

# 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, May 16, 1871.

No. 20.

## 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.

### MRS. RYLAND'S NIECE.

NEARLY twenty years ago an English lady and her little boy were crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard steamers. The lady was going to Canada, where her brother lived. She was a widow. She had lost her husband a very few years after their marriage. Her name was Helen Dunraven, and she had a sweet, gentle, somewhat melancholy face, as I think a woman named Helen ought to have. Her little boy was a bright haired, blue-eyed, creature. His fair hair clustered about his forehead and fell upon his shoulders. This was about the time when Knickerbockers first became the garb of small boys in Europe; and little Eustace Dunraven wore black velvet Knickerbockers and looked like a tiny prince.

It was summer weather. The sea was really for once "like glass." One could hardly be sick, even if he tried.—Mrs. Dunraven was sitting on deck, one day, with her boy, when she heard the pattering of little feet, and a child came scampering up to her knee and caught her hand. The new comer was a little maid some eight years old, with a pretty head covered with jet-black hair, and a pair of deep black eyes, lustrous and lambent. The little girl's complexion was of almost tropical darkness. She was a lovely little creature, indeed, who might have stood as an infantile impersonation of Night, while the sunny-haired boy near her would have passed for the living symbol of Day.

"And what is your name, my little dear?" asked Mrs. Dunraven, who did not remember to have seen the child before.

"My name is Desiree," little Night replied, promptly and clearly, and then went on: "I saw you on the deck, and I ran to you because I love you."

"Do you, my sweet little creature? I am sure I shall love you," said Helen, kissing the child tenderly.

"Oh yes, I love you; and I love your little boy."

The little boy was holding off rather sheepishly, after the manner of his race. In very early life the girls make all the advances, if any are made. This little girl stood fearlessly before the boy, and gazed at him in tender innocent frankness, while he was somewhat shy, and looked at her timidly out of his great blue eyes. At his mother's bidding he went near the child, and gave her his hand; but she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Before the day was half over they were firm friends. They ran all over the deck together, and tried to play that game (what is it called?) which people play on board ship with round pieces of wood and a thing like a crutch, and a number of squares and and figures chalked on the deck planks.—They ran into all manner of holes and corners; they sat side by side at meals, and shared the oranges and apples captured at desserts.

Mrs. Dunraven saw nothing of Desiree's mamma. An elderly mulatto woman came and looked after the child now and then; but the mother did not appear, and seemed quite content that Desiree should be left entirely to Mrs. Dunraven's care. Practically this was so. The little girl clung to Helen and her boy all through the voyage as if she belonged to them; and indeed, people often wondered at the English lady's two children—the one so fair and the other so dark.

Only on the last day of the voyage did the lady whom Desiree called her mamma make an appearance on deck. She was an invalid, apparently; she walked with difficulty. She was wrapped in shawls, though the weather was warm.

Her face was indeed somewhat like that of Desiree, but was sallow and yellow. It was lighted by the cold fire of two stern and dark eyes that burned with a penetrating painful keenness.—The mulatto woman, on whom she leaned, brought this lady up to Mrs. Dunraven.

"I am deeply grateful," the lady said,

"for your attention and kindness to the little girl Desiree. I am an invalid and she is a restless, self-willed child.—No nurse or servant of any kind can get any control over her."

"Indeed? I should never have thought so," Mrs. Dunraven replied.—"She seems to me a very docile and loving little creature. It was such a pleasure to me to have your little daughter with us during the voyage?"

"Thank you. I am much obliged.—Desiree is not my daughter; she is the child of my brother. He is dead.—Desiree is an orphan."

Mrs. Dunraven sighed, and looked at her little boy.

"She calls me mamma," the other lady continued; "but she has neither father nor mother. I take care of her so far as I can; I am her guardian.—Desiree will be well cared for, and she will make many friends if she lives, for she will be an heiress."

There was something cold and disagreeable in her tone—a certain grating cynicism, implied in her manner more than in the words. Mrs. Dunraven felt inclined to shrink from her.

"She looks a fine, healthy little girl," she said in order to say something.

"Healthy! Oh no! the other replied, coldly; "far from healthy! I should say she had the seeds of consumption in her. Her father and mother both died very young."

The little boy and girl were playing on the deck at some distance while the elders were thus talking. Mrs. Dunraven looked with wonder and greatly increasing dislike at the woman who thus so coldly cast the horoscope of this loving and lovely child, and sought to find for her the house of death.

