

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. VIII.

The Bloomfield

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, February 24, 1874.

IS PERLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY

Oimes.

IN ADVANCE.

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The Home for Me.

Give nie a home where the evening winds play And breathe all so low in the ear ;

Where the night is not night, but with love is all day,

And the leaf never once grows sere : Where the emerald grass springs in long,

tufted knots, And the wind sigheth gently between,

And the shadows drop down in their dark,

checkered spots, As if hiding the deep, deeper green.

Give me a home by some cool, glassy stream, Where the gables their images show ;

Where the long trailing vines are as in a swee dream,

And drop from the eaves hanging low ; Where in summer the sound of the turtle is shrill,

As it comes from the dank pool afar ;

And the chorus of insects, from meadow and hIII.

Begins with the earliest star.

Give me, O give me a home in a wood, A home in a wood wild and free ;

Where the many-voiced thoughts that on the heart brood.

May expand and grow great with each tree Where the bee cometh daily to gather the thyme,

And the squirrels so busily run, And the mosses so gray grow still grayer with time.

And is silence the circling years run.

For the Boomfeld Times MYSTERIOUS FRIEND. THE

A Story of Old Virginia

CONTINUED.

VOU won't do anything at that distance," said the captain. Orlando made no reply, but on the ment he raised his pice ce and fired. To the crew it seemed as though he had taken no aim, and they expressed themselves by a low murmur to that effect : but their disappointment was changed to astonishment when they saw the pirate who was just in the act of raising a match to the priming of the long gun, drop backwards from sight.

ments more the mainsail was clewed up, Dick Nolan threw their grappling after and the brig lay almost motionless upon the water. The pirates, however, even though their request had been thus readily complied with, proved 'most treacherous; for the laying of the brig to the wind had brought her head exactly into the position to receive a raking fire, and on the next moment she got it from the pirate's broadside. None of the brig's crew were harmed, however, for at that instant their yes. sel's bows were raised upon the bosom of a rolling sea, and the enemy's shot struck low, though some of them hit the brig.

As had been anticipated, the pirates prepared to board the bows, for already had she run under the brig's forefeet and luffed short up. The captain of the merchantman called all his men aft, and having hidden the two guns as much as possible by lowering the main spencer across them, he saw that they were aimed properly, and then, with a lighted match behind him,-while the mate stood in the same manner-he awaited the onset.

At length the pirate's bows grated along under the brig's fore-chains, and as the grapplings were thrown on board, the buccaneers began to swarm in by the fore-rigging. Some twenty of them had gained the deck, and were upon the point of rushing aft, when the captain applied his match, and from beneath the innocent looking sail there poured forth a sheet of flame and as the myriad measengers of death went on their way. The captain was not disappointed in the result of his shot, for the spikes and bolts had been packed in such a manner that they spread in all directions, and the havoc they made among the advancing men was fearful. As the pirates saw the fate of their comrades they set up wild yells of rage, and those who were behind dashed madly on, but ere they reached the gangway they were met by the mate's shot, and for a few moments they hesitated. Twenty, at least, of their men were either killed or totally disabled, and they had not many over the same number left .

"Pistols, my men ! pistols !" shouted the captain of the brig, as the pirates once more started aft.

The pistols were discharged, but only one or two of the enemy fell, and the remainder came dashing wildly on. The crew of the brig drew their outlassess, and with a fearful clashing of thirsty steel the combatants met.

Orlando Chester stood apart in the weather gangway. In one hand he held his heavy cutlass, and in the other hand a loaded pistol, but as yet he had mingled not in the tight. At leagth he saw the captain of the brig fall beneath the cutlass of the buccaneer chief, and ere long the mate sank dead upon the deck. The pirates were gaining ground ! All the men who were now left were favorably disposed to the youth-at least, in their sympathies; and as the thought came to our hero's mind he grasped the cutlass more firmly in his hand, brought his pistol to its rest, and then, with the hope of liberty beckoning him on, he rushed forward to the scene of conflict. During any period of a battle the appcarance of a new enemy in the field-no matter how insignificant the enemy may be - cannot fail to produce some effect upon the opposing party. Until the young hunter rushed forward from the gangway he had not been observed by the pirates, and as the first blow was aimed at their chieftain they were for a moment so startled that the points of their weapons were involuntarily allowed to drop. Orlando's blow had been calculated for an effective one, and the pirate chieftain fell beneath it never to rise again to earthly life. In a moment the buccaneers recovered their suspended senses, and two bright cutlasses gleamed at ouce above young Chester's head, but he was calm in his purpose of self-redemption, and his quick eye served him faithfully. With his weapon, still red with the fallen chieftain's blood, he struck off the blow of the assailant upon the right, and with his ready pistol he shot the other through the head. This feat of Orlando's, as terrible as it was unexpected, served a double purpose. It not only struck terror to the hearts of the pirates, but it also gave courage to the crew of the brig. Nolan sprang forward to the youth's side-the rest followed his example, and with a loud shout of victory they set with almost demoniae bravery upon the enemy. Foot after foot did the pirates give up of their ground, as one after another of their number fell beneath the determined strokes of Orlando and his companious, until at length, with not over a

