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## THE TIMES.

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### OH, DEATH!

Take thy shadow from my threshold.

Oh thou dweller in the night;  
Standing right across my doorway,  
\*Shutlin' out the morning light.  
Thou hast been here in the autumn,  
And hast taken all thy sheaves,  
It is not time to gather  
The blossoms and the leaves.

Oh, press not in so closely  
To the baby at my breast,  
Wouldst thou take the tender nursing  
From the shelter of its nest?  
Oh, child, he is no playmate  
For such a one as thee;  
He smiles, and stretches toward him—  
What can the baby see?

Ah! close behind the shadow  
He sees the angels wait,  
And wide the leaves unfolding  
Of that pretty heavenly gate,  
And he seeth one who beckoneth,  
Poor heart, couldst thou but see  
These golden gates unfolding  
And thy lost ones waiting thee.

Yet colder falls the twilight,  
And the children crouch behind,  
As the garments past them rustling  
Sweep like the winter wind.  
But the baby smiles and watcheth,  
And when the night grows dim  
There will be an empty cradle  
And a breaking heart for him.

### THE DEFEATED TORIES.

IN THE year 1777 Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the fields of Brandywine gave the American people an evidence of British humanity.

The people of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes.—Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts that would have disgraced a vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenanted store-house in the village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington, on the Schuylkill.

A young lad of sixteen stood on a barrel and was giving an account of the battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the orator, was a boy enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath his homespun jacket throbbed a heart that never shrank before an obstacle.

His father was commander of the Delaware troops and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative, and was lamenting that he could not join the army.

"I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket, I would not stand idle here, with my hands uselessly by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"No. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strangely suspect that Torry Livingston has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search the house?" asked Frank Howard. "He has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easy as that," and the boy snapped

his fingers to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son.

James Wilson's blue eyes sparkled with joy.

"If there are any three boys in this company who will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces."

Every boy in the crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation.—James' eyes flashed like twin stars.

"Now, boys, by the dead of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's residence, though death stands in my path!"

With a firm tread and the utmost silence the young heroes took up their line of march for old Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and his former laborers reported that he had kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events he was regarded as a dangerous man. His house was situated a short distance from White Clay creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted store-house in the village of Newark, dusk had given place unto the darker shades of night.—Still it was not dark; the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining solemn silence. At length they gained the bed of the creek, and slowly following the winding path, soon came to a little low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into White Clay creek, and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and I reconnoiter the premises first, to see whether any danger is to be apprehended. All the rest stand here till we return. Make no noise and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarcely were they gone from their companions ere the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise.

"Hist!" said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingston came in sight. James darted from his covert and tightly grasped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The Tory's son, struck dumb with fright, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vise-like grasp of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear? Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I can not tell," stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall or or—"

"Spare me, and I'll tell you everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Bradstone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a regular correspondence with the British command, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous designs that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and its women and children exposed to the pitiless foe. The old Tory was to receive as compensation the land on which the village stood, and an annual pension from the British government.

But stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor's house, two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had secured their horses

in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them beside their captain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sick wife.

Not a few in that band trembled for a widowed mother or a defenseless sister. Some were for departing immediately; but James Wilson still retained his grasp on the Tory's son, and ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief tied over his mouth to prevent his calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston.

Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the top of a high precipice which overhung White Clay creek.

"Now, boys," said Wilson, "the narrative we have just heard is true, and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boats, and as we have an hour to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy set at work, and in an incredible short space of time nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weight, were balanced on the edge of the precipice.—The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock upon which our heroes stood.

If the British descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot, and if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered; "let no one drop his rock till I give the word, and then at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliff, James saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bow, guiding their oarsmen by orders, and the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical fiend, Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twenty feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defense and shouted: "Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with astonishment about them. The impetus which the boat had acquired caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and the leader cried: "Cut loose, in the name of liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as if with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how the plan succeeded, and as the boys again looked over the rocks nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood.

The boat burst in pieces, and the occupants found a grave at the bottom of White Clay creek. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" exclaimed Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that, in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord and choked to death.—There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of America's foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not only guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls were found in the Tory's cellar.

The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of White Clay creek, the town of Newark, and the whole Northern part of the State of Delaware, would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bewailed by all who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever to be remembered words on his lips:

"Cut loose, in the name of liberty!" The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of celebrity. The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

