

# The Bloomfield Times.

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## The Bloomfield Times.

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### SPELLING SCHOOL.

School-master is abroad again,—  
The most ubiquitous of men.  
Wherever spelling matches meet,  
You'll find him on the highest seat.

"Now please come to order — Tom you choose  
with Jerry."

"Now let's toss the penny—who picks first."  
"My choice" — "Jessie Cary" — "Mine, then,  
Lily Berry."

"John" — "Dick" — "Sally" — "Mary" —  
"Andy" — "Jim."

"Then comes the tug of war" for fame.  
Will Tom or Jerry win the game?  
School-master "puts the words out," they  
Begin to spell about this way:—

"B-a, ba, b-y, by; master, Tom's a pinchin';  
"Dick, you'r tellin' Sally." "Hold your  
tongue."

"L-a, la, d-y, dy;" "Tom kissed Jessie Cary."  
"John's book's open, and he's lookin' on."

Macbeth now challenges Macduff  
To spell till some one "cries enough,"  
When out the hard words roll,  
As long as a Persimmon pole.

"Recapitulating, Chronologically,  
Cosmologically, Porphyry,  
Anesthetically, Physiognomy."

The "Old Guards" now begin to tell  
How they, in youthful days could spell;  
And soon the hoary headed corps  
Essay to win the laurels o'er.

"Big A, little a, r-o-n, Aaron;  
D-l-lizard, diz-zed-y, dizzy;  
B-n-lizard, buz-zard-l-n-g, zing,—  
Buzzing-l-y, ly-buzzingly.

Our boasted Anglo-Saxon lore  
Can furnish puzzling words no more,  
And all outlandish tongues must yield  
Jaw-breakers for the battle-field.

"Onahang, loganths, meerschbaum, syllo-  
gisms,  
Jackall, gallinippers, naivete,  
Tongue-tied, diarrhae, bantam, orthoepy,  
Tucumcari, prima facie.

## Under Sealed Orders; —OR— THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I HAD served twenty-five years on board  
an East Indiaman, and for the last ten  
years had commanded the Belle, one of the  
finest crafts that ever floated. I was an  
old sea dog, and had dwelt so long on salt  
water that I felt almost a hatred for land.  
On the 20th of October, 1824, I received  
orders to put myself in readiness to sail for  
Cayenne. I was to transport seventy-five  
soldiers and a convict. I had orders to  
treat this individual well, and the letter I  
received from the directory inclosed an-  
other, with a huge red seal, which I was  
not to open until, between 27 and 28 deg.  
west longitude; that is just before we were  
about to cross the line.

The letter was a long packet, so well  
closed on every side that it was impossible  
to catch the slightest glimpse of its con-  
tents. I am not naturally superstitious,  
but there was something in the look of the  
letter that I did not altogether like, though  
I could give no reason why. However, I  
carried it into the cabin, and stuck it under  
the glass of a little shabby English clock,  
which was fastened above my head. I was  
busy fixing the letter under the clock, when  
who should come into the cabin but the  
convict and his wife! This was the first time  
I had seen either of them, and I may say  
a more possessing couple I never met.  
The woman was scarcely more than fifteen,  
and as handsome a picture; while the hus-  
band was an intelligent, magnificently  
formed man, on whose features nature had  
never written "villain."

His crime, to be plain, was the misfor-  
tune of being a hundred years ahead of his  
age. He and others had attempted some-  
thing which our government calls treason,  
and which it punished with death. It,  
therefore, occasioned me considerable won-  
der that he should be placed under my  
charge, but more of this afterward.

He had, as I said, his wife hanging on  
his arm. She was as merry as a bird; she

looked like a turtle dove cooing and nest-  
ling beneath his great wing.

Before a month had passed over our  
heads I looked upon them as my own chil-  
dren. Every morning I used to call them  
into my cabin. The young fellow would  
sit writing at my table, that is to say at my  
chest, which was my bed. He would often  
help me at reckoning, and soon learned to  
do better than I could. I was amazed at  
his ability. His young wife would sit upon  
one of the round stools in my cabin, work-  
ing at her needle.

