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A CURIOUS RELIC.

The *Historical Magazine* has the following in-
genious piece of poetry, which one of its cor-
respondents vouches to have been circulated in
Philadelphia during the occupation of the British
in the war of the Revolution. Its author is
unknown. Its peculiarity consists in the
manner in which it may be read that is, in three
different ways, viz:

(1) Let the whole be read in the order in
which it is written; (2.) then read the lines
downwards on the left of each comma in every
line; and (3.) in the same manner on the
right of each comma. By the first reading it
will be observed that the revolutionary cause
is deprecated, and lauded by the others:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of
war's alarms

O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us to arms
Who for King George doth stand, their honors
soon will shunge:

Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress
join.

The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight;
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress
fight.

The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast;
They soon will sneek away, who Independence
boast—

Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and
heart;

May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish
part.

On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily bless-
ings pour:

Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North—that British lord—may honor still be
done.

I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

For the Bloomfield Times.

THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

A Story of Old Virginia

CONTINUED.

At first he thought of waiting to see
who it might be, but the idea was
thrown out, and he turned toward the
house. Sir Oliver, his wife and daughter
were in the sitting-room when Chiron en-
tered, and the first question was from the
baronet:

"What of the youth, have you learned
anything yet?"

The old hunter's answer was a mournful
shake of the head.

Poor Ada! How the silent answer fell
upon her soul. She had hung upon the
looks of the old hunter for his answer to
the question that instinctively rose in her
mind, and that answer had crushed the
bud of hope that struggled to put forth its
fragrant leaves. Her elbow rested on the
table by her side, and with a bursting heart
she laid her brow in her open palm, but no
tears came to her relief. Her fair count-
enance, whereon had rested such sunbeams
of joyous happiness, was now marked by
deep shades of sorrow, and the round cheek
seemed almost channeled by the heart-
sickness that had rolled over them.

"No tidings?—no word of hope?—no
glimmer of his whereabouts?" uttered the
baronet.

"None!" sorrowfully returned Chiron.
"I can find no traces of him. I have been
up the bay two hundred miles, and searched
in every corner, but not a word could I
hear of him. But poor Morgiana, have you
seen her?"

"Yes," returned Sir Oliver, "I saw her
the day before yesterday."

"And how fared she?"

"Sad and sorrowful. Her heart seemed
melting away in the fire of fitful agony—
now streaming with a glare of rushing an-
guish, and anon sinking into a pitiful mel-
ancholy. O, Chiron, what a subject for the
moving of the heart's dormant, slumbering
sympathies is she. An angel, and yet an
inhabitant of earth; a being bereft of
reason, and yet with a soul entirely cele-
stial."

The old hunter rose from his seat. A
big tear glistened upon either cheek, his lips
trembled with emotion, and grasping the
baronet by the hand, he exclaimed:

"A load is even now taken from my
heart. She is an angel, and when she is

known she shall be loved.—Hark! Heard
you that footstep?"

"Yes. 'Tis approaching the house,"
said the baronet.

"Some one would speak with you," said
a servant, opening the door a moment after-
wards.

Whether this remark was addressed to
Chiron or himself, the baronet waited not
to ascertain, but he bade the servant show
the applicant in.

A moment passed—the door re-opened,
and the entrance was occupied by a human
form. Two individuals in that room recog-
nized the new comer. The old hunter
started back and shaded his eyes with his
broad palm, while Ada uttered one wild cry
of joy and delight, and sprang forward.

"Orlando, Orlando," uttered Chiron, as
soon as he could grasp the youth by the
hand, "what kind angel has given you back
to us?"

"God!" answered Orlando, as with one
hand in the keeping of the old hunter, he
raised the other towards heaven.

Sir Oliver waited for the first joy pas-
sages of old acquaintances, and then he
stepped forward and claimed the acquaint-
ance of the youth who had been thus un-
expectedly restored. A strange light beam-
ed in the young man's eyes as he received
the warm, heart-gushing welcome of the
father of her he loved, and in his soul he
knew that his suit was not rejected. The
mother, too, gave him a hearty welcome.

"Now," said Chiron, "let us know the
secret of your absence, and the events that
have transpired."

"My mother, my mother, first," uttered
Orlando. "Tell me of her."

"She is well, and early in the morning
we will go to her."

"But does she think I have forsaken
her?"

"No. She sorrows deeply, but she be-
lieves you will come back to her."

Thus assured, the youth took a seat, and
with Ada nestled closely at his side, he
began with his flight from the jail, and
minutely gave every circumstance to the
present time. The long boat after battling
with the element over a week, made land
some two hundred miles south of Cape
Henry, and from thence she was kept close
in shore and made a safe passage to James
River.

