

The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BY

FRANK MORTIMER.

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THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR.

A few short months ago, my dear,
Before we two were one,
You vowed to do so many things,
That now are never done.

You said, when home from daily toil
I came with aching brow,
Your hand alone should soothe its pain—
It never soothes it now.

You said you would no burden be,
And dress as means allow;
But what with silks, and rings, and things—
You do not do so now.

You used to sacrifice yourself,
And to my wishes bow,
Allowing me to have my way—
You never do so now.

You used to sing and play and smile,
And gush, I can't tell how;
You won my heart, I grieve to say—
You never gush so now.

I mind the moonlight night when I
Was moved to hear you vow
A joy 'twould be to die for me—
Why don't you do so now.

MISS CARLTON'S STORY.

—OR—

The Adventures of Mr. Seymour.

CONCLUDED.

SLOWLY the hours passed away, and as morning advanced the natives came off clamorous for trade. I supposed everything had proved auspicious, so with a light heart I commenced business with signs, and tediously wore off the day in bartering.

At midnight I could restrain my impatience no longer, and getting into the boat, took an oar, and was soon quietly rowing to land. As we touched the shore I saw a figure glide quickly down from the underbrush, and as it approached I saw it was our venturesome owner. He got silently aboard, and we were soon heading back for the ship, which having reached, we went directly to the cabin to hear Seymour's account of his adventure.

For the first ten minutes after we were seated, Seymour quietly pitched into the food that I had ready for him, while I waited impatiently, grudging every moment of delay before he made his report. But at last hunger was appeased, and tipping back his chair, he said:

"It is all right, old fellow; my first trip was a success."

He then related the manner in which he had obtained an interview with the captive, and the plan which they had devised for her rescue. What this plan was, will shortly be seen, but as her next performance was to be the last, previous to her marriage, it was necessary that the attempt at rescue should be made the succeeding night.

Although I could not help looking upon it as a desperate enterprise, I promised my assistance, which was all the help Mr. Seymour desired.

The next day passed quickly away, as we were busily engaged in trading, as it would be the last day's trade we would have; for if successful in getting the captive on our vessel, we should have to sail at once.

At dark we disguised ourselves as natives and were put on shore by our boat at a retired spot. We gave directions to the men to be ready to push off at a moment's notice, and to wait until near daylight, if we came no sooner, and if we did not come by that time they could be sure we were captured, and govern themselves accordingly. We arrived safely in the town as Mr. Seymour could readily answer the questions of the guard, and immediately proceeded to the theater. We now carefully approached the private door at which the actress passed in and out, at which two women kept guard, and whose duty it was to accompany her to and from her abode. Mr. Seymour select-

ed one, and I the other, and by a simultaneous attack, we knocked them both insensible without creating any alarm. We then took off their costume and making sure they would make us no trouble, assumed their dress and position, where we anxiously waited for the close of the performance, when were to take charge of the fair conjuror, and trust to our wits to get with her to the boat. This was the plan agreed upon, but so perfect was our disguise, and so well did we act our part that as the lady came out she thought it had failed, and as we took her arm, one on each side, a slight sob escaped her, she thinking we were the natives, at which Seymour whispered, "Take courage," which showed her that so far we had been successful. A few minutes' walk took us to her hut, where an old hag who was crouching in a corner arose, and coming forward, proceeded to assist me in disrobing.

As she turned her back to Seymour, I saw him raise his arm, and the butt of his pistol descended on her cranium with a sickening thud, and the poor victim sank to the ground without a quiver. The blow was a terrible and sure one, killing her outright. Looking round, I saw the young lady falling to the earth in a deep swoon, caused by the horrid sight before her.

For a time she remained unconscious, but finally recovered herself and placing the robe we had taken from her guard on her, we concluded that the boldest course was now the best. We accordingly proceeded at once to the entrance to town, when Seymour talked with the guard until he came so close to him that by a sudden blow of his pistol he knocked him down. We now returned to the boat, and had barely got afloat before the alarm was sounded, and the natives came flocking to the shore, and quickly pursued us in their canoes. But their efforts were fruitless, and soon we were safely on board our vessel.

I directed the port fires to be kept up so bright that the light would prevent surprise, and followed Seymour to the cabin, where he had taken the lady.

