

The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—\$1.25 Per Year,
IN ADVANCE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{ 75 Cents for 6 Months;
40 Cts. for 3 months.

Vol. VIII.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, May 5, 1874.

No. 18.

The Bloomfield Times.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY

FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,

At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large Cylinder and Job-Presses, we are prepared to do all kinds of Job-Printing in good style and at Low Prices.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient—8 Cents per line for one insertion
15 " " " two insertions
15 " " " three insertions

Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents per line.

For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given upon application.

ADVENTURES OF A SCOUT.

CONCLUDED.

"WELL, I don't see nothing. I think it might have been the cow that the boys were chasing around in the afternoon."

After some further remarks, the whole group arrived at the same conclusion, and turned about and retraced their steps. It was evident to me that I was close upon a Confederate camp, and probably quite near to the clearing mentioned by Colonel Devins. I had been stumbling along without any fixed plan, narrowly escaped capture, and now saw that it was time to arrange details. Deserters were hardly known then and so it was not wise to play that game. My scout was ended, and any further movement would make a spy of me. To go into camp without some plausible mission would be to sacrifice my liberty in a moment, and I finally decided to personate a farmer, either anxious to dispose of forage or desiring to enlist as a soldier. At the Federal camps, I had seen many farmers trying to bargain with the quartermasters for the sale of provender, horses, or beef, and had no doubt that such characters were frequent in the Confederate camps. The first thing necessary was to choose a name, locate "my farm," and then, after getting within the camp, "cheek" must alone be depended on to carry me through. It would look a little strange for a farmer to be prowling around the outskirts of a camp at night, and so I must crawl softly away beyond hearing of the picket, and lay by until after daylight. Without once rising up, I crept off a distance of forty rods, and, still on my hands and knees, was working around the top of a fallen tree, when I was hailed by another picket, who stood beside a tree not fifteen feet away. After shouting "Halt!" he started towards me. As I heard his footsteps and caught a glimpse of his form, I rose up in considerable fright, and bolted right ahead towards the clearing, instead of running back up the river.

The soldier shouted three or four times more, but neither pursued nor discharged his musket. I ran for some distance, and had just reduced my pace, when I saw a camp sentinel before me, and caught the gleam of tents beyond. The man had heard me approaching, and stood leaning on his musket. I was so close upon him before seeing him that there was no other way but to keep right ahead, and I passed within a foot of him, saying:

"It ain't any use to go foraging after chickens any more."

He laughed as he raised his gun to his shoulder and wheeled about, and had no other idea than that I was a Confederate soldier, just returning from a trip to some farm-house. Having passed the pickets, he had no business to suppose me an intruder. Knowing nothing about the camp, where to go, or what next to do, I kept walking on among the tents, and just after crossing the clearing, I came upon two or three hundred bales of pressed hay, which were guarded by a sentinel sitting on the topmost bale. Soldiers were lying on the bales, beside them, and on the ground around, and as soon as noticing the sentinel, I dropped down among the sleepers.

It was now getting daylight, and soon after stretching out I turned over and took a look at the nearest man. He was dressed in citizen's clothes, and ragged ones at that, and it was easy to see that he was not a soldier. If not, what was he? Taking a closer look, I saw a bundle under his head, and by a little careful maneuvering, I got the package away, his head slipping down on the loose hay. It was a soldier's haver-

sack, filled nearly full of envelopes, writing paper, inkstands, and other articles of stationery, and the conclusion was that he was one of the peddlers who were to be met within every camp of both armies. The goods were just what I wanted. In a moment I abandoned my idea of playing the role of farmer, and determined to become a camp peddler. If I stole the fellow's stock, as I intended, I must get out of the vicinity before he woke up. Securing the haversack, I rose up, mumbled something about the chilliness of the morning, to satisfy the sentinel, and started through the grove down along the Bluff. Keeping close to the edge of the Bluff, I walked along half a mile without observing any fortifications whatever, although there were plenty of soldiers all the way. This convinced me that Colonel Devins was in error about the earthworks, and I jotted it down in my memory as one point of useful information acquired. There were batteries of light artillery parked here and there, but nothing formidable. The Bluffs were so high and steep that the Confederates were reasonable in supposing that no Federal force would ever attempt a crossing. Had they thrown up earthworks, the guns could not have been trained to bear upon a foe crossing the river. The force along the Bluff was very weak, but as it grew to be broad day, I saw that quite a respectable army was encamped along the base of Little Kittoctan Mountain, which is a range shooting out from the larger mountain, running from northeast to southwest, behind Leesburg. This range, which has a creek running along its northern base, called Snipe Creek, hid Leesburg and the ground to the south from my view, so that I had no means of knowing the force beyond.