### Brother Gardner on Family Government.

"LAS' night, jist as de ole woman was grindin' up de butcher-knife, to cut her corns, dar cum a knock on de doah," begin the President of the Lime-Kiln Club as Paradise Hall grew quiet. "It was de ole man Mosher, an' I could see right away dat he didn't feel in whoopin' speerits. I reckon you all knows he am hard workin' an' honest. Well, he was ober dar to see about his son Hunyadus. Dat Hunyadus am a powerful bad boy, an' I knows it, an' de ole man he sat down an' tole me dat de day had arrove when he could no longer control de boy. Yes, he sot dar on de aige of de wood axe an' cried like a chille 'cause dat Hunyadus had come home an' cussed aroun', an' axed for money, an' he clar'd he'd bust de hull family or hev it. I axed him how ole de boy was, an' he wiped his nose an' he wiped his nose an' he said sixteen. I axed him how much de boy weighed, an' he looked up at de cellin' an' said about a hundred an' twenty. Den I pushed de tea-kettle fuder back on de stove an' I went for de ole man like a steamboat 'sploshun. De ideah of a boy like dat runnin' de house made me mad all de wup up an' down, an' I tole Mosher if he didn't go hum an' flop dat Hunyadus outter his butes an' den mop him aroun' till he cried quits, dat he mus' nebber darken my gate agin. He got up an' he went, an' I was elus behind him. Dat boy was still in de house, bluffin' de ole woman aroun' and kickin' de dog under de stove, an' de opportunity was all dat could be axed fur. De ole man den bounced in, waltzed up to de wayward chille, and de way he made de fur fly tickled me all ober. When I left de winder Hunyadus was wipin' de tears away wid one han' an' eatin' cold pancakes wid de odder, an' de ole man had such a smile as I hev'n't seen on his face for ober seven years."

After the applause had subsided the President continued: "Treat your boys kindly an' like a good fadder shud, but when a son gits de big-head an' emagines dat he can run de caboose widout help from de ole folks, an' dat he am master ob his days an' nights, sot right down on him like a bag of sand fallin' from de roof-top! Let him know who runs de cabin an' who brings in de purvishuns."

### A Pottstown Lilliputian.

THERE is now living near Pottstown in this State a young lady, Miss Eliza Schwenk by name, who, though 30 years of age, yet is but three feet one inch in height and weighs only forty pounds. Her father is a well-to-do farmer and has three other children—one son and two daughters—all of full size, as are also both of the little lady's parents and all her relations. It is, however, in no sense a case of deformity. Her face is round, plump and pleasing, and her figure is well proportioned and symmetrical throughout. She has always been blessed with good health, and until she was four years old grew like other children, and had attained a stature of thirty-seven inches, but, like "Grandfather's Clock," she then "stopped short, never to grow again." Since then not an inch has been added to her stature. She remains the little girl of four or five years except that now her face begins to show some signs of age gradually creeping over it. So long as she wore short dresses, which was until about two years ago, she attracted but little attention from strangers, as her age was not suspected, but since she has donned the robes of ladies of her age, people stop to gaze after this Lilliputian as they would after Tom Thumb

or Minnie Warren. She is an expert with the needle, runs the sewing machine (her father having one made to order for her size) and does the family sewing. Of late she has been doing the shopping, and the story is told that she recently dropped in at a dry-goods store in Pottstown and began to make her purchases of a new clerk, who, not suspecting her age or means, and taking her for a child, after measuring off piece after piece, became uneasy lest he was being duped by a little girl who did not know what she was doing, and to ask her to show him her money, to see if she had money enough to pay for what she bought. She told him she had enough, and the clerk has since learned that the little girl is a desirable customer.

While she is modest and retiring in her disposition and does not court notoriety, yet she has nerve enough to demand her rights. A short time ago, being on a visit to Pottstown, she returned home in the evening train. Her ticket was to Sanatoga Station, which is near her father's house, but the conductor neglected to stop the train and took her along to Limerick. Here as it was now dark, she refused to leave the car, but insisted that the conductor must either run the train back to Sanatoga or hire a carriage and send her back. The conductor, seeing that he was "under the bay," hired a carriage and sent the little lady to her home.

Her father has often been asked to let her travel with showman but has always refused, as he does not, he says, need the money. Indeed, Eliza does not wish to go from home, and though formerly she could be coaxed away for a few days or a week to visit friends, of late she becomes homesick if away from home but a short time.

### A Minister Wanted.

The following anecdote is old but good, and many of the present generation have not seen it:

The people in one of the out-parishes of Virginia wrote to Dr. John Holt Rice, who was then at the head of the theological seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate talents, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who would write well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring that up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment. And so they went on, describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was, they gave their last minister \$350; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described, they would raise another fifty dollars, making it four hundred dollars. The Doctor sat right down and wrote them a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight, in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description; and as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly might live on \$400.—N. Y. Observer.

### More Curious than Useful.

It is often desirable to know on what day of the week a certain date falls.—We find a method suggested by a correspondent of the London Times, which we publish for the curious rather than for the practical:

The following old couplet, committed to memory, affords an easy rule for ascertaining without reference to an almanac on what day of the month a day will fall:

"At Dover Dwells George Brown, Esquire,  
Good Christian Friend, and David Frier."

Explanation.—The couplet contains twelve words, one for each month in order, beginning in January. The initial letter of each word corresponds with the letter in the calendar for the first of the month represented by the word. The key to the use of the rule is the knowledge for the Sunday letter of the year, which this year is E.

Example 1.—On what day of the week did March 16 fall this year?

Answer.—D, the first letter of "Dwells," stands for March 1. But D is the letter or day before E—that is, D, the 1st of March, was a Saturday. The calculation is instantaneous that March 16 was the third Saturday in the month.

Example 2.—On what day of the week did December 3 fall? F is December 1. But F is the day after; E—i. e., Monday; therefore December 3 will be on a Wednesday.