Poor Desiree came in for misfortune that day. She and little Eustace were missing for a long time. Two hours and more passed away without their making their appearance. At last they came running up together hand in hand and with an air of immense triumph and excitement, to where the elder ladies were sitting.

"Look here, mamma!" the boy exclaimed half out of breath, "See what we have been doing! Desiree is to be my wife, you know, when we grow big; and so that we may be sure to know each other again, I have done my name—the letters of it—on her arm, and hers on mine. Tom, the steward's boy, got us the gun powder, and it didn't hurt a bit—at least not much, you know. I liked it, and Desiree stood it like a brick! See! there it is.—E. D.' on her arm, for Eustace Dunraven, because she belongs to me; and 'D.' on my arm for Desiree—only 'D.' because Desiree doesn't quite remember her other name, and I don't know it. But 'D.' will do well enough; won't it mamma?"

And the boy pulled up first Desiree's sleeve, and then his own, and showed the work of his hand in triumph. He actually had tattooed the identifying mark in his rude little letters on their arms. He had seen and been immensely delighted with the tattooing performances of the sailors, and he thought the finest thing in the world was to employ the process as a love mark for Desiree and himself.

"Desiree's 'mamma' positively flamed with fierce, sudden and unintelligible anger. She loaded the poor little girl with harsh and bitter words, and struck her two or three sharp blows on the face. Little Eustace's eyes burned with anger and his fat round fist clenched. Desiree never cried, nor even winced. The punishment over, her guardian rose from the seat without a word to Mrs. Dunraven, and despite her invalid condition, hurried down stairs.

The parting of little Desiree from Eustace was a dismal piece of business.—The poor children clasped each other and cried. Mrs. Dunraven found her own eyes wet as she looked at them. She made an effort to obtain the address of the little girl's so-called "mamma;" and when the "mamma" herself appeared on deck for the last time, the steamer being actually in the dock, Mrs. Dunraven went over to her, made an effort to be warm and friendly, expressed a hope that they should meet again, and tendered her card. The other lady was cold and constrained. She said: "We are going South; we seldom come North; the climate does not suit me or my husband and children—nor Desiree." But she gave a card which bore the name of "Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans."

A hurry ashore, a rush for luggage, a carriage, a final dash of Desiree's sad eyes, and the parting was over.

Mrs. Dunraven and her boy went to Canada. She was to keep house for her

brother, who was a widower, as she was a widow, and had young children.

I will not venture to say whether it is possible for a little boy of twelve to fall in love with a girl of eight—to fall in love with her so that the feeling survives long separation, and abides with a tenacity of vital power which seems unconquerable. But it is a certain that little Desiree had so deeply impressed Eustace Dunraven that the memory of her was always with him. For a year or two he kept incessantly harassing his mother with petitions and prayers to be taken to Desiree. Then, as he began to have a clearer intelligence, and to understand that thousands of miles can separate loving hearts, he implored and petitioned no more; but he thought of Desiree all the same. Mrs. Dunraven listened to his occasional talk of Desiree with a keen pain and sadness; for she had learned something which she would not tell as yet to her son. It was this: one day she happened to see an old copy of a New Orleans paper at the house of a friend, and turning listlessly over its pages, she was shocked and grieved to see in the list of deaths the name of Desiree Constant, aged nine years and three months, at the house of her uncle, Angelo Ryland, Esq.

So she was dead, then, and the cold, sharp faced aunt was right, after all.

Mrs. Dunraven resolved that she would not yet tell her boy of the death of his quondam little play-mate.—When the distinctness of his memory of her should have worn itself away then she would tell him; not till then.

Two years after their arrival in Canada, Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace paid a visit to some friends in New York. One day as Mrs. Dunraven was coming out of a book store in Broadway, Eustace clutched her dress, and cried, "Oh mamma, look, look—Desiree!" Then he ran two or three paces on and cried out, "Desiree!"

Mrs. Dunraven looked in the direction which the boy's gestures and movements indicated, and she saw a carriage driving on and there was a child's face seen for a moment at the window, which did certainly seem to her to resemble that of poor lost Desiree. At least it was the face of a dark-eyed child, with clustering dark hair; and the child did seem to be looking eagerly back. But that fact was easily to be explained. The child, who probably bore some little resemblance to Desiree, was doubtless attracted by Eustace's sudden cries and gestures. The whole incident was piteous and pathetic. Mrs. Dunraven's heart was keenly touched by the mournful expression in the face of her boy, as, disappointed, he came back to her.