them, and in a few minutes the brigantine had swung off and started away from the scene of her unsuccessful combat.

"Chester," said Nolan, as he grasped the young man by the hand, after the pirate was fairly off, " will you forgive me for the part I took against you? You've proved yourself a noble man, and I could never rest asy if I thought you'd laid up anything against me. Only say you'll pardon me."

"You have my pardon, fully and freely," replied the youth, as he returned the warm grip of the old sailor, " and now I trust I am at liberty, at least, as much as the confines of ship board will admit of."

"That you are, and if you desire it, the brig shall be at once put back." said Nolan. 'I could wish, at least, that you would

land me as near Jamestown as possible." "I don't know but that we shall have to put back there at any rate. The captain and mate are both gone, and I don't much feel like putting the brig through to England myself."

The crew were loud and enthusiastic in their thanks to our hero ; and from a doomed prisoner he found himself at once transformed into a hero and commander, for all hands expressed themselves ready to obey his wishes.

Upon examination it was found that eight of the crew had been killed, while two were so badly wounded that they were completely disabled, so there were only nine men, including Orlaado, left for duty. The first thing done was to get the deck cleared of the dead, and though from the bosom of the victorious youth there issued a silent prayer for the souls of the departed, yet their bodies were consigned to the blue deep without any other ceremony than the lashing to the cold feet of a sinking weight. Then the brig was filled away, and after a short consultation her head was put back, the wind allowing her to lay, closehauled, just up to her true course for the Chesapeake. The second mate knew but very little of navigation, so the command of the vessel was given by unanimous consent, to Nolan.

As soon as the deck was washed, and the true course marked out, attention was turned to the moving of the two guns, but before they were got back to their respective places one of the men came running up from below, with his face all blanched with fear, and pointing down to his shoes, which were full of water, he exclaimed :

"We're sinking ! See there-it's already over my shoes in the cabin !"

For a moment Nolan was horror-struck, but he soon regained his self-possession, and bidding the man of the wheel look well to his charge, he called upon the rest of them o follow him and hunt up the leaks.

tons for hoisting her out. In half an hour the boat was safe alongside, and provisions and water enough for a fortnight's allowance were with considerable difficulty got out from the store-room and stowed away in her stern-sheets. The boat's mast was next stepped, with its sail brailed snugly up, the stays were hauled taut, and the jib rigged in its place. The men took with them such arms and amunition as they could procure, besides the charts, compasses, quadrants, and other small articles of value that could be got out, then the two wouned men were assisted into the boat, and shortly afterwards Nolan and his companions followed.

All was now in readiness, and at the word from Nolan the painter was cast off, the boat's head shoved off, the sails loosened, and with a bound almost of animation, the frail bark started from the vessel's side. The sea was not very heavy, and the swells, though somewhat high, were long and steady. The young bunter cast his eyes back upon the brig, a strange feeling of awe crept over his soul as he saw the heavy to be answered for." fabric reeling to and fro upon the verge of its grave. While yet he looked, the vessel rocked more heavily-then stood for a moment still, as if contemplating her doomthen a perceptible tremor shook her vast frame, and with one heavy three she pitched forward, plunged her bows into the flood, and in a few moments more the blue water closed over her forever.

In half an hour after the men had taken the last look at the old ocean dwelling, the dark curtain of night settled over the vast deep, and Nolan divided his men into watches, giving to the second mate the charge of one, while he took charge of the other, and after making arrangements for the course through the night, half of the men drew their blankets around them and lay down beneath the thwarts to seek repose for their weary limbs.

