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FOR MAGGIE.

I hope to come home in the spring,
When my term of enlistment is o'er;
When the flowers are bursting in bloom,
And I am a soldier no more.
Oh; yes, I'll come home in the spring,
When the birds fill with music the air;
And many sad tales I will tell
Of war, and a soldier's hard fare.
For twenty-eight months and more,
Far away from my home I have been;
Upon many a blood-covered field,
Sights of suffering and death I have seen.
Do you wonder I want to come home
When my present enlistment is o'er,
To live with those whom I love,
And witness such scenes ne'er more?
The life of our country's at stake,
And all on the soldier depend
This wicked rebellion to crush,
And that beautiful flag to defend.
From my duty I never will shrink,
Let life or let death be my fate;
I will always prove true to that flag,
My country, its laws and my state.
I am thinking of you all to-night—
Of Willie and Elmer, so dear,
And hope to return to you all
In May or June of next year.
Yes! yes! I'll come home in the spring,
In the meantime I'll think of you all;
Think often and fondly of me,
And in the spring I will give you a call.
By W. A. HOLLAND, Co. "B," 1st Regt. P. R. V.,
C., Bristol Station, Virginia, Dec. 23d, 1863, 1
o'clock, A. M.

CONFIDENCE.

BY E. E. HALE.

[WITH THE CHROMOLITH, BY H. BILLINGS.]
DEAR LITTLE JANET! And you
want me to tell her story? Why, she
would say there was no story to tell.
I say "dear little Janet!" For all that,
she is a woman grown now; and the last
time I saw her there was a great bouncing
Donald in her lap. For 'a' that, and for 'a'
that, she will always be "little Janet" to
me.
There never was a child who showed so
fully what the woman was to prove. The
first time I ever saw her was one day when
her father had fallen in with me on a cross-
road in the Piscataquis valley: That is far
away, forty miles above Bangor in Maine.
He was on his hay-cart: I was sitting on a
log. We nodded to each other; and he,
seeing my knapsack and stick, asked if I
would not mount with him, which I did;
and so, before long, we came up to his
cheerful, rambling, great shingle-palace of
a house, where I had already promised to
pass the night with him. We brought up
in front of the barn, from which we had
already heard shouts of "Coop! Coop!"
Who should appear at a little three-cornered
window in the gable but little Janet,
flaxen curls flying wild about her head.
"Hurrah!" said "Miss Janet." "Hur-
rah!" said her father: "jump, birdie!"
and, before poor cockney I well understood
the order, the child flew out of the window
down into his arms; and they both rolled
over and over in the hay. I have seen
many a jump into hay-carts,—say, have
made my share; but I never saw such a
flight as that. And even then it was not
the distance which seemed most surprising;
it was the absolute promptness, so per-
fectly fearless:—
"Hers not to make reply,
Hers not to question why."
He said "jump!" and she jumped, not
because she calculated the height, or had
done it before, but because he told her to,
and she loved and trusted him. That was
little Janet all over.
Now, steadiness like that and readiness
like that breed steadiness and readiness.
It seems queer to me that I had never seen
Janet before, I have seen her so much and
so often since. I had not seen her long,
before I found that I trusted her as im-

ply as she did me; indeed, there was
not a man who worked on the farm who
had not absolute confidence in the child,
or was not sure of her promptness, punctu-
ality, and affection. Nor was it men and
women alone who felt so. The horses and
the cows—nay, the pigs and the hens—all
knew her cheerful voice and her ready at-
tendance and her steady hand. Jotham
said she could collar and harness that cross
brute "Mad March"; that she would climb
into the manger and put the wretch's collar
on, and put the bit in his mouth, because
she was such a lady. I know she could do
it; and of course Mad March let her do it,
for he could have eaten her, had he been
carnivorous, and hardly know he had tasted
food. But it was not because she was a
lady, but because her easy confidence, as I
say, created the same confidence in all.