We had prepared a stateroom while in California, especially for the lady's use, if successful in her deliverance, and Seymour told her that he had anticipated she would lack suitable clothes, and hence had got the wife of a merchant to prepare a wardrobe for her, and that she would probably find everything requisite for her use, in a certain trunk.

After an uncontrollable fit of weeping, the poor girl managed to offer thanks, but Seymour contrived to change the subject very neatly, by suggesting that she might want to retire for the night.

As he said this we bade her good-night, and then turned our attention to our own toilet.

"If I ever assume this infernal dress again, I trust I shall be condemned to wear it always," said Seymour, as we proceeded to wash the paint from our bodies, and resume Christian attire.

When I had completed my toilet, matters were about the same as when I went below. The natives who were puzzled at our art in lighting up the harbor for a wide circle around us, remaining in their canoes just outside the illuminated surface, uttering fearful howls at our good fortune in eluding them, but making no attempts to venture within the range of our guns.

Daylight came at last, showing that we were surrounded by twenty-three large-sized war canoes, all filled with men armed with spears and stones.

"Prepare for action!" I said, as we beheld the warlike array.

This time our guns were loaded with slugs, old nails, broken bottles, and everything that would scatter; yet I dreaded to open the attack, knowing what a wholesale slaughter would take place. But after getting our guns pointed, we prepared to leave as soon as we had a breeze. I feared it would be folly to continue in our peaceful attempts to escape, and was just thinking of sighting a gun, determined to effect all the mischief I could, when I saw a small canoe with two men in it, one waving a green bough, and the other paddling, coming directly for us.

The owner was on deck, and as the canoe came alongside, talked earnestly with the visitors for a long time. As soon as they had finished, Mr. Seymour said:

"The chief sends us word that the strange woman is his, as he bought her from a big canoe like ours; but he will pay as much more for her as he first gave, and allow us to go away; but if we refuse, he will fight us. I have told the messenger we will consider the matter until the sun is half-way up the heavens, and will

answer him then; but if I wish to reply before, I can call him up. Now I think I had better let Kaloo go, and his story may, perhaps, aid in intimidating them."

The idea was not a bad one, so we let our prisoner go in the canoe that carried the answer back, giving no suggestions to him, as we knew anything we might say would be useless, and make the natives think we were frightened.

The savages set up a joyful shout as they saw him enter the canoe, but relapsed into sullen silence, when it pushed off without the lady. When the ambassador reached the flotilla, our late prisoner was carried to the largest canoe, which we concluded held the chief, and for some time talked excitedly, using many gesticulations, and pointing repeatedly toward us.

At last he sat down, and the chief addressed his followers for a short time; then the canoes separated, forming a ring around us, and appeared to be quietly awaiting our movements.

"I understand them," said Seymour.—"They intend to wait until the sun is at the stipulated height, and then, unless we comply with their terms, attempt our capture. The cook had better get the water boiling."

"Water am all steaming, sar," grinned the cook.

As it was no use to weigh anchor, and we were all ready, we hoist short, if a breeze sprang up to sail, and quietly prepared for the approaching conflict.

At last the sun was at zenith, and as we made no signs of capitulation, a ferocious yell was passed from canoe to canoe, and then they all turned toward us. As they did so, our guns rang out their loud reports, and at each broadside a canoe was shattered to pieces, horribly maiming and mangling its human freight. So unexpected to them was the terrible loss, that instead of closing on us and making it a hand-to-hand conflict, they hesitated, and then withdrew for a short distance in confusion, giving us ample opportunity to swab out and reload our guns. Horrid imprecations came from their lips, echoed by wild lamentations from the beach crowded with women and children. Suddenly the cries of rage were changed to shouts of joy, and on looking up the harbor, we saw a large number of canoes hastening to join our enemies.

The sight was a discouraging one to us, for now we counted nearly a hundred canoes filled with men, and we knew that with such a force, they could, by a determined dash, carry us by storm. Not a man of us, whose face did not blanch at the prospect before us. O, how we wished for a breeze. Our enemies immediately joined their new allies, but soon we saw a canoe with one man in it leave them, and paddle boldly for us.

"We can stand 'em one at a time, but it's the whole capoodle that we fear," said our mate, as the canoe came swiftly under the counter, and its occupants sang out:

"Ship ahoy!"

The minute Seymour saw our visitor he cried out, "Whipsey, as I am a sinner!"

