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dom cheaply."

As we rode into Puebla, I stopped a moment at Senora Garcia's house. The family were all up, and the father was eating beans and drinking chocolate.

"I got in ahead of you, Senor," he coolly remarked, as he shovelled in his breakfast. "Come in-come in," they all called out.

"Not now, I thank you," I replied ; "I'll take up my quarters with the troops but I will see you every day or two."

"What's that you have about your neek ?" asked Antonia.

"My chain, of course," I answered, "and the watch is here, too."

"Why how is that ?" asked her father ; "I thought Sergeant Torres had it."

"So he did," I replied, "but, you see, he is lying out there on the road, and I saw from the way he was taking his rest that he wouldn't need it any longer, so I took possession of it myself."

"Ab, me !" returned Garcia, "he promised to sell it to me if I would send him twenty dollars, and I was going to ask you for the money, seeing that I set you free."

"You shall have the money, my man," I replied, " but I reckon I'll keep the watch myself."

How it is Done.

The manner in which the promise of "no political assessment" is carried out is well told by the following communication from a clerk at Washington.

"Just before the Maine election the assessor called me aside, and showing me a paper headed as a subscription list, and bearing a roster of all the officers of our department with certain amounts opposite to their names, according to the salaries they received, said: "Mr. -----, you are expected to contribute \$20 this month for election expenses in Maine."

Now, why should anybody "expect" any such unreasonable thing? I hadn't signed the list, although my name was there as a "contributor," nor had I authorized anybody to sign it for me. The assessor said that it was "expected," and of what avail would be a reference to Webster or Worcester for the true meaning of these words, "expect" and "contribute ?" So I reminded him that I had contributed over \$20 for the North Carolina election and for the election in Vermont, and that \$40 dollars was really more than I could spare, while my salary was so small and family so large. His answer might seem eruel to some, but to me who heard it so State Committee make the demand, not I. So, if you cannot spare the money, there are plenty of others who will be glad to take your place and spare it." That is the knock-down argument with us poor clerks, so I "contributed." In consequence of this last "contribution" my children will have to do without their winter shoes until December next, when I hope to get a full month's pay, and I will have to put off purchasing my winter's coal until November, and trust to Providence to keep us from shivering to death in the meantime.

as related to Antonia, she gave me the The Bloomfield Cimes. most ample proof of her disinterested friendship.

She was a frank, free girl, without a particle of prudery in her nature. She one day laughingly warned me not to fall in love with her, as she was destined for convent life.

"I should have taken the veil ere this," she remarked; "but this unhappy war of yours determined me to stay with my mother until peace comes then I must leave them all."

"But why do you adopt this life, de you prefer it?" I asked.

"I cannot say that it is my choice," she replied; "but then you see I made a vow when in great peril, and I must keep it." "Oh ! is that it ?" I answered. "Now,

it seems to me that you propose doing a very foolish thing, and one, too, that there the head of his command. is neither merit nor necessity for performing."

"Ah, Senor, you are mistaken," she replied, "a vow is a vow; if I was wrong in making it, who shall absolve me? No, I must keep my promise. Sanctissima Maria! what miserable creatures we should be if we all made vows and never fulfilled them."

"I don't say that we should make promises to break them," I answered, "but only this, when one, through terror or fanaticism, or anything that momentarily excites the mind, makes a rash or hasty vow, it is sometimes better to break it than perform it. Your own heart will tell you so, though you will not admit it."

"It tells me no such a thing," she replied; "if you were a Catholic you would not reason as you do."

"What's the use of calling names? I believe in the Trinity as well as yourself. I'm a Christian, and when at home go to church and try to behave myself. To be sure my religion don't call upon me to bind myself with yows, nor hold me to them if I made them, but if I did I don't think I should keep them if I made improper ones, and I imagine I should be none the worse for it."

She shook her head increduously, and then changed the conversation.

A few days aftewards Angel Garcia came in the house with his face pale. "What's the matter, Angel?" we all

cried out at once.

The poor boy was so agitated that he could not reply immediately, but after a few moments stated that he had seen some American soldiers shot down by Mexicans outside the city limits, where they had been straying.

