

# The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Terms: IN ADVANCE  
One Dollar per Year.

Vol. V.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, March 21, 1871.

No. 12.

## The Bloomfield Times.

Is Published Weekly,

At New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

BY

FRANK MORTIMER.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

60 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cents  
for 3 Months,

IN ADVANCE.

### WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen the orchards budding;  
I have heard the robins' sing  
I have seen all nature gladden,  
At the gracious smile of Spring.

I have seen maturing Autumn,  
From the trees their garments tear;  
And the quickly coming Winter,  
Hang her icy arrows there.

I have seen the bond of friendship,  
Discovered shrouded by a shroud;  
I have seen affection buried,  
With the fondly cherished dead.

Then learn to look for constancy,  
For happiness and love;  
Amid the ceaseless changes here,  
Alone to Him above.

### MR. SEYMOUR'S STORY.

Showing how he Lost his Property  
and Recovered it.

HOW many different scenes a wanderer through the world has come under his personal observation, and how much that is strange, and almost beyond belief does he frequently have told him by those who have sought their fortunes in strange lands?

In the early part of 1854, I had returned to San Francisco from an unsuccessful trip to the mines, and while waiting there to recover from a severe attack of low fever that I had contracted while searching for the gold metal, I had a strange incident happen to me that resulted in such a change in my life that I was convinced more than ever of the truth of the wise precept of casting bread upon the waters.

I had, after my return, rented a room in a narrow street that you entered from Portsmouth Square, in one corner of which stood the famous Banking House of Palmer & Co. The room I occupied was in the first story of a house that stood in the rear of the banker's establishment, and it was my custom, every evening, to sit on the piazza in front of my window, and while smoking, view the different scenes as they occurred.

One evening my attention was drawn to a man who turned the corner and came down the street with a lingering, uncertain step.

He wore a large camlet cloak, that had seen its best days years before, an apology of a cap, and bare feet; ruined miners were no uncommon sight in those days, and especially after dusk in that locality, and I was about to resume my former interesting occupation, when something peculiar in his form and air reminded me of my schoolboy days, and caused me to give him a scrutiny.

As he drew near, the conviction that I had seen him before became a certainty, and as he glanced up, while passing, I said, "Mr. Seymour, what are you doing here in this state?"

"Who are you? and what do you want of me? I don't want any one to speak to me that ever knew me before," he said, as he partially stopped and wrapped his cloak together about him to conceal his rags.

"That won't do, Mr. Seymour," I replied. "If you have got to going down hill, it is not for me to give you another shove, even by overlooking you, when I might be able to pull you the other way a little."

Somewhat reluctantly he turned, and I soon had him in the house and a candle lit.

Although my unwilling visitor was too far gone to be classed as shabby genteel, you could still observe a latent bearing in him that betokened a gentleman, though certainly under several clouds, if not more.

"Who are you?" he again asked, after a searching look at my features.

"I thought you wouldn't recognize me," I said, as I submitted patiently to his piercing gaze; "but when I say I was the little fellow in the old academy on the hill at Nantucket, whom you used to tell if he

didn't get his lessons he would have to dig clams for a living, and whose name is John—although the boys called him 'Jack Brevet,' I think you may recall me."

"Jack Brevet," he murmured; "well, I'll take it for granted you are Jack Brevet, as you remember what I used to say to him; but he was a clever little shaver of fourteen or fifteen, and I cannot realize that this stout heavy bearded man is he."

"Twenty years make a great change in all of us," I said; "but what are you doing here in this shape?"

"Dead broke," was the sententious answer.

"That's very evident; when did you feed last?" I inquired.

"Day before yesterday," was the trembling answer, weakness and long fasting unmanning him so that a few sobs escaped him, although he tried to control himself.

"Day before yesterday!" I shouted; take your hat, old fellow, and stir your stumps for a short distance; and followed by my old pedagogue, I hastily made my way to a neighboring restaurant, where I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him tucked under his old camlet a reasonable supply for a small menagerie, my only fear being that he would overdo the thing.

Did you ever see a hungry man eat! I don't mean a man with a good peckish appetite, but a real out and out hungry one—one who has been on short allowance for some time and the commons poor at that; that is the kind of a hungry man I mean, and that is the kind my old instructor was. He wasn't a bit particular as to quality; it was the quantity he wanted, and I almost fancied that the first few mouthfuls went down like a deep sea lead, bringing up with a thud. Our Teutonic restauranter cast many a glance of approval on his customer as he quietly stowed away the prog.

