The New Bloomfield, Pa. Times

VOL. XIII. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1879. NO. 41.

THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

F. MORTIMER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

(WITHIN THE COUNTY.)

One Year, ... $1 25
Six Months, ... 75

(OUT OF THE COUNTY.)

One Year, (Postage included) $1 50
Six Months, (Postage included) 85

Invariably in Advance!

☞ Advertising rates furnished upon application.

HOME.

Home will be just what we make it,
Clothed in sorrow or in joy;
Love, if pure—no power can break it,
Nor its peaceful life annoy.

Darkness always gathers strongest
Where love's power is little known;
There its shadow dwells the longest,
As a tyrant on a throne.

Pleasant words at home returning,
Bring kind answers back again;
Each from each be ever bearing—
Love is its bright golden chain.

Oh how grand arrayed in beauty,
When love's power guides all at home;
As a sentinel on duty,
It remains—whate'er may come.

Loving hearts are ever ready
To add pleasures every day;
By their life power, firm and steady,
Blessing all within their way.

May love's sun be ever shining,
In each home o'er all the land;
By its mystic grace entwining
Heart to heart and hand to heart

Flowing onward as a river;
In its silent majesty;
God's true presence to deliver
Hearts and homes from misery.

Revolutionary Recollections.

THE FOLLOWING Revolutionary story, while it exhibits the spirit of our young men in the war for independence, shows also the discrimination and prudence of Washington. It is copied from the *Olive Branch*, published in Boston, and edited with ability:

When on a tour to the West, I met with the subject of this treatise at Utica, New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the Revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but owing to the circumstance that his name had been stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve General Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; although he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life:

I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of fourteen was sent to Boston and put behind a counter. I was warmly attached to the Whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave the town. I then enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my new relation, and thought I was a proficient, at least, as much so as other soldiers. One day immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklins, I was detailed by the officer of the day among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as sentinel before the General's quarters at nine o'clock. About 1 o'clock, the General's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver:

"Who comes there?"

He was answered, "General Washington."

"Who is General Washington?"

He replied:

"The Commander of The American Army."

"I don't know him; advance and give the countersign."

The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave the countersign.

"The countersign is right," I replied. "General Washington can now pass."

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said:

"General Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters at precisely nine o'clock."

"What does he want of me?"

"I do not know," replied the officer.

In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind was greatly harrassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door, and the servant appeared.

"Inform General Washington," said I, "that the person he ordered to his quarters at nine o'clock is now at the door."

The servant made the report, and immediately came and bade me go in, and conducted me to the General room.—When I entered he addressed me:

"Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at nine o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir, and I endeavored to do my duty."

"I wish all the army understood it as well as you do," said the General. This relieved a burden off my mind.

The General then continued: "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month!"

"I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best."

"Call here precisely at seven o'clock this evening and I will give you further instructions."

I then retired, and precisely at seven o'clock I returned. The General then presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription. He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury Heights.—I told him I had, and at his request, I described the level ground on the top.—He gave me the countersign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinel received it; and then told me to go the heights, and on the way to converse with no one, and endeavor not to pass any person if possible, and if I should observe any person, who I observed to notice me particularly, not to go on the height until out of his sight. And when I ascended to the height, must look round carefully, and if I discovered any person, I must keep at a distance from him, and suffer no one to take me. If everything appeared to be quiet, I must go on the west side of the plain, there I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of that flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put my hand under it; "You must then feel under the rock," said the General, "till you find a small hollow; if there is a letter in it, bring it me, and put this letter in the same place."

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the height, and nothing occurred worthy of note, except I found the rock and stone as described, and in the hollow, a letter sealed without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock, and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the General's quarters and delivered the letter I found under the rock. The General broke the seal and read it to himself. He then said:

"You may retire and appear here at seven o'clock to-morrow evening."

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. At length I observed a person at some small distance traveling the same way I was going, and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me—I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descend the hill on the opposite side, among the savins. I went even to the savins to make discovery, but could see no one. This I told the General on my return.

He upbraided me for my presumption. He said "they might have sprung on you and took you. Never do the like again.

When I returned the next evening, he gave me stricter charge than before. There was nothing occurred till I ascended the height. I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground to obtain a clearer view on the opposite side. In an instant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side, in full run to me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of the three was a near match for me. When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods behind me. I gave the countersign without much ceremony and the man turned on his heels and fled. I went to the General's quarters, and on presenting his letter said:

"Here is the letter you gave me," and then related the above story to him.

He told me I might retire, and I need not call on him again, till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me, when in company or in camp, to make myself a stranger to the movements of friend or foe, never to enter any dispute about the war or the army, but always be an inquirer.

In about a week the General sent for me and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter, as usual, and said:

"Go to the lower house, and enter the front door, and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down and make yourself a stranger. When all have gone out of the room but one, then get up, and walk across the room repeatedly; after you have passed and repassed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and as he is doing this, you must take this letter out of your pocket and present it to him. I charge you not to speak to him on the peril of your life. It is important that you observe this."

I went to the house, and on entering the room I found but one man in it, and he was at the corner of the room. He rose on my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room, and at the same time, eyeing him attentively. The third time I passed, he put his hand into his pocket, took a letter out, and extended it towards me.—With his other hand he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired with a bow, and returned to the General. We two could well recognize each other, though we were not allowed to speak.

This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening as this man was presenting his letter, he whispers to me, "tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow at two o'clock.

The General started and inquired, "was it the same person you received the letters from before?"

