

# 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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## A Night's Adventure.

A GERMAN STORY.

AT THE period to which this story more particularly refers, there stood in the high road leading to the village of Schwalbach, a long, low, old-fashioned inn, which boasted of a more than ordinary amount of out-houses and grounds in its rear. It was never at any time a first-class establishment; nevertheless, its proprietors—for it changed hands several times during its chequered career—appeared to drive a tolerably profitable trade. One evening Count Tottleben was traveling in a light, open chaise, accompanied by a single servant, on the road leading to Schwalbach, when the house in question attracted his attention. The season was cold the evening was far advanced, both travelers were wet to the skin, and the heavy clouds above, and the drizzling rain, rendered the road more miserably dark and cheerless.

"I shall not risk going any further, Franz," said the Count, addressing his servant. "Yonder house will doubtless afford us accommodation for the night. Dost thou know aught of it?"

"No my lord, but I dare say it will do well enough."

"Then we will pull up here, and take our chance, unless you know of a better place in the village."

Franz declared that he knew but little of that part of the country, and his master, therefore, halted at the inn. He alighted and entered, resolving to set out early in the morning.

The people of the house seemed very attentive and obliging. The count was shown into a comfortable looking room up stairs, which was clean and neat.

His orders were obeyed with alacrity, and supper was being prepared; he had every reason for being well pleased with his reception. Accustomed from his youth to a wandering life, he made it a practice when in houses of public entertainment to pass very little of his time in his own apartment, but generally chose rather to associate with the other guests in the public room. There he entered into conversation with every one, whether foreigner or native—whether noble or peasant.

He was consequently voted by all who knew him as the best of good fellows, and a jolly companion to boot. In short, the Count was a general favorite with both sexes.

On the present occasion, he adhered to his usual custom, and passed an hour or more below in the public room. He conversed with the host, and then passed several compliments upon the appearance and manners of the hostess, who was a young and exceedingly pretty woman. The laugh and jest went round, and all present seemed in admirable good humor, which was considerably enhanced upon the Count declaring that he supposed that he should have to stand godfather to the landlord's first-born. The hostess blushed, but could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh.

"You must not mind what I say, my friend," observed the Count to the landlord. "It's my way, people tell me; and the ladies especially declare that I am a privileged person. You've an amiable wife, I'm sure—any one can see that. I hope you prize and cherish her—indeed I'm sure you do!"

Of course the speaker was answered in the affirmative; but there was a certain hesitation and uneasiness betrayed by both husband and wife which the Count could not readily account for; so he pursued the conversation in a tone of banter and good humor, but failed to elicit anything from either party.

"I shall know more about these people before morning, I dare say," thought the Count. "Perhaps I am on the wrong

track. It's likely enough that they are not so happy a couple as I had at first supposed.

While thus ruminating, he was surprised to find that the eyes of both were intently engaged in examining the expression of his countenance.

"Umph!" muttered Tottleben, to himself. "There is some undercurrent, that's certain; and of which I am in complete ignorance."

Perceiving perhaps, that a shade of suspicion passed over the expressive and handsome features of his guest the landlord strove to say something pleasant, in which endeavor, however, he signally failed.

His wife came to the rescue, and began to banter the Count in return, declaring that she believed he was by nature so gay and, at the same time, so fascinating, as to be a dangerous man. This speech, of course, gave rise to much merriment, all present indulging in a loud laugh at the Count's expense.

While this conversation had been going on, a servant-maid, who was both young and pretty, had occasion to come backward and forward to the room several times. He presently observed that the waiting-maid's manner was mysterious; her countenance wore a thoughtful and even anxious expression, and the Count came to the conclusion that she had something to communicate to him. In this surmise as it afterwards transpired, he was not mistaken. The girl was deeply concerned; she had fears for the security of the Count; she desired to give him timely warning. As often as she looked at him she thought within herself, "I think I may trust him—he looks so very good and amiable!" She hesitated no longer; as she passed Tottleben, she pulled him gently by the coat.

The Count was in no way surprised. He gave a look of inquiry, and she whispered in his ear, "I know not what I am risking for your sake, but think and hope you will not betray me. Do not retire to rest without seeing and speaking with me."

Having given this caution, she glided out of the room.

From the usual vanity of his sex, the Count imagined that the girl was smitten with him. He could hit upon no other satisfactory solution to account for her strange conduct. However, as she was young, and was possessed of no inconsiderable share of rustic, feminine beauty, there could be no harm in having tete-a-tete with her.

She very shortly brought some refreshments in the public room, when he left his companions, upon the pretext of wishing to take some fresh air. The girl was already waiting for him at the door of the kitchen and beckoned him to go into the yard, whither she followed him in haste and agitation.