Many times during the narrative did
Orlando have to go back and explain, or
repeat his words, and when he closed there
was a dead silence of several moments,
broken only by the perceptible beatings of
Ada's heart.

"Then 'twas Rosewell Berkley who
sought thus your life?" said the old hunter
at length.

"Yes," returned the youth. "Nolan
told me all."

"And the villain would have sold you
into slavery," said Chiron, with a shudder.

"Yes—so he intended. But God per-
mitted it not," the youth returned.

"But these sailors," remarked Chiron,
with a seeming sudden thought, "I hope
they will not see Berkley till our glaus are
arranged."

"No fear of that. I left them at the
plantation of the king's bay, some fifteen
miles below Jamestown, with directions
that they should not come up until they
were sent for."

"That is good," the old hunter uttered.

"And now, Mr. Rosewell Berkley, you are
mine."

"Chiron," said the young man, with a
half-imploring, half-earnest look, "know
you not what all this means?—Why that
wicked man thus hunts me down?"

"I know, Orlando, but the secret must
yet a little longer be mine. Blame me not
for this. But you are weak—you look
faint and sick."

"I am weary," returned the youth, "for
I have suffered much. For the last three
weeks I have hardly slept, and my mind
has been constantly on the rack, but this
night's rest will restore me, at least, to
comfortable health."

"Then you had better go at once to your
room," said Sir Oliver.

"I will," returned the youth, "for I
would be astir with the first beams of the
morrow's sun. Chiron, early will we seek
my poor mother."

As Orlando followed the baronet to the
room where he was to rest, Lady Wimple
called Ada to her side, and placing her
arms around her slender form, she said:

"Ah, my child, I wonder not that you
loved him; for who could help it?"

"Bless you, mother," murmured Ada,
as the tears of joyous gratitude rolled down
her cheeks. "I knew you would love him."

"Now," said the baronet after he had
returned, "how shall we proceed in this
matter?"

"I have it all marked out," said Chiron,
"and, save the unfortunate mental aber-
ration of Morgiana, there will be no diffi-
culty."

"But some of the charges against Ber-
keley cannot be proved, and, after all, I fear
we shall be unable to actually criminate
him in the eyes of the law."

"Sir Oliver," Chiron said, while the in-
tensity of his feelings was kindled in every
feature, "God never made the heart that
might not be crushed. Rosewell Berkley
has long carried a load of sin sufficient to
break the peace of a thousand souls, and
a feeling of security has sustained him; but
let the hand of another hurl these searing
sins back upon his heart, and will see how
he shall condemn himself. The voice of the
murdered has only spoken to him in his
seclusion, and hence the world has seen
not his reeking soul; but let another speak
for the unavenged dead—let another inter-
pret the language of that blood that cries
out from the green sod its native land, and
you shall see how like heaven's dread thun-
der its trumpet tones shall strike home to
his tortured soul."

"You are right," said the baronet, after
a few moments' reflection; "and now
when shall we commence?"

"We must first look to Orlando's safety
from another arrest, for he is still under
commitment."

"That I will attend to on the morrow.
While you are gone to Mrs. Chester's I will
go and see the royal governor, and I am
confident I can obtain present bail for the
youth, and a conditional pardon."

"Then if that be done, we may go on at
once. Berkley shall know not of the young
man's return till the youth appears to con-
found him, and then he shall know it to
his sorrow."

"Ay, that he shall," uttered the baronet.
"By my faith, but Orlando's a noble youth.
It speaks from every look and movement.
There's no evil can live behind that face."

"You speak the truth, Sir Oliver."

"I believe I do. But now, Chiron, let's
to bed. On the morrow you shall see Mor-
giana, and bring her here, while I make
Orlando's peace with the governor."

When Chiron laid his head upon the
pillow that night the sea of his prospects
looked all calm and untroubled, and the
horizon was clear. He knew not, he dream-
ed not, of the cloud that was gathering over
him, and 'twas well he did not, for in his
ignorance he slept sweetly and soundly.

The sky lark was just mounting upon
her celestial throne of song when Chiron
and Orlando set forth from the mansion of
Sir Oliver. There had been a gentle rain
during the night, but the sun rose clear
and bright, and as its golden beams began
to kiss the pearly raindrops a sweet fra-
grance loaded the grateful air, and from a
thousand mossy banks and umbrageous
nooks went forth the incense of joyous
nature to her God.