One day we were all three sitting in this  
way when I said:

"Do you know, my young ones, as it  
seems to me we make a very pretty family  
picture? Mind, I don't mean to ask ques-  
tions, but may be you have not much  
money to spare, and you are, both of you,  
as I think, too handsome to dig in the burn-  
ing sun of Cayenne, like many a poor  
wretch before you. It's a bad country—a  
bad country, take my word for it. I, who  
have roughed it through tempest and sun-  
shine till I've the skin of a rhinoceros  
might get along there; but you—I am  
afraid of you. So, if you should chance to  
have a bit of foolish friendship for your  
poor old captain, I'll tell you what I'll do.  
I'll get rid of this old brig; she's not much  
better than an old tub, after all; so I'll set-  
tle myself down there with you, if you like.  
You see I have not a living soul in the  
world to care for, or that cares for me. I  
want relations, I want a home, I want a  
family. I should like to make my home  
with you, my pretty young ones! What  
say ye?"

They said nothing at all, but sat looking,  
first at each other and then at me, as if  
they doubted whether they understood  
what I said.

At last the little bird threw her arms  
around my neck and cried like a baby.

"But," said she, pausing suddenly, "you  
haven't looked at the letter with the big red  
seal."

"Hang it!" I exclaimed, "it had slipped  
my mind entirely."

With a cold, dreadful sensation, I went  
to my chest to see where we were. I found  
that we had several days remaining before  
we should reach the proper longitude for  
opening the letter.

Well, there we stood, all three of us,  
looking up at the letter as if it could have  
spoken to us. As it happened the sun was  
shining full upon the face of the clock case,  
and fell upon the great startling red seal of  
the letter. I could not help fancying it  
looked something like a big monster, an  
ogre's face, grinning from the middle of  
the fire; it looked horrid.

"Could not one fancy," said I, to make  
them laugh, "its great big eyes were start-  
ing out of his head?"

"Ah, my love," said the wife, "it looks  
like blood."

"Pooh, pooh!" said her husband, taking  
her arm under his, "it looks like a letter  
of invitation to a wedding. Come, come,  
leave the letter alone if it troubles you so.  
Let's go to our room and prepare for bed."

And off they went. They went upon  
deck and left me with that beast of a letter.  
I remember that I kept looking at it as I  
smoked my pipe; it seemed to fix its great  
red eye upon mine, fascinating like the  
eye of a serpent. It was red, wide, raw,  
starting like the maw of a fierce wolf. I  
took my great coat and hung it over both  
clock and letter and went upon deck to  
finish my pipe.

We were now in the vicinity of Cape de  
Verde Islands—the Belle was running be-  
fore a fair wind at the rate of ten miles an  
hour. It was a splendid tropical night, the  
stars large and shining; the moon rising  
above the horizon, as large as a sun of sil-  
ver, the line of ocean parting it, and long  
streams of bare, shimmering light falling  
upon the waves, which, as they broke,  
sparkled like jewels. I sat upon deck,  
smoking my pipe, and looking at them.

All was still, except the footfall of the  
officer of the watch as he paced the deck,  
gazing, as I was, upon the shadow of the  
vessel stealing over the silent water.

I love silence and order—I hate noise and  
confusion. The lights should all have been  
extinguished by this time, but when I  
looked upon the deck I thought I saw a  
little red hue of light beneath my feet. At  
another time and place this would have  
made me angry, but knowing that the light  
came from the cabin of my little deportees I  
determined to see what they were about.

I had only to look down; I could see into  
the cabin from the skylight.