"Eat hearty, and give the place a good name," I said, when after a good half hour of steady feeding, he pushed back his chair from the table, saying, "enough is as good as a feast."

"How old are you, Mr. Seymour?" I inquired, as we were returning.

"Forty-two!" was his brief answer.

"Forty-two! Impossible! I went to school to you over twenty years ago," I said.

"Exactly; I commenced teaching at twenty, although I looked fully five years older," he replied.

I could hardly realize that my old master was only six years my senior. I concluded that his strange life must have aged him as it did, and as we now were back in the house, I asked him to give me his history after leaving Nantucket; but before doing so, I got out of my trunk some of my under clothes, which had shrunk so with washing that I thought they would answer, to which I added a pair of heavy boots and a calico shirt that I had bought in a Jew's shop in the mines, that had proved entirely too small.

"Now, Mr. Seymour, while you are taking a good wash and changing your duds for these, I will have a smoke outside."—So I left him a short time to himself, thinking he would be less embarrassed if alone.

When I returned again, I said, "I have a family at home to support, and as I am out of business I cannot do any more for you than have you stay quietly here and share my living, such as it is until you can better yourself; in the morning I will visit some townsmen, and get up a contribution without telling who it is for, and get you some decent clothes for you to solicit employment in."

As I said this the tears stood in his eyes, and he finally managed to say, "I have been everywhere, even among cannibals, and yesterday I wished heartily that I was back again out of a Christian land; but to-night, I feel some hope in me, and while I must accept your offer temporarily, I will try not to be a burden too long on you, and if I can ever repay you I will, tenfold."

Little did he or I then think that the return would be made as soon as it was, or in so substantial a manner; but in California in its earlier days, the poor man of to-day was the millionaire of the morrow.

"How did you come to this country?" for when I last heard of you, they told me you were in Boston, rich.

"While my California experience is similar to hundreds, I presume the way I got here is somewhat peculiar; in 1847, I inherited from an uncle in Boston quite a fortune, and concluded to go on a wild speculation. Having heard in Nantucket, from the old whalers there, how easily fortunes were made by any one with capital enough to visit the Fejee Islands and trade with

the natives, carrying your barter to Canton for a market and then exchanging it for products of that country, I determined to make a grand tour of the world in my own way, and in Boston, falling in with Captain Darnsford, who had been on a similar voyage, and who agreed to go out in command of a vessel for me if I would give him an eighth of the net profits, after short deliberation I accepted his proposition, and we commenced our preparations for the voyage.

"Captain Darnsford was a Sandwich Islander, although he was a half-breed, his father being an English resident at Honolulu who had taken a Kanaka wife, and being at one time quite wealthy, had given the captain a very fair education. If he had not told me his parentage, I should not have dreamed he was anything but pure white, for he showed no trace of his native blood, beyond his tall shape, coal black, coarse straight hair. As he could converse readily in the native dialect, and had excellent references from the last employ that he sailed for, I deemed myself fortunate in securing so competent a man for the contemplated voyage.

"After some delay, we found a beautiful brig, well adapted for our purpose, named Sally Ann, and after some negotiation I purchased her, and under the advice of the captain, filled her for the voyage. We armed her with four six-pounders of brass and two long nines, as well as a quantity of muskets and pistols, and instead of heavy shot we took two hogsheads of boiler punchings, deeming them to be better at short range than grape. Having arranged these details I put what balance of money I had in Yankee notions and small wares adapted for trading, and then, at the suggestion of the captain, we filled the vessel with freight for Melbourne, with the idea of putting what money we could make by doing so, into the venture.

"We finally were all ready for sea, and left Boston one fine summer morning with a beautiful breeze and fair prospects before us. The brig proved herself to be all she was recommended, and we congratulated ourselves many times on securing a vessel that was so fast and would work so well in any position as she did.

"On the passage out, the sailors were employed in making a boarding netting that would go from the stern where there was an opening in the netting to the night-heads forward, and reached in height to the mainyard, where we could guy it out. While they were thus employed, I fitted up a small blacksmith's forge which I had bought in Boston, and amused myself by working at a trade, for which I always had a taste, in doing various little jobs about the ship, one of which was to convert one of our long nines into a swivel gun that could be fired in any direction.