When the morning dawned, the wind, which had been comparatively low during the night, began to freshen, so much so that it was found necessary to take a reef in the mainsail, and as soon as this was accomplished Nolan and the mate distributed the morning's meal. While the men were engaged in eating their breakfast, one of them, who had stationed himself in the bows, uttered a sudden exclamation of joy, and as the boat rose upon the bosom of the next sea a sail was distinctly made out to the northward and eastward.

A new hope instantly sprang up in the bosom of the men, and putting up the helm they eased off the sheets and stood towards the discovered sail. The pistols were load. his whereabouts ?" continued Chiron. ed, and one after another they were discharged into the air, with a sort of reckless hope that the sound might reach those who could save them. Nolan had stationed himself against the mast with a glass, and for a long time he gazed steadily upon the distant sail. The men watched his countenance as though it were an index to their prospects, and they hung upon each varying lineament of his features for the raising or the crushing of their hopes. At length the glass trembled in Nolan's hand, a shade of deep disappointment overspread his face, and with a groan stepped down from the thwart. "My men," said he as he closed the glass, "she's steering from us, and is already more than hull down !" The boat was once more hauled upon the wind, and with sad and heavy hearts the crew turned their eyes towards the point in the horizon where the object of their sudden hopes had disappeared. They were nearly five hundred miles from land, with nothing but a single inch of plank between themselves and eternity, a heavy sea running against them, and a prospect of having their provisions destroyed by the salt water that came dashing over the bows Hearts that had been tied to earth for years now began to turn to a Power mightier than their own, for their late conquering strongth, and the weapons that lay about them, were utterly void against the relentless storm-god, and as they lay upon the bosom of the treacherous ocean the illfated men knew not how soon it might open its broad, deep grave to receive them !

boat and rigging up the stay and yard bur- kindly speaking features were tortured with vivid lines of unmistakable anguish ; yet over all there was a firm set cast of a powerful determination which bespoke a will that was not to crushed by misfortune or disappointment.

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No. 8.

Mr. Berkley was alone in his private study, and though his appearance was indicative of much emotion, yet it would have been difficult to decide whether 'twas a cowardly fear, or a demoniae satisfaction, that moved him. He was engaged in locking over some papers, when he heard the door of his room opened, and on looking up beheld the towering form of Chiron.

"Now, by the saints of heaven !" uttered Berkley, as he recovered from the first shock of the meeting, "your insolence is becoming unbearable. If you do not leave me on the instant, your arrest and commitment shall be the consequence."

"Soft, soft, my dear sir," said the old hunter. "I think you would find it hard to have me arrested."

"Not so hard as you imagine. The death of Gilman and Colton may yet have

"So, so ; then your accommodating doctor has been blabbing. But look ye, Mr. Berkley, do you wish a thorough investigation of that affair before the public?"

Mr. Berkley met the keen glance of the hunter, and he quailed before it. In his soul he dared not meet the steady gaze of his visitor, for there was something in his tone and manner, and his very appearance; that struck a dread to his heart. But he had sense enough to know that if he didfear, he had bettter keep it as much as possible to himself, so he endeavored to conquer his emotions, and turning to Chiron, he said :

"I fear no investigation, sir, of any of my acts; but I can inform you that the laws protect the dwellings of our citizens from the intrusion of common brawlens, and you had better beware how you lay yourself liable to them. I would be alone."

"And in a few moments you shall," returned Chiron, who could not help smiling at the sudden change in his host's ground of complaint ; "but first I would ask you once more, what has become of Orlando Chester 911

"I know not."

"Beware, Mr. Berkley ! What have you done with him ?"

"I tell you I knew nothing of him, only that he has escaped from jail," answered the agent, in trembling, fearful accents, but yet with an apparent coolness upon his features.

"Then you will not give me a clue to

"If he were upon the gallows, I would give you a passage in the same direction."

"Load the rifle, quick," exclaimed the youth, as he took the other in his hand.

Another of the pirates stepped up to the long gun and raised the lighted match, but are he could accomplish his parpose, the unerring alm of the young hunter sent a bullet through his head. Again and again was the pirate's match raised to the gun by the hand of a fresh recruit, but the captain of the brig made out to keep the rifles ready for use, and the youth used them with futal precision. Six men had been picked off in this way, when the pirates seemed to have abandonded their favorite engine entirely ; for though the gun might by some means have been touched off from a secure hiding-place, yet its aim was now false, and they had found to their cost that he who would go forth to point it anew went only to his certain death.

