

STORIES OF THE DOANES.

THE DOANES once well known in Bucks county, in this State, have a history which is told in a readable manner, by a writer in the Doylestown *Intelligencer*.

At the opening of the Revolution, during the early part of the career of the Doanes, before they had become so widely known and notorious as their after exploits caused them to be, they attended a military mustering in Hilltown, held at the tavern now known as Mount Pleasant. This was of the nature of a general review of the militia, and Colonel William Roberts, of New Britain, was the commanding officer. They had previously been only known as having been engaged in stealing some horses, bearing the character of lawless young men, and public opinion had not yet become so exasperated against them as afterwards became the case. A large crowd of people was congregated together, as was apt to be the case on such occasions, composed of all classes, but including many wild and rough characters. Many of these were engaged in games and athletic sports, while whisky flowed freely. Two of the Doanes, one of whom was Joseph, were foremost in these exploits and in which their great strength and wonderful agility enabled them readily to excel. These naturally aroused the admiration and interest of the crowd, in an age when the exhibition of feats of physical strength were held in higher respect and estimation than at the present day. They, with others, had divested themselves of hats, shoes, coats and vests, and were engaged in a standing jump over a stick placed across two upright muskets, whose height would be about that of a man's head. About this time some that knew the desperadoes apprised Colonel Roberts of their presence, and measures at once taken to arrest them. But such was the fear of their prowess, and their cool daring in the stress of danger, that they must be attacked with overpowering numbers ere it was thought safe to venture to capture them. A ruse must be employed, and word was secretly sent around to keep them busily engaged in jumping, by raising the stick some inches higher and thus daring them to surmount it. But the Doanes, while apparently acquiescing, suspected something wrong, and almost unnoticed, were busily engaged in putting on their shoes, hats and coats, and about the time when they were to be seized they broke from the crowd with a series of tremendous leaps, ran to the southward with the speed of deers, and gained many hundred yards before the astounded crowd had collected their wits. A great hue and cry was instantly set up, and a crowd of men pursued, some on foot and some on horseback. Much of the country was then uncultivated and thickly wooded, and they were soon lost to sight of those on foot. But those on horseback more readily kept them in view, and overtook them at a place where a great ditch or ravine hindered their course. The Doanes easily sprang across this, which the horsemen were unable to do. Against these had found a feasible crossing place to the other side the fugitives would leap back, thus baffling their pursuers again and again. Why they were not fired upon does not appear, but either their assailants had not loaded their muskets, or did not care to shoot them, as they had not yet outlawed or committed heinous crimes. Their pursuers becoming too numerous for longer playing this game, they suddenly broke for a dense, impenetrable thicket of large extent, near the boundary line of New Britain, where pursuit was hopeless for horsemen, and dangerous for those on foot, and the bold freebooters escaped, to enter more fully upon their after successful career of crime and plunder.

The writer received the particulars of the above incident from the lips of an elderly man, whose father was an eyewitness of the scene, and who had attended the mustering when a boy of ten or twelve years. The latter, living in New Britain died something over twenty years ago, at a great age, and would oftentimes relate the story to his children and others.

During some portion of the period of the Revolutionary War, Amos Griffith, of New Britain, held the offices of Commissioner and Treasurer of the county of Bucks. He resided on the premises now owned by his grandson, John W. Griffith, less than a mile southwest of Chalfont. He lived with an uncle of the same name, a descendant of the Welsh family, who had at first settled in Chester county, but had migrated to Bucks at a previous period. Business of a public nature connected with county affairs frequently called him to Newtown, the seat of the justice, some fifteen miles away. One day, upon returning home from that place with a quantity of the public money in his possession, his relative called his attention to the fact that the Doanes were reported to be in the neighborhood, searching, ransacking and plundering wherever they

could find booty, and forcing their unfortunate victims to disclose any hidden treasures which they were suspected of having secreted. The family had been in the habit of hiding money and valuables underneath the flooring of a room in the lower story, and in the western corner of the house, as a place of safety and security which would not be suspected by the ordinary robber. But the uncle knew better than to risk even this place of concealment when such parties as the Doanes were about, who, in addition to their own natural sagacity and experience, seemed to be well informed by secret allies of just who had valuables in their possession, and just where they were likely to be secreted. Accordingly he told his nephew to carry the money, consisting of gold and silver, to the premises of a trusted neighbor, Richard Wilgus, living on property afterward long owned by the Summers family, and throw it into the swill barrel, which was kept full of the grunting porkers' favorite food.