Do you remember Miss Yonge's pretty
story of Miss Keble? The little wrens
trusted her so entirely that they came to
pick the red berries which were printed on
her muslin dress; and, when the found they
could not get any of them off, they flew
down and crept up under the skirt, think-
ing they should get at the berries on the
other side. I have seen the little birds do
that with Janet,—not such wrens as
those, because there are none in Maine,
but some little witches not so much bigger
than an English wren, whose name I do
know. Wren or no wren, they knew Janet,
even if she did not know their name, nor
they hers.

The pretty picture Mr. Billings has made
of her just represents both sides. I mean
she trusted the birds, and the birds trusted
her. In the picture you see just how
it was. This little whistler has fascinated
her, and she has fascinated him. He
knows she will not hurt him; and it almost
seems as if she were listening to him, and
learning from him, as in the "Arabian
Nights" and in the German fairy-tales, the
girls of the real blue blood understand the
language of caterpillar, cricket, grasshopper,
toad, frog, weasel, pussy-cat, tom-tit,
ostrich, camel-leopard, and all other verte-
brates or invertebrates. Dear little Janet,
she is as good a fairy as the best of them!

After the haymow flight, when she was
as big a girl as Mr. Billings has made her,
we had many a tramp together up-brook,
through moose-wood and over mountain.
I have seen her pass from rock to rock, on
one of the ridges of Ktaadn, with no
thought of taking a staff, with no kind of
uneasiness, though she wore just on the
sheer edge of that precipice which you re-
member perhaps on the southern face of
Ktaadn. I have seen it fifty miles away.
Yes; and I have seen the child's father fell
a pine-tree a hundred and fifty years old,
that we might walk dry-shod across the
stream; and the moment it fell little Janet
was the first to swing herself upon the
trunk, to run across as lightly as one of
her own little birds would, and in ten sec-
onds was beckoning and waving her hand
from the rocks on the other shore. We
could not hear a word she said for the rush
of the rapids in the gorge below. Her
father, who worships her,—as well he may,
—used to tell a story of an experience of
theirs in a sort of out-lying station he had,
half shanty and half lumber-camp, just on
the edge of the woods. Mrs. Trevor had
gone up with him and Janet, and the chil-
dren; and they were to have a sort of picnic
frolic for three or four days. But one of
the little boys was not well; so their moth-
er had taken them all home, leaving Janet
to cook for her father, who had something
in hand. Poor fellow! In the middle of
the second morning, as he pried up a heavy
sill from its resting-place, [the ground gave
way under him, his bar slipped, and he and
the log rolled down together in the hole he
had made,—poor Trevor underneath, and
his leg broken just above the ankle. Janet
was with him in two seconds; but she could
not free him, nor could five others like her.
"She did not wait long," he said. Off she
went like a bird, down to McMurtrie's pas-
ture, a mile and a half down the intervals.
Over the root-fence, into the pasture, and
then, threading through the high ferns,
she began to call "Dan! Dan! Dan!"
Now, Dan was a vicious old stallion whom
McMurtrie chose to keep ranging in his pas-
ture and in the woods. When McMurtrie
or any of his men wanted Dan, which was
four times in a summer, it took a peck of
salt, and luring and chasings, lariats and
lassos indescribable, to woo him and to win
him. And now this child—for Janet was
still not a woman grown—only called Dan
two or three times, and down through the
underbrush came the great hulking crea-
ture, glowering at her; and as she slowly
walked up to him with a handful of rasp-
berries, he did not turn away; and then

and there he stood and she stood,—she on
a rough bowlder, he nibbling at the fruit;
she rubbing his head between the ears, he
whinnying with satisfaction that he had
company. And at last when Janet thought
the *entente cordiale* was attained she coolly
put her little green scarf through his
mouth, behind his great teeth, and, before
he knew it, she had flung herself on his
back, and was away. They were not long
making the six miles to the village. As
she came in by the saw-mill, she met Dr.
Kittredge. She told him her story; and
in three minutes he and four or five other
men were in a lumber-wagon on their way
to the rescue. Kittredge told me this him-
self. They asked the girl if she would not
go with them; but Janet said no; somebody
must take Dan back to the pasture, and so
she went ahead of the party. Poor Trevor
was released in less than two hours from
the time he fell.

