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THE DEER—A FABLE.

BY E. R. LATTY.

A deer was standing by a brook,
When he beheld his image fair;
As nicely as in pictured book
It showed beneath the waters there;
And as beside the stream he stayed,
His regal form therein to see,
Such grace and beauty were displayed
That he began quite vain to be.
With arching neck and placid eye,
With neat and gently swaying head,
Adorned with antlers, grand and high,
'Twas thus the stately creature said:
"Beyond a doubt, it seems to me,
Reflected thus in Nature's glass,
That I, in grace and majesty,
All other animals surpass;
My horns, how lordly do they rise!
My form is every way complete."
But suddenly, with shamed surprise,
Exclaimed, "How ugly are my feet!"
Just then a lion he espied,
"And 'ugly feet,' so much despised,
Bore him away, with rapid stride,—
But soon, the 'horns,' so highly prized,
In overhanging thicket caught
And held the frightened beast at bay;
And by the hungry lion sought,
He thus became an easy prey.
Now boys and girls, by this you see
That whatsoever is our own,
Not by its looks should valued be,
But by its real worth alone.

Mr. Somer's Lesson.

"DID you hear me, sir?"
I am not deaf," muttered the boy
in an undertone, not meant for the ear
of his father, but it reached it, nevertheless.
Red anger burned instantly on the face
of Mr. Somers; his eyes flashed with a
cruel purpose; his arm moved with an
impulse to strike.
"Take care, sir!" Mr. Somers advanced
toward the lad in a threatening way, but
restrained the hand half raised for a blow.
"Off with you, this instant!" he said, in
a passionate way, "and don't let the grass
grow under your feet. If you're not back
in thirty minutes by the watch, I'll flog
you within an inch of your life."
And Mr. Somers drew out his watch to
note the time; then turned from the boy,
actually trembling with excitement.
Richard—that was the lad's name—man-
ifested neither fear nor alacrity; but,
instead, a kind of dogged impassiveness.—
He made no response whatever. The
stormy utterance of his father did not
seem to affect him any more than if it had
been the murmur of wind in the trees over-
head. Rising from the ground where he
had been sitting, with a piece of wood in
his hand, which he was modeling into the
form of a boat, he moved away with a
loitering step. Not a sign beyond this was
there that he heard, understood, or intend-
ed to obey his father.
"Thirty minutes!" muttered Richard,
as he walked along as leisurely as if he had
the day before him. "He knows I can't go
in thirty minutes, without running every
step of the way there and back; and I'm
not going to do it for him or anybody else,
and he may flog me if he will. I won't
stand it long."
Quick footsteps would have taken
Richard to the end of his journey to a neigh-
bor's house and back, in less than twenty-
five minutes; but anger awakened his
anger, and harshly applied force, a feeling
of resistance.
"I'm not a dog to be kicked!" so he
talked with himself, "or a mule to be
driven. That's not the way to treat a boy,
flog me within an inch of my life! I wish
he would kill me one of these days. Then
he'd be—"
Richard could not utter the words that
commenced forming in his tongue. A good
impulse restrained him. He felt a little
shocked at the wickedness of his thought.

After this he walked on more briskly, as
if to atone by obedience, for the evil de-
sire cherished for a moment in his heart.—
But his feet soon lingered again. There
was no feeling mind in the boy. Propul-
sion, not attraction, moved him onward,
and his was a nature to resist. On his way
many things presented themselves, and he
stopped here and there—sometimes in for-
getfulness of his errand, and sometimes in
willful disregard of his father's command,
wasting the time and rendering punish-
ment the next thing certain.

Fully thirty minutes had expired when
the boy had reached his destination.
"Won't you step down to the postoffice
and mail this letter? that's a good boy!"
said the gentleman, to whom he had been
sent with a message. The request was
made in such a kind voice, and with such a
pleasant smile that Richard felt that he
could go through fire and water, as the
saying is, to oblige him.

"Certainly, sir," he replied in the most
complacent manner, reaching out his hand
for the letter. "I'll do it with the great-
est pleasure.

"As well to be killed for a sheep as a
lamb," said the boy, as he took his way to
the postoffice. "The half hour's up, and
the flogging earned. He can only take the
other inch of his life at the worst, and then
there'll be an end of it."

And he tried to whistle up a state of in-
difference, but the notes he sent out on the
listening air were not light and thought
free, as the robin's warble, not sweet and
tender as the little yellow birds sing. The
boy's mind was not at ease.
After depositing the letter, Richard
sauntered away in a listless manner. Go-
ing home was not in his mind. There was
an angry father there; and punishment
awaited his return. He did not feel in the
least inclined to meet the flogging within
an inch of his life at an earlier moment
than was absolutely necessary. A sight of
the river which ran a short distance from
the town, gave direction to his wavering
thought; and off he started for the stream,
on whose bosom he loved to glide, bending
to the light springing oar.