"Six months later, we were at the island of Rava, one of the Asaua group, which has about twenty thousand inhabitants governed by a chief who is called king, although he is of inferior rank to Tui Viti, of the island of Ambow, who is in reality, king of the Cannibal Islands.

"We passed through the Goro sea, which is a group of coral reefs surrounding the Fejees, and anchored off the mouth of a small river. Having loaded our guns and stood our muskets around, we rigged our boarding netting, and were ready to consummate the object of our voyage by trading with the natives for sandal wood and tortoise shell.

"We were soon surrounded with canoes of all sizes, but we declined to trade with them until after we had seen the king, and when he, a greasy, dirty-looking fellow of middle age, with nothing but tappa cloth around his loins, put in an appearance, we presented him with a small looking-glass, a red smoking cap, and a cup and ball; and afterwards, until the cap was worn out, the glass broken, the toy lost, when he was not admiring his monarchical features in his mirror, he was catching the ball either in the cup or on the point of the handle, in which feat he was soon proficient. We declined trading though, until he furnished us three priests for hostages, which he finally did, and then we felt comparatively safe, as the chiefs in some things are a button hole lower in rank than their divines.

"Finding that the captain could converse readily with them, as he claimed to be able to do, and could, in consequence, trade better than any one on board, I relinquished the business to him, and finding time hang heavy on my hands, returned again at the captain's suggestion, to 'keep off blue,' to my blacksmith's forge.

"When we had been there a week we found their supply of barter was exhaust-

ed, and so we finished by buying several live hogs, intending to visit other islands until we had exhausted our own stock.—When they were going for the hogs the king, who had appeared very friendly, invited me, through the captain, to go ashore, and on Darnsford's representing that there would be no danger for me to do so, as he held the dusky hostages, I decided I would, and I accordingly got into the imperial canoe and went ashore with my tawny host.

"As we approached the shore I could see that there was great excitement among the natives collected on the beach, but I presumed it was on account of a white visitor, and felt no alarm. As soon as I was ashore the king spoke rapidly for a few minutes, in a loud tone, and then, a chief and about a dozen men stepping forward and bowing obsequiously, they formed a regular escort around me, and nodding pleasantly and pointing to the interior, we started off.

"For several hours we kept up a steady walk; then I was so tired I threw myself down to rest, and found my example followed by the others. In a half hour's time we resumed our march, now going up a mountain and now through a gorge, until I finally opened my foolish eyes to the fact that I must be ten miles or more from the ship, and I off in the interior with a parcel of grinning cannibals around me, not knowing where they were taking me. I came to the conclusion I had made a mess of it, and so turned round to go back. But which way or where to go was the question. The natives appeared perfectly willing to allow me to proceed my own way, but did not seem inclined to lead me any further. So I again sat down and stared at them, which they fully reciprocated, laughing as though they had a 'big joke on Snyder,' and I feared I was Snyder.

"At last the sun went down, and finally, worn out in body and mind, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake until morning, when I found we had received an accession to our strength at some time during the night, of a pair of cannibals, who came with provisions. As I was hungry, I opened their packages without a word, and finding they had plenty of roast pig and bread fruit, I helped myself without interference, and having satisfied my hunger, and quenched my thirst from a small stream, I amused myself trying to find my way back, the natives appearing entirely satisfied to let me wander at will, although they kept me in sight all the time.

"Finally, becoming tired of my fruitless attempt, I joined them again, and threw myself on the grass. Loading my pipe I went in for a square smoke; when I had got fairly started, I offered them a whiff, and all that day I amused myself by seeing each of them in turn have a general clean out of the system; it was better than any emetic I ever saw administered, although they were game to the last man.

"The next morning, soon after they had awakened, a messenger joined us, and after talking rapidly for a few moments with our leader, approached me and made motions for me to go the way he came, and they all started that way, I made Hobson's choice and followed, and a sharp walk for a couple of hours brought me to the landing-place.