But you want to know how Wildair first
met her. It is John Wildair, remember,—
not Taylor; Taylor is in Australia. John is
Taylor's brother. That is just the way
with you young people. All you care about
is the love-making and the wedding. Now,
I might entertain you for an hour with
pleasant accounts of how the Trevors came
into the Piscataquis valley, and how I came
to be there, and of the origin of the Trevor
family; and you would skip it all to see
how the story turned out, and who married
them. Only Helen, of all of you, would
read about the early history of Cornwall;
and she would do it, not because she wanted
to know, but from love of me.

Well, John Wildair first saw Janet on
board a Kennebec steamer,—literally on
board, if you will rightly consider the de-
rivation of that term. John Wildair was
sitting on the deck, at Bath, watching as
the passengers came on board. And two
men brought an old lady, in a chair, down
the wharf and upon the deck; and Janet
came with her, and wrapped her up warm
and cuddled her, and made her feel quite
at home. Then the old lady wished she
had some of the oranges which a German
woman was selling on the wharf; and Janet
ran ashore to buy them. While the Ger-
man fiddled about the change, the boat
cast off, the captain's bell struck, and they
had fairly pulled the gangway in, when
Janet came running back with her fruit.

Did she stop? Not she!
"Please run it on again," she said; and
the wharf-hands obeyed her,—just as Dan
obeyed her in the pasture. And the little
bird, as I called her before, ran right over
the board,—the boat moving the end along
steadily as she did so,—and sprang upon
the deck, as perfectly unconscious as if she
had been walking the floor. Years after
John Wildair tried to make her remember
it; but she did not remember it all; she said
indeed, there was nothing to remember.
She said there was no danger, and conse-
quently no courage; that the plank would
remain on the boat fully five seconds, and
the slowest woman in Christendom could
have crossed in two. Still John Wildair
wondered when he saw her do it; and, as
I believe, admired her then and there, that
she did not spend ten seconds first in in-
quiries of the wharf-men whether or no it
would be safe to cross the gangway.

But John was destined to see her again
far, far away.

Tom Trevor went to the war in the
Forty-seventh Maine Rifles. Tom was the
wild-cat, black-haired brother that dared
everything, and went everywhere. And
after that horrid carnage at Bell's Ford,
when the list of the Forty-sevenths were
printed, Tom's name was among the mis-
sing. Dead perhaps? Janet said, "No,
not dead." She was sure he was not dead.
If he had been shot, some man would have
seen him fall, and would have told of it; for
they all liked Tom. No; Janet, with all
her own clear-sightedness, which is what
Mr. Billings and I call "Confidence," pro-
nounced that he was in a rebel prison.
Then the next thing for her to do was to
go and find him. Her father would not
hear of it; for, as I said, he worshipped
Janet. But, because people are fain to
obey those whom they worship, he had to do
as Janet bade him before he knew it; and
in fewer days than it takes me to tell this
story, as we say when we write in the Dime
Series, Janet was in Washington, besieging
Knapp at the Sanitary, and Stanton in his
den, and Gen. Townsend in his, for some
sort of pass that would carry her across the
lines. Little good did she get of that. Of
course there was no pass of any kind or
sort; and they all told her, with great ten-
derness, that she would have done much
better to stay at home.

