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Remarkable Escapes.

THE amount of inventive genius man develops under the spur of peril is scarcely short of the marvelous, and it is in nothing better illustrated than in the chronicles of escapes. We all know the story of the hunter who tumbled into the hollow of the tree in which a she bear had made her lair, and couldn't climb out. He waited, it will be remembered, till the tenant whose lodgings he had invaded came home from a dinner she had been enjoying at the expense of some tender young Africans on the neighboring plantation, and commenced to back down into the tree after the fashion adopted by her race in making a descent. As soon as her tail was within reach the prisoner grabbed it, while with his other hand he commenced digging Mrs. Bruin in the rump with his knife. She didn't come down to inquire into the matter, but scrambled, howling, out again, towing the captive behind her till he got a chance to use his blade on a more vital portion of her frame.

A somewhat similar yarn is that told by Pausanias of Aristomenes, the Messinian General, whom the Lacedaemonians captured in battle some seven hundred years B. C., and tumbled into the Gulf of Coedo, a fissure in the earth near the City of Sparta, which served them instead of a gallows for the disposition of their criminals. A number of his soldiers were sent the same road before him, and Aristomenes, falling on their bodies, saved his own. He revived to find himself in a hideous cavern without apparent outlet but the unobtainable opening overhead. He spent two days among the bones and rotting bodies. On the third day he saw a fox creeping along in the gloom toward a heap of coals. The fact that the animal got into the cave was proof, positive that there was some way out.

Lying motionless till the fox came sniffing around him, Aristomenes then grabbed him by the leg, and, as he turned to snap him, thrust the hem of his mantle in his mouth. Reynard held on viciously, and the ingenious captive was led, as he desired to be, through a labyrinthine passage to an opening just large enough for the fox to crawl through, and which he managed to enlarge sufficiently to escape by himself.

Those old-timers were a tough lot if historians don't lie. Herodotus tells of another, Hegesistratus, who was an augur or fortune-teller to one Mardonius. The Spartans got hold of him, too, and put him in jail with a log fettered to his leg. Failing to release himself in any other way, he contrived to scrape a passage out of his dungeon with an old knife-blade he found in a corner, and then cut enough of his foot off to slip the stump out of the fetter, and so crawled away to freedom. Incredible as the story seems, such cases of self-mutilation are not uncommon among our Indians, and animals caught by the foot in a trap almost invariably gnaw the captive members off and survive the loss.

Cœlius Secundus Curion was a zealous Lutheran of the sixteenth century in Turin. Taking exception to a passage in the sermon a Jesuit was preaching in the Cathedral, he called him a liar. He was seized and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, where his feet were shackled to ponderous blocks of wood to prevent his moving. According to his own account, after having spent a week in these ornaments, he induced his jailer, on the plea that he was perishing of pain in his constrained position, to unshackle one leg for him. Then he

tore his shirt into shreds, and taking off his stocking and slipper, stuffed them with these rags until he had made a very fair model of a leg and foot. A broken broomstick supplied him with a bone, and, as he tells it, "hiding my real limb under my cloak, I sat calmly awaiting the success of my ruse. After a time the young man came in to pay me his usual visit and ask me how I did. 'I should feel better,' I said, pointing to my dummy, 'if you would kindly fasten this leg to the fetter and let me give the other a rest.' He consented, and chained up my false limb with all imaginable care." At night, when Curion heard his attendants snoring, he parted company with his fettered leg, undressed it, clothed himself again and stole out of his cell, which no one had taken the trouble to fasten on the outside. He found means to scale the outer walls of his prison and regain his liberty. His escape, which he describes in this matter of fact way, figures in the pious histories as the work of witchcraft, on the ground that the Devil is ever ready to assist his own.

The escape of Grotius, the historian, from the Castle of Louvenstein was an original one. Involved in the ruin of his friend John, of Barneveldt, Grotius, in 1619, when only thirty-six years old, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He was allowed to borrow books from his friends, and when they were returned they were sent away in a chest along with his linen for the wash. Toward the end of the second year, when the guard had ceased to bother examining the box as it came and went, Madame Grotius contrived to have her husband conceal himself in this convenient casket, and he was carried to freedom by some of the very soldiers set to guard him so zealously.

Such methods of concealment were by no means uncommon in those old days when men were imprisoned for years at a time, living under guard in some castle with pretty much the same freedom as they would have enjoyed in their own houses, barring the liberty of going out when they wanted to. The little Duke of Normandy, who, after the assassination of his father, William Longwood, in the tenth century, was confined at Laon by Louis d'Outre-men, who had fixed his eyes on the throne, and was carried out in a bundle of grass by his faithful steward, Osmond. The feat recently performed by a couple of prisoners on Blackwell's Island by concealing themselves in dunghoops is no new one. More than one captive in feudal times was jolted to liberty buried under a load of manure. There was an old German warrior in the time of Maximilian who is said to have made his escape from the castle in which he was confined hidden in the carcass of a horse which had died in the stables, and from which he had removed the bowels to make room for himself.

