

The Bloomfield Times.

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OLD RYE'S SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten
And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,
When put through the mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant
The eater shall rule;
In drink, I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember a warning:
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen;
If drank, to destroy.

For the Bloomfield Times.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

IN the summer of 1839 the "Vulcan," under the command of Capt. Isaac Johnson, was on her homeward-bound passage from the Indies, with half a cargo of tea, and she stopped at Cape Negro, on the coast of Benguela, after a lot of ivory, to make up her load. Having gone on shore, at the Cape, the captain learned from the native contractor that he would have to go some fifteen miles up the Canibal's river, as the elephant hunters had all the boats further up in the country, so that consequently they had not been enabled to bring the ivory down.

Capt. Johnson was somewhat disappointed at this cause of delay, but without waiting to find useless fault he determined to man his own boats, and proceed at once up the river. It required four trips to bring all the ivory down, but as they had opportunity to take advantage of the slight tides, the task was accomplished in four days. On the last trip the captain went himself, leaving the first mate in charge of the ship, and on arriving at the small village where the ivory was stored, he was not a little surprised to find that nearly all the miserable huts were deserted. Several times Capt. Johnson inquired the meaning of this, but the natives were either unable, or unwilling to give any plain answer, and it was not until the last lot of tusks had been conveyed to the boats, and the natives had been remunerated for their labor, that the least clue could be obtained to the cause of this strange desertion, and then, for the first time, the captain received the startling intelligence that the cholera was sweeping down the river!

As soon as this fact became known to the seamen, they wildly huddled into their boats, as though the fearful death-angel was at their heels, and silently, yet with powerful strokes, they pulled down the fatal stream. At length they reached their ship, and though they breathed somewhat more freely as they trod their own deck, yet each countenance bore the stamp of deep fear. The ivory was soon got on board, and with all haste the old Vulcan was got under way. It was nearly night when the ship got off, and with a good breeze from the northward, and eastward, she stood well on her course. On the next morning, shortly after breakfast, and while the crew had begun to think that they had no occasion for further fear, a young man, named Walter Addison, was taken suddenly sick.

Young Addison was the favorite, both of the officers and the crew, and as it was reported that he was thus ill, a general consternation seized upon all hands. The young man felt at first a giddiness and a sickly chill, and in the course of two hours

he sank into an alarming debility, the countenance assuming a deadly paleness, and his skin bearing all the appearance of a corpse. Poor Addison suffered till noon, and then the startling announcement went through the ship that he was dead!

This was the first, but who should be the next! A panic had seized upon the men—the cholera was with them, and none dared remove the form of their dead shipmate from his berth. Night approached, and with it came an almost dead calm, but the corpse still remained in the fore-cabin, nor did the men dare go thither. The captain urged that the longer presence of the body would breed more dangerous contagion, but the only answer he received was a mournful shake of the heads about him. At length, finding that all arguments were useless, he turned to his mate and asked him if he would assist himself in throwing the body of the dead man overboard. The mate, at first, hesitated, but in a moment he signified his consent, and together himself and captain, went down into the fore-cabin. They dared not remain long enough with the corpse to sew it up, nor even to attach to it a sinking weight, but throwing over it a single blanket, they managed to get it upon deck and lay it across the bulwarks of the starboard bow. A moment Captain Johnson hesitated—he opened his lips, breathed a prayer for the soul of the departed, and then, while a shudder ran over his frame, he let the cold form of young Walter Addison slide into the blue water! Instinctively he cast his eyes over the side as the deed was done, and by the pale phosphorescent light he could just see the corpse sink, then rise and sink again, and then with a heavy step and a still heavier heart, he walked aft.

The first watch had been set, but the other watch dared not go below, and huddling themselves beneath the long-boat, they sought the repose which they feared to seek where their companion had died; but each seemed to fear his neighbor, for none knew where the contagion might be. At eleven o'clock the slight breathings of the air, which seemed for the last few hours to have had no settled point, began to gather more force from the northward and westward, and ere long a good fresh breeze filled the ship's canvases, and started through the water. The wind continued to increase, and before midnight all hands were called to take in the top-gallantails. At twelve o'clock the mid watch was set, and all hands were, for a few moments, brought in contact with each other. No further symptoms of the dreaded pestilence had appeared, and they began to take hope.