She murmured, in hurried accents, "For the love of mercy, sir, pray take care of yourself! You are not among such honest people as you imagine. They know that you have money about you. They intend to rob you of that. Already arrangements have been made to effect this object; but, alas! what is still worse, your life is in danger. Do not think of going to sleep after you retire, but be watchful and vigilant. Prepare for the worst."

"You're a good girl, and your solicitude on my behalf will not be readily forgotten," said Tottleben, who was deeply impressed with his companion's kindness and the gravity of his own situation. A presence of mind almost incredible inspired him on the spot with a very different idea. The maid was about to retire, when he quickly pulled her by the arm.

"I dare not remain longer, or they will suspect!" she ejaculated, in evident trepidation.

"One or two questions, and I have done," cried Tottleben. "Tell me, does your master live on good terms with his wife?"

"Yes; on the very best of terms."

"Does he really and truly love her?"

"Almost as much as his own life."

"Enough. Now you may go. If I escape, your fortune shall be made; if I die your warning shall die with me. I will never, come what may, betray you, or make known what has passed between us. Mind you yourself are equally cautious. Do not mention a word of this business to my servant."

The girl flew to the kitchen, and the Count returned to the public room. Not a look betrayed him; his tone and temper were just the same as before. At least so they appeared to be. He even ordered supper to be laid below, and would not sit down to it except on condition that his kind host and hostess would partake of it

with him. Thus did he conceal his suspicions beneath the guise of affability.

After supper he ordered a servant to bring a box that was still in his carriage.

Tottleben immediately prepared to retire to bed, and the landlord to light him to his chamber.

"Do you know madam," said Tottleben laughing as he addressed the wife, "that I should much prefer being conducted to my dormitory by my kind hostess. I am so superstitious as to fancy I always sleep as well again when a handsome woman shows me to my bed as when a man attends me."

At this proposal the woman looked a little disconcerted, and showed no great inclination to perform the office. The Count still continuing his jocular strain, put the candle into her hand, and took hold of her arm, observing that she ought not to refuse the future godfather of her child such a trifling gratification, and that she might take her conjugal partner along with her. By these, and other representations of a similar kind, he at length prevailed on her to accompany him, followed by her husband.

They entered the chamber. Herr Tottleben, as soon as he had alighted from his carriage, had hung upon a nail a double-barrelled carbine, full charged with ball and which he invariably carried with him in the course of his travels. He took good care not to cast a single look at it before the proper time. But while the woman was setting the candle on a table near the window, and when she was just going to wish him good-night, he quickly took down the weapon, and stepped still more hastily between the landlord and his wife. In a voice which suddenly passed from jest and laughter to the sternest tone of command, he said, in imperious accents, "No, my good woman; we are not going to part from each other so abruptly!"

The hostess turned pale but made no reply. "On this chair, and at this table, you must sit down and pass the night in my company," said the Count, in a voice of thunder.

"Impossible explained the landlord. "What my wife pass a whole night in a gentleman's room?"

"Even so," returned the traveler; "I am not joking. Nor, indeed, to say the truth, I don't think I was ever so serious in the whole course of my life; and mark you, I mean to have my way. I pass my word and honor as a gentleman that your wife shall be treated with respect and consideration while she remains with me. But, at the same time, I must inform you that on the slightest noise at the door of the chamber—or on the least opposition on your part, or any other—on the least attack upon myself one of these barrels is charged shall rid you of your wife. This I swear by my hope of salvation!"

The landlord and his wife would sooner have expected a dissolution of nature than such an address. Both were silent for a moment, and then both strove as best they could to get out of the difficulty. The woman piteously entreated him to permit her to go, and threatened a swoon, but her efforts were in vain. The husband was at first at a loss to conceive what all this meant. He then had recourse to entreaties and protestations, assuring the Count that he was as safe in his house as though he were in his own home. At length, finding that nothing availed, he threatened to repel force by force, and to call his people to his assistance. Tottleben's presence of mind did not forsake him.

"I have no doubt, sir," said he, "that you have plenty of people and customers at hand, but they are not so near as to rescue your wife from death. If but a dog approaches—if but a hand is raised against me—I will stretch her lifeless without pity or remorse! Besides the two barrels in my carbine, I have a pair of pocket pistols capable of doing excellent service. I may be overpowered, I confess; but at least three or four men shall accompany me, and this charming woman shall go first to show me the way! This is my mode of procedure; it is one I have had occasion to adopt in other houses of public resort besides your own. If you do not like it, take care and let my horses be fed and put to my carriage very early to-morrow morning. Now begone without delay! This chamber is to-night my apartment!"

The woman sat down, and the man withdrew. In this extraordinary situation the remaining couple passed the night.

