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BY

FRANK MORTIMER.

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AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS.

Τ.

"Come right in ! How are you Fred ! Find a chair and have a light."
"Well, old boy, recovered yet From the Mather's jam last night ?"
"Didn't dance, the German's old." Didn't you ! I had to lead— Awful bore; but where wore you ?"
"Sat it out with Molile Meade; Jolly little girl she is— Said she didn't care to dance, "D rather have a oulet chat—

Said she didn't care to dance, 'D rather have a quiet chat— Then she gave me such a glance; So, when you had cleared the room And had captared all the chairs, Having nowhere else, we two Took possession of the stairs; I was on the lower step, Mollie on the next above; Gave me her bonnet to hold— Asked me to draw off her glove. Then, of course, I squeezed her hand, Talked about my wasted life, Said my sole salvation must Be a true and gentle wife.

Be a true and gentle wife. Then, you know, I used my eyes She believed me every word ;

Almost said she loved me—Jove ! Such a voice I never heard— Gave me some symbolic flower,

Had a meaning, oh ! so sweet ; Don't know where it is, I'm sure— Must have dropped it in the street. How I spoonied ! and she—ha ! ha ! Well, I know it wasn't right, But she did believe me so, That—1 kissed her—pass a light.

" Molile Meade, well, I declare ! Who'd have thought of seeing you, After what occurred last night,

Out here on the avenue.

II

Off here on the avenue. Oh! you awful, awful girl; There-dou't bluch-I saw it all." "Saw all what?" "Ahem-last night-At the Mather's, in the hall." "Oh you horrid-where were you? Wasn't he an awful goose ? Wasn't he an awful goose ?

Most men must be caught, but he Ran his neck right in the noose. I was almost dead to dance-I'd have done it if I could-

But old Gray said I must stop And I promised ma I would

Vol. V.

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The Bloomfield Cimes.

we came to a dry and parched waste, where do, whether to take advantage of this resthere was scarcely a drop of water, scarcely animal of any description.

And now began the troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the warlike Indians, and they were not slow to acquaint us of the fact. Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used to snatch up something and dart away on their horses. We did all we could to be friendly, and determined to avoid an open rupture as far as

possible, for there were only twelve on our side, and on their side apparently twelve hundred. Every day only made matters worse. In spite of our precautions, the Indians grew

more and more abusive and insulting. We became watchful and tried to be more forbearing, but our forbearance was taken for cowardice, and the savages began to think they could do anything with us. We held a council of war, and determined

to bring matters to a crisis at once.

The crisis soon came. One day a big indian came riding along by us. He began talking in a contemptuous way, and gesticulating furiously. At last he asked one of our men for his gun. The man refused. The Indian repeated his question, and attempted to take the gun from his hand. The man drew back. The Indian sprang forward, flourishing his knife and threatening. At this the man

calmly leveled his piece and shot the Indian through the heart. As the wretch fell shricking from his horse, the plain seemed to be alive with other Indians. From behind every clump of trees, every hillock, every rock, and every rising ground, they poured forth in

countless numbers. We had never before seen so many assembled together as now. And now our companion, the conjurer

came out conspicuously. He had been once in the French army, he said, and understood all its admirable discipline. A few words of warning and a short explanation sufficed to make us form a circle of the wagons, and draw up behind them with luggage heaped up for breastworks. There we waited for the savages.

But they did not come just then. With loud whoops and screams they gathered upon the plain at a distance from us. The wretched cowards, as soon as they saw our slight preparations, were actually afraid to attack.

They waited till night.

We killed buffaloes whenever we found anxiously for our enimies, but saw none them, and always replenished our water whatever. We took a hasty breakfast, casks at every stream. At length, however, and then deliberated on what we ought to

pite and move on, or wait a while. Most a blade of grass, and not a single living of us thought we had better hurry on ; but Gringnon gave it as his opinion, that the Indians were not in the neighborhood and were waiting to attack us on the march. He thought that we had better wait at least another day. We all yielded to his opinion and waited as best we could.

