

The Bloomfield Times.



NEW BLOOMFIELD, PENN'A.
Tuesday, May 24, 1870.

A PETITION is in circulation among the ladies in New York requesting the Governor to commit McFarland to the insane asylum. We think it a good idea, and would suggest that the jury who rendered the verdict, and Mr. Graham, McFarland's counsel ought to be sent along with him.

ELECTIONS in New York City are fast becoming a farce. On the 17th instant, Eighty-five thousand registered voters succeeded in casting over one hundred thousand votes. With the unblushing fraud practiced by both parties in that city, we can hardly see the use of taking the trouble, and submitting to the expense of an election.

QUITE a number of the papers are busy nominating a suitable candidate for our next Governor, and discussing the merits of the various men mentioned. They appear to forget the proverb "that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and show a disposition to meet trouble even more than half-way.

The excitement of such discussions are had enough, when the election is so near that they cannot be avoided, and the people will be better pleased to have such discussions let alone as long as possible.

Zachariah Snyder, alias Deal, was hung at Reading, Pa., on Friday, for the murder of Richard Harlan, in October last, near Leesport. The murder was committed in a drunken frenzy, and the murderer was an old offender who had served several terms in prison. It is therefore a little surprising that he did not profess, while on the scaffold, the customary certainty of immediately going to Heaven, which the most atrocious criminals uniformly profess to feel in a like situation. He remarked to his confessor that he did not fear death nor the devil but that he did fear God. Most murderers profess to be on the most familiar terms with the Deity, and proclaim in their dying moments that they have received from him a special revelation assuring them of pardon and of a happy immortality. The poor wretch Deal is the first murderer of whom we have lately heard who had the grace to confess that he feared the judgement of a just God.—*World.*

Mr. Greely and his Visitor.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph tells this story, illustrating Mr. Greely's imperturbable manner with bores:

"Mr. Greely, like other distinguished men, is bored with visitors whom it is not always easy to get rid of. Among them one day, was a man—an old subscriber probably, for it is generally your old subscribers, like an old friend, who takes the liberty of saying disagreeable things—who has some grudge against Horace on account of something that had been said in the *Tribune*. So without either standing quiet within or entirely without the sanctum but remaining perched upon the threshold, he commenced a tirade of some twenty minutes' length, to which Mr. Greely, writing spider's-web on the foolscap before him, vouchsafed no reply.

"You've been carrying on this game a long time," said the subscriber at length in desperation, "but I've found you out."

"I'd rather you'd found me out than found me at home," answered the calligraphic sage.

"I've been talking to you all this while just to tell you what I think of you," said the angry visitor.

"You've been a devilish long time doing it," replied Greely.

"And I've just come to say that you are no gentleman," added the subscriber, sure now that he had hit the mark.

"Who the— said I was?" remarked Greely, going on with his writing.

The subscriber bolted, and was never again seen in that office, and Greely finished the article as quietly as though nothing had happened."

A Singular Battle.

A Nashville paper of recent date vouches for the truth of the following extraordinary story:—

One of the most sanguinary deeds growing out of jealousy, and one of the highest exhibitions of female courage we have seen any account of for many a day occurred a few days since near the East Tennessee line in the edge of North Carolina, bordering on Blount county. The account which we abbreviate from the several reports seems miraculous. The parties represented are creditable and respectable.

It appears that the wife of James Davenport became jealous of a young girl named Kate Jackson, represented as being quite handsome and lovable. Quarrels and contentions were fierce and frequent between the two ladies.

On the day of the fatal collision it appears that Miss Kate Jackson, in company with her married sister, Mrs. DeArmand passed the residence of the Davenport family. As soon as the sisters were discovered on the road the Davenports, six in number, comprising the mother, three daughters, two of them grown, and two sons, the eldest about eighteen years old, rallied in force, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the defenseless sisters. The trail was continued until the sisters had nearly reached the Tennessee line. Here the Davenport brothers, by a movement strategical, flanked them, and presented a front armed with sticks and stones. This caused Kate and her sister first to halt, and then to attempt to retrace their steps. But upon attempting to retreat they were confronted by Mrs. Davenport and her three daughters similarly armed who demanded Mrs. DeArmand to get out of the way, as they intended to kill Kate. Instead of obeying this military order, Mrs. DeArmand made preparations to defend her sister. Young Davenport, the elder son, seeing this opposition to his order, at once let go a stone at her which took effect on her head, breaking her skull, and prostrating her lifeless on the ground.