As I strolled along through the camps, I came upon two men carrying a camp-kettle full of water from a spring to a fire, they having been detailed to cook breakfast. They wanted to know what I had for sale, and on being told, expressed regret that they had no money. I was hungry, and wanted a chance to "pump" some one, and so informed them that I would give them a dozen sheets of note-paper for a breakfast. This they readily agreed to. Proceeding to the camp, I counted out the paper, and then sat down in a tent to await the meal. The soldiers were just crawling out, and I soon had a score around me, most of whom made some purchase.

"I've a good mind to turn soldier, too," I remarked to one of the men, as we sat eating. "It's all pay and no work."

I added the last words with a hope that if any earthworks had been erected, he would complain of having to labor with spade and barrow; but he replied that he did not fancy soldiering, and wished the war over. He then turned querist himself, and asked:

"Come from Leesburg, did you? Well, I s'pose they're getting a heap of soldiers together over the range? I heard that there were ten thousand there the other day."

This was just what I was after. Any force of soldiers at Leesburg could be moved to any point along the Bluffs in quick time. I was just about to reply to his interrogation, when I looked up through the camp and caught sight of the man whom I had stolen the haversack from. I knew him, because he had on a ragged suit, and I had noticed, when I stole the haversack, that my sleeping victim had long hair and heavy chin whiskers, just as this man had. Besides, he was stopping at the tents, as if making inquiries. He was not over ten rods away, and bearing directly down upon me. Flinging another bunch of envelopes to my entertainers, and telling them that I was in a great hurry, I crawled out through the back end of the tent, and hastened off at a lively gait. A few minutes after, hearing some one shouting behind me, I ran back behind one tent, in front of another, turned around a third, and dove straight into a fourth, knocking the cards from the hands of four soldiers who were having a game of euchre.

"Excuse me, gentlemen—I fell over the ropes. I have some paper and envelopes here, which I will sell dog cheap."

I put in this before the soldiers had recovered from their astonishment, and the words entirely disarmed their indignation. Just as I opened the haversack, I heard some one running by, and congratulated myself on having escaped my pursuer. The soldiers must have thought me dealing in "dog cheap" stationery, for I gave them as much for ten cents as any stationer would have handed out for half a dollar. Having no suspicion as to my iden-

tity, they gave me information on every point brought up. By close questioning, and by taking the gloss off of each one's statement, I made up my mind that the entire Confederate force within a day's march of the Bluff, did not number over twenty thousand; and that the Confederate strength, within four hours' march, was about half this number. At last, when I was thinking of going, one of the soldiers stated that he had a pass to go to Leesburg, and that he would keep me company, I having stated that I was going to town for a further supply of stationery. His company would naturally prevent me from incurring suspicion, and I was glad to have it. As we walked along up the range, Dan, as he called himself, gave me the names of the different regiments and commanders, told me all about the hopes of the Confederates in that vicinity, and broadly hinted that a move would soon be made which would astonish the whole Yankee nation. The move was made a few days after, and the nation was more than astonished at the reckless spirit of the Union leaders.

I flattered myself that I had shaken off the man whose goods I was carrying, and had in fact ceased to think of him, when an evil chance threw him across my path. We had struck the road leading into Leesburg, and were about two miles distant from the town, when, as we plodded along, who should rise up from a rock at the roadside but the very man I had robbed! I did not notice him, the road being full of soldiers, until he had seized the haversack with one hand and my coat collar with the other.

"Ha! you sneaking thief!" he exclaimed, highly indignant and considerably excited. "So you are the rascal who stole my goods, are you?"

"See here, you old vagabond!" I shouted, twisting loose his hands; "if you call me a sneak thief, I'll lather your head for you!"