But Janet did not go home, for all that.
By this time they knew, and she knew, that

Tom Trevor was in Richmond, in Hospital
No. 21, where were our wounded prisoners.
Whether he was there because he was sick,
or because he was wounded, she did not
know, nor could anybody learn; but he
was there. What Janet did was to go up to
Harper's Ferry. Then she turned up at
Stanton and Lexington, and one fine day,
appeared in Lynchburg,—quite comfortable
within rebel territory,—very seedy, and
speaking very bad English and very good
French. She called on all the ministers in
Lynchburg; she staid at Lynchburg till she
could be sure whether they would not want
her as a teacher in the academy. Mean-
while she knit stockings like fury for the
wounded; and in the hospital there was
not a volunteer nurse as ready and careful
as Janet, nor so universal a favorite as she.
And so it happened that when, in the spring
of '64, Butler struck it so suddenly at Ber-
muda Hundred, and fought the battle of
the fog; and when the wounded began to
be sent to the rear from the Wilderness
and Spottsylvania; when Dr. MacGregor
and Mr. Harris went down to Richmond
with fresh spring vegetables for the wound-
ed,—Mlle. Lacroette, whom you and I
know better as Janet, went with them, with
express charges to look after certain wound-
ed of the Twenty-ninth Virginia. Nobody
could go in without Dr. MacGregor's pass;
but he would take Mlle. Lacroette anywhere.

That was the way that it happened that
Janet, after she had carried Adam Clement
the stockings his mother had sent, and to
Jesse Burton the headrest Mary sent, and
the boxes of home-baked cake to Joe,
Stratton and Walt, Victor, and the letters
to twenty others, whom she found in one
hospital and another, appointed herself to
duty one day at Hospital No. 21, with a
note from Dr. MacGregor to our good
friend Dr. Sample, who was in charge
there. The note said that she was a per-
fect nurse, and could speak French and
German well. Sample had little to do
with French or German; but he had no
surplus of perfect nurses. And so it was,
that one morning when Tom Trevor was
waiting for his breakfast of mush and
molasses, it was brought to him, not by the
nice red-turbaned black woman who
brought it Monday, but by a tiny little
white woman in the full dress of a sister
of charity. Tom hopped a foot off his
bed when the sister of charity turned
on him; but the sister of charity magnetized
Tom also, so that his "Janet!" died
unspoken. But from that moment, I can
tell you, Tom began to get well.

So did John Wildair, who lay in the next
bed; and so did all the Smiths and the
Joneses and the rest, with whom this story
has nothing to do. Never was there such
a sunshiny place as was that ward of No.
21, till they were all packed up and packed
off, and sent back into the country.

And then! Why, by the time, Mlle.
Lacroette had her way as perfectly as any
red tapist of them all. Not Dr. Sample
nor Dr. MacGregor could draw up requi-
sitions with more formality, insist on pre-
cedent more precisely, or do as he chose
more certainly, than could the French
nurse. She never asked for anything that
was not right; and, when she asked for
anything, she asked as if she were certain
it was to be granted. So the end was,
that it always was granted. Tom Trevor
was assigned to Lynchburg. Dear

me! how John Wildair wished that he
could be assigned to Lynchburg. He
would have given his hand had he dared
asked her to assign him to Lynchburg.
And the only reason he did not dare was
his fear that she would find out, by his
asking, how it was a matter of life and
death for him to go there. Queer human
nature! He hoped she knew he was all in
all to him; and yet that was the one thing
he did not tell her, and was so afraid she
would find out. Why was he afraid?
Why? Oh! it is the old, old story. What
if she did find out, and then moved Tom
into Ward A, and let Rebecca come into
Ward B in her place,—what would John
Wildair do then, poor thing? So John
Wildair did not say one word; and so he
was assigned to Lewisburg, when they
were assigned to Lynchburg.