This was quickly done, Wilgus informed of the strategy, and Griffith returned home. And none too soon, for in half an hour five or six fierce-looking men, members of the predatory band, came riding up to the lonely farm-house, and in a threatening manner peremptorily demanded the money. Even the Doanes, accustomed as they were to the perpetration of deeds of violence and crime, had their own codes of honor, and some loose, imperfect notions of morality and justice. So they opened the conference with the Treasurer with some preliminary observations, hoping to gain their object without having to use force or doing bodily harm towards one who had never offended them by word or deed.

"We do not wish to punish a man of your age, and know you are a worthy, respectable sort of man, concerning whose talk we have inquired and have never heard that you have said aught against us, but the money we must have!"

This was true, as Griffith, a very careful, cautious man, had been reticent in his language and comments to others concerning the Doanes as he habitually was on other matters.

"But," said Griffith, "I will tell you to your faces that I think that you are a precious bad set of fellows, from what I have heard of your doings."

Rather pleased than offended at his frankness they replied, "We take this at your hands, as you honestly say what you think of us to our own faces, but have refrained from talking about us behind our backs, or boasting what you would do if you had us in your power."

It would have been the worse for him if the case had been different. Of course the Treasurer stoutly denied having the funds, and told them he could not give them what was not in his possession.

"But we saw you on the road from Newtown, and know you had the money in your possession, although we were not in a position to take you before reaching home."

Believing his assertion only a natural subterfuge to prevent the loss of the money, they proceeded to put their incredulity into practice, and forthwith thoroughly searched both the family and the premises, and especially making straight for the room whose flooring had been repeatedly taken up before and removed the boards underneath, where they were quite sure that the object of their visit would be found. Great was their disappointment and chagrin at not finding the coveted plunder, and they told Griffith that they knew he was in the habit of secreting his funds there. The latter endeavored to turn the matter off by saying that it was a convenient place for the women folks to store away pots of preserves and jams for safe keeping. But mounting their horses the rough-looking visitors left the house of Griffith without offering violence, who was only too thankful and glad that he had so well escaped outrage and robbery from the bold and lawless bandits. But his trepidation did not prevent him from gazing with admiration upon the most splendid specimen of physical manhood he had ever looked upon, and concerning whose fine appearance and the story of their visit he was never tired of relating in after days.

They quickly proceeded to the house of Wilgus, more than half persuaded that here the treasure had been carried and concealed. His house and premises were thoroughly overhauled and searched from garret to cellar, but in vain. Richard Wilgus was old and poor enough indeed, but he feigned even greater poverty than the reality at the demands of his free and easy guests; saying that he and his wife had a wretched hard time to live anyhow, let alone having riches for them to steal.

"Well, you ought to die very soon, anyhow," observed one of the gang, contemptuously, as they rode away, never thinking of searching the unsuspected swill barrel. Heretofore the clamorous swine had claimed and received all the contents of that unsavory

receptacle, but we may well be persuaded that on this occasion a certain portion was duly reserved for a different purpose than satisfying their voracious appetites.