Putting on my hat I went out on the

"I am," I replied, "but was not on dety when you captured me. I have been sick, and was recruiting my health before rejoining my regiment, which is with the main body of the army.

"I'm sorry I had to take you if you are an invalid," he returned, "but we want some information as to what is going on among your folks there," pointing back to the city. "Let me give you a little bit of advice. You will be taken before General Rea before long. I advise you to answer his questions promptly, for it may go worse with you if you hesitate."

mation, but I shall reply to nothing that may prejudice the cause of my countrymen."

touching his horse with his spur he rode to

fore a few houses at the outskirts of a village. I was immediately taken before a

he asked in a stern tone.

"I don't know," I replied.

"What !" he demanded, raising his voice, " you don't know? Come, sir, I've no time to waste; tell me at once, how large the American force is in Puebla."

'I really cannot tell you," I answered, for I do not know."

"How many pieces of light artillery have they ?" he continued.

"I am an infantry officer," I replied, and dont know anything about it." "Don't know again," he said, making a

memorandum with a pencil.

" Do they expect reinforcements? If so, whon?" "I decline to answer that question," I

replied.

"Yo do? he exclaimed. "Suppose I hoot you ?"

"I shall endeavor to meet my fate as a rave soldier," I answered.

Here Captain Vasquez, who was present, stepped to the General's side, and whispered something. I only caught the words "an invalid officer," but I knew he was speaking in my behalf.

"Take him away," said the General.

I arose and was conducted out by a couple of soldiers and thrust into a small room, scarcely five feet square, and lighted by an aperture only large enough to admit my hand. I soon saw that the place was used as a prison, and a sentinel was lazily sitting before the door with his sabre dangling between his heels. He asked me for some tobacco. The door being opened, I was rudely shoved into this hole, containing only a rough bench and a brown pitcher, half full of stale water. For ten days I lived in this vile hovel, feeding upon a scanty supply of black beans and tortillas or corn cakes, and I was never permitted to go outside my prison except upon cases of necessity, when I was always attended by a couple of soldiers. It was growing late in the afternoon one day, when, as I was peeping out the aperture that served for a window, I saw a young man (as I supposed) talking to some soldiers directly in front of my den. The most remarkable thing about him was a gold chain which he wore. I was confident it was the one I had handed Antonia the day of my capture. As I gazed I got a better view of the young man's face, when to my astonishment, I became satisfied hand. that it was Antonia Garcia herself in male attire. A thousand thoughts passed through my brain in that moment. Had she come there to effect my release, or to denounce me? This last could not be, for she was too good to injure even an enemy ; besides, she was in disguise. I called to the guard outside and asked him the time of day.

To-morrow night there will be a sergeant "You certainly have obtained your freeon duty here, and I will arrange it so that there will be a horse in waiting for your escape. To be brief, this sergeant of whom I speak will set you free, if I give him your

as you please, and don't let me influence you. If you had taken Angel's advice and mine, you would not now be here." I grasped her by the hand and told her that I would freely give what she proposed and even more.

watch and chain. Do you consent? Act

"It's enough," she replied. "I don't know at what hour you will get clear, but my father is going to desert, and he will accompany you, and may the saints aid

She shook the door, which was immediately opened, and I was alone.

one debarred from its blessed privilege ! I every little while came to my ear. Suddenly the door opened wide and a man

"Quick, Senor, follow me."

I sprang out into the night and ran after him as fast as I could. We did not halt until we came to the end of the village. There we found a couple of horses in waiting. Without an instant's hesitation I jumped into the saddle, and my companion did the same, when we set off upon a hard

we tore along the road. "If they should miss us our lives would not be worth a claco."

we had been riding for a long time.

swered.

rear that made me shudder. It was a dull rattling noise, accompanied by a distant shout.

my jaded steed. Daylight was just brea my companion fell.

The sun was setting when we halted be-

fat, swarthy officer, who announced himself as General Rea.