"What was my astonishment on looking around, to find that the vessel had disappeared, and I was left alone. For a few moments I was unmanned; thoughts of home, my isolation and the probability of never being able to see civilization again, crowded over me, and filled me with painful emotions, so deeply that I could not refrain from groans. Just then a native touched me and bade me follow him; understanding his gestures I did so, and in fifteen minutes I found myself near a long stockade of bamboo. We slipped through a small entrance wide enough for one man to pass in at a time, and I found myself in a square, with houses enough of bamboo thatched with leaves to contain many thousands.

"As soon as we appeared, we were surrounded with men, women and children, who appeared to show great curiosity at seeing me; my color and dress drawing forth many remarks, especially from the women, who gave me their particular attention. Although I was greatly annoyed by their attempts to feel of me, I had to grin and bear it, walking along with all the dignity and self-possession I could muster.

"In a short time we approached to a hut much larger than the rest, and the crowd falling back as we drew near it, I entered with my guide, who, pointing to a curiously carved block of wood which was evidently used for a seat, retired at once, leaving me to my bitter reflections. For some time I

sat motionless, but finally curiosity prompted me to make an examination of the place I was in; beyond a large wooden trough, in the centre of it which appeared to be filled with banana leaves, a few calabashes in the corner, and several blocks similar to the one I was sitting on, seemed to be all it contained. I had barely finished my mental note of its contents and wondering what it was used for, when the king, accompanied by the hostages I had left aboard, and several chiefs, came into the room; beyond a grunt or two they paid no attention to me, but going to the corner and taking the gourds, had a square drink all round. One of them was sufficiently polite to pass me one of them, and as I took a small taste, more out of curiosity and fear of offence than desire for the liquor they held, the party, seemed greatly satisfied at my action. The liquor was a fiery sort of rum, and a little went a great ways with me; and had I known then, as I afterwards did, that it was the fermented extract of the cava root made by women who chewed it and spit it into a bowl to work, I should have passed at once. Ignorance is bliss, however, and I swallowed a small dose unsuspectingly, saying as I did so, 'with the Turks, do as the Turks do.'

"When that performance was over, they went to the trough in the centre of the room, and throwing the banana leaves off from the top, invited me by gestures to join them, and on my doing so, I was horrified to see them expose to view the body of a small girl, roasted to a turn. Sick and disgusted I went outside the door, and stayed until they joined me after their sickening feast.

"When they were through, they met me outside, and after talking earnestly together for some minutes, they conducted me to a hut that was apparently new, and here, in the company of a native woman for a servant I lived in idleness for some weeks, closely watched by a guard who prevented my leaving certain limits, totally unconscious of the fact that the woman was intended for my wife, which I shortly learned to be the fact in a curious way.

"One morning there was a loud shouting outside the stockade, and soon I saw the king, accompanied by a native who was tattooed from head to foot enter my hut; for twenty minutes they conversed rapidly, and then my calico-looking visitor turning to me said:

"Well, my hearty, how do you like it, far as you've got."

"Had a thunderbolt struck me I would not have been more surprised than to hear the native address me so well in my own language; but I managed to stammer out, 'not a first-class situation, and I'll resign without a whimper to the first applicant; but who and what are you?'

"Runaway sailor turned native,' was the frank answer.

"What are they going to do with me?" I inquired.

"Keep you for a blacksmith, and if you refuse, eat you," was the reply.

"I'll blacksmith a while," I hastily replied 'if eating is the alternative.'

"Sensible man," my interlocutor ejaculated; 'how do you get along with your wife?'

"Wife! I am not a married man!" I quickly said.

"Looks something like it," he replied, with a quiet nod toward the corner where my servant crouched with a sullen look in her face.

"Did they mean her for my wife?" I asked, surprised and amused at the information.

"Just that, and she is as mad as hops because the chief sent her here when she wanted another!"

"Tell her to clear out! Yamose the rauche! I don't want her!" I shouted, warmly.

"You'll be in trouble with her family in five minutes if she is sent away, and then look out for your cocoanut; better keep her, I've got ten," he gravely said.

"Ten wives?" I gasped.

"Just the number; and forty children."

"Forty children!"

"That's the count to the decimal part of a fraction."

"I was dumb with amazement. Here was a white man coolly telling he had ten wives and forty children, quietly domiciled in the Cannibal Islands, and while taking it as a matter of course, seemed to think I should.

"I had read of Mormonism, but here was polygamy staring me right in the face, and I hesitatingly asked him if his name was Joe Smith. He looked surprised.