He had taken me entirely by surprise, but I was not an instant in making up my mind that I must "brass it out." To own up and deliver over the goods would be to create suspicion, and the soldier might take it into his mind to inquire what had brought me into camp. The man was clawing to get a new hold of me, and I drew back and gave him a blow on the mouth, which sent him reeling to the ground. As might have been expected, the soldiers stopped and crowded around, anxious to see a fight. The man who was a powerful fellow and full of pluck, got up and made for me, and for five minutes we had a lively time. I was a pretty fair boxer, while he knew nothing of the art, but he gave me all I could take care of. At length, after I had given him a heavy blow on the nose, he refused to come to "time" again, but told his story to the soldiers, and asked their aid to recover his property. Some of them displayed interest, others laughed and encouraged him to attack me again.

"The man is a liar, and probably a thief himself!" exclaimed my companion Dan, supposing me to be entirely innocent and anxious to get me out of the scrape.

We then started forward, but the man kept at our heels, demanding his property, and threatening to have me arrested on reaching the town. I could probably have soon shaken him off but for another incident, which ended in my arrest. We were within a mile of the town, when we met a captain of cavalry riding at a gallop. My man was about twenty rods behind, and as soon as the captain reached him, the horse came to a halt, and I turned and saw the two in conversation. A moment after, the captain came riding after us at a fast gallop, and was soon at our heels.

"Hold on, sir!" he shouted, pointing directly at me as I looked around. "This matter must be investigated."

"I don't know of anything which needs investigating," I replied, moving along.

"But I do!" retorted the captain, increasing his voice and slipping down from the saddle. "I know this man, Mr. Grand, and I want to know you. Have you got his property?"

"I don't know anything about Mr. Grand," I replied, coming to a stop, and feeling that I was to be done for. "The man is drunk, and evidently takes me for some one else."

The captain came closer, took a long look at my face, and then gave a whistle of surprise. I did not whistle, but I was none the less surprised. As he came nearer, I recognized him as one Merrick, a partner in a Leesburg firm, which I had dealt with a dozen times.

"Well, if this ain't a case!" he exclaimed.

"Why,——, what in the dence are you doing here?"

"That's not my name, sir!" I replied. "You are as much mistaken as Mr. Grand."

"Mistaken! not a bit of it. I know you perfectly well, and, as you are a Yankee, I want to know what you are doing in a Confederate camp!"

As I did not make any answer, he turned to the soldier and asked for information, and the man told him all he knew about me, which was very little. The captain asked him if I had sought to gain any information, and being told what I had asked for, he put his hand on my shoulder, with the declaration that he arrested me as a Union spy!

"Be a little careful, sir!" said I, blustering up, and hoping to frighten him out of his purpose. "Look out how you charge an honest citizen with such a matter as that!"

He replied that he was perfectly satisfied as to my identity, and that he should have me imprisoned until such time as I could be tried by a court-martial. I expected to be taken back to camp, but he informed me that he should take me to the town jail. The haversack was delivered over to Grand, the soldier was sharply reprimanded for being in my company, and I was ordered to march ahead of the captain into Leesburg. The town was all bustle and excitement, and no one gave me particular notice as I walked through the streets to the jail building. I was turned over to the jailer, with a demand that he should keep a sharp lookout over my movements, and I soon found myself behind the bars. The captain returned in about half an hour, having with him his old partner and a clerk, and both at once identified me. I still denied that I was the person whom they supposed, doing so on the ground that such a course might delay and embarrass my court-martial. I had already arranged a character for myself, and intended to come out with a name and an abiding-place in due time. If I claimed to be John Jones, living forty miles away, and a good Confederate, perhaps my judges would make some inquiries before condemning me.

The men left very much disgusted at my pertinacity in adhering to what they were convinced was an untruth, and I sat down on the miserable bed to hold an interview with myself. I had been caught in the enemy's camp doing spy business, and if I was not hung as a spy, it would be a point of good luck hardly to be looked for. While I reproached myself for not having adopted some other role, reproaches did not console me in my strait, nor would they assist me out of the difficulty.

The main thing is not to get in jail. The main thing, if one does get in jail, is to get out. Five minutes after sitting down on the bed, I got up again and proceeded to make a thorough examination of the cell, with a view of escaping from it. It was about eight feet long, six feet wide, contained no window, and an iron door shut me in. It opened directly on the main hall, so that if I were once out of the small box, I could have a show of escape at one of the two doors which opened outside, one on the street and the other into the yard. After the jailer had retired, I began singing and shouting, to see what companionship I had. I ascertained by this that the jail was comparatively empty, the only two other prisoners being in cells at the further end. After a close examination of the door, I made up my mind that I could squeeze through by sawing off the bars, as they were wide apart. On coming in, my knife had been taken away from me, as well as my gold, and the jailer had made me strip to the skin, to search for written proofs that I was a spy. I had not so much as a pin about me, and must have a saw if I went through the door.