Previous to the Revolution, in their younger and better days, the Doanes were accustomed to attend parties, frolics, and the frequent merry makings then common in that vicinity, wherein the isolated lives of our ancestors were brightened, and at which they were wont to meet in the bonds of friendship and formed social ties that were not forgotten in later life. Among their neighbors were the Keppeler family, with a daughter of which they were well acquainted. Years passed away, years fraught with great and momentous events, that had oftentimes separated companions and friends widely apart; perhaps made bitter enemies of those who had played side by side in happy childhood. Meanwhile Elizabeth Keppeler had become the wife of John Seese, and the story is told that one dark night, when left alone, a tall man of magnificent proportions opened the door of her house. At first, only half recognizing the stranger, she started back with affright, and woman-like, covered to the farther corner of the room at the sight of the sword and pistols with which he was armed; and it was rather calculated to increase her alarm than otherwise to perceive that it was Moses Doane, from the terror which his deeds inspired. But he took an earnest gaze at the affrighted woman, waved his hand reassuringly, and addressing her by the old familiar name, said: "Don't be afraid of me, Liz Keppeler; I will do you no harm, we have been to too many parties together for that."

They had once met as neighbors on a common plain of respectability, amid scenes of enjoyment and pleasure. But their lives had grown widely apart since then, and how great was the contrast between the innocent woman that stood before him and the stalwart man, whose years of sin, of violence and crime, had fixed a great gulf between them, across whose impassable barriers he could never come again, or walk once more the ways of peace and honor. Some thoughts like these seemed to flash through the outlaw's mind, for heshortly afterwards departed, and was seen by her no more.

There came a time when her husband was called upon by his neighbors to assist in the capture or slaying of the Doanes in their places of retreat on the Tobiakon. He had served the patriot cause as a teamster, making weary journeys for nine months, crossing mountain and flood between Valley Forge and Ticonderoga, had courageously faced danger and death on the battlefields of Trenton, Germantown and Brandywine, and other conflicts of the Continental armies; but we may be sure that he was rather glad than otherwise that a temporary convenient ailment of his wife prevented him from taking part in that transaction. John Seese, Jr., the son of Elizabeth Seese, an aged man of 85, now living at North Wales, who often had related to him these and other tales of her youth by his mother, is the personage of whom the writer obtained these particulars.

Getting the Worth of His Money.

THE following good story is told of a landlord who kept a western hotel, and who tried to over reach a green looking guest. The stage drew up at his rancho one day with a passenger list so beggarly that it reduced the expectant and smiling Boniface to a state of despair, and to an abstruse calculation of his profit and loss account. Among the few dust begrimed passengers that filed in to feast on the good things spread on his hospitable board, was a verdant looking individual, who tightly clutched one of those old-fashioned, capacious-mouth-carpet bags with vast bowled depth that our grandfathers used in their journeyings, and that were usually laden with two shirts and a month's provisions. This particular carpet bag was notable only for the apparent extreme paucity of its contents, and when our verdant traveler slunk away bashfully to the unoccupied end of the long dining table, and seated himself in one of the chairs, he deposited his dusty bag on a vacant chair at his side. So industriously did he attack the viands before him, that Boniface tapped him on the shoulder several times before he produced a dollar, the usual price of a meal.

"Your bill is two dollars," said Boniface.

"Hay!"

"Two dollars, if you please."

"Gosh, all darn it, landlord," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you tax a fellow two dollars for a meal like this?"

"Our charge is a dollar for every chair occupied at the table. Your bag monopolizes a seat, and the charge for it is the same as for a person."

"But, judge, see here, now, the bag hasn't eaten a darned mouthful."

"Can't help that; there are the viands before it, and if it don't partake of them, it is not my fault. Come, sir, pay over; I haven't time to argue the matter."

"Waal, squire, maybe it's all right, but it seems mighty tough on a fellow. Here's your two dollars."