An Italian captive is told of who in the fourteenth century was taken from his prison-house and buried in a church vault in the coffin of the castle priest, whose corpse he had found an opportunity to remove and conceal under his bed, where it was not discovered until it began to develop a decidedly gamey flavor. The Marquis de Monteforio, a State prisoner of Cadiz in the sixteenth century, became a State fugitive by stowing himself away in an empty wine cask.

Disguises have, from time immemorial, been favorite aids to escape. James V. freed himself, from the power of the Douglases in the make-up of a stable-boy, and Mary Stuart's first attempt to get away from Lochleven Castle was in the dress of a laundry girl. When Flora Macdonald assisted Charles Edward, the Pretender, to escape after the battle of Culloden, she disguised him as a servant girl and christened him Betty Burke. Count Lavelette escaped from the Concliergerie in 1815 on the Sharkey plan, in a dress of his wife's. One of the most remarkable rescues on record was that of the Earl of Nithsdale, who on the night before the day set for his execution was got out of the Tower of London by his wife. Nithsdale was under sentence for complicity in the Rebellion of 1745.

Lady Nithsdale had thrown herself at the feet of George II., imploring mercy, but the King had refused to listen to her. She obtained permission to bid her

husband adieu on the night before his execution, and went to the tower with two women, who were in her confidence. One had on two suits of outer garments, and after leaving a suit in the Earl's chamber she immediately quitted the prison. The second gave the Earl her clothes and put on those which the first had just taken off. Wrapped in a long cloak, and with a handkerchief to his eyes, the prisoner then passed through the sentinels, and took ship for France. Lady Nithsdale remained behind in her husband's stead, but she soon regained her liberty.

The escape of the Duke of Albany, imprisoned in Edinburg Castle by his brother, James III, is one of the most dramatic episodes of Scottish history. Albany, and his brother, the Earl of Mar, were as great favorites with the people as James was not. The King caused Mar to be bled to death. Albany was menaced by the same fate, when his friends resolved to rescue him. A little sloop sailed into Reith Roads with a cargo of Gascony wines, of which two small casks were sent as a present to the captive Prince. When the Duke came to dip into them, he found in one a ball of wax containing a letter urging him to escape and make his way to the water side, where he would find the little vessel waiting for him. In the other cask there was a coil of rope, which would enable him to drop from the walls of his prison to the rock on which the castle stands. His faithful Chamberlain, who shared his captivity promised to aid him in his enterprise. The main point was to make sure of the Captain of the guard. Albany invited this officer to sup with him under the pretext of wishing to have his judgment on the wine; and the Captain, having posted his men with due circumspection, led three of them into the Duke's room with him, and then took his place at the table. The meal over, the Duke proposed a game of *trictac*, and took care, while it was going on, to ply his guest freely with the wine, while the Chamberlain was no less attentive to the three soldiers. The drink, and the heat of a great fire, near which they had artfully placed him, soon made the officer very drowsy, and the men, too, began to nod their heads.

Then the Duke, who was a strong man, jumped up, and laid the Captain dead at his feet. In another moment he had dispatched two of the soldiers, while the Chamberlain, with his own dagger, finished the third. Their work was the easier to do as the drink and the fire together had almost stupefied the poor wretches before a blow was struck. They threw the bodies on the fire, and, making their way to an out-of-the-way corner of the walls, began their perilous descent.

The Chamberlain went down first to try the cord, but it was too short, and he fell and broke his leg. He uttered no cry of pain, but simply told his master the cause of the disaster. The Duke went back to fetch his bedclothes, and finally made the descent in safety.

His first thought was to provide for the injured man, and he did not bestow a thought on himself till he had carried his faithful dependent to a hut where he might remain in perfect security until his recovery. This done he flew to the sea-shore, and a boat answering to the signal agreed on, he boarded the sloop, which instantly set sail for France. In the morning the grand round found nothing of their prisoner but a room full of suffocating smoke and four bodies roasted to coals in the ashes of the fire.

Tom Paine tells his escape from the guillotine, during his confinement in the Luxembourg, in this way:

"The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, with the door opening outward flat against the wall, so that when it was open the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. When persons were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark by which they knew what rooms to visit. The door of my room was marked one morning, when it was open, and flat against the wall; being closed in the evening, the fatal line of chalk came inside, and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this Robespierre fell, and Mr. Monroe arrived to reclaim me."

Stranger, still, however, is the story Vaublanc tells of M. de Chateaubrun, who was not only condemned to death, but actually taken to the scaffold. He was the last of twenty victims. After twelve or fifteen executions, one part of the horrible instrument broke, and a workman was sent for to mend it. M. Chateaubrun was, with the other victims, near the scaffold, with his hands tied behind his back. The repairing took a long time. The day began to darken; the great crowd of spectators were far more intent on watching the repairing of the guillotine than on looking at the victims who were to die, and all, even the gendarmes themselves, had their eyes fixed on the scaffold. Resigned, but very weak, the condemned man leaned, without meaning it, on those behind him, and they, pressed by the weight of the body, mechanically made way for him, till gradually, and by no effort of his own, he came to the last ranks of the crowd. The instrument once repaired, the executions began, and they hurried to the end.

