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FOR THE BLOOMFIELD TIMES.

MINERVA'S DRAWING.

The spinning world sweeps on in space,
And bears the restless human race
Through realms without a resting place,
Where spirits cleave the ether;
And, as it turns, this mundane wheel
Commingles human woe and weal,
From which the Passions draw and deal
Their blanks, or real prizes;
For who, that trusts or curses fate
Receives the ticket of his state
From other hands than those which wait
To do his own will's bidding?
The prudent, must the vain command;
The comrade of the wise shall stand;
The fool's companion shall be banished
For choosing fools and folly.
"Let fortune's wheel at random run,
And fools may time and knaves may win!"
But when Minerva's rites begin,
The wise may hope for honor.
Fallas Athene, guard thy fame
From knaves, the ignorant, the vain!
And for the good of man maintain
The high behests of wisdom.
The day is now about to dawn,
When blanks or prizes will be drawn
By those whose choice has fixed upon
The teacher's noble calling.
The prizes in the wheel of fate
Are theirs, who are importunate,
Whose morning thoughts, and vigils late,
Are burned to lore and virtue.
Minerva, guide the trembling hand
That designates, at thy command,
The chosen members of the band
Whose work may curse or bless us.
From out Minerva's rolling wheel
Let even-handed Justice deal
The need of well-directed zeal
For unpretending wisdom.

HETTY'S TRIP TO THE CITY.

AUNT MARIA with much sorrow bid good bye to her niece Hetty, who was starting for New York. Other friends too were present to see her off and to give adieu and encouragement.

"Don't enter into conversation with no strange men on the cars, Hetty, and don't be carried away by the follies of the world when you get there," said good old Deacon Eastman, with a shake of the hand that made her arm ache.

Elkanah Eastman followed Hetty into the car. Elkanah, tall, angular, raw-boned, red-haired; dressed in his Sunday clothes, which hung upon him much in the same manner that clothes are hung upon a bean-pole to scare away the crows,—at least that is what Hetty thought.

He held Hetty's little, soft, brown hand in his hard, bony one, a moment longer than was necessary.

"You won't forget us, quite, will you, Hetty? You know this parting means a great deal to me." And the great big fellows' voice actually trembled. It was too ridiculous! thought Hetty.

"Oh no! I won't forget Derby, nor any of you. I am not at all likely to," said Hetty carelessly.

But her face did flush a little, under Elkanah's earnest eyes.

Elkanah sighed, and dropped her hand.

Aunt Maria's voice rang out again. "I wish I'd het a brick for your feet; and don't get took in by no prize packages; and for mercy's sake look out for your trunk, for they'll get it away from you if they can."

And then Hetty was whisked away out into the great world, which looked a very snowy one, just now, and overhung by a dreary, gray, December sky.

Hetty looked back after they had left the station behind, and there was Elkanah, still standing on the platform, looking after the train, a very forlorn figure, with his coat-tails and his big blue muffler blowing in the wind, and his red hair lighting up the whole landscape. It would be a good thing to stand him up on a rocky coast, for a light-house, as Belle Benton, a young lady who had come home from boarding

school with her, had suggested, thought Hetty: his hair would serve instead of a light.

But it was a little too bad to make fun of Elkanah, she reflected, the next moment, for he was so good, and so devoted to her, and had waited upon her like a bond slave ever since she was a baby, while she had teased and snubbed him incessantly. She had never even thought that it was to bad to make fun of him before, but her heart was a little softened today by the thought that she was leaving home, perhaps never to return.

Before many miles were passed over, the thought of Elkanah, and even of all her friends and her home, was banished by visions of the gay delights to which she was going.

