

The Bloomfield Times.

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LONG AGO.

The twilight shadows are gathering gray,
And the wild wind wails o'er the dying day,
As I lie and list to the river's flow,
And the far-off voices, so soft and low,
Of the long ago.

The shadows thicken among the trees;
Sadly, mournfully murmurs the breeze;
And forms glide round me that nevermore
Shall gladden my sight, for they've floated o'er
To the unknown shores.

The moon looks out through the mantle of night,
Flooding the earth with her liquid light;
And again I live in the rhythm and rhyme
Of a peaceful home and sunny climate,
In the olden time.

On the murmuring river the moonbeams dance,
Gilding the waves as they shimmer and glance;
And, like ravishing strains from a harp of gold,
The interlude sweet to a tale long told,
Come the songs of old.

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky;
The winds and the waves wander fitfully by;
And back to my dreary life, sadly I go,
To dream nevermore of the bliss and the woe,
In the long ago.

Outwitting an Uncle.

CONTINUED.

I FANCY that when Mr. Frederick, arrived at Mr. Pendleton's elegant residence, he created a sensation. A curly black pony, that looked as though he had lately boarded in a potato patch, and had never known the taste of curry-comb or card; an ancient harness, that showed the industry, economy and ingenuity of some queer old save-penny, and still stood in need of repair; a dilapidated chaise, which might have served any practicing physician a quarter of a century; a lashless whipstock and knotted lines. Such was the establishment which moved slowly up the magnificent avenue, in full view from the drawing room windows of the Pendleton mansion!

Very slowly and awkwardly, Frederick got out of the old chaise. You can imagine Miss Laura's dismay when her visitor was announced. In company with a couple of friends—a young gentleman and lady of fashion—she had been laughing at the ludicrousness of Frederick's "equipment," as she called it, as it moved up the avenue!

The young man entered the parlor with the most perfect nonchalance in the world; neglecting to remove his hat until he had saluted Miss Pendleton and her friends. Then he threw himself on an elegant sofa, in a rather careless manner, and declining to trouble anybody with his hat, placed it on the floor! Without appearing to observe the consternation of Miss Pendleton, or the emotion of her friends, he then offered a few observations about the weather and made a bugle of his nose, muffling its sonorous tones in the folds of a flaming red handkerchief, which he afterwards tossed into his hat.

Meanwhile the accomplished and aristocratic Miss Laura had enjoyed a survey of Mr. Frederick's style of dress. His coat was of fine material, and graceful cut; but it had evidently come in contact with the uncourted hide of the little black pony twice or thrice too often, for its beauty. His waistcoat was of rich satin; but by some carelessness, the lowest or first button was mated with the second button-hole; thus producing a sad disarrangement in the tailor's design. The cleanliness of Frederick's linen indicated scrupulous care in his uncle's housekeeper; but one wing of the dickey drooped sadly, whilst the other side stood proudly erect, in all the majesty of starch. His cravat was awkwardly twisted into a bow-knot; and imagine, in addition to these beauties of costume, one extremity of a pair of very

fine pantaloons lodged on the top of a "lack-lustre" boot, and you may have some idea of Mr. Frederick's appearance!

Now our hero—thanks to Rose his protegee—was little known in society and enjoying the reputation of being a student and a man of talent, he could act with success the part he had undertaken, sooner than any other man. His carelessness and personal appearance was looked upon as the result of studious habits. Having foreseen this he had not been mistaken in judging that he would be treated with more deference than any mere clown. His uncle's wealth and influence might also have some effect in causing Miss Laura to tolerate in him what she could not have endured from any other person. In perfect keeping with the character he had assumed was Fred's conversation. Instead of indulging in fashionable small talk, he discoursed learnedly on old books by obscure authors, whose names not one modern reader out of a thousand ever heard! In short, he played the role of a slipshod philosopher to a degree of perfection which argued an imitative talent, and a knowledge of human nature no one suspected him of possessing.

Frederick dined with the Pendletons that day, and having inspired Miss Laura with an utter abhorrence of all students, rode home in the evening, well satisfied with the sensation he had produced—as he candidly assured his uncle.

"Ah, Fred!" exclaimed the delighted bachelor, you are a boy after my own heart! Persevere—and we'll snap our fingers at fortune!"

After four similar visits at Pendleton House, which occupied as many weeks—Frederick residing too far from his lady-love, to drive the little black pony to see her oftener than once in seven days—he resolved, with the advice and consent of his uncle, to make her an offer of his hand.

"But I feel a kind of bashfulness in introducing the subject," said Frederick, "she is such a dignified lady! Suppose I should write her a letter? She knows that I am a fellow more conversant with books than the graces of society; and she will appreciate my delicacy."

"I don't see anything out of the way in that," replied the old gentleman, who little suspected Fred's motives. "An offer is an offer, whether made on paper, or by word of mouth. Draw up the document and let me see it."

Fred had three reasons for this step.—First, although he had audacity enough to act his part thus far, he felt some diffidence about making a proposal where he was confident of being coolly rejected. In the next place, he thought it might be in keeping with the character he had assumed, to write Laura on the subject. The main reason which induced him to take this step, however, was a desire to convince his uncle that he had made a formal and bona fide proposal for Miss Pendleton's hand, and to lay before him her positive evidence of his refusal.