The young girl was upon her knees, she  
was saying her prayers. A lamp swinging  
from the ceiling lighted her room. She  
had on a long white night dress, and her

fair, golden hair floated over her shoulders,  
and almost touched two little bare feet,  
which were peeping from under her white  
dress, so pretty. I turned away; but phaw!  
said I, I am an old sailor! What matters  
it? So I stayed.

The husband was sitting upon a little  
trunk, his head resting upon his hands,  
looking at her as she prayed. She raised  
her face to heaven, and I then saw that her  
eyes were filled with tears. She looked  
like a Magdalene. As she rose, he said:

"Ah, my sweet Laurette, as we approach  
America, I cannot help being anxious—I  
do not know why—but I feel that this voy-  
age has been the happiest part of our  
lives."

"So it seems to me," she answered. "I  
only wish it might last forever!"

Suddenly clasping his hands in a trans-  
port of love and affection, he said:

"And yet, my little angel, I see you cry  
when you say your prayers, and that I can-  
not stand for I know what causes it, and  
then I fear you must repent what you have  
done."

"Repent," said she, in a sad, rebuking  
tone. "Repent of having come with you.  
Do you think because I have been yours  
only such a very, very short time, that I  
should not love you? Was I not your  
wife? How can you be sorry that I should  
be with you, to live with you if you live,  
and to die with you if you die?"

The young man began to sing, striking  
the floor impatiently with his feet, while he  
kissed repeatedly the little hand and arm  
which she was holding out.

"Ah, Laurette, Laurette! When I think  
if our marriage had been delayed only five  
days, only five days, that then I should  
have been arrested and transported alone,  
I cannot forgive myself.

At this the little one stretched out her  
round white arms, clasped his head, pressed  
his forehead, his hair, his eyes, smiling  
like a cherub, and murmuring all sorts of  
woman's fond things. I was quite affected,  
and considered it one of the prettiest scenes  
I had ever witnessed.

"And besides, we are so very rich, too!"  
said she, bursting out laughing. "Look  
at my purse, one gold louis d'or—all my  
worldly wealth."

"Yes, dear, I have spent my last half  
crown. I gave it to the fellow that carried  
our trunks on board."

"Ah, poor!" cried she, "what matters  
it? Nobody so merry as those who have  
nothing at all; besides I have my two dia-  
mond rings that my mother gave me; they  
are good for something all the world over;  
we can sell them when you like; and  
besides; I am sure that the captain meant  
kindly by us, and I suspect that he knows  
very well what is in the letter. It is a re-  
commendation to the Governor of Cayenne."

"Perhaps so; who knows?"

"To be sure it is," continued the charming  
little wife. "You are so good, I am sure  
the government has banished you only for  
a short time. I know they have no feel-  
ing against you."

It was high time that the light should be  
stricken out, and I rapped on the deck  
and ordered them to do so.

They instantly did so, and I heard them  
laughing and chattering like two innocent  
school fellows.

One morning when I awoke I was sur-  
prised not to feel the slightest motion of the  
vessel. Hurrying on deck I found that we  
were becalmed. Latitude, one degree  
north; longitude, between twenty-seven  
and twenty-eight degrees west.

I waited until night, when I descended to  
my cabin and opened the letter, with a dull,  
awful feeling. I held my breath while I  
broke the big red seal, and read:

"Captain Fontainebleau—The convict  
Antone Hindsclair, stands convicted of  
high treason against the Republic. The  
directory ordered that he be shot in mid-  
ocean, and you are hereby instructed to see  
that these orders are carried into effect."

I read the letter backward and forward.  
I went on deck. There they were, she  
looking upon the ocean, and he gazing upon  
her with an expression of unutterable fond-  
ness. Catching his eyes I signed for him  
to come into the cabin, and bidding her  
good-by, he came down, his face all smiles.  
I was bathed in cold sweat; I felt as if  
deadly sick; I handed him the letter and  
he read it, together with the death warrant,  
which was drawn up in due form and at-  
tached. I gathered voice as he finished.

He colored slightly and bowed.