Just at dark the jailer returned, made an examination of the door, to see if I had been at work, and then went off, saying that he would send me some supper. Ten minutes afterwards, a slovenly young man, not over intelligent in looks, brought in the meal, and with it a knife and fork. While I was eating, he walked up and down the hall, whistling and singing, and when I was through, he came and removed the dishes. I thought I would try him a little, hoping to bribe him in some way, but he replied that he had been instructed not to hold any conversation with me, and my hopes were dashed.

I got little sleep that night, from think-

ing and planning. I could see no prospect of escape, and made up my mind that I was good for a "swing." The captain might not return that day, but he surely would the day after, and then I should be taken to camp, and a court-martial would be assembled for my benefit. While I was pondering the case, the jailer entered, walked up to the door, shook it, peeped in to get a good view of me, and then went off. In a few minutes, as before, the boy came along with my meal. Removing the bar and unlocking the door, he adjusted a chain so that the door could be opened just wide enough to hand in the dish, and when he had passed it through, he replaced the bar and commenced walking up and down. There was a heavy case-knife and an iron spoon in the dish, and he had no sooner turned his back than I seized the knife, thrust it into the straw tick of the bed, and sang out:

"See here, boy, why didn't you bring me a knife? I am not used to eating like a dog."

"That's a knife in the dish!" shouted the boy, looking through the door.

I replied that he was mistaken, holding up the dish so that he could see for himself. He was quite sure for a time that he had brought one, but at last doubted, and went off and got another. He stood close to the door during my meal, to be sure that I did not hide the knife, and went away with a growl that I was a source of much trouble. Ten minutes after, sure that none of the officials were about, I began my work. Finding where the corner of a stone projected out a trifle, I beat the edge of the knife upon it, until after an hour's work, I had a pretty good saw. The knife was of ancient pattern, but all the better on that account, as it was of true steel and heavily made. Selecting a bar of the door just where it was the smallest, I began sawing away, wetting the spot with spittle to lessen the noise.

Finding the sawing created a noise which must be heard by the other prisoners, I began singing a Confederate camp song in a loud voice, and thus drowned the sharp squeak of the knife as it cut into the bar. It was slow work, but at noon I had one of the bars cut so near through that I could easily wrench it off. Knowing that the boy would bring in my dinner about twelve o'clock, I crumbled up a bit of bread, mixed in some dirt, and filled the cut in the bar so deftly that only a close examination could detect my work. Soon after I was ready, the boy came in with my dish of food, and stood with his hands on the bars while I dined. Seeing that he was suspicious, I asked:

"Did the jailer tell you to stand there and watch me, lest I should eat up the dish?"

"None o' yer bizness!" replied the boy, getting angry in an instant. "You are going to get yer neck stretched in a day or two, and ye needn't be finding fault with me!"

"Guess not, sonny," I replied, eating away. "I guess our folks won't hang a good rebel, who is going to join the army as soon as he gets out of this."

"Wall, they will," he replied, "for they've got the dead thing on ye to show that ye are a cussed spy from the Yankees across the river."

I saw that he had overheard some conversation between the jailer and the cavalry captain, and his confidence that I would be hung caused me to break off the conversation. He took the dish out, made the door secure, and then I was left alone. A few minutes after, I was at work on the second bar, singing and whistling to drown the noise of the knife. This bar was somewhat softer, and I got through it as near as I wished by the middle of the afternoon. I then hid the knife in the straw bed again, filled up the cut in the bar, and then nearly broke my neck in my efforts to attain such views of the hall as would inform me how I must proceed after getting out of my cell. The rear hall window had a set of bars, but they were so far apart that I believed I could squeeze through after sawing one off.

There was nothing to do now but wait for evening. I knew that I could escape from my cell without much difficulty, and believed that I could get out of the main hall after two or three hours' work. Stretching out on the bed, I fell asleep, and did not wake until about sunset, when the boy brought in my supper. He had just gone away when the jailer came, looked in to be sure that I was all right, took a hasty glance at the door, and then went off without a word.

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)