Frederick accordingly produced an elaborate document, full of sound sense, nicely turned compliments, and a formal offer of his hand; which, although it contained scarcely *love* enough to meet the old gentleman's ideas of ardent courtship, obtained his general approbation.

The letter was sealed and despatched under Uncle Philip's immediate supervision; and on the very same day, there was received a reply. Frederick opened the letter in presence of his uncle.

"Luck boy!" cried the latter, in high glee. "I am sure she will have you.—Read it read!"

"You are sure?" said Frederick, forcing a smile. "I have my fears about it!"

"I need not state what the fears were. Notwithstanding all his precautions, Fred was a little anxious. What a predicament he would be in, should such a miracle occur, as his uncle confidently expected!"

"Respected sir," began Fred.

"Rather cool, that," said Fred, who really appeared well pleased. "I do not dislike the expression. A woman should respect the man she intends to marry."

"Allow me to thank you for the high honor you have conferred upon me by the offer of your hand; and rest assured that, although I cannot accept it, I remain with sentiments of esteem, your obliged and gratified friend."

"I do not believe it!" interrupted Uncle Philip, snatching the letter. "She never would refuse—it is impossible—as good looking a fellow as you—"

He glanced his eye over the neatly written billet, and uttering a groan, and dropped his hands in mute dismay.

"A previous attachment," sighed Fred.

"I declare, that must be it!" muttered

the old gentleman. "Yes, you labored under a disadvantage, and I pity you."

Fred put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"But don't feel bad about it my boy," said his uncle, consolingly. "Miss Pendleton is not the last woman. Don't think of her any more!"

Fred left the room. He hastened to Rose. To her great joy he related the success of his stratagem. Only one thing remained to make them happy.

But while Fred was waiting for a favorable opportunity to speak to his uncle about Rose, another storm was brewing for the discomfiture of his hopes. Determined to marry off his nephew, to make him happy, and himself comfortable, the old gentleman had the kindness to select for him another bride—Miss Paulina Clifton, a second cousin of our hero's, who resided at a distance of some fifty miles from him, and of whom he knew comparatively nothing.

Uncle Philip's will was absolute; there was no hope of safely evading obedience; and accordingly Fred, somewhat encouraged by the success of his first stratagem, placed confidence in his ability to invent and prosecute a second; and having taken affectionate leave of the disconsolate Rose, he set out on a visit to his distant relative.

As Mr. Grandison was careful to see that his excellent nephew was well provided and equipped for his journey, Frederick could not but choose to make his first appearance before Miss Pauline in a certain sort of style; besides, from what he could gather concerning the character of his cousin, he despaired being able to make successful use of the same stratagem which had already served him so well.

Frederick was well dressed and he drove a handsome horse. He was two hours performing the journey. He arrived at his destination one fine afternoon, and met with a hearty reception from his friends. Pauline in particular, expressed great joy at seeing him, and shook his hand with almost masculine heartiness. For she was a "dashing woman"—Miss Pauline! None of your dainty belles, who never speak without simpering and mincing their words, but a frank, bold, merry-hearted girl, who cared not a straw for ceremony, and loved a hearty laugh, and a gay horseback ride, better than anything.

She was a beauty, too, in her way; no black eyes brighter, no brow more noble, no form more stately than hers. Fred could not help admiring her, so full of vigor and the love of life. But he thought of Rose.

The Cliftons were rich; but there was a carelessness in their style of living, strongly in contrast with what Fred had witnessed at Pendleton House.

Our hero was vexing his brain to invent some means of bringing his second suit to the same successful issue as the first, when Pauline exclaimed:

"I am so glad you are come, cousin! It has been so dull here lately, that I have almost died with *ennui*. Since Cousin Harry left, three weeks ago, I have suffered the every extremity of home-sickness. Ah, you should know Harry! He is the companion for a fox-hunt, or a chase in the woods, or a race anywhere! He isn't afraid to ride over fences! He mounted a colt that had thrown every man before him—broken one shoulder and two arms—but the high-mettled chestnut couldn't play his tricks with Harry. An ape could not have stuck closer. Father made him a present of the colt for taming it; though I could have rode him as well as he did, if everybody had not opposed me."

"You!" exclaimed Fred.

"I? Why not? I delight in horses! don't you?"

In an instant Frederick's mind was made up for the part he was to act.

"I must say," he replied, shaking his head, "I am no jockey, I never mounted a horse that was not well broke. I—I think—I'm a little afraid of horses!"

Pauline's face was all wonder.

"Well, if you are not just like the rest of them, except Harry. Afraid of horses! A person would not think so from your looks. Really, you are not sickly, or timid, or effeminate. I know you are not; and you only require a taste of the pleasures of horsemanship, to become perfectly infatuated. Ha! ha! I'll teach you! Let me be your companion for a week, and you'll fall in love with horses!"