By the time, however, that the pirates abandoned their long gun they had ranged near enough to make effectual use of their batteries, and in a few moments after Orlando had fired his last shot, the brigantine let drive her broadside of six twelve pounders. Some of the shot took effect upon the brig's side, for she trembled beneath the concussion, while one or two came whinning harmlessly over the deck. At this moment the brigantine ran up the black flag at her peak, and fired a gun to windward.

"That means for us to heave-to." said the mate.

"Yes," returned the captain, "and the fellow means that we shall know his errand, too."

Than turning to the man at the wheel he ordered the helm to be put down and the

As soon as the hatches were taken off, it was found that the water was already deep in the hold ; and even Nolan started back aghast as he found that there was a shothole through the side of the brig, and that it was now not over a foot below the waterline. He sprang back upon the deck, and having rigged the pumps, he set four of the men at work upon them, and with the rest he went again upon the search. In the excitement of their victory the men had entirely forgotten the shots they had received from the pirate, and now they found out their effects too late ! Half the cargo in the hold was covered, and it soon became evident that there were other leaks than that on the side, and ere long they found that they had three more shot-holes in the larboard bow, through which the water was pouring in torrents.

An bour earlier the shot-holes might have been stopped, but now it was too late. With a fearful energy the men worked away at the pumps; but still the water gained upon them alarmingly, and upon sounding the well it was found that the intruding element had gained nearly two feet since the pumps were rigged.

"It's no use !" uttered Nolan, as the men let go of the pump-brakes in despair. We might as well try to pump out the ocean,"

" Then the brig must sink," said Orlando, in a half inquiring tone.

"Yes, there is no help for it," returned Nolan, as he stepped to the main hatchway and looked once more into the hold.

"How long will she be able to float," inquired the young hunter, over whose mind new fear was beginning to creep.

" Not over an hour at the furthest," returned Nolan, " for the more water she takes in the faster she'll go."

The pro tempore commander knew that it would be meeless to bestow any more

CHAPTER X.

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

It was one month after the mysterious disappearance of young Chester from the Jamestown jail. Night had succeeded a pleasant day, and shortly after its sable curtains had been drawn over the colony, Chiron sought the dwelling of Reswell dozen of them alive, they tarned at the fore time upon the pumps, so he turned his at- Berkley. Upon the brow of the old hunter fore yards braced sharp up. In a few mo- rigging, and leaped upon their own deck. tention at once upon casting loose the long there was a stamp of deep suffering, and his

"Thank you kindly, sir ; but I shall have no need of your services," said the hunter, and then lowering his voice to a tone of the deepest import, he continued :

"Now let me tell you, sir, that though you refuse to acknowledge your hand in this matter, yet I know 'twas you who did it ; but 'twill avail you little. Your ends will not be so easily answered. You have in some way disposed of the son, and you tried to dispose of the mother, but there I thwarted you. And now, Roswell Berkley, I tell you that the dreaded secret is not locked up in the bosom of Morgiana Chester. I know that secret, and there is another beside whose ears have drank it in, so you need not thisk to save yourself by the death of the mother and her child."

"Villain, you lie !!' abrieked Berkley, utterly frantic with passion. "I have no secret. I care not for Mrs. Chester, save to place her in safety."

"No secret ?" "No !"

"Not even with regard to a certain duel once fought, wherein you figured behind the scenes ?" uttered Chiron.

Roswell Berkley sprang from his chair, and the words, " Villain / Liar /" broke from his bloodless lips, but ere he could speak forther his power of utterance seemed to fail him, and grasping his deak for support, he sank back into his seat. The old hunter regarded him for a moment with a look of utter contempt, and then turning away, he left the villain alone.

"It's of no use," murmured Chiron to himself, as he stepped from Berkley's house, "he won't criminate himself furthar by acknowledging his agency in the re-moval of Orlando ; but I don't believe he'll trouble Morgiana again, after what he has just learned."

"The hunter's course lay towards the house of Sir Oliver Winrple, and when he reached it he hauled his cance to the shore, and was just turning to pass on through the garden, when the sound of distant cars struck upon his car, coming from down the river. Continued next week.