Die of a broken heart? Not a bit of it.
He did not die at all; he got well. He
bribed a black brother to leave him out of
a window; and he stole a horse, and rode
him thirty miles before daylight. Then
he slept all day in a barn; then he stole
another horse, and then another; and so he
turned up at Harper's Ferry; and as he
was in Battery Seven in front of Peters-
burg; and so he marched under Ord to Ap-
pomattox Court House; and so, when
Janet brought poor Tom, still limping,
down to our lines, and hunted up the

Forty-seventh Maine, and John Wildair
was in command, because he ranked every
officer left in the field. And did not John
Wildair tell her then how glad he was to
see her!

Yes. And she was glad to see him!
And John had her and Tom sent back to
the field hospital in an old carryall, and in
the evening came down to see how Tom
had borne the journey. And after that he
took Janet out to see the sun set behind the
river; and they walked and they talked,
and John told her how desolate all life had
been to him since she and Tom went to
Lynchburg, and begged her, by the love he
bore her, never to leave him again, with-
out saying he might come after her.

I don't know what he said to her; but I
know, that, after the Forty-seventh was
paid off, I married them both, and that
there, according to all rule, this story ought
to end.

When Mr. Billings sent the painting to
John to look at, and said it was named
"Confidence," Janet asked if "Confid-
ence" was not Latin for "Brass"? But
John said "No"; he said that it was a
word which meant Faith and Love mixed
together. And we hung the picture above
the mantle in the dining-room; and as we
sat looking at it, the brothers and sisters
came in for prayers, and old Chloe brought
in the little Donald. And old Grandfather
Trevor opened the old Bible he brought
from Cornwall, and he read,—

"I give unto you power to tread on ser-
pents and scorpions, and over all the power
of the enemy."—From "OLD AND NEW"
for December.

By HAMMATT BILLINGS to which reference is made
in the story above, is GIVEN AWAY to every Re-
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A Vessel Sunk by a Sword Fish.

The Manchester Guardian says that a dis-
patch from Levuka, the capital of the Fiji
Islands, announces the total wreck of the
schooner Trent, after having been attacked
by a monster sword fish. It appears the
Trent left Levuka on the 28th of Decem-
ber last, on a "labour" cruise, and called
at Rewa, which she cleared on the 30th.—
On the 9th of February something struck
the vessel, and immediately afterwards
water rushed into the cabin from a large
hole in the quarter. On looking over the
side it was found that an immense sword-
fish had attacked the vessel, and was hang-
ing by its sword to the ship's side. The
fish was caught, and on it being hauled on
board it was found to measure twelve feet
in length, and four and a half feet round
the body. Its sword, which was over two
feet long, had been driven through the
planking up to the fish's head with such
force as to slit the fish's lower jaw. On
the 21st of March, after experiencing
a very severe hurricane of four days,
Boham's island was sighted; and on June
9th, the Trent commenced to take in water
freely through the place where she had been
struck by the sword fish. The vessel went
ashore on a reef, and afterwards foundered,
all efforts to stop the leak being futile.—
The crew escaped to the shore.

As a "set off" to some of the woun-
derful rulings of the post office department
a contributor suggests that the post office
officials adopt the following:

A subscriber residing in a county in
which a paper is printed, can take paper,
provided he pays in advance, and urges his
neighbors to subscribe. If he does not
live in the county in which he resides, and
the paper is not printed in the same county
in which it has its press-work done, then
the county must pay double postage on the
man—we mean a two cent county must be
affixed to every postage stamp—that is to
say, every two ounces of a man—we mean
the paper county—the man—well, we must
leave this ruling to the discretion of the
postmaster.

Poland Salt Mines.

The salt mines of Poland, it is stated,
are the most beautiful and on the largest
scale in the world. Visitors walk over four
miles in the long open galleries, and there
are many that have not been entered for
years. These galleries undermine a whole
town, and are places of popular amuse-
ment, where bands play, balls are given,
and refreshments on every scale may be had
at the buffet. A splendid chapel is fitted
up in one mine, where mass is celebrated
once a year. The ceilings, walls, etc., are
all cut out of the solid, glittering, greenish
salt.