"You don't expect to see him in half an
hour, of course," said the gentleman, who
had been a witness to the contest between
the boy and his father, and who had not
failed to notice the excited and baffled
state of Mr. Somer's mind.

Age, character, and relation gave him
warrant for this free speech. It was not
received as an intrusion, but in some de-
ference of manner.

"He knows the penalty." Mr. Somers
knit his brows severely. Cruel purposes
drew his lips firmly together.

"Which you mean to inflict?"
"As surely as there is strength in this
right arm!" And he stretched out the
vigorous member.

"Even to within an inch of the boy's
life!"
A pair of calm eyes looked into the face
of the angry father; a mild, rebuking voice
was in his ear.

"I will bend or break him, sir. That is
my duty. What hope is there for a willful
and disobedient child?"

"Small hope, I fear," said the other.

"Then, is not my duty plain?"

"There is no question as to your duty in
the abstract, being plain—the duty of se-
curing submission from your child—but it
is barely possible that you are not using the
right means. Mrs. Howitt has expressed beau-
tifully, in a single line, a truth that may
help you to see some better way to reach
the case. Do you remember it?"

Mr. Somers shook his head.

"For love hath reader will than fear."

"Love!" There was a spirit of rejec-
tion in the voice of Mr. Somers.

"We need not be unkind, sirs."
For love hath reader will than fear."

The neighbor repeated the couplet in a
low emphatic voice, his tones lingering on
the words that needed expression, so as to
bring out the full meaning they had power
to convey. The eyes of Mr. Somers fell
away from his face. His stern counte-
nance relaxed something of its sternness.

"A homelier, but more strongly expressed
form of the same sentiment is given in
the old proverb, made when language went
to its meaning by the shortest way: 'Honey
catches more flies than vinegar.' Now,
friend Somers, having tried the vinegar for
a good while, and with most discouraging
results, let me suggest you resort to honey."

In other words, change your whole mode
of discipline. Speak kindly, and in a low,
firm voice to Richard, instead of the bluff,
imperative, querulous, angry manner in
which you almost always address him.—
Let him feel that you really love him;

that there is a soft, warm, attachable side
to your character; my word for it he will
move to your bidding with winged feet. I
have studied the boy, and see in him good
and noble qualities. But he has inherited
from his father a certain impatience of con-
trol, and will ever be on the alert to resist
unduly applied force. You may lead him,
by love, anywhere; but under the rule of
fear, you will drive him certainly beyond
your influence. Forgive my plain speech.
I have wished to say this, before, but,
until now, saw no good opportunity."

The whole aspect of Mr. Somers under-
went a change. Conviction struck to his
heart. He saw that he had been unjust to
the boy, unloving, and unkind. Back to
his own early days his thoughts went with
a bound, and there came vivid remem-
brances of states into which he had been
thrown by harsh treatment, states from
which no punishment, however severe,
could move him. Kindness had always
been to his heart like melting sunshine;
sternness like an icy wind. And Richard
was like him. How strange that he had
never thought of that before.

A long sigh quivered up from the oppres-
sed heart of Somers.

"If I could only think so," he said.—

"But the obstinate self-will of the boy is
so firmly inrooted."

"Then you can never tear it up by
force," spoke out his friend. "The only
way is to weaken its vital currents, to cut
off the flow of life, and let it wither for
lack of sustenance, and die."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mr. Som-
ers, in a troubled, uneasy way. "But
what am I to do now? I give him half an
hour in which to do an errand, laid my
commands on him, and enforced them by
threats of punishment. Is my word to go
for naught? Shall a boy defy me?"

A flash of anger gleamed over the father's
face.

"Gently, patiently, forgivingly deal with
the offender," replied the neighbor, as he
laid his hand on the arm of Mr. Somers.
"Let love rule, not anger. Is he all to
blame? No. Does not the origin of the
wrong lie most with yourself? Has not it
grown out of your unwise discipline? Be-
gin correction at the source. First get in a
right attitude yourself, and then bring him
right. As you provoked disobedience in
the present case, restrain the punishing
arm."

"But I shall forfeit my word."

"You will do that, even if you punish
him."

"How so?"