It was half-past twelve o'clock. An old seaman, named Bill Shippen, had the helm, while the remainder of the watch were either in the gangway or else forward.—The wind continued fresh, but yet steady, and the old ship was close hauled upon it, laying some two points off from her true course. The ship's bell was suspended over the binnacle, and old Shippen reached over and struck the first half hour after midnight. He had just resumed his position, and was gazing intently at the compass, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning around, he beheld, by the struggling beams of the binnacle lamp, the pale, deathly features of Walter Addison!

For an instant the old sailor remained rooted to the spot, and then, uttering a sharp cry of fear, he let go the wheel and darted forward. In a moment the ship began to fall off, and as she brought the flat surface of canvases to the wind, she heeled over alarmingly; but soon the pale spectre that had frightened the helmsman from his post, caught the wheel, and laid the helm hard down, and ere long the ship was once more to the wind.

Shippen's cry had started all hands from their listlessness, for they thought the cholera-fiend had assailed him, but from his broken ejaculations they soon learned what was the matter, and in a body they crowded aft, and, by the dim light from the binnacle, they saw the spectre helmsman.—Every knee trembled, and every tongue clove to the roof of its mouth. None dared to approach him, nor did any move back. At this juncture the captain came on deck. His eye caught the corpse-like form that still held the wheel, and he, too, was riveted to the spot where he stood.

"Shipmates, relieve me from here or I shall faint. I am cold and weak!" at length came from the lips of the seeming spectre, in faint, agonized tones.

Capt. Johnson hesitated an instant, and then he rushed forward, and laid his hand upon the trembling form before him. It

was cold and wet, but he knew that it was a living man! One after another of the men gathered about, and ere long all knew that young Walter Addison still lived!—The captain had him conveyed to the cabin, where everything that could be thought of was administered for his comfort, and it was not long ere he sufficiently revived to give an account of his strange escape from the cold deep grave to which he had been consigned.

It seemed that young Addison had fallen into that death-like lethargy which not unfrequently results from sudden cholera, and which, as all who are acquainted with the disease must be aware, so nearly resembles death, that even the best physicians have been deceived by it. The sudden immersion in the cold water had revived his dormant senses, and as the ship had but a slight motion at the time, he came to a partial realization of his situation ere she had passed him, and by considerable exertion he managed to get hold of the rudder-chains. He tried to call for assistance, but his tongue was so swollen that he found it impossible, and after remaining upon the chains long enough to gain more strength, he worked his way up till he got hold of the lanyards of the cabin dead-lights. From thence he reached the lashings of the stern-boat, but here weakness again overpowered him, and after working his way into the boat he remained some time insensible, but at length he revived and came on board. He had tried to speak, but he could not. When the helmsman fled from the wheel, he had sense enough to see the ship's danger, and from the impulse of a sort of instinct, he seized the wheel and brought her up to the wind.

The morning dawned, and the next day passed—then another, and another, but the death-fiend came not again! He had lost his first intended victim, and he left the ship in peace.

A Town with a Strange History.

IN the heart of a forest of stunted trees in Burlington county, New Jersey, eighteen smoke-blackened chimneys standing as head stones over the ashes of as many once happy homes, tell the sad story of the utter desolation of a prosperous village of a hundred years ago. Batsto stood at the head of Little Egg Harbor, on Mullins River. It clustered about a romantic crystal lake that takes an oval shape in the fringing foliage, and mirrors a sky of blue in a frame of green. The Quakers settled round it, and one of their number built an iron furnace on the brink of its outlet, at which were made the cannon used in the Revolutionary war.

Working for Quaker Ball, the owner of the foundry, was a young Welshman, William Richards. At the Quaker's death he succeeded him, and added to the little village wealth. He paid the passage of emigrants and made them his retainers. On the knoll above the lake stands the stone mansion he built. It is 40x50 feet, with two story wings.