"With you, I rather think," said Fred, gallantly; "for positively, I have no equestrian tastes. I appreciate an easy chair and a pile of old books, with an addition, in winter, of a comfortable fire and cup of coffee. I appreciate these luxuries too well,

to care for horses. By the way, speaking of books, have you a copy of Massinger? I was thinking of a passage in 'The Bondman,' as I was riding to-day, and for my life, I could not remember the precise language of the poet."

"You may find some such stuff in my father's library! I don't know," replied Pauline. "But do try to forget your books for a few days, cousin. Ah, you will! I am sure just the sight of my *Myrrha* will inspire you with something of my tastes!"

Firm in this conviction, Pauline, at day-break, on the following morning, had her favorite steed prepared for use; and while the dew still sparkled on the grass, she was proudly mounted and riding gaily across the fields, regardless of fences, in order to put a proper degree of life into *Myrrha*, before displaying her beauties to Frederick. At last she dashed up to the door and called to her cousin, who, to her despair, she learned had not yet forsaken his couch!

Pauline took another turn, and once more came up to the house like a thunderbolt. Nobody could lie abed until that time of day, she thought; and being told that Frederick had not yet made his appearance, she wheeled *Myrrha*, with an exclamation of contempt, and riding off again, did not return until the family was half through with breakfast.

"O," she said, sarcastically, addressing Frederick, "you have finally got up! But I am really provoked that you care more for breakfast than for *Myrrha*! You would not get up to see her; and I was particular to train her, expressly to draw forth your admiration!"

"I have no doubt but I should have admired her," said Frederick over his coffee. "I like the name—*Myrrha*—it is classical. *Myrrha* was the daughter of a king of Cyprus, named Cynarus, and according to Ovid, in the tenth book of the *Metamorphoses*—"

"I tell you, you must forget your dusty books!" interrupted Pauline. "I will give you no peace until you do. Are you prepared to enjoy yourself after breakfast? What shall we do? Harry's colt is in the stable, and you can ride him if you like."

Frederick shuddered.

"Dear me! I should not dare to mount any horse that was not perfectly gentle. If the colt has already broken two arms and a shoulder, I am afraid he would fall into the temptation of adding a grand climax to his former achievements, by breaking my neck! If you have no objections, I think I will look over your father's library; for he tells me he has got some books there that have not been opened for twenty years, to his knowledge; and I shall delight to sit down in an easy chair and explore those relics of antiquity."

To be candid with the reader, I must confess that Frederick, notwithstanding his literary tastes, would have keenly enjoyed riding the most spirited horse in Mr. Clifton's stable, he admired Pauline, sympathized with her in her invigorating pursuits; and nothing at the time could have pleased him better than to give himself up wholly to her guidance. But he felt the necessity of playing the hypocrite; not that he loved Pauline less, but that he loved Rose more. Since he was to offer his hand to the former, he wished to run no risks of being accepted. Concluded next week.

A Cool Hand.

When Mr. John Clerk, (afterwards Lord Eldon,) was admitted to the bar, he was remarkable for the *sang-froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was "surprised at such a decision."

This was construed into a contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend, John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly when the name of the delinquent was called, John Clerk, arose, and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal:

"I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your honorable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance; you must see at once that it did originate in that. He said that he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done—he would not be surprised as anything you did."

A Mappy Home.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else, concurring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterward. "I have somewhere read," says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his *Bridal Greeting*, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him to the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one side of it he retreated to the other side and exclaimed: 'Pull the line.'"

She pulled it, at his request, as far as she could. He cried:

"Pull it over."

"I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband.

But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull the line, so long as her husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came around and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.

"There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we both pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together. It will be so with us through life, my dear, if we oppose each other, it will be hard work. If we act together it will be always pleasant to live. Let us always pull together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be union of action, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

Curran and the Judge.

Soon after Mr. Curran had been called to the bar, after some statement of Judge Robinson's, the young counsel observed that "he had never met the law, as laid down by his lordship, in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the judge, "but I suspect that your library is very small." Mr. Curran replied, "I find it more instructive, my Lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones.* My books may be few; but the title pages give me the writer's names, and myself is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

"Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran; "My Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which perhaps you are not unacquainted."

He then briefly recited the story of Tray, in Roderick Random, who having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale:—"So, my Lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain when he has been worsted in the encounter that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned.

"If you say another word I'll commit you," replied the angry judge; to which Mr. Curran retorted; "If your lordship do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing your lordship has committed."

*Judge Robinson was the author of many stupid, trivial and scurrilous pamphlets, and by his demerits, was raised to the eminence which he disgraced.

Strange Story of a Secret Marriage.

In the Boston Herald a strange story is told concerning a secret marriage. During the last eight or nine years, a wealthy widowed lady and her only son have lived together at the North End, the latter during all that time exhibiting every sign of the greatest filial devotion. During the latter part of January last he died suddenly, and, after his burial, a young lady, for whom he had occasionally during life expressed a tender feeling, came to his mother, and to the amazement of that lady, announced that for eight years she had been her son's wife. This she proved by documents, and she has put forth a claim for her share of the dead man's property. There seems to have been no sound reason for this concealment, and the affair will doubtless remain a mystery, unless the lady wishes to divulge.