"Well, dear," she said, "you were mistaken?"

"Mistaken! Oh, no, mamma; it was Desiree. I wonder she did not stop the carriage?"

"But, Eustace, my child, it could not have been Desiree."

"Mamma, don't you think I should know Desiree? Besides, she saw me and knew me."

Mrs. Dunraven shook her head sadly. She saw no use in pursuing the discussion any farther. Poor Eustace was quite perplexed and miserable all that day. Indeed, the holiday in New York was spoiled for him. There was something wonderful in the hold which the recollection of the dark-eyed child had on the boy. You might have thought he was a full grown lover, yearning for a mistress. At last, his mother thought it right to tell him what she knew. The certainty of the worst seemed to her less likely to be wasting and injurious than the pressure and excitement of barren hope. So she gently but firmly broke the news to him that Desiree was dead. He flashed all red with horror at first, and his lips and hands trembled; but then he broke out with the words:

"Mamma, it isn't true. It was a mistake of the paper, or it was somebody else of the same name. But it was not Desiree. I saw her that day in Broadway, and she saw me. Desiree is alive, and I'll find her yet!"

Mrs. Dunraven wrote a letter to Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans, reminding her of their slight acquaintance on the voyage from Europe, and of the affection Eustace had formed for Desiree; and asked if it was true that the dear little creature was dead. After the lapse of some weeks she received the following answer:

MY DEAR MADAME—I well remember our too short and slight acquaintanceship, which might have ripened into something closer but for my invalid condition. I shall never forget your kindness to the beloved child who is now an angel in heaven. It is too true that Desiree Constant has been long since removed to that better land

where those whom her loss has bereaved may yet hope to find her. To me, who loved her as dearly as if she were my own daughter, there can be no earthly consolation for the decree which carried her out but to which, however, as in Christian duty bound, I endeavor unrepiningly to bow.—I remain, dear madam, with warm regards, yours ever,  
CLOTILDA RYLAND.

Mrs. Dunraven thought there was something singularly repelling about the tone of this letter. "She never loved the dear little child; she was glad of her death, because probably she got some money by it," was her exclamation; but then the good woman checked herself, and said, "I have no right to judge her thus. After all, it would be cruel to suppose that a woman did not love a child or mourn for its death, merely because she was sometimes harsh to it in its lifetime."

She told her son of the letter, and even read it to him. He burst into a passion of tears, but even amidst the tears he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I don't care; I don't believe it. I saw Desiree in Broadway that day, and she is not dead!"

Nine or ten years went over, and Eustace Dunraven was a rising young physician settled in New York, his mother living with him. He had been attached to the army, had served through the war, and had been in New Orleans, and had stood by the grave which a marble monument described as the last resting place of Desiree Constant, aged nine years and three months. He had looked at the grave with tenderness and sadness, remembering the fervor of his childish love. Of course, the dark-eyed child had faded from him long since into a mere memory, a cloud-shape, a dream; something which impressed him sweetly and sadly to think of, like the recollection of exquisite music, or of some melancholy moonlight scene. But he had never loved any girl since. He thought with curious wonder over his boyish conviction that he had seen Desiree alive long after the date on the tombstone; and though he now assumed that he was mistaken, it was strange how clearly on his mind remained the impression of his having seen her. In New Orleans he had made inquiries about the Ryland family. Fate had dealt heavily with them. Clotilda Ryland, the aunt of poor little Desiree, had died at any early period of the war, her death having been hastened by the news that her son, whom she passionately loved, had been killed in a battle by a Federal bullet. Angelo Ryland, her husband, who was represented as having been wholly under her influence during her lifetime, was living in Paris with his daughter, now his only child. They had lost nearly all their property—most of it inherited on the death of little Desiree—during the war, and were living in a poor and narrow way. The mulatto woman whom Eustace remembered as Desiree's nurse had been devoted to Mrs. Ryland, refused to accept her freedom during the war, and died soon after her mistress's death. The family was, if such an expression may be used, effaced from New Orleans.

And now Eustace Dunraven is settled in New York. One day he is sent for to attend an English lady who, with her family, had just arrived at the Clarendon Hotel.—He finds that the lady is very weak and nervous from the effects of the voyage partly, but that there is nothing serious the matter. The lady's husband is an Englishman of wealth. They had been in America several years before; they had come again to see how it looks after the war.—He hears the lady ask one of her servants "where Miss Dennis is, and he hears that Miss Dennis has gone out with Miss Emily and has not yet come back. Dr. Dunraven takes his leave, to visit the lady next day; and on leaving her apartments, and hurrying through the hall, he almost runs against a young lady and a little girl who are coming in. He takes off his hat—begins to make an apology, when he suddenly breaks off, flushes, stammers, and at last exclaims, "Do let me ask of you your name! Tell me—are you not Desiree Constant?"