We did not have to wait long. After a few hours, at about 10 o'clock, ten or a dozen horsemen appeared over a hillock, in the distance, riding slowly toward us.

" They wish to have a parley," said Grignon. "Some of you step forward and see what they want. I wish to have a word to say, but will wait.

One of our men was selected, and went outside of our enclosure to meet them. Meanwhile Grignon lifted a trunk out of the wagon which belonged to him, drew it outside and busied himself cooly in arranging and turning over the things.

We all thought that this was done for the purpose of assuming an air of indifference. So none of us noticed him particularly.

Our representative stood outside waiting for the Indians. Ten of them dismounted and walked towards us in a friendly manuer, while the rest held the horses.

One of them addressed our men in broken English.

The Indians, he said, did not want our lives. They wanted powder. If we would give them what we had they would let us go in safety, and protect us from other tribes till we got beyond the plains.

Give them our powder ! A pleasant request, it scarcely needed debate. We refused.

Well, then, would we give them our bullots? They were very much in want of bullets.

One of us said in a low voice that bullets were the only thing they would get from us, but the Indians did not hear him. Our representative refused very mildly.

The Indians now stood talking with one another. Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who immediately withdrew.

Grignon then stood facing the Indians. "Are you captain ?" said the spokesman of the Indians, suddenly as he noticed Grignon

shoot these men or these horses, I save nine more tumblers fell out. He shook it them." The Indians translated this to his companions who burst into roars of laughter. Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we saw that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze. "See," said Grignon ; "you can't shoot me. Here"-and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver-"fire at me." The Indian smiled.

Then he stood and told all the rest to fire

Eight reports sounded in rapid succession. Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight

bullets were in his hat. Each man took and looked at it in wonder.

They all expressed a desire to do so.

"Well, hand me the pistols." To their amazement the pistols were gone.

They looked at one another in wonder. "You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me, too, and I swallowed them."

"Swallowed them !" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astonished companions.

"Yes; do you want them ?"

The Indian nodded. Whereupon Grignon opened his mouth,

and rolling back his eyes, he inserted his fingers and drew a pistol apparently from his throat. Another followed. Then he drew forth a third, then a fourth, and so on until he had drawn forth the eight pistols from his throat, while the Indians stood looking on in utter bewilderment. And no wonder, for we ourselves felt no less astonishment. We could not account for it ; we were as much stupefied as the Indians themselves.

After this Grignon calmly drew forth six or eight more pistols, then a number of cartridges, and finally a carbine.

"I'm the medicine man," said he solmmly.

The Indians said not a word.

"Do you want to fire again?" said he, and he offered pistols to the Indians.

They all shrunk back in horror. Grignon tossed the pistols, carcridges,

and carbine over to us, and smiled benignantly on the astonished savages. He then shook his hand.

A knife fell out of the palm. Another

followed, and another. He shook three more out of his hand, and drew a score or so out of his cars.

"Perhaps you would like somthing to drink?" said he, smilingly to the Indian who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously. "What'll you have? Rum, brandy, gin, whisky, ale, porter, wine, or cider?"

The Indian brightened up, and spoke to his fellows. They all preferred whisky.

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully. Grignon shook it; a bottle rolled out. He shook it again; a "No, I'm the medicine man ; you can't glass rolled out. He shook it a third time ; again ; a corkscrew tumbled down.

the present scene did not surprise me so much as it did my companions and the other Indians.

One Dollar per Year.

No. 8.

Grignon simply stood at a distance, waying his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they all began to dance.

Then they all knelt down. Then they touched hands and could not ever themselves from one another's contact. One Indian suddenly rushed wildly around, with the others all joined to him,

trying to free themselves, but utterly unable, yelling and howling like wild beasts. At last a shout from Grignon, and the charm was dispelled. They sprang back

from one another, and stood motionless, like so many statues. Suddenly they all began to shiver as

though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering and every limb trembling.