Derby was a country town, slow-going and old-fashioned; and, except to a boarding-school in another town of the very same pattern, Hetty had never been away from it in her life. But in the boarding-school were a great many city young ladies, and Hetty had picked up ideas of living that made Derby very distasteful to her. For five years she had been an orphan, without brothers or sisters, and had lived with Aunt Maria, an "antiquated aunt," whose eccentricity was only equaled by her kindness of heart. Aunt Vandervere—otherwise Sarah Ann—had written, asking her to spend the winter with her in New York, and to live with her altogether if they "suited each other." Aunt Vandervere was Aunt Maria's half sister, but they were "no more alike than black was white," according to Aunt Maria. "Sarah Ann" was a worldly and ambitious young woman, who had married a man old enough to be her grandfather for the sake of his money and position, and had become a leader in New York society. She was a widow, now, and "lonely," and wished her niece to live with her. Aunt Maria sniffed contemptuously at the idea of Sarah Ann's "loneliness," and declared openly that she wanted Hetty only because she had heard that she was a beauty and an heiress.

Hetty had a whole seat in the car to herself, and made herself very comfortable, with all the bags and shawls and bundles which Aunt Maria had forced upon her carefully disposed around her, and a new magazine open in her hand; and, thus equipped, she occupied herself, not with reading, but with gay visions of the future before her.

The train gradually filled up, as it stopped at the various stations, and presently a gentleman presented himself beside Hetty's seat, with an elaborate bow, and an air of great deference.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, but there is not another unoccupied seat on the train," he said. "If you will allow me to occupy this seat besides you?"

Hetty gave a little nod of assent; the more graciously that she had stolen a glance at him, and discovered him to be a very elegant young man. Not handsome exactly; his Roman nose was too pronounced, and his chin too sharp for that; but his dark, expressive eyes, and his aristocratic air, made him very interesting to Hetty. However, she remembered the warnings she had received with regard to making acquaintances on the cars, and looked demurely on her magazine, or meditatively out of the window, while the young man buried himself in a newspaper, with apparent unconsciousness of her existence.

Early in the afternoon they stopped at a station where they were allowed "ten minutes for refreshments." The interesting young man who shared Hetty's seat sprang to his feet with the "do or die" expression common to the masculine traveler under such circumstances and rushed for the door; then turned suddenly, and looked at Hetty.

"Will you allow me to bring you something?" he said, with another of those deferential bows which Hetty thought almost irresistible.

Deacon Eastman's warning flashed across her mind, just in time. She would have liked to accept graciously that polite offer, but, instead, she replied with a dignity and primness that would have rejoiced Aunt Maria's heart.

"No, thank you. I have a lunch with me."

And the young man bowed again, and departed.

"Now he won't speak to me again;

or if he does it will be very presuming, and I won't have anything to say to him!" thought Hetty. But Fate, sitting in the shadow, wove her net, regardless of Hetty's resolution.

Before the ten minutes' grace was over, our Hetty's *compagnon du voyage* made his appearance in the car, bearing aloft a cup of coffee, with an air which elevated that somewhat menial service to an act of princely condescension.

"I took the liberty of getting this for you, because I was sure you needed it," he said, and Hetty had not the heart to refuse.

"You have only to throw the cup and saucer out of the window when you have finished," he said; and then he absorbed himself again in his newspaper.

Hetty began to wonder what he could find in that one newspaper to occupy him so long. He seemed so utterly oblivious of everything about him that she felt a mischievous desire to fire off a torpedo, or stick a pin into him. But while she was revolving these amicable desires in her mind, there came a crash that seemed to her like the crack of doom; after the crack came a strain, and quivering, as if all the timbers of the cars were going to pieces.

Hetty wondered whether it was the end of the world, or an earthquake, or a collision, tried to say her prayers, grew dizzy and faint, and only recovered her consciousness to find that she was alive and safe, and clinging tightly to the dignified young man's arm, and that all the other occupants of the car were in their places, though looking a good deal shaken up and scared. She withdrew her arm from the interesting young man's with great celerity, blushing furiously.

"It was very natural that you should be frightened," he said soothingly. "I thought, myself, that something very serious had happened."

Every other man in the car rushed out to see what was the matter, but Hetty's companion did not stir. He seemed to feel that she needed a protector, and kept casting anxious glances at her, to see if she had fully recovered.

Hetty's heart began to warm toward him; his kindness was so delicate and unobtrusive.

It was soon reported that an obstruction on the track had caused the shock, and disabled the engine. The train would be delayed until another engine could reach them from a town forty miles distant.