"How many troops have you in Puebla?"

you." "As you please," he answered, and

"Thank you," I replied, " for your inti-

Oh, how sweet is the boon of freedom to slept but little that night, and the next day feigned being ill. The doctor came to me, but he prescribed nothing, and left me with the remark that I would be soon better. How wearily dragged those hours along as I watched the blue sky from my peep-hole. Evening came at last, then it grew dark and got late. I heard the sentinels cry "Alerto," and then I knew that the night was well advanced. I could see the stars twinkle through my prison window, and the clang of my guardian's sabre

spoke in a low voice.

gallop. "This is dangerous work," he said, as

"How far is Puebla off?" I asked, after

"Searcely more than a league," he an-

Just then there came a sound from the

"Heavens !" I cried, "we are pursued." My companion uttered something that sounded like an oath. Faster and faster we urged our beasts, while nearer and nearer came the clatter in our rear. At last our pursuers were close upon us. I struck the rowels deeper into the flanks of often, it was merely monotonous. He said: ing, and in the gray morning mist I saw the steeples of Puebla rise before my eyes. I turned my head backwards ; at least a score of horsemen were on our path, and hardly more than a quarter of a mile distant. It was at this moment the horse of

"What does that signify ?" I answered.

And all that you ask will be given, If you do as near right as you can.

My Watch and Chain.

T was in the year 1847 when a small force was left to hold Puebla, that fortune cast my lot to remain there for garrison duty, while the army marched away to deeds of valor and glory. I well remember how sadly we watched the long blue lines disappear on the road that leads to the capital, and how we deprecated the necessity that compelled us to stay behind to keep the rear open for our advancing com-

And though clouds may often float o'er you, And often come tempests and rain, But fearless of storms which o'ertake you Push forward through all like a man Good fortune will never forsake you, If you do as near right as you can. Remember, the will to do rightly,

\$10,00 \$18.00

Live daily by conscience, that nightly, Your sleep may be peaceful and sound,

If used, will evil confound ; In contests of right never waver-

If you do as near right as you can. To injure your fame, never heed,

And life will of Paradise savor,

Let honesty shape every plan,

Though foes' darkest scandal may speed, And strive with their shrewdest of tact,

But justly and honestly act ; And ask of the Ruler of Heaven To save your fair name as a man,

rades. We had no idea then that we should have plenty of fighting on our hands, and be forced to stand a siege that at one time looked as if it would be terminated by the heavy body of Mexican troops (that surrounded us) swarming over our hastily erected breastworks.

For some time_ after the departure of General Scott we had matters pretty much our own way, and were apparently on good terms with the populace. Many little courtesies were constantly passing between us, and we began to congratulate ourselves on our comfortable situation, when a rumor ran through the garrison that a very large cavalry force of the enemy had appeared in a town to the southward, some fourteen miles distant. No one could tell from whence the report emanated, and the fact that our spies (and we had an efficient corps in our pay), had given the Colonel commanding no such information, caused us, after a few days had elapsed, to doubt the rumor, and ultimately to banish it from our minds. So we resigned ourselves to security, and went on with "kino and monte," smoking cigarettes and drinking "pulque," with as little concern as if we had been at home in one of our own cities.

I had been sick with a low type of fever at Vera Cruz, when I arrived in Puebla I had permission to live for a while at a private house instead of joining mess and taking quarters in barracks.

The woman at whose house I made my temporary home, was named Garcia, and had a husband at the time serving in the Mexican ranks: but I was not aware of the fact. Senora Garcia had two daughters, Antonia, the eldest, was about sixteen years, and Carmen, the youngest, was six. She also had a nephew (on her husbaud's side) named Angel, who lived in her family. This young boy was apparently twelve old, and quite an intelligent lad. years

It didn't take me long to make myself at "You are an officer?" he said, glancing home, and I think I had the good will of at my blue blouse which was devoid of the family to the very last. Indeed, as far shoulder-straps.

plazza, but no one seemed to have heard of the affair. I, therefore, returned to the house and requested Angel to show me the spot. To tell the truth, I did not believe a word of the story, but thought that the boy had magnified the occurrence he professed to have seen.

"Don't go, Senor," he exclaimed, "you had better stay here."