For there before him stands a woman, —not a child; but the woman has the face, the eyes, the hair of the child Desiree.—The resemblance is wonderful, bewildering, overpowering. It is Desiree.

And the young lady turns pale, and says in a tremulous tone:

"Sir, my name is Elizabeth Dennis; but the name Desiree startles me in a manner I cannot explain. I do believe I once must have known you then."

"How did you get the name of Elizabeth Dennis?"

"I don't know; I hardly remember my parents. I cannot understand why the name of Desiree seems so familiar to me.—

It cannot, I now know, have been my name."

"Why—do please forgive my strange questions, and believe that I have a reasonable purpose in them—why cannot your name have been Desiree Constant?"

"Because," said she, somewhat hesitatingly, "because, among other reasons, the initials of my name are marked on my arm; and I can faintly remember my little brother—I suppose it must have been he—marking them one day on board a ship, and somebody—I suppose my mother—was there and was angry."

Eustace Dunraven broke into an exclamation that was almost a cry. "Desiree," he exclaimed, "It was I who made the mark upon your arm! The initials were mine, not yours. My conviction—my faith was right. Desiree Constant was not dead—she lives, and you are she?"

It was Desire Constant. Desiree was once attacked by fever, and Mrs. Ryland announced her death. A slave child, nearly white, died just then; her corpse was buried in a coffin which bore the name of Desiree Constant; and Desiree was sent to the far West, when she had scarcely yet recovered from her fever, and kept there for awhile by some people who received an annual sum for her, and were given to understand that she was an illegitimate child. The letters marked on her arm suggested to Mrs. Ryland a new baptism for the girl, and she smiled to herself to think how admirably the supposed means of identification could be made so serve the purpose of deception and fraud. She gave to Desiree Constant the name of Elizabeth Dennis; and the child waking from the delirium of her fever to hear herself addressed only by this name, soon yielded to it in bewilderment, and at last forgot that she had ever been called by any other.

It was not long after this that the English family with whom she was now living saw the child, were charmed with her, and were anxious to rescue her from the rough, uncongential, and mercenary hands in which she was placed. They paid off her keepers, got possession of the child educated and brought her up, and had her now as a teacher and companion of their children.

This was the story so far as ever became known. It was not clear that Angelo Ryland, the broken old man now pining in Paris, ever was a party to it. No steps were taken to crush the broken reed by any legal prosecution.

Eustace Dunraven became a close friend of the English family, and of course Desiree. The memory of his affection soon changed into the reality of manly love.—And the girl loved him, and they were finally married, and are happy. Desiree found a mother and a husband at once in Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace, and the future let us hope, will repay her for the past.

### An Orange Orchard.

A CORRESPONDENT OF *Hearth and Home* writing from California, thus describes an orchard of that county:

"A few days ago I visited Wolfskill's orange orchard. It is probably the largest orchard in California, if not in the world, and is known to many in the States from reading about it in *The New West*, by C. L. Bruce. At the time of my visit the blossoms were just beginning to appear. Permission is freely given visitors to walk through the grounds of this princely estate. I do not care to say how many oranges I picked up and ate. I take it for granted that any one who can walk about under such glorious trees, with the luscious fruit on every hand, and not "take and eat," must be either more or less than human.—Apples, it may have been that Eve ate, but I think not, as that would argue that there were no oranges in Eden, else the serpent would have chosen them instead of apples. Practically, oranges are a staple article of export hence. The tree is a very slow grower for the first six or eight years from the seed, and only begins to bear about the tenth year after planting, even with the best of care, and it thence continues to increase in size and profitableness for a lifetime. It is a hardy plant and bears transplanting well—better, I believe, than apple or pear trees—and quite large trees are often successfully moved by severe pruning, though the generality of trees are transplanted from the nurseries at three or four years of age, being then about three feet high. At fifteen years old, the tree bears two thousand oranges each year, without any alternate or resting years, and at the local ruling price of three dollars per hundred, form a profitable crop; so profitable, in fact, that the owner of a purse of less caliber than that of an army contractor need not enter into negotiations for the purpose of an orchard in bearing."