"You will hardly go to within an inch of
the boy's life. You were angry, and went
beyond yourself. Take counsel of reason,
now. Passion and pride are blind impul-
ses, and are sure to lead us from the right
path. Think away from your present un-
happy relations to your unhappy boy, and
let love for him prompt you to seek only
his good. He is afar off from you now;
draw him near, even within the circle of a
tenderly embracing arm. That is your du-
ty, my friend. Enter into it, and all will
be well."

The neighbor after saying this retired,
leaving Mr. Somers to the companionship
of his thoughts. There was a weight of
concern on the father's heart. Anger had
given place to a troubled feeling. He drew
out his watch as the half hour period ad-
vanced to a close, looked at the time, and
then from the window anxiously. If Rich-
ard had appeared in the distance, what a
sense of relief it would have produced. But
there was no sign of the returning boy.

"Willfully disobedient! Defiant!"

The indignant man said this as hot blood
began to burn his face. "Perverse, unhap-
py, wrongly governed boy! This was the
father saying in reply, and struggling to
hold anger in check.

The half hour expired. Richard was
still away. Another half hour elapsed,
and yet he was absent.

"He shall be punished for this," said
Mr. Somers as indignation gained the
mastery. Then a remembrance of the
words spoken by his neighbor, pressed back
the tide of indignation, and he let pity
move over the troubled surface of his feel-
ings and calm them like oil.

A whole hour beyond the limit of time
had passed. Mr. Somers was growing un-
easy. It flashed across his mind that Rich-
ard, in a fit of anger, rebellion and discour-
agement, might have been tempted to run
off. He remembered very distinctly how
once in his boyish troubles at home, he had
mediated the same thing, and actually
commenced preparations to abandon father
and mother, and try his fortunes in the
world.

At the end of the second hour, Mr. Som-

ers was in a very anxious state; and he was
about making preparations to go in search
of Richard, when, on glancing from the
window, he saw him pass in a hurried,
stealthy way. He stood listening to hear
him enter. The door opened silently.
Tip-toe steps sounded faintly along the
passage. Somers followed them with his
ears, but lost them on the stairs.

"What shall I do?" That was the dif-
ficult question for Mr. Somers. He
stood for several minutes, trying to get
his thoughts clear and his feelings calm.
Thus far harsh methods had proved wholly
fruitless. Threats and punishment wrought
no salutary reform; the boy grew worse
instead of better. Why this was so, clearer
perception now told him.

"Poor boy!" he said, with a sigh; and
this very utterance of a sentiment of pity
helped him to a more pitying state of mind.
An image of fear and suffering, instead of
hard defiance and reckless disobedience,
took distinct form in his thoughts.

"Now is the time to reach him with gen-
tleness and love." As Mr. Somers thus
spoke with himself, he opened the door and
went out into the passage.

"Did you see Richard?" he asked, speak-
ing to a domestic who happened to be there
at that moment.

"No, sir," he replied.

"I thought he came in just now."

"I did not notice him, sir."

Mr. Somers went to the foot of the stair-
way and called: "Richard!" Not harsh-
ly, but kindly.

No answer came.

"Richard!" His voice went up louder
through the stairways and passages. But
no sound, save echo, was returned.

"I am sure he came in."

"It might have been some one else,"
suggested the domestic. "I haven't seen
anything of him for two or three hours."

Mr. Somers went up stairs to the lad's
room. The door was shut. He opened it
and went in. Richard was lying on the
bed. He did not stir, but lay crouching
and motionless, like one exhausted by pain.
His face was of ashen hue. Mr. Somers
noticed an expression of fear to sweep over
it as the boy's large strangely bright eyes
turned upon him. As he advanced across
the room, the fear and shrinking changed
to something like the anguish of terror.

"O father!" he said imploringly, "don't
—don't do it now!" and he lifted one arm
as if to protect himself.

Mr. Somers understood him. The ap-
peal and movement touched his feelings
deeply.

"What ails you my son?" The father's
voice was low, pitying and full of tender-
ness.

Instantly the lines of fear died out of the
boy's face. His lips quivered—tears came
brimming to his eye.

"My arm's broke!" he sobbed, and then
the tears came raining over his cheeks.

"Oh Richard!" ejaculated Mr. Somers,
as he placed his hand softly on the boy's
forehead. "How did this happen?"

"I couldn't get back in half an hour,
father, without running all the way; and I
felt ugly here"—laying his hand on his
breast—"and didn't try to go quickly. I
went over the river because I was afraid to
come home; and fell from a pile of boards."

"Have you seen a doctor?" Mr. Somers
inquired anxiously.

"Yes, sir. They took me to the doctor's
and he set my arm."

Mr. Somers bent over his child, with his
hand tenderly on his forehead for some mo-
ments in silence; then as his full heart
overflowed in a current of emotion, he stooped
and kissed him, murmuring, "My poor
boy."