A dark night concealed both executioners and spectators.

Led on by the crowd, De Chateaubrun was at first amazed at his situation, but soon conceived the hope of escaping. He went to the Champs Elysees, and there, addressing a man who looked like workman, he told him, laughingly, that some comrades with whom he had been joking, had tied his hands behind his back and taken his hat, telling him to go and look for it. He begged the man to cut the cords, and the workman pulled out a knife and did so, laughing all the while at the joke. M. de Chateaubrun then proposed going into any of the small wine-shops in the Champs Elysees. During a slight repast he seemed to be expecting his comrades to bring back the hat, and, seeing nothing of them, he begged his guest to carry a note to some friend, whom he knew would lend him one, for he could not go bareheaded through the streets. He added that his friend would bring him some money, for his comrades, in fun, had taken away his purse. The poor man believed every word M. de Chateaubrun told him, took the note, and returned in half an hour, accompanied by the friend, who embraced Chateaubrun and gave him all the help he required.

Why an Old Lake Captain was Thankful.

A BUFFALO lake captain, when interviewed regarding his experience of the great gale of two weeks ago, answered that he spent more than an hour in prayer. A Chicago captain said that he was made to feel what an awful sinner he was. A Cleveland replied that he made a solemn vow to quit swearing in case he was saved. An interview was held with a Detroit captain yesterday to see how he felt. It started off as follows:

"You were in the great gale, were you?"

"I was."

"As the gale increased, the seas grew higher and your foretopmast was broken off, did you realize what a miserable old sinner you was?"

"No, sir. My time was occupied in clearing away the wreck and thinking how the owners would blast my eyes."

"By and by, when the seas swept your decks and carried off your yawl at the davits, did you make any vows?"

"I did not. I told the mate that we'd got to square off and run before it or we'd all be in—in less than twenty minutes."

"You meant Texas, did you not?"

"I did. I knew we were headed directly for Texas, with the seas piling right over us."

"Did your mate suggest holding a prayer meeting or singing any Gospel hymns?"

"Not by a gone sight! He suggested that we had better be mighty lively about paying off or the infernal tub would be at the bottom of Lake Michigan."

"When the awful voice of the gale roared in your ears, and the mountainous combers rushed down, as if to bury you from sight, did you not have the least thought of making a vow to quit swearing if you were spared?"

"No, sir; on the contrary, I believe I

swore faster than usual. I was in a hurry to get her around."

"As the wheel was put over and she fell into the trough of the sea for a moment, what were your solemn reflections?"

"Well, sir, I solemnly reflected that if the blasted old stick ever wanted to play dirt on me then was the time to do it."

"When you got squarred away before the wind didn't you tell your crew that they ought to return thanks to Providence for having escaped certain destructions?"

"No, sir. I told 'em to ask the steward for about three fingers of good whiskey apiece and then turn in all standing."

"Do you feel that you have any particular cause to be thankful?"

"I do. The elevator men in Buffalo didn't steal but forty bushels of wheat out of the last trip, while on the other they took ninety-one. I am thankful for that fifty-one bushels and shall strive to be a better man hereafter. Take sumthin', sir?"

Comical Errors.

An Iowa editor thus acknowledged a present of grapes: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our thanks, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

A newspaper advertisement read thus: "Wanted—a saddle horse for a lady weighing about nine hundred and fifty pounds." Another reads: "Wanted—A young man to take charge of two-horses of a religious turn of mind."

A widow in the West intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel advertises that the "hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

A steambot captain, in advertising for an excursion, closes thus: "Tickets, twenty-five cents, children half price, to be had at the captain's office."

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal. He writes: "I hope, my lord, if you ever come within a mile of my house you will stay there all night."

A coroner's verdict reads thus: "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A clergyman says: "A young woman died in my neighborhood yesterday, while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication."

A correspondent, in writing of a recent demonstration in the city of Cleveland, says: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles long, as was also the report of Dr. Perry Chaplain."

A Vigorous Young Lover.

The climate of Kentucky must be eminently favorable to the development of love. A youth of Logan county, in that State, fell in love with a girl whose father was about to move his family to Texas. He followed the girl to Russellville, and implored her to stay with him. She refused, and when the train was about to start he collected a number of his bachelor friends, went to the father and said that he meant business, and would carry the girl away by force. The father refused very promptly and called for the police, who guarded the girl until the train started. The lover became desperate, and as the train moved off he made frantic efforts to open the car windows and pull her out. The old gentleman, however, held the windows tight on the inside, and the disconsolate lover was soon left alone.

A hint to long-winded orators and writers is furnished by the following story, told by Mr. Greville in his Memoirs: A bishop rose to speak in the House of Lords and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him and begged indulgence for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. He said:

"A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night and heard the clock slowly chime twelve. He counted the strokes and then looked up to the clock, and said, 'Why couldn't you give us that all at once?' The story put an end to the bishop's speech."