"I ask nothing, captain," he said, in the  
same gentle voice that always character-  
ized his speech; "no man can be expected  
to swerve from his duty. I only wish to  
speak a few words to Laurette, and to en-  
treat you to take care of her if she survives  
—I hardly think she will."

"All that is fair, my good fellow," I  
cried. "If you request it I will carry her  
back to France, to her family. I will never  
leave her until she wishes to be rid of me,  
but I don't think she will survive it."

He took my hand and pressed it.

"Most kind captain, I see you suffer  
more in this business than I do,—but there  
is no help for it. I trust you will preserve  
what little property of mine is left, for her  
sake, that you will take care she gets what  
her poor old mother may leave her. I put  
her life, her honor in your hands. She is!"  
(and how fondly low his voice became "a  
delicate little creature,—her chest is often  
affected; she must keep it warm; and if she  
could keep the two diamond rings her moth-  
er gave her, I should be glad; but, of  
course if money is needed, they must go.  
My poor Laurette—how pretty she looks.")

It was getting too much for me, and I  
began to knit my brows.

"One word is as good as a thousand," I  
said. "We understand each other. Go to  
her."

I squeezed his hand; he looked wistfully  
at me, and I added: "Stay a moment, let  
me give you a word of advice. Don't say  
a word to her; be easy; that is my business.  
It shall be managed in the best manner."

"Ah!" said he, "I did not understand;  
yes, much better. Besides, this leave-tak-  
ing! this leave-taking!"

"Yes," said I, "Don't behave like a  
child—much better. No leave-taking if  
you can help it, or you are lost."

I kept my seat. I saw them walking  
arm in arm upon the deck for about half  
an hour.

I called the mate to me, and when he had  
read the letter, I said:

"Garley, that is bad business—bad busi-  
ness. I put it in your hands. I obey the  
orders, but remain in the cabin until it is  
over."

"How do you wish the thing done?" he  
asked in a nonchalant manner.

"Take him in a boat—out of sight; do it  
as quick as possible; don't say anything of  
this till the time comes."

Garley sat five minutes looking at me  
without saying a word. He was a strange  
fellow. I didn't know what to make of  
him. He then went out of the cabin with-  
out saying a word.

Night came at last. "Man a boat; go a  
quarter of a mile; be quick."

To obey a slip of paper! for it was but a  
slip of paper after all. Something in the  
very air must have urged me on. I saw  
the young man kneel down before his Lau-  
rette; kiss her knees; her feet! her gown!  
I cried like a madman:

"Part them! Part them this instant! Part  
them—curse the republic—curse the direc-  
tory—the directors! I quit the service! I  
curse the lawyers! you may tell them if  
you will!"

She was dragged into her berth, and the  
boat rowed away in the darkness.

Some time after a dull volley came over  
the sea to the vessel. It was all over.

Fool, madman! how I paced the deck and  
cursed myself. All night long I paced back  
and forth, and all night long I heard the  
moaning of the poor stricken bird.

Often I halted and was tempted to throw  
myself into the sea and so end this horrible  
torment of brain and heart.

Days passed; I saw nothing of Laurette.  
I would not see her. She avoided me, and  
I was glad of it. I could not bear the sight  
of that woe-stricken face.

The mate, Garley, how I hated him! He  
was as cool and unconcerned as though he  
had no remembrance of shooting the poor  
wretch.

At Cayenne I resigned my ship. Going  
to the city I made all my arrangements,  
and took the steamer for New York. I  
placed ample funds in the hands of a trusty  
friend, and told him to send Laurette to me  
at the end of six months. I could not see  
her until her grief had lost its edge.

Wearily, sick and careless of my life I  
wandered off into New York State, and  
finally bought a little place where I hoped  
I should lie down and die.

I sent for Laurette. Poor bird, I must  
see her. I could wait no longer.

One summer night I sat in the porch of  
my house, smoking my pipe, and gazing  
down the road. Soon the rattle of wheels  
was heard, and the stage halted.