"That's my name; but who are you that knows me?" asked the stranger, in a bluff voice.

"I was the blacksmith at Rava," was the answer. "It was touch and go, when you escaped, I heard; but what possessed you to come again and interfere with the natives?"

The story was quickly told, and then taking our visitor to the cabin, we showed him our fair captive. On seeing her, Whipsey said:

"I saw you perform once, soon after you arrived, but I could not speak with you.—I could do you no good, and would raise no false hopes in your heart. It was better to leave you in ignorance."

"How long will your people remain as they are, Whipsey?" inquired Mr. Seymour.

"Until dusk, if I stay as long as that," he replied.

"Perhaps, then, the young lady will now favor us with her name and history," said Seymour. We were perfectly ignorant as to her antecedents, there previously being no time to hear her story; but now with Whipsey as a hostage, we felt that it was a good time to hear her history, which she gave thus:

"My father was a Boston merchant, and being out of health was advised by our family physician to take a long sea voyage, which he did, with myself and an old English woman for a servant, in a barge bound to Australia. My parent's name was Carlton, and he was in the Australia trade.

"Father had always been fond of prestidigitation, being a natural ventriloquist.—He took his complete apparatus with him,

thinking it would create amusement on the voyage. As he had frequently given amateur entertainments at home, during which I had always assisted him, and inheriting his taste for the art, as well as his ventriloquial powers, he often told me I excelled my teacher, and I seconded the proposal to carry the apparatus with delight.

"When we arrived at Sydney, father was dying, his disease having made sad inroads on him, and three days after our arrival he quietly passed away. The captain of the vessel expressed great interest in me, and told me how lonely it would be for me to be left there. So he advised me with the nurse to return to his vessel, and make the trip to the Feejees with him, from there to China, and thence home. The nurse was urgent that we should go, and when our consul suggested the pleasantness of making the home voyage with acquaintances, I gave up to their counsel, and consented.

"When we arrived at this island, the captain had a long conference with the chief, and at the mate's suggestion I performed several sleight-of-hand tricks in the presence of the natives.

"Every day the captain went on shore, but finally he invited nurse and myself to go. As he appeared to go and come in a canoe as he pleased, we readily accepted the chance to break the monotony of the voyage, and also see something of native life. After we got ashore, the natives were so kind and clever, we were easily induced to have our trunks landed so that we could remain a week.

"When our trunks were ashore, the captain urged me to give a magic entertainment, offering to return our passage money for the favor, saying it would put the natives in such terror that they would trade on far better terms, and he would profit very much by it. As he was so urgent, I agreed to do so, if I could have a large hut made into a theatre for me. They all set to work in a few days built the one you have seen.

"When it was done, my traps arranged and everything ready, even to being lighted with lamps, I gave them as fine an exhibition as I could. The next day I received a note from the captain, saying that there was a man sick with yellow fever on board and it was imprudent for me to return until the case was over and the ship fumigated. And in our innocence we remained on shore for two weeks, the natives treating us with the greatest reverence imaginable.

"At last one day I saw a native coming towards me with a letter, and told nurse she must pack up as the captain had now probably sent for us; and although the village was pleasant to us, still it was pleasanter to think we were going home.

"Who can paint my horror when I read in the note that the captain had sold us for a cargo of sandal wood and tortoise shell, and that his vessel had sailed when the note was sent! As I read the letter my servant fell dead in a paroxysm of grief, and here was I, an unfortunate girl of fifteen, left in the Cannibal Islands by the cruelty and perfidy of Captain Darnsford."

"Captain Darnsford!" "Captain Darnsford!" shouted both Seymour and I in one breath.

"Do you know him, gentlemen?" she inquired, with an astonished look.

"Wait one moment, Miss Carlton," I said. And quickly the mate and I hustled our prisoner below. The rascal did not seem to recognize the beautiful lady whom he had left a little girl three years before. But when I said, "is this the man, Miss Carlton?" a flash of recognition passed over both faces, showing it was mutual though while the man had surprise in his face, the lady had disgust and terror depicted on her fair countenance.

Whipsey, who had been a silent spectator, broke forth, "I'll be hanged if this isn't the half-breed whom Commodore Wilkes took away to educate; his father was a runaway sailor who died of excesses on the island. This fellow and I were interpreters to the Exploring Expedition. Send him on shore; the present chief has a grudge against him, and will pay heaps for him."