"Yes, sir."

Then saying, "stop here until I return," he took his hat and cane, and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned, he said, "I do not know that I shall need your services any more, you will continue about the encampment; and I will allow you the same pay you have now."

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity, to find the man who whispered to me, but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him I know not. The injunction on me was a paramount to it, in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge, and then I was discharged.

"Somebody Loves Me."

TWO or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home received one morning a request from the Judge that he would come up to the court house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The Judge, pointing to them (utterly homeless and friendless,) said; "Mr. T——, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

The Judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again, "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T—— repeated firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed and provided with good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chances for better things the Judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T——, in reference to her, "I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile and have failed."

Mr. T——said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest that he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression, yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said pleasantly, "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her; and I should like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her she might go to a store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes he said to her: "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me and pick up those papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said:

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face. Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

A DIAMOND HUNT.

JOHN E. HAGERTY, of 945 Broadway, says a St. Louis paper, yesterday sold seventy-two dozen chickens, under circumstances that were out of the usual routine of trade. One of the 864 chickens sold and immediately killed was, for a few minutes valued at $500. It occupied, as it were, the position of a capital prize in a lottery. The circumstances were like this: Mr. Hawthorne, a sojourner in St. Louis, whose home is in Syracuse, N. Y., was strolling up Broadway yesterday morning, observing with interest the huge proportions of the poultry and game business of the city. A number of the coops of very fine chickens cumbered the sidewalk in front of Hagerty's place. Mr. Hawthorne was and is the owner of a very fine diamond cluster pin of seven stones, and valued at $500.

While leaning over a coop of chickens, playfully stirring them up with his cane, one of the fowls suddenly shot his head through an aperture in the top of the coop, and, with a rapid, firm movement and grip, tore the glittering diadem from the snowy expanse of Mr. Hawthorne's shirt front. The pin actually presented a front with the circumference of a dime. As a grain of corn it disappeared down the gullet of the voracious hen. Mr. Hawthorne at once became wildly excited. He ran into the store and loudly proclaimed his loss, and then danced out on the sidewalk and there bewailed his bad luck. There were a number of hucksters buying chickens at the time. They were pulling the coops about, and somehow, between the unfortunate man's excitement and the handling of the coops by the hucksters, he lost all knowledge of the identity of the particular coop in which the prize chicken was strutting. Hawthorne was in despair, when Mr. John Hagerty came to the scene. John explained that there were seventy-two dozen chickens in the coop. In order to surely recover the pin they must all be killed. Hagerty sells more dressed chickens every day to the hotels than that, and all he asked Hawthorne to do was to pay the price of twenty-five cents per dozen, for the actual labor of killing and dressing the birds. To this the owner of the missing jewels consented. The poultry were taken back to the killing and cleaning room, where seven women are constantly employed dressing fowl for the market, and the work of slaughter began. Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Hagerty stood by, carefully watching the examination of the craw of each bird. The women were not aware that they were hunting for a premium bird, and the one who discovered the cluster in the craw of a bird, when there were but six more left to clean, was thoroughly surprised. The pin was found uninjured, and, after a good washing, resumed its position on the owner's shirt front. He very handsomely gave the woman who found the diamonds a $10 note, paid Mr. Hagerty $18 for killing the chickens, and set up the drinks, about $2 worth. He will not care to examine caged poultry too closely in the future.

A Story of Beau Hickman.

It is related of the famous Beau Hickman that in his best days he once went to a first-class hotel in Baltimore and, after registering his name, said he wanted the very best the house could afford for his money, twirling in his hand at the same time a quarter of a dollar. The clerk saw before him an elegantly attired gentleman, and, as Beau requested, assigned him a handsome parlor and bedroom. Beau lived like a fighting cock, ordering wines, extra dinners and everything palatable for a week, at the end of which time the bill was sent. The amount was something extravagant.

Nothing abashed, however, he strolled into the office and confronted the clerk. "Look here, sir, there must be some mistake about this; when I came here I told you I wanted the best you could afford for my money's worth. I had this quarter then (producing the coin,) and it's all I've had since." The clerk waxed angry and high words followed. "Your fault, sir, your fault," said the imperturbable Beau, "not mine. You can kick me out if you like, but I'd rather go alone." Tradition says they were about to proceed to violent measures when the landlord appeared on the scene, and, looking at the name on the register, recalled the peculiar vagrant character of the man before him (then just becoming notorious in Washington) and discovered that he had been "egregiously sold." The thought flashed across his mind, "if this joke gets out I shall be the laughing stock of my friends, and never hear the last of it." Deliberating a moment he turned to Beau and good naturedly remarked, "Well, Hickman, that's the best I ever had, but I can't keep it. I'll make a bargain with you. Here, take this $5 to pay your fare to Washington (Beau quietly pocketed the half eagle,) and now go over to the ——House, stay a week on the same terms that you stayed here and I'll give you a dinner every time you come to Baltimore."

"Thank you," replied Beau, without cracking a smile, "I've been over there for two weeks and they sent me here!"

Do Not Get Into Anybody's Way.

Paul wished the Thessalonians to pray that he might be delivered from "unreasonable" men; and the margin of our English Bible makes them "absurd" men. Both of these kind of men exist in these days; and they often get in the minister's way. But the Greek word means literally "out of place;" and it is worth while to remember that every man who is out of his own place is pretty sure to be in somebody else's way.

☞ Calumny and detraction are but sparks which, if you do not blow them, will go out themselves.

☞ Other men's pains are easily borne.