During the long and tedious waiting that ensued, the ice of reserve melted very rapidly between Hetty and the interesting young gentleman. Surely, even Aunt Maria could not expect her to repel his advances any longer, thought Hetty. And he was so dignified, so thoroughly a gentleman! there could be no harm in having a little pleasant conversation with him.

They became astonishingly good friends, for so short a time, as people always do under such circumstances, where conventional restraints are removed, and yet her companion was very reticent on some points. He did not reveal his name, or position in life, his starting point or his destination. He might be the Khan of Tartary, for all that she knew, Hetty reflected, with a slight feeling of pique. Neither did he betray the slightest curiosity with regard to her, and pride checked Hetty's natural, school-girl abandon, and made her as reticent as he was. If he had no further interest in her than as a pleasant companion for a few hours, neither had she in him! And yet she did wonder if that would be the last they should ever see of each other!

The train had been due in New York at midnight, but, owing to the accident that had befallen the engine, it did not reach there till nearly morning. Her agreeable companion had beguiled the way very much to Hetty, but she was glad when the train rumbled into the depot, and the dejected and weary-eyed passengers began to alight.

Though the train had been so long delayed, she found a carriage waiting for her. Her traveling companion recognized the coachman, with apparently very great surprise.

"Is it possible that you are going to Mrs. Vandervere's?" he exclaimed, as he assisted her and her bundles into the carriage. "Then I shall certainly have

the very great pleasure of meeting you again. The Fates have certainly favored me!" And with a gay "good morning," he was gone.

And Hetty felt much less lonely and forlorn for that assurance that she should see him again.

In the gray dawn she found herself tripping up the steps of an elegant mansion, in an aristocratic street. The housekeeper, in rustling black silk, and looking very much like a lady, to Hetty's country-bred eyes, was waiting to receive her.

Mrs. Vandervere had been sitting up all night, in great anxiety about her, and had been overcome by fatigue, and retired only an hour ago; she was sleeping now, the housekeeper thought she had better not be disturbed. So Hetty was shown directly to her room, and in a few minutes had forgotten all the "chances and changes of this mortal life" in a dreamless sleep.

She awoke to find sunshine flooding the room, and a strange face bending over her. It seemed to her so youthful a face at the first glance, that she thought it could not be her aunt; but a moment's scrutiny showed her that its bloom was not the bloom of youth, and that "Nature's sweet and cunning hand" had been supplanted by Art's. Even the smile that wreathed the lips looked as if it had been made to order, thought Hetty.

"My dearest child!" said her aunt, in carefully modulated tones of well-bred delight. "I was so anxious about you! and it is such a pleasure to see you, my only sister's only child!"

Hetty returned her aunt's caress, but not with great fervor; she could not forget that her aunt had never remembered her "only sister's" existence after her marriage with the rich Mr. Vandervere, and she was shrewd enough to understand, without Aunt Maria's suggestion, that if her father had not made that lucky land speculation, a few years before his death, which made her a great heiress, even as Mrs. Vandervere reckoned money, she might have been still oblivious of the existence of her "only sister's only child."

"Get up child, and come to the light, where I can see your face! I have heard that you were a beauty, but I am not so sure of it,—you are such a little brown thing! But your eyes are magnificent! so large and dark, and what a flash there is in them! why, child it reminds me of—what is that thing they used to cut peoples' heads off with? The guillotine! That's it,—so keen and sharp. I'm not sure that it is perfectly well-bred to have such eyes! But they'll be sure to be taking! You'll have all the eligible young men at your feet. Why, I shouldn't wonder if even Richard should fall in love with you!"

"Who is Richard?" asked Hetty.

"Richard Vandervere,—my husband's nephew. He is a great catch, and knows he can have his choice among the most charming girls in society, but the dear fellow is so fastidious. I doubt sometimes whether he will ever marry."

Hetty brightened up. She was a born flirt, and she thought it would be great fun to try her powers on a "fastidious" young man.

"You are not a bit countryfied, my dear; you can easily acquire style; and you have originality, which is a great blessing" Mrs. Vandervere went on, "and I'm sure you'll be a great success."