The canoe was launched, and once more
the young hunter's heart leaped wildly in
his bosom as his way was marked towards
his forest home. He bent himself to his
paddle, and all his weakness, and priva-
tions, and his past sufferings, were forgot-
ten, as the canoe almost flew up the rolling
river. The landing cove was reached, the
canoe was hauled up among the bushes,
and with rapid strides our two friends set
off through the path.

As the opening was gained, the young
hunter looked forth over the garden, to see
if his mother was at her accustomed morn-
ing's task, but he could see her not. The
flowers, the shrubs, and the vines were
there, glittering with their dewy diamond-
drops, but the genius of the place was ab-
sent. A fear stole through the mind of
the youth, but he endeavored to push it
from him. He entered the garden, passed
up the vine-clad walk, and as his hand rest-
ed upon the latch a low sob broke upon his
ear. Quickly, but yet almost noiselessly,
he opened the door and sprang into the
house. Upon the old oaken chest sat El-
psey, with her face running streams of tears,
and her bosom heaving with deep sobs.

As the old woman heard the sound of
footsteps she raised her eyes from her
apron, and as they rested upon the form of
her young master she sprang from her seat
and darted forward.

"God be praised!" uttered the faithful
old creature, as she caught Orlando by the
arm. "He gib my young massa back in
safety. You so dead—dey no kill you! O,
bress de Lord!"

"But my mother, where is she?" asked
Orlando.

Elpsey raised her eyes—there was a glare
of painful intelligence in their burning
depths, but she spoke not.

"Speak, Elpsey—where is my mother?"

exclaimed the youth, while he trembled
with a frightful fear.

"O, God?" murmured the old woman,
as if afraid of her own voice, "poor missus
gone!"

"Gone! gone! Not dead, Elpsey!" cried
Orlando, in a shrieking whisper.

"Poor Elpsey don't know. Missus gone,
and Elpsey can't find her."

"But when did she go, and how?" asked
Chiron, at this moment stepping for-
ward, for Orlando seemed for the moment
to have lost his power of utterance.

"She go yesterday morning," returned
the old woman, over whose face a slight
shade of hope seemed to pass as she beheld
the old hunter. "She went out into de
garden, an' I tink she was goin' to take
care ob her flowers. One hour, two hour
went away, and de sun bimeby reach to
noon, but missus no come back. I hunt
for her, an' I couldn't find her. I went all
trough de woods, hunt in de brook—but—
but—she gone, an' poor old Elpsey left
alone!"

"But the dogs—the dogs!" uttered
Chiron, "did you not set them on the
track?"

"Ah, Chiron," answered Elpsey, with a
significant shake of the head, "de dogs no
dogs now same as dey used to be. Since
Massa Orlando gone dey do nothin' but
mope 'round an' whine."

"This is indeed a dark cloud upon our
prospects," murmured the old hunter.

"But courage, courage, Orlando. Let us
not faint by the wayside, for as yet all is
not lost."

"If my mother be gone, then is all the
world lost to me," ejaculated the youth.

"I'll bid farewell to joy forevermore on
earth."

"No, no—there are others on earth for
whom you must live. But give not up
yet. Let us search first, and not until all
search proves fruitless must we sink in de-
spair."

"Search! search!" cried the youth,
throwing off his dejection. "I'll search
till there's not a tree in the forest but bears
its image to my sight!"

The energetic, frenzied tones of Orlan-
do's voice went ringing through the air,
and in a moment more a suppressed cry
from the hounds announced that they had
heard it. Chiron stepped through the
kitchen, opened the back door, and the
dogs rushed in. They sprang to the feet
of their returned master, leaped upon him,
licked his hands and his face, and from
out their sparkling eyes there spoke a
language of true, disinterested affection,
such as the sons of men might emulate
with profit.

Old Elpsey could give no account of
which way her mistress had taken, and the
trails from the house in all directions were
so numerous that the footprints of Mor-
giana could not be distinguished from the
others. The hunters placed some reliance
upon the dogs, however, and calling them
to his side, Orlando took his rifle from its
becket and went forth into the garden.

Here he made a show of search, and called
several times for his mother. The hounds
watched his movements with anxious looks
and at length they seemed to comprehend
their master's object, for with that beam
of intelligence which the bloodhound so
quickly shows, they bent their nostrils to
the earth, and after running over the
garden in various directions, they darted
off towards the brook. Here they crossed,
and after searching a few moments upon
the other side they started for the forest.

Chiron and Orlando followed quickly on,
and ere long they were buried in the
depths of the forest. They could hear the
dry bushes and boughs crackle beneath the
feet of the hounds ahead, and, regardless
of the thorns and under-brush, they kept
on in pursuit.

"My mother could not have taken such
a course as this," said Orlando, as he
struggled through the thick undergrowth.