Young Richards had inherited his father's love of power, and he ruled Batsto as a principality. From the old mansion, which was then known as it is to-day as the Big House, he could look down over the town and watch the inhabitants at their work or in their sport. He extended his power, and bought up 80,000 acres of land, including what is now Atlantic county, and embracing what are now the villages of Hammonds-ton, Ellwood, and Egg Harbor city. He built dwellings along the four streets of Batsto, imported workmen, built two sawmills, two glass factories one pottery, a three-story stone grist mill, dug a canal two miles long to Little Egg Harbor, built several scows, and put two schooners in the coasting trade. The woods were cleared by choppers, and the wood corded around the glass factories. Ten large buildings were filled with busy men melting, baking and cutting window glass. Between five hundred and a thousand men found employment, and there was not an idle hand in Batsto.

With the magnificent water power, made by the fall of the water from the lake, with the forests of pine, oak and cedar, with the rich vineyards that were growing about the village, all who passed that way predicted a flourishing city. Jesse Richards turned his own mill with the water power, and dealt the flour to his workmen from his own store. He saved the timber and built the houses for his tenants, and gave them their rent. He pressed the juice from the rich grapes and stored them in his own wine cellar. No other store was allowed

in that region but his, and no houses were built but with his consent. The retainers of the Big House were fed from the store and superintended by the master. The saw-mills, the glass factories and the foundry made strange music in the wilds of New Jersey. In the pottery a pair of wheels weighing 3,000 pounds crushed through the sandy clay and added to the chorus of noises in the industrious place. In 1829 the foundry furnace was again rebuilt, and the date is inscribed on the old iron plate.

By 1840 ten iron furnaces were busy in New Jersey, but the discovery of coal and iron ore together in other States soon dealt them a heavy blow. The prosperity of Jesse Richards made him the proudest, as he was the wealthiest man in the State. He looked upon the fires as they glowed in his furnaces with a princely pride. He reviewed his tenants as they collected in his store for provisions with a lordly satisfaction. His wine mellowed as it grew old in his cellar, and in the smiles of his good fortune he drank his liquor in joy. In 1848 the furnaces were so unprofitable that he allowed the fires to die out and they were never relighted. This check to the growth of his wealth pained him. In 1854 he died, seventy-two years old, with three sons and three daughters to enjoy his enormous fortune.

As William Richards had left as a legacy to his sons a love of thrift and power, Jesse Richards left to his sons a love of strong drink. Thomas, Samuel and Jesse were executors of the estate, and ordered the factories to be managed in their name. The broad acres and thriving village returned to them a vast revenue. They made Robert Stewart, a faithful secretary of Jesse Richards, their manager, and they left Batsto for Philadelphia. They lavished their wealth in every possible pleasure and demanded all the profits of their factories to supply them; and finding these scarcely enough, in 1855 sold to Matlock & Allen, clothiers, of Philadelphia, 30,000 acres of their land. This went as fast as young men of fortune can make money go.

The working men were left unpaid. They clamored for their wages. At length they threw down their tools, and the fires in the glass furnaces went out, and the busy village of a half century was idle, and the men met and talked over the days when up to the Big House, "Widlam" Richards, as their dialect turns the name, kept everybody well fed and paid, and so endeared the men to him that he had only to ask them and they would fight for him.

The young men returned to their home and started the wheels of the factories and mill again, and gave promise of adding to the thrift of the village, but as soon as the factories began to return them more money one after the other went off, until Robert Stewart was again compelled to treat with the clamorous workmen. A few of the old laborers, under Jesse Richards, agreed to work without their wages, for the sake of the village. Many moved away. The old houses began to crumble, the old foundry tumbled in, the canal choked up, and the mill stopped. Ten years ago the fires went out for the last time. The retainers of the Big House chose the best of the dwellings, and chopped wood by the day for enough to buy their bread. No rent collector called on them, and as one house grew too old to be inhabited, they moved into another. The Big House was desolate.

