. She was told he had not yet rose, but she insisted on seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded to his berth, and arousing him, addressed him with:

"Good morning, Captain, I have called to see if you would marry me."

"Marry you!" replied the astonished Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious character, "leave my vessel instantly if you know what is for your interest."

She then went to the mate's berth and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the Captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's shop followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such an one as suited him. He soon did this; the price was paid by the lady. Tudor threw aside his old tarpauling, and left the store, in company with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced his Majesty the King himself. They next visited a shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged, he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward prepared for the worst, trust-

ing everything to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedaubed pantaloons, and chequered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or to think.—Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received, was, "Follow me, and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony!—This was something of a *damp* to Tudor, but nevertheless he strictly yielded; the ceremony was soon commenced and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced *man and wife*.

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate's, but not, however, until she had given him a sovereign for his services.

The couple passed through many streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, and certainly ignorant of where he was going, or what awaited him; and of the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself.—Turning the corner of a street, Tudor beheld a few rods in front of him, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her foot-steps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they indeed soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat him a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was,

"Thou fiend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you have long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life; but I have frustrated your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

I must now leave the newly-married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A., not recollecting his actual name, and for the same reason, I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young; and, before his death, which took place when she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing her one of the most beautiful young ladies of London. A short time previous to his death, an ar-

rangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit of his daughter, till the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was a condition of the agreement that in the case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A., his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family; and everything went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, manifestations that she should never marry—the reason for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms, in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and refused her the company of her associates, by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for her health, and to see some of her relations, or telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle wind.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant Juan, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unable to do so. Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself almost unable to speak from emotion:

"Hush, Eliza, Mistress; speak not; I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon, and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;" and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza, although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better zest than she had ever before. Her old servants were still about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—my own establishment—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee, Juan, and thy associates in thy work of love and mercy."

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutiae of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan during the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her descent from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosened the bars of the window the same evening the instrument for that purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait until the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children; and she accordingly went to work, making a rope, (if such it may be called) from her

bed clothes, by tearing them into strips and tying the ends together. After a few hour's labor she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared to attempt a descent. But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning herself into the hands of Him who is the orphan's friend. She did make the attempt, and she was successful! Yes, she was now liberated from a prison in her own house, where, for filthy lucre's sake, she had been confined by her uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom. This was about day-light. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessels lay; and from that period in her life till she ushered her husband in her own house, the reader has already had an account of.

The surprised and horror-stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments, after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the demand, "Leave my house in an hour, monster!" and then returned to her husband where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transport of his wife, at this sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed—the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the faithful servants at seeing their young mistress once more at liberty—the chagrin, mortification and decampment of the inhuman uncle, and his family—the congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband—their many rides into the country, &c., &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage drawn by two cream-colored horses, richly caparisoned, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted the box, and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments, to alight; they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the Captain what port he was from, how many days he was in performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for passengers, and other questions of a like nature, and receiving appropriate answers to the same, asked leave to examine the cabins and the other accommodations of the vessel (all the while avoiding, as far as possible, the scrutiny of the Captain,) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed, that he and his lady had some thoughts of soon starting for America, and in case they concluded to do so, assured the Captain they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel, the gentleman turned to the Captain and said: "Capt. —, (calling him by name) before leaving your vessel, permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Tudor."

It was not until this moment, that the Captain and those around him, recognized in the elegantly dressed gentleman, their old friend and companion, Tudor the cooper!—they supposing that some sad, if not fatal accident, had befallen him.

I once more leave the reader to judge of the congratulations that now followed, and of the healths that were drank.

The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told. Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his old associates—bade them good-bye, but not however, until he had extracted a promise from the Captain and his crew, to call as often as possible upon him, before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life

upon the most amicable terms, and were blessed with prosperity and an obedient and respectful circle of children. Some years after his marriage, he returned, accompanied by his wife, to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharves, that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died as they had lived since their union, honored by all who enjoyed their acquaintance.

## Terrific Cat and Rat Story.

THE following was given to me by a farmer living near Fern, as a veritable truth, to the best of his ability:

"He was sitting in his barn silently engaged in mending an old harness, when he observed his favorite Tom cat cautiously approaching an opening between two barrels. Tom squatted near the point of observation, his tail moving with majestic slowness, his ears set forward inquiringly, while his body glided nearer and nearer to the opening. Suddenly he shot forward like a black bolt of lightning, and as quickly back again, bringing with him a huge rat. The rat struggled violently and squealed terribly, but Tom laughed, his long, black tail proudly perpendicular. Tom laughed before he was out of the woods, for the terrible screams of his victim called a whole regiment of rats to the rescue.—They rushed in upon Tom from every point of the compass, too swift and too numerous to be counted. Tom was surprised out of his discretion and sprang three feet from the floor, with a rat holding to each hind leg, and the rest eager for him to come down. He came down, of course, and then began a most fearful struggle. Tom swore terribly (in cat latin), furious fell his blows. The rats fought in silence, except when Tom's sharp teeth met under the back bone of some luckless wretch. Tom was losing ground; the pressure was too great for him; he was down, two or three were clinging to each leg, had a dozen at his throat, and rats swarming all over him. At this critical moment, an Amazon cat, with her two grown kittens, leaped from the hay-mow and pitched in for Tom. This timely reinforcement soon ended the struggle. Tom limped away, bleeding freely, but the dead and dying victims of his prowess were no less than thirteen, besides the wounded that escaped—no prisoners taken.

## A Singular Will.

The following singular will was made by a miser in Ireland:

"I give and bequeath to my sister-in-law, Mary Dennis, four old worsted stockings, which she will find beneath my bed: to my nephew, Charles Macartney, two other pair of stockings, lying in the box where I keep my linen; to Lieutenant Johnson, of His Majesty's fifth regiment of foot, my only pair of white cotton stockings, and my old scarlet great-coat; and to Hannah Burke, my house-keeper, in return for her long and faithful services, my cracked earthen-pitcher."

Hannah, in high wrath, told the other legatees that she resigned to them her valuable share of the property, and then retired. In equal rage, Charles kicked down the pitcher, and, as it broke, a large number of guineas fell out and rolled along the floor. This fortunate discovery induced those present to examine the stockings, which, to their great joy, were crammed with money.

## A Good Answer.

Old Kingsbury, of N. H., was remarkable for dry humor. As he passed a ryefield, one morning, in August, he saw a lawyer of the village, surveying his possessions. Says the lawyer:

"What makes you carry your head stooping upon your breast, friend K? You see me!—I carry mine erect and upright."  
"Squire," answered Kingsbury, "look at that field of grain! The full ears hang down like mine; but the empty heads stand up like your own."