"Who is chief?" asked the conspirator.

"Hua-Hua-ma," was the answer.

As Whipsey said this, the villain's knees fell from under him, and he fairly raved in his terror.

Our visitor by request of Seymour, returned to the Chief and reported that we had the half breed Darnsford on board, and would exchange him for the white woman.

In a short time he again came on board accompanied by the Chief, who wished to

see if we really had the man he was so anxious to get. As soon as he saw him, he expressed his readiness to make the exchange, agreeing not only to relinquish Miss Carlton but to give us a large quantity of shell and sandal wood, if we would place our prisoner in his hands.

This we willingly agreed to do, feeling certain that from the hands of the natives, the villain would receive a punishment sure and terrible, and two days ward having made the change and received our barter we set sail for China. Upon our arrival there Mr. Seymour and Miss Carlton were married, and after a short stay we continued our journey homeward, where we safely arrived after a pleasant voyage.

Here I left my friends, and continued to cruise in the "Belle Blonde" which by the liberality of Mr. Seymour I was made sole owner of.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

TWO vessels, "Seven Pollies" and "Twin Brothers" lay side by side in the dock at Long Wharf, and right ahead of them was the "Good Intent," all coasters, but from different localities, the Seven Pollies having the inside berth. Captain Winkle, her master, had invited the masters of the other two to dinner on roast goose.

"Come and dine with me," he said; "and I will show you some of the best cookery you ever saw."

"Done," was the reply; and it was settled. The day came, the best goose in the market had been selected, and the party met in the cabin of the Seven Pollies.

In the meantime, there was a little play going on deck. Queerboy, captain of the Twins, thought he would like to run a saw on Winkle, and therefore laid in with his cook to have a codfish nicely baked, and when the cook of the Seven Pollies, after dishing the goose, had gone forward to speak to some one who had hailed him from the Good Intent, the cook of the Twins stepped aboard, placed his baked codfish under the cover, where the goose reposed waiting to be called, and took the bird on board his own vessel. At this moment there was a call from the cabin:

"Doctor"—all marine cooks are doctors—"bring in the goose."

The cook felt that he had a character at stake, and had laid himself out accordingly. He therefore came in bearing the big covered dish, with bits of green stealing out beneath it like a beard, and placed it on the board with a smiling bow.

"Now, gentlemen," said Captain Winkle pausing before he lifted the cover, as if he wished to defer the pleasure as long as possible, "I will show you a goose. Hullo! Here, Doctor, what the devil is this?"

"Goose, sir," said the cook from the rear of the circle.

"Well, look here, you black son of a gun, and see if it is a goose."

"He looked at the object till his eyes seemed ready to protrude, and he almost turned white; for there before him, brown and crisp, was a nicely-baked codfish.

"Golly, captain," said he, "dat was a goose, shu, when I lef de galley."

"You lie, you black rascal," shouted Winkle, hurling a plate at him, which he dodged, and rushed on deck.

"Winkle, my dear fellow," said Queerboy, with a grave expression, "this acting is unnecessary. Don't hurt the poor darkey. If you didn't have a goose, why not say so? I myself had a goose prepared for my own dinner; but I am just as well satisfied with codfish, and, I dare say Laurens is. 'Tis a good joke, and I shall never see a codfish that I shan't think of Captain Winkle's goose. But come and dine with me to-morrow, and I'll show you the real article."

"Winkle was unhappy, but made the best of it, and next day went to dine on the Twins. 'Twas a fine bird, tender as a chicken, that they had; but as the party separated, Winkle's cook took him aside and said: 'Massa cap'n, I douno but our skewers is in dat goose. Guess dey stole 'im.'"

"Winkle saw it with the naked eye."

Illustration.

The supply of water on a ship had failed; suffering with thirst, the crew pressed all sail to make a port in South America. Still out of sight of land they hailed a passing vessel and begged for water. "Cast your buckets over and draw for yourselves," was the answer. Unknown to themselves, they had entered the waters which the Amazon rolls in freshness away out in the sea. Many a voyager on life's sea is thirsty, yes, dying of thirst. He may doubt whether the waters of life can satisfy him; but let try. Sweet satisfying waters are flowing beside him. He may drink of these and never thirst again.