The next moment a pair of soft arms was  
round my neck, and the head of my sobbing  
Laurette was on my bosom.

"Oh! you dear excellent captain—"

"Heavens! who is that behind you?"

There stood the matly form of Antone  
Hindsclair, the convict.

"What does this mean," I demanded,

hardly knowing whether I was dreaming  
or not.

"Are you glad to see me?"

"Thank God! thank God!" was all I  
could ejaculate.

I understood it all. The mate Garley had  
read my heart better than I did myself.  
After leaving the brig in the boat, he ar-  
ranged the whole affair.

The volley was fired but no bullet touch-  
ed Antone Hindsclair. He was smuggled  
into his berth again, and took care to avoid  
my sight. The whole crew were in the  
plot, thank God, I was duped.

I sent Garley a thousand dollars as a re-  
ward.

I am now an old man; but I am happy.  
My children and my grandchildren (I call  
them nothing else) seem to think old Cap-  
tain Fontainebleau is not such a wretch af-  
ter all.

### Mr. Rawley's Dog.

THE municipal court was in session,  
when the door opened, and Mr.  
Rawley walked in, and closed the door. At  
his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated  
themselves, the one on a chair the other on  
end, directly in front of Mr. Jagger, the  
judge. His honor looked at the dog with  
the solemn eye of a judge, and shook his  
head as only a judge can shake it.

"Are you one of the witnesses?" inquired  
he, of the dog's master.

"I am sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I  
was subpoenaed to testify; and here's the  
document." As he spoke he laid upon the  
table a paper which, from having lain  
several days in that gentleman's pocket  
had changed from white to snuff color, and  
was also particularly crumbled.

"What's that animal doing here?" de-  
manded the Court.

"He hasn't had time to do anything,"  
replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I  
comes. He goes when I goes."

"The animal must leave the court. It's  
contempt of court to bring him here," said  
Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instan-  
tly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in at-  
tendance at the police courts, and once or  
twice had had a slight taste of the sessions,  
so that he was not so much struck with the  
Judge as he otherwise might have been;  
and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not  
move a finger to prevent it. There's the  
animal, and any officer as pleases may re-  
move him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows  
what a contempt of court is, and this  
ain't one."

And Mr. Rawley threw himself amicably  
back in his chair.

Mr. Slagg, the chief clerk, laid down his  
pen took off his spectacles, went up to the  
dog, and told him to get out, to which Bit-  
ters replied by snapping at his fingers as he  
attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was  
staring out of the window. The dog looked  
up at him for instructions, and receiving  
none, supposed that snapping at scrivener's  
fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed  
his pleasant expressions towards that func-  
tionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye  
at the Judge, as if deliberating whether to  
include him in the demonstration of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?"  
said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under  
his nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir. He resists the Court," replied  
Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," replied Mr.  
Jagger, sternly.

Walker, the usher, a small man in drabs,  
had anticipated something of the kind, and  
had accidentally withdrawn, as soon as he  
saw there was a prospect of difficulty; so  
that the Court was set at defiance by the  
dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger:

"Sir!" exclaimed a thin man in the cor-  
ner, who had been subpoenaed, to his own  
great terror, and who at that particular  
moment had an idea that he was the only  
witness in the world, starting to his feet,  
under the vague impression that he was to  
be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly con-  
vinced that testifying and committing per-  
jury were only different names for the same  
thing.

"Not you—the man with the dog!"

Mr. Rawley looked the Court full in the  
face.

"Will you oblige the Court by removing  
that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certainly," said Mr. Rawley. "Bit-  
ters, go home!"

Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first  
casting a glance at Mr. Slagg, for the pur-  
pose of being able to identify him on some  
future occasion; and having comforted  
himself by a violent onslaught upon a small  
dog belonging to the Judge, whom he en-  
countered in the entry, was seen from the  
window walking up the street with most  
profound gravity.