The heroic Kate was thus, at the onset of the engagement, left to defend herself. She rallied and maintained her line by indiscriminately hurling upon the attacking party such flinty missiles as came opportune to her. One of these shots took immediate effect upon the elder Davenport boy, slitting one side of his face open and placing him *hors de combat*. Turning her attention then to the maternal head of the Davenport family, she directed a stone against her head, that inflicted a severe wound and laid her sprawling on the field. This accomplished, the brave girl slowly fell back to a position where she could supply herself with necessary ammunition.

This point obtained, and being still besieged, she again discharged a shot, and another of the Davenport boys wilted. Then the Davenport girls rallied and made a desperate charge upon her with clubs and stones, inflicting serious wounds, but not succeeding in getting her down. Just at this crisis Kate, hard pressed as she was, and having no time to stoop to gather rocks to defend herself, extricated from her pocket a small pen-knife, measuring about six inches in the blade, and commenced an indiscriminate and very wild and general cutting and slashing at the combined Davenport girls surrounding her. The result of this fearful frenzy on the part of Kate was seriously detrimental to the well-being of the Davenport females. Two of them received serious slashes from the weapon she wielded, one of them dropping on the field from loss of blood let flooding from the knife, and the other so seriously disabled as to be a fit subject for hospital practice.

This unexpected result contributed materially to the withdrawal of the remaining Davenport besieging party, who quietly removed their disabled from the field, leaving the heroic Kate master of the situation. The casualties sustained in this engagement only amount to the death of Mrs. DeArmand, with the probability that the elder Miss Davenport will also die, and the crippling for life of four others of the Davenport family. Kate Jackson was less injured than any one engaged in the fight, and was able to carry her dead sister home after the battle closed.

Then and Now.

Ten years ago Wanamaker & Brown occupied two stories of a little old house at the corner of sixth & market sts. Now they have the largest house on the continent covering the space formerly occupied by some dozen or more stores.

Encounter with Burglars.

The residence of A. H. Stevens, in New York was entered by a gang of desperate burglars a few days since. They effected an entrance through one of the parlor windows and ransacked that floor together with the basement floor, packing and removing to the piazza whatever of value they could find.

The burglars then proceeded to the floor above, which awakened Mrs. Stevens, who aroused her husband. As Mr. Stevens leaped from the bed one of the thieves ran, taking with him a basket of silver ware. As he regained the parlor floor he stumbled and fell, with Mr. Stevens on top of him. A desperate encounter then took place, the burglar trying to use a pistol, but it was knocked out of his hands by Mr. Stevens.

At this time a confederate came in and attempted to strike Mr. Stevens with a jimmy, but the latter proving a stronger man, kept the first villain as a shield, who was repeatedly struck through mistake by his companion. In the struggle Mr. Stevens was much bruised.

After they had escaped it was found that between six hundred and seven hundred dollars' worth of articles had been carried out on the piazza preparatory to their removal. The only things carried away were two silver spoons and some forks. The burglars left a dark lantern a revolver, and a quantity of burglars' tools.

A Remarkable Religious Community.

There is a remarkable community living in Iowa, who call themselves the "Christian Brothers." They have a monastery upon one of the highest Mississippi bluffs, approached by a rough and rocky road. They wear the garb, which is the identical pattern of that worn by St. Bernard in the sixth century. Not a change has been made during the twelve centuries that have elapsed since the death of that saint. A great deal of time is devoted to religious exercises. From two o'clock in the morning until daylight they repair to the chapel, and devote the balance of the time until daylight to prayer. They are exceedingly abstemious in their food, and observe all the rules of the society rigidly. Some of them have been there twenty, and a few thirty years. Their religious belief is Roman Catholic, and they are never allowed to marry. Women are never allowed in their places of worship under any circumstances. After a certain time they take upon themselves a vow never to speak aloud, and a number have kept that vow for twenty years.

An Exciting Scene.

At a trial of a man for murder, at Janesville, Wis., a very exciting scene recently occurred. The case was closed and the jury had retired to deliberate on the testimony, when Mrs. Roberts, the aged mother of the murdered man, who had been a quiet and attentive listener to the argument, arose and said she desired to make a few remarks to the jury.

The Judge requested her to sit down, but she was persistent, and the sheriff was compelled to interfere. She took her seat for a moment, and the officer stepped away, when she again sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "He killed my son and I will kill him;" rushed upon the old man Stowe, and grasping him by the throat and head, caused the blood to flow from the wounds she inflicted. The Sheriff and his assistants interfered, and she was forced from the court room, still declaring that she would yet accomplish her purpose. It produced quite a sensation among the audience for a brief period, but the officers promptly restored order.