In an instant they were panting as though with extreme heat, and drawing difficult breaths, gasping and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapped so tightly about them. This then passed.

They began to bark like dogs.

They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention. At one time they became rigid, and arranged themselves like the stakes of a tent-heads together, feet outward .--Then four of them kuelt down and tried to run about with four others on their backs ; then they all jumped wildly up in the air, and began to flap their hands. At last they made a furious onset upon one another with fists, nails, and teeth, and if they had not left their weapons behind, they certainly would have done some frightful

injury. The two Indians who held the horses looked on in horror, bewildered and stupefied; not knowing what to do. They would have fled in their fright, but dared not leave their companions behind. Grignon stood calm with frowning brows, watching the uproar, himself the presiding spirit of the scene. My companions were confounded. Even some of them, as they afterwards told me, thought that Grignon was the devil.

At last Grignon gave a loud shout. The Indians fell flat on the ground. They lay for some time as if dead.

Then Grignon waved his arms, and they rose to their feet. All looked bewildered and frightened. With terrified glan they regarded first Grignon and then one another. The Indian is superstitious, like all savages ; in fact, like all human beings. These men saw in Grignon a terrible demon, who could exert over them any power he chose. He advanced toward them.

So I looked up sweet, and said 1'd rather talk with him. Hope he didn't see my face— Luckily the lights were dim; Then how he squeezed my hand— And he looked up in my face With his lovely, great big eyes; Really, h's a dreadful case. He was all in enrast too; But I thought I'd have to laugh, When he kissed a flower I gave, Looking—oht like such a ealf. I suppose he has it now, In a wine-glass on the shelves; It's a mystery to me uckily the lights were dim : In a wine-glass on the shelves ; It's a mystery to me Why men will deceive themselves. Saw him kiss me! Oh, yon wretch— Well, he begged so hard for one, And I thought ther'd no one know, So I—let him—just for fun. I know it wasn't really right To trifle with his feelings, dear. But men are such conceited things, They need a losson once a year.

They need a lesson once a year.

The French Conjurer.

T WAS a pleasant event in my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon. I was on my way to California, and had taken the overland route in preference to any other. It was on my journey across the plains that I made his acquaintance. Our party overtook a single wagon. It contained a solitary man. The horses were dead, and the man nearly so. This man was Grignon. I paid the utmost attention to his wants. Being a medical man, I gave him all the benefit of my skill and care. As he recovered, he naturally entertained a strong friendship for me. His wagon had fallen behind the train to which he belonged, and they had been compelled by their own necessities to desert him.

The conjurer, however, was destined for a more glorious fate than to die miserably in the desolate American desert. He was to become an astonisher to the natives (Indians), a savior to civilized lives, and a

lion in California. We resumed our journey. We had started however like many others in those days with insufficient preparations. As soon as we found out our mistake we had

Night came, Our defenses were made. Our wagons were arranged more closely, and the barricade of baggage was made higher, deep and more effective. In the center were our cattle. Behind this little fortification we awaited our foes.

Shortly after dusk the tramp of thousands of hoofs shook the plain. Down upon us thundered the Indians. Shouts and yells burst around.

On they came, nearer, and still nearer. We waited for them in breathless sus-

pense

At last our volley burst in thunder upon them.

Shricks arose from amidst the gloom. We saw not what the effect of our shots had been, but only conjecture that it had been deadly.

There was a wild uproar-the confused sound of trampling horses, the noise of men calling to one another, intermingled with groans and cries of pain. Without giving them time to recover from their confusion we poured in another volley, and yet another, loading as rapidly as we could and firing revolvers where we had them.

The effect was terrible. Many must have been wounded or killed, judging by the uproar that arose. For a time there was a confused hubub of sounds. Horses were trampling ; men calling ; groans were mingled with cries of rage. During all this time we fired at intervals whenever we heard a sound, husbanding our ammunition and not willing to waste a shot.