"If you are afraid, I'll go myself." I answered, looking at him reproachfully.

"I'm not afraid," he replied, "though I don't wish to be shot or see you killed either."

"Perhaps you had better not go out, Senor," said Antonia; " be content and remain where you are."

"To show you how little I credit what Angel has seen," I replied, "I here bestow this upon you if I do not return," and I took the gold watch from my pocket and threw the chain over her neck.

"I will pray for you," she said as, turned away from the house. "Angel don't leave the Senor," she cried.

After some twenty minutes walk we came to the open country, and Angel pointed a little way ahead, remarking. " That's the place, though I don't see any one now." Scarcely had he uttered these words, ere I felt my arms pinioned from behind, and I was a prisoner. In an instant there were a dozen lancers by my side. They had been secreted in the bushes, while their horses were concealed in a hollow near by. Angel, poor boy, fled weeping piteously, while my captors proceeded to bind my hands, and placing me on a horse bore me away.

I was fortunate in falling into the hands of Captain Vasquez, an unusually humans Mexican, or I should probably have been traveling on foot tied to the tail of one of the horses. After a little, the Captain himself rode up beside me and entered into conversation.

"A quarter to six," he replied, and then commenced smoking a corn-shuck segar as he paced to and fro on his post.

At last it grew dark, and the lights began to shine outside my prison. I was allowed none to cheer my gloomy hours, so I threw myself upon a bench which auswered the purpose of a couch, and began to think of home and kindred. My confinement was making me weak and morose, for I was far from being strong when they captured me.

While stretched upon my bench, the door of my prison suddenly turned upon its hinges, and admitted a figure and then closed again.

"Speak low," she said, for it was Antonia, "for I can only remain here a moment : my father is now on guard at your door, that is the way I got in here. I can release you, but before doing so, I wished had been effected. to obtain your consent to what I propose. "You are fortunate," he remarked ;

"Fly !" exclaimed Autonia's father, "I can save myself yet," and he bounded off among some bushes and was hidden from my sight.

It happened that there was a small party of dragoons just entering the city by another road, which brought them in the rear of my pursuers. As soon as they caught sight of the Mexicans they uttered a wild shout and dashed for them, sabre in

Now it was the turn of the enemy to fly ; they had accidentally been caught in a nice trap. Scattering in disorder, they attempted to gain the mountains, but the d ragoons were on their heels, cutting them down with their long sabres. I turned and rode back, joining my countrymen .-The first person I encountered was my old comrade, Captain Burns.

"Hallo !" he cried, "that's what's the matter, hey ! By George, we thought you were shot long ago," and he caught me by the hand. "There's two of them," he said, pointing to a couple of Mexicans whom the dragoons had slain.

One of them had a sergeant's chevrons on his sleeves, and I don't know what prompted me, but I jumped from my horse and turned him over as he was lying on his face. I had no sooner done so than I espied my chain glittering under his shirt. "I'll take this," I said, and slipping it off his neck, I found my watch at the end. "So it's you, my fine sergeant," I soliloquised. "Not content with your bribe, you must needs betray me. Well your work is about done.

I then recounted to Burns how my escape

A Puzzle for Surgeons.

Andrew Truitt, a colored man at work, for Rev. T. P. McColley, in South Milford, Del., met with a serious accident on Saturday last. He was riding a young horse, which reared with him, and falling backward caught his ankle under the withers. tearing the astragaloid bone from its connection with the joint, forcing it completely through the skin to the inner side of the ankle.

A singular fact in connection with the accident is, that though the bone and ligaments were torn entirely away, opening a frightful wound under the maleolus to the joint, the fibula was not injured-an accident which has been pronounced impossible by surgical authors, owing to the peculiar anatomy of the parts.

Knew his Place.

A grave-digger walking into the streets of Windsor, the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed, and then followed on behind them. "And why is this ?" said they. "I know my place in this procession," said he.

Georgia has a hale and hearty citizen who has been struck by thirty-two minnie halls, one mortar shell, one sharpnel, one three-inch conical, struck by lightning, bitten by a ratilesnake, and chased by a mad dog.