And the owner of the bag sat down and heartily finished his meal, amid the audible smiles of his fellow-passengers and the very perceptible grin of exultation on the landlord's face. His meal done, he turned to his bag, opened it, shook out its creases and folds, and with provoking sang froid thus addressed it loud enough for all in the room to hear:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bag, for obliging you to wait for the second table. Hungry, eh! I should think so, with nothing inside of you but a shirt and paper collar, and there isn't much substance in them. Like roast beef, eh! Here's a nice piece, weighing a dozen pounds, I guess. Whew! You took that in one gulp, and it don't seem to distress you either. Try this roast of lamb? I can recommend it. Sorry the mint sauce is all gone. Biscuit! Yes, here's a hull plate full. Biscuit are rather trying on one's digestive machinery, they say so; suppose you try a of plateful of bread on top of them.—Will you have a spring chicken? Two? Well you are cheeky; but here they are. You don't want to stick them, I see. Some more biscuit? There you have 'em—"

Suiting his actions to these words, the owner of the bag stuffed into its capacious interior everything edible that lay within his reach, regardless of the consternation depicted in the face of the landlord, who rushed up to stop him.

"This is robbery, sir; downright robbery!" he thundered. "I will not submit to it."

"See here now, 'squire, jest keep cool and we'll argue this," calmly replied the verdant one, not letting up, however, in his occupation of filling the bag. "Didn't this bag pay for a square meal? What is a square meal, if it isn't to eat till one is satisfied. Isn't that so, fellows?"

His fellow passengers, who were roaring with laughter, readily assented.

"Now, that being the verdict of this jury, let me tell you, Mr. Landlord, that this bag ain't going to be satisfied until it is chock full. I'm its friend, and any one that interferes with its meal will get eternally jammed, that's all."

He meant every word of it, and the landlord wisely withdrew, looking a splendid example of the bitter bitten.

When He Lost It.

A citizen, who should be preparing himself for the unknown life beyond the grave instead of being up to such tricks, removed the setting from his big gold ring the other day, leaving a marked and decided vacancy. He gets on a street car, holds his hands so that the ring must be seen, and pretty soon a man bends forward and remarks:

"Excuse me, sir, but you have lost the set from your ring."

"So I have," replies the owner, as he looks around the floor.

Every passenger began to peer around and the man who made the discovery finally asks:

"Was it a valuable set?"

"It was a thousand dollar diamond," is the calm reply.

There is another movement on the part of the passengers. Some look along the seat, some under it, and some make a dive for peal buttons and other small objects.

"When did you miss it?" asks the first man as the search weakens a little.

"A year and a half ago, when tending campmeeting in Illinois," is the sad reply.

Then every passenger straightens up, every eye looks into vacancy, and not the faintest smile can be seen on any face. A person boarding the car just then would wonder what great man in the city had just died, and if the passengers were on their way to take a sad farewell look at his remains.

New Hampshire's Cotton Industries.

The Manchester print works are to shut down for a month or more because of the dull market, and 400 hands will be out of work.

The death of cotton manufacturing in the State is thus prophesied by E. H. Cheney, brother of the ex-Governor and of President Cheney, of Bates College, and a well known editor, who has spent some years in the South: "Cotton manufacturing in New Hampshire has probably seen its best days. If an old mill burns it will rarely be rebuilt, for capitalists are not likely to put more money into the manufacturing business so far from the raw material and where fuel is so scarce. More mills have been built in Georgia since the war than are now in operation in all New Hampshire. They are all paying factories, too. That tells the story, and New Hampshire people may as well look the matter square in the face."

VEGETINE.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:

178 BALZIC STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

Dear Sir:—From personal benefits received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure. JAMES P. LUDLOW, Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, Mass., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS,

Dear Sir:—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless at nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well, and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above.

MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHMAN,

Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLEN STREET,

BOSTON, April, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS,

Dear Sir:—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula. With respect,

MRS. N. WORMELL, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER SAYS.

Providence, R. I., 164 Transit Street.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.

O. T. WALKER,

Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

South Salem, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS,

Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years.—Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly,

MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,

No. 16 Lagrange St., South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

South Boston.

MR. STEVENS,

Dear Sir:—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the System. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints. Yours respectfully,

MRS. MURROE PARKER.

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Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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