"I consider myself a success now, aunt, and I'm not sure that I want to acquire anything!" said Hetty, who did not quite enjoy being criticized, as if she were a doll or picture.

Mrs. Vandervere called her a little piece of vanity, and summoned her maid to assist her in dressing, herself assisting at the toilet, and giving directions, and declaring that her clothes, in which Aunt Maria had taken so much pride, were "dreadfully dowdy," and not at all suited to her style, and that an entire wardrobe must be purchased for her, before she could be presentable.

As Hetty followed her aunt into the breakfast-room a gentleman who was lounging in an arm-chair in the bay-window rose to meet them.

"Why, Richard you so early? And I did not even know that you had returned!" said Mrs. Vandervere.

And Hetty found herself shaking hands with her traveling companion!

Mrs. Vandervere wore an expression of intense surprise.

"You don't mean to say that you two are acquainted with each other? Where in the world did you meet?"

Mr. Richard Vandervere recounted their adventures of the day before, and Hetty's aunt called her an "impudent little puss" to make the acquaintance of a strange gentleman in the cars; but then she supposed Richard was irresistible; all the young ladies thought so.

It seemed that "Richard" had been to Canada, on business, and was returning when chance threw him in Hetty's way.

Hetty, as she ate her breakfast demurely, saying very little, was thinking that it was a fortunate chance. She felt very well contented with her lot. She had left Derby and Elkanah Eastman very far behind in her thoughts.

The days that followed were very pleasant ones. Constant visits to dress-makers and milliners alone detracted from Hetty's enjoyment; and there was "a joy in the heart of that pain," certainly, for she discovered that her beauty was being "made the most of," to use Mrs. Vandervere's expression, as it never had been before.

Mrs. Vandervere did not seem to be in any haste to introduce her into society, though she trusted her to plenty of opera and theatre going and sight-seeing. Everywhere Mr. Richard Vandervere was their devoted cavalier. It became evident very soon, that, fastidious as he was, Hetty had made a decided impression upon him.

"My dear child, I think that Richard is really learning to love you," said Mrs. Vandervere, one day a fortnight after Hetty's arrival. "And you ought to be the proudest and happiest girl in the world. Why, a princess might be proud to have him for a husband!"

"I don't know that I think he is anything so wonderful!" said Hetty perversely; but her cheek flushed brightly, as it had a habit of doing at the mention of his name.

"You don't mean to say, Hetty, that you don't love him?" said Mrs. Vandervere, with reproach and anxiety both in her eyes.

"Love him, aunt! How could I love him in this little bit of a while? and when I have no reason at all to think that he cares for me!"

"Oh, that's all!" said her aunt, with a sigh of relief. "Well, I think you will very soon find out that he does care for you."

"And then I haven't seen anybody else. How could I tell whether I liked him better than anybody else when I had never seen anybody else?" persisted Hetty.

"You shall see others. We are going to Mrs. Clymer's Wednesday night, and you will see then how like a god Richard looks among the common herd, and how he is flattered and sought after!"

"I never could endure a ladies' man!" said Hetty, who enjoyed teasing her aunt.

"Hetty, you had no lover in Derby, had you?" inquired Mrs. Vandervere anxiously.

"Lover? no, indeed! What an absurd idea!" laughed Hetty.

But she did think of Elkanah Eastman, and wondered what Aunt Vandervere would think of him for a lover. He had written to her since she had been in New York,—a sensible, friendly letter, with only a little touch of sentiment at the end,—and she had carelessly glanced it over, and thought it was hardly worth the while to answer it, now that she and Elkanah had no interests in common.

On the night of Mrs. Clymer's party Hetty ran down to the drawing-room, as soon as she was dressed, to await her aunt's coming. She was as delighted as a child with her first party dress, and sailed up and down the long rooms like a peacock, glancing over her shoulder continually at her own dazzling reflection in the mirror.

Suddenly, from the shelter of a curtain, Richard Vandervere appeared, laughing.

"All 'fit for the fight?' Armed to the teeth, and ready for conquest! Who would believe there could be so much vanity in such a fresh daisy as you? But there must be no flirting, remember!"

"Must?" Hetty looked up with a