"It does seem strange that she should
have chosen such a way," Chiron replied,
"but let's follow the dogs."

"Ha! what's this?" uttered the youth,
as his eye caught a fluttering shred ahead
of him. "Heavens! 'tis a piece of my
mother's mantle!" he continued, as he
picked from a branch of wild thorn a strip
of white muslin.

Orlando's eyes sparkled with a new hope,
as he placed the shred within his bosom,
and with an impulsive energy both he and
Chiron darted forward.

"Hark!" uttered Chiron, as he stopped
and bent his ears to the ground. "Can
you hear the dogs?"

"No," Orlando answered, also listening.

"See, 'tis high noon. Look, where the
sunbeams fall through yonder opening in

the trees. Can it be we have missed the
trail?"

"I fear we have," returned the young
hunter, in a tone of dejection.

Chiron was upon the point of speaking,
when a sharp, prolonged, simultaneous cry
from both the hounds broke through the
forest.

"On! on!" shouted the young hunter.
"God grant that they have found her!"

The two hunters sprang forward, and
while yet the barking of the dogs made the
deep forest ring, they glided through the
tangled wildwood towards the spot from
whence the sounds proceeded.

Wildly, fearfully beat young Chester's
heart, as he approached the dogs, and he
almost dreaded to come upon them, lest
disappointment only should meet him; and
another thought, frightful and chilling,
swept through his mind—might not he find
his mother's form in the cold grasp of
death! On he dashed, and at length he
caught sight of the dogs. One bound
brought him to their side, and ere his com-
panion reached the spot he uttered one low
cry of hopeful anguish, and sank down by
the side of his mother's form.

Wet and cold was Morgiana, for the rain
had found her unprotected—her lips were
set and colorless, and no mark of anima-
tion dwelt upon her marble features. Orlan-
do placed his hand beneath her neck
and raised her head to his knee, and then,
with his own heart hushed to a fearful
stillness, he placed his hand upon the
bosom of his mother to see if hers had mo-
tion in it.

"It beats! it beats!" the young hunter
cried. "O, Chiron, my mother lives!"

The excitement of the moment came
near overpowering the youth, for long suf-
fering had made him weak, and closing his
eyes beneath the unerring spell he sunk
back upon the damp moss, and the form
of his mother settled once more upon the
ground. Chiron stooped over the forms of
both mother and son, and ere many mo-
ments the latter was aroused to conscious-
ness, and when reason once began to come
to his aid, the situation of his parent
flashed upon him, and strength returned to
his every nerve and muscle. Chiron had
raised the form of Morgiana upon his own
bended knees, and was chafing her temples
with the seal-skin pouch he wore at his
girdle.

"Can she live?" asked Orlando, as he
took one of the cold, alabaster hands in
his own.

"There is hope," returned Chiron, "for
her heart already beats stronger, and
warmth begins to reach her temples.
Take off your coat, Orlando, and place it
here upon this gentle mound of moss. We
will let her rest here while we prepare a
litter."

The youth did as directed; then Chiron
laid Morgiana's head back upon the rough
pillow thus prepared, and taking off his
own shirt of soft fur, he placed it over her.

This having been done, the old hunter
drew his hatchet from his belt and proceed-
ed to get out the proper materials for a
litter, and ere long one of sufficient capaci-
ty was formed, and upon it Morgiana
Chester was laid. The two hunters raised
the litter to their shoulders, and with eager
steps they started homeward. The way
was difficult and tedious, but at the dis-
tance of quarter of a mile they struck into
a hunting-path, and they moved on with
more ease. Often did Orlando find himself
obliged to stop and rest, but at length just
as the sun had sunk below the towering
tree-tops, they reached the forest cottage.

Old Elpsey bounded forth, and with a wild
cry of anguish she fell upon the form of
her mistress; but as soon as she could be
made to comprehend that there was life in
that cold form she clasped it in her arms
and carried it into the house, where she
placed it carefully upon the bed.

With a fond heart did the faithful old
negress chafe the temples of her mistress,
and apply such restoratives as she could
command. Chiron and Orlando stood by
with earnest, eager watching, and at length
as the last soft shades of twilight were
deepening into darkness, the maniac moth-
er's eyes opened—but O, what a fire burn-
ed in their bright depths! She put forth
her white hand and grasped Old Elpsey by
the wrist.

"Ha! you black fiend!" she cried, as
she started up in her bed. "'Twas you,
you who carried off my boy!"

Chiron sprang forward and pressed the
raving woman back upon her pillow. Orlan-
do seemed for a moment riveted to the
spot—then he sank upon his knees, buried
his face in the bed clothes, and sobbed
aloud. To be continued.