At the break of day, came Tottleben's servant. Before he was half-way up stairs he called out to let his master know where

he was. He brought the Count's breakfast and a bill with very moderate charges. The Count presented his companion with the first cup of coffee, and after she had drunk it, he took the rest at his ease.—When he was informed that everything was ready for his departure, he thanked the hostess for her good company, and begged her to favor him with it to his carriage.—He then conducted her down stairs, as though she were the first lady of the Court. At the house door, he stopped and inquired for the servant-maid whom he had seen the day before, and whom he accurately described. She advanced, trembling, from a corner. All the suspicions of the landlord had already fallen upon her: already had he (as she afterwards related) promised, with the most tremendous imprecations, to give her a suitable reward as soon as the stranger was gone.

When Tottleben saw her by daylight, and looked at her more narrowly, he observed that she was a delicate, elegant girl. He threw her a full purse.

"Take that," said he, "and if you are determined to stay here, buy a husband with it. But if you are afraid to remain with your master, come along with me. I will answer for your success, and I swear I will provide for you as long as I live."

The girl wanted no second bidding. She sprang into the carriage, leaving behind all she possessed, which probably, indeed, was of no great value. The Count took leave of his fair hostess, begging her not to forget that he was to be godfather.

He was afterwards informed by his servant, who had slept in the public room, that about midnight three robust fellows softly entered the house, went into another room, and after a long conversation with the landlord, speeded away. The girl, who had been about a year in the house, related that during this time two strangers who had put up there had disappeared, she knew not how. She said, also, that she was quite positive about the plot entered into by the landlord and his associates, who had agreed to admit the three men whose purpose was to assassinate Tottleben in his sleep.

At the next town the Count acquainted the burgomaster and other civil authorities with the whole affair. Soldiers were immediately dispatched, but they could not or would not find either the host or hostess. At the same time, Tottleben provided his female deliverer with more costly apparel. She continued his companion for some time, until at length, when the Seven Years' War was over, as a reward for her kindness and devotion to him, displayed in a variety of ways, he made her wife, and never had reason to regret having raised her to so high a position.

## A SCENE IN A CHURCH.

A CHILICOTHE, (O.,) paper says:—One of the most remarkable church difficulties we have ever heard of transpired in this city on last Thursday night, at the Methodist Protestant Church on Main street. A revival had been in progress several nights, and in the course of his sermon that evening, Mr. Millard, the pastor, referred to a class of persons who were religious in the church and irreligious out of it, and spoke of a man who was a member of that congregation who answered to that character. At this accusation, Mr. Peter M. De Camp, who is a member of that church, sprang to his feet in an excited manner, and cried out, "Name the man; who is it?" The minister proceeded with his discourse, when Mr. De Camp again interrupted him with the exclamation, "Who is it? Do you mean me?" The minister retorted that his remarks were for general application, but that "if the shoe fit him he could wear it."

This was too much for Peter's combative temperament, and he again sprang to his feet and used expletives of an emphatic character. The minister undertook to continue his discourse, when Mr. De Camp took possession of the lamp (which belonged to him) by which the minister was reading. But this did not succeed in stopping the services, and a daughter of Mr. De Camp cried out, "Shut off the gas, father," which he immediately did, leaving minister and audience enveloped in darkness. The room was soon empty, and Mr. De Camp, who is one of the trustees, locked the door and departed for home.

Whether there was any personal difficulty between the minister and Mr. De Camp, which will explain this singular proceeding we have not learned. The next morning it was rumored that Mr. De Camp would be prosecuted on the charge of disturbing divine services; but later in the day we learned that the trouble had been entirely reconciled.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

MANY years ago, a gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the West of England, one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away the time. On the gentleman's making answer that this was luck, for that he was fond of seeing trials, the other said that a very interesting trial for robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner; but he himself persisting resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed. His guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial; but, as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him that there could be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a place; but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him and speak to one of the beadle's.

Accordingly, they went into court the next morning, and the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently after, the trial began. While the evidence was giving against him, the prisoner remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till being called on for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away.—This excited some surprise, and it seemed, at first, like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the judge the cause of his behavior, he said, "Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life! That gentleman" (pointing to the stranger) "can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the court were now turned on the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be so called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him.

"Well, then," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover, at such a time?" To this the gentleman answered, "that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned, or not."

"Well," said the prisoner, "but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trousers carried your trunk to the inn?" To this he answered, that of course some person had carried his trunk for him; but that he did not know what dress he wore. "But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the packet, told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?" During the last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change; he said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's putting his hair aside, and showing the scar, he became quite sure that he was the same person.

A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a remote county. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amid applause and congratulations.

Within less than a month after this the gentleman who came to the inn, attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same goal, for robbing the mail.

The other day, while a teacher was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred, "The wages of sin is death." The teacher, wishing to get the word "wages" out by deduction, asked, "What does your father get every Saturday night?" The boy answered promptly, "he gets drunk!"