The people near Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, are exercised about a woman who has, in her old age adopted the life of a hermit on the borders of the little lake of St. John. She has dug an excavation in a bank in a forest, whose foliage overshadows the water at a place where two trees are growing together.—This she has boarded up with some rough pieces of plank, which she picked up in the neighborhood, and from these to the bank over the excavation she has placed some saplings as rafters for a roof of dried leaves and straw. In this primitive dwelling she lives, and has lived for years, subsisting no one knows how, and drawing water for her scanty meals from an icy spring near by. Where she came from, who she is, or why she became a hermit, nobody has yet been able to learn.

A wise man prevaileth much in power, for he secureth his balancing engine; but a fool falleth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

Miscellaneous News Items.

Both Houses of Congress have agreed upon July 15th as the day for adjournment.

It does not follow because a man drinks often at a bar, that he is a steady customer.

Killing a man is reported by a Detroit paper as committing an act of insanity upon him.

A Chicago suicide drowned himself in 2 feet of water, by persistently keeping his head under.

William Pellim, a student of Princeton College from Pittsburg, Pa., died suddenly in his room on Sunday, from neuralgia of the heart.

A married woman named Coleman, at Kansas City, Mo., tried to commit suicide, for no other reason than a curiosity to learn the mysteries of the other world.

A lady at Montezuma, Iowa, has the smallest child on record. It is two weeks old, and weighs only two pounds. Still it is perfectly healthy.

A Salt Lake boy, shooting at a cat the other day, sent a bullet in among a man's wives in a house near by, using up two or three. But he killed the cat.

A clergyman in Pittsburg, Pa., has been sued for "fifty pounds Pennsylvania currency," under an old law, for marrying a minor without the consent of her parents.

A female child has been born in La Crosse with two perfect tongues. If she lives and marries won't her husband catch it.

Hon. A. J. Rogers attempted to speak at a political meeting in New York on Saturday night, but was suppressed by a shower of bad eggs and stones.

Quite a serious riot occurred among the miners at Hazleton on the 10th inst.—Pistols and knives were freely used, and several persons were badly wounded.

W. Splenda, of Springfield, Ill., committed suicide in New Jersey on Thursday last. Nine thousand dollars was found on his person.

Mr. Joseph H. Bradley, on the 18th inst., publicly assaulted District Attorney, late Judge Fisher, in Washington, in payment of an old grudge. An unseemly fight ensued.

A party of Indians, a few days since entered a cabin on the Nebraska river, 120 miles N. of Sioux City, shot the settler's wife and his little son and carried off his daughter. It is feared that that region will be depopulated.

Congressman Pierce, of the Fifth District of Mississippi, has appointed a colored cadet to West Point. His name is Michael Howard, and he is a son of a Representative in the present State Legislature of Mississippi.

At Timonsville, South Carolina, is the grave of Mrs. Florence Bowdin, of Philadelphia. She was a member of a Federal regiment, and as she was dressed as a soldier, her sex was not discovered until after her death.

The oldest voter in New York city is a colored man, named William Reese. He registered at the seventh election district of the Thirteenth ward. In answer to the question of one of the inspectors of registry, he stated that he was one hundred and eight years old.

The Board of Trade, after a long hearing have declined to reverse their judgment in the case of Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*. The English papers all agree in the propriety of his condemnation, and declare that the facts sustain the most unfavorable estimate of his conduct.

A man who called at the Surrogate's office in New York, one day last week, to file a petition for the probate of a will in which he was named as executor, was asked, as usual, to give the date of the testator's death. "An' shure," was the reply, he ain't dead yet, but he is very sick, and we expect him to die to-night." The petitioner was advised to call again.

On Friday the 18th inst., some boys in Portland were playing with an old musket when John Turner carelessly pointed it at Patrick Custin and pulled the trigger and the gun was discharged, blowing off the top of Custin's head. He lived in an unconscious state for two hours. Turner was so troubled at the result of his carelessness that he jumped into the river and drowned himself.

A child born in Brooklyn with a horse's head, last week, was too great a sensation to be left amid the sombre people of the City of Churches. It has, therefore, been brought over to New York, where it can be seen in Twenty-seventh street for a consideration. The curious will, no doubt, give the poor mother enough to support the child, after which some successor of Bar-num will be permitted to take possession of the human colt.

Geo. Miller was a German residing in Saybolt place, between Race and Vine streets, Philadelphia. He had become dissatisfied with living, and concluded to take his life. A rope wouldn't suit him, as it might break. He selected a pistol, and loaded it, forgetting, however, to put the ball in. About 4 o'clock on Friday, he arose, and seizing the weapon, placed the muzzle at his mouth. He pulled the trigger, and instead of having his brains blown out, only had his chin torn away. He was picked up and removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he shortly after died.

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