Seven years ago the post-office was taken away from the village and given to Pleasant Mills, a smaller place in Atlantic county. The old store at the Big House was exhausted, and there was no money in the town to restock it, and no money to patronize it if restocked. The carpenter, the joiner, the shoe-maker, the blacksmith deserted their shops, and the doors stood wide open, but nobody entered at them.—The mill race burst, and the splash of the falling water night and day re-echoes as it did before Quaker Ball discovered its water power. The middle-aged men moved away, and the old men and women clung to the ruins. As the years weakened the timbers in the houses, they gathered in the strongest of them, and where one house would accommodate two families they lived together. They kept a cow or two among them, and raised pigs, chickens and vegetables. The little returns from the wood-choppers bought bread and scant clothing. A few days ago a spark from the chimney of Robert Stewart's house burned his own dwelling. A strong sweeping wind carried the fire before it, and in two hours the best dwellings in Batsto were in ashes.

The Pearl Fishery.

THE month of February commences the season for pearl-fishing which ends with the month of May; but the fast days come so often in the Hindoo calendar, really exceeding in number the working days, that the business is in fact not carried on in earnest more than a month. Each fishing-boat carries a crew of twenty men, half divers and half sailors, beside the master and pilot. They start at ten o'clock in the evening; and, borne along by the night breeze, reach the banks before dawn.

About midday they return to port, at the hour when the sea-breeze changes its direction and blows toward the land. At the appearance of daylight the divers commence their labors, being divided into two parties which alternately dive and rest. In diving, the one about to descend beneath the water grasps with the toes of his right foot a rope which has attached to it at one extremity a large pyramid-shaped stone, the use of which is to render the descent easier, and to keep the pearl-fisher at the bottom. It is moored, as one might say, to the boat by the rope which also enables the diver to hold communication with his comrades above him. He dives either standing or crouching, but never head foremost, as has been supposed. With his left foot he holds his net, with his right hand the stone-weighted cord; with his left hand he pinches his nostrils; his ears are stopped up with cotton soaked. When he arrives at the bottom he rapidly picks off all the oysters within his reach, fills the net or bag which hangs about his neck, and at a certain signal is drawn up again by his companions. The greatest depth at which a diver can work does not exceed eight or nine fathoms, and he cannot remain under water longer than half a minute. Those wonderful tales which represent certain divers as remaining a minute, or even several minutes, under an enormous mass of water, whose pressure is more than twice as much as that of the atmosphere, are merely the result of the imagination, since there does not exist, and never has existed, any man capable of so extraordinary a feat. When the weather will permit a skillful diver will make as many as fifteen or twenty descents in a morning, separated by intervals of rest of from ten to fifteen minutes. If circumstances are unfavorable he will not dive more than four or five times.

This exercise, repeated thirty days each year, soon tells upon the health of the unfortunate people who pursue it, and a diver seldom grows old. Many of them contract at an early age a frightful disease which soon makes the exercise of their dangerous profession impossible. The sight grows weak, the eyes become ulcerated, and the whole body is covered with sores. Others are sometimes stricken with apoplexy on leaving the water, or die of suffocation at the bottom of the sea.

There is yet another peril to which the diver is exposed, more dreaded, perhaps, than any other; and the shark is the terror of the pearl-fishers, and if the word is given, true or false, that one of these gigantic and terrible fish is in their midst, it is sufficient to disperse even an entire flotilla, and drive every boat into port without so much as an attempt to ascertain the truth of the alarm.

From these few crude details some idea of the trials and dangers to which the pearl-fisher is exposed may be gained. With so much peril to both life and limb are those pure gems secured which are destined to be woven amid the glossy and luxuriant tresses of a young beauty, or to render the snowy whiteness of her fair neck yet more noticeable. Little does she think, as she clasps the exquisite ornaments with delight, of the poor Hindoo fisherman who perhaps gave his life as a sacrifice to gain the lucent gems that form such a fit adornment for her own youthful purity. As little does she realize it, as that the costly lace which she views with so much complacency was wearily woven by women in life-destroying dark cellars.

A sermonizer made these remarks on the following soul-saving question:—'My brethren, a man cannot afford to lose his soul. He's got but one, and he can't get another. If a man loses his horse he can get another; if he loses his wife he can get another; if he loses his child he can get another; but if he loses his soul—good-by, John.'

Jack Pendergast was fined ten dollars by a Chicago justice for an assault, the alternative being ten days in jail. To get the money to pay the fine he picked the pocket of a lawyer in court; but when he fumbled in the pocket-book for the right-sized bill, the lawyer recognized his own, and Jack will go to the State prison for many years.