Richard did not understand all his father
meant by the exclamation, but he felt
that pity, forgiveness, and love were in his
heart; and these were more to him than
his sufferings, for in their warmth and con-
solation he forgot his pain.

"O father!" he said, a light falling on
his pale countenance—"love me and I will
be good."

Oh, the power of love! Anger, rebuke,
remonstrance, punishment—these are but
elements of weakness in comparison. How
like a sharp thrust from a sword of convic-
tion was this cry of love sent up to Mr.
Somers from the heart of his wayward, self-
willed, stubborn, resistant and defiant son!

"Richard! It was a month from the day
on which the arm had been broken. "Rich-
ard, I want you to go down to Mr.
Baird's for me right quickly."

The father spoke kindly, yet in a firm
voice. Richard, who was reading, shut
his book instantly, and coming to his father's
side, with a cheerful—"Yes, sir!"—

stood looking at him awaiting his mes-
sage.

"Take this note to Mr. Baird, and bring
me an answer."

"Yes sir." And Richard took the note,
and, turning from his father, left his office
with light and willing footsteps.

"Love hath reader will than fear."

"Ah, good morning," said Mr. Somers
turning at the sound of a well-known voice
and smiling a pleasant welcome.

"I see you have found the better way,"
remarked the neighbor.

"Yes, thanks, to your timely uttered
admonition," was replied. "The better
and the easier way. A harsh word seems
to make leaden that boy's feet, while a
kind word gives them the wind's light-
ness.

"If parents would only take this to
heart, said his neighbor, "what a change
would pass over thousands and thousands
of troubled homes in our land! How easy
would the government of children become.
Love moves by a sweet transfusion of itself
electrically; but anger, sternness, and ap-
peal to fear, rule only by the law governing
where force is opposed to force. The
stronger subdues the weaker, and then fol-
low perpetual reactions, rebellions, and
discord."

An Infidel's Testimony.

Lord Barrington once asked Collins, the
infidel writer, how it was that, though he
seemed to have very little religion himself,
he took so much care that his servants
should attend regularly at church? He re-
plied: "To prevent their robbing or mur-
dering me." To such a character, how
applicable are these words, "Out of thine
own mouth will I judge thee."

Volney, a noted infidel, was once over-
taken by a violent storm at sea, when he
began to be in the greatest distress, and
ran about crying, O my God! O my God!
What shall I do?" After the storm abated,
and the infidel who had before been
ridiculing and scoffing at Christianity, was
so humbled and ashamed, that he durst not
show himself for days.

Tom Paine, in his low and ribald lan-
guage, once said, "I have gone up and
down through the Christian garden of
Eden, and with my simple axe I have cut
down one after another of its trees, till I
have scarce left a single sapling standing."
Yet the proud boaster exclaimed in the
most genuine remorse and terror before he
died, "I would give worlds, if I had them,
that the Age of Reason had never been
published."

"Seem to Like It."

In some places where local option pre-
vails, they sell it under the name of laudan-
um. From one of those places the fol-
lowing story comes:

"A sort of simple fellow from Woodford
was sitting in the drug store the other day,
when a man came in and said he did not
feel well, and would like some prepared
laudanum. The apothecary went into the
back room and prepared a good sized glass,
and the man drank it. Woodford remark-
ed that the fellow wouldn't live long after
taking so much laudanum. Presently
another man came in and got a drink of
laudanum. The Woodford chap followed
him to the door and watched him for a
long time as he went down the street, and
remarked as he came in and sat down.—
"That fellow stands it well; he must be
used to taking it." By and by a third
man came in and took a large dose of
laudanum and went out. This rubbed up
the dull intellect of the Woodford man,
and, stepping up to the counter, he said:
"See here, boss, I'll take a dose of that
laudanum; it don't seem to kill anybody,
and folks seem to like it."

The Orkney Herald gives an amus-
ing account of an incident which occurred
in the parish church of Birsay some years
ago. During the singing of the first
psalm a goose entered the church and quietly
waddled up the passage toward the
pulpit just as the precentor had got out of
the tune and almost come to a standstill—
a not very unusual occurrence at that time.
The minister, observing the goose, leaned
over the side of the pulpit, and addressing
the church officer, said, "R—, put out
the goose." The functionary not observ-
ing the presence of the feathered pariah-
ner, and supposing that the minister's direc-
tion had reference to the precentor, march-
ed up to that individual, and to the no
small amusement of the meagre congrega-
tion, collared him, saying at the same time,
"Come out o' that, fellow!"