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses the sound moving from us, and seeming to show that our enemies had retired bafiled from the assault.

Yet we were afraid of some plot. Grignon made us keep our watch, and all that night we lay on our arms, expecting every moment to hear the Indian yell, which announced the assault of the savages.

minable, morning dawned. As the night who picked it up with an air of stupefacto be very economical in our provisions. illumined the wide plain we looked around | tion.

"You don't want me to kill you ?" said he scornfully.

"You can't."

The Indian's eyes flashed. "Shoot" cried Grignon, folding his ums.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions, and said something in their language. They fall responded vehemently.

The Indian took aim.

"You tell me to shoot," said he. "Shoot !" said Grignon again.

The Indian fired.

Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indian looked paralysed. Grignon showed him how to fire it again.

The Indian fired the other five shots. Grignon caught each bullet, sometimes seeming to catch it from his breast, sometimes from his face, and each time he handed it to the Indians, who were now in a state of wild excitement.

"They may all shoot if they choose," said Grignon, and, saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols, and, coming up to them, proceeded to load each one. He took the powder and put it in, then the wadding and bullet, and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on lowed him to do as he chose. loading it. Suddenly, one of those fellows took aim and fired. Grignon, without seeming to have noticed him raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet in his fore-After a long night, which seemed inter- head. He tossed this toward the Indian,

"Will you take it raw or with water?" asked Grignon, as he proceeded to unserew the cork.

The Indian said nothing.

"Isn't that good whisky ?" asked Grignon, as he poured out a glass.

The Indian smelt it suspiciously. Then he tasted it, and smelt again. The taste was enough. He drank it all off, smacked his lips, looked around triumphantly on his companions, and then held out his glass for more. At this all the other Indians, encouraged by this experiment, clamored for some. Grignon poured away from his bottle. Each one drank and wanted more .-Grignon was quite willing to pour. He was not forgetful, however, of the duties of hospitality. He walked off to the Indians who were holding the horses, who had been watching the scene in stupefaction and offered some to them. The smell of the whisky was enough for them. They drank and wanted more.

But Grignon shook his head.

"Not now," he said to the spokesman .--" I'll give you a bottle apiece to carry home with you." And going up to the blanket, he shook out a dozen bottles of the same kind as the last.

By this time the Indians were in the jolliest mood conceivable.

"Before I give you any more," said he, "let me make you so that you will not get drunk."

He walked up the first Indian, and took each of his hands in his, and looked at him steadfastly in the eyes for some time. Then he stroked his brows, and left him ; this he did to each. The Indians had all got over their suspicions, and merely expected that something good was coming. So they al-

Grignon then stood off a little distance. and in a loud voice ordered them all to look at him. Whether they understood or not made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments before in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that Grignon.

They turned and ran toward their horses. Grignon ran after them.

Away they went. They urged their horses at the top of their speed.

Grignon followed them a short distance. Then he turned back and came into our enclosure.

"Gather up these bottles," said he.

"Tackle up the cattle, and let us be marching."

Instantly our men rose and obeyed.

Grignon took a heavy glass of whiskey, and then lay down in one of the wagons, utterly exhausted.

We traveled all that day, and the next night unmolested. Grignon slept long and soundly. After resting a long time, we pushed on our teams, so as to get as far beyond the hostile Indians as possible, We saw nothing more of them.

"They won't dare to pursue us," said Grignon, confidently. "They'll go back and tell such a story as will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year."

Grignon was right. Not only did they not pursue us, but for all the remainder of the year, and for the next, no travelers on that route were molested.

"I don't see," said I, "how you managed to do those tricks on the open ground without any table."

Grigon smiled.

"Only clumsy performers use tables," said he. "I could have done far more wonderful things, but they would have been thrown away on those savages. I'll reserve my good tricks for San Francisco." And so he did ; for of all the wizzards, magicians, and conjurers that have visited the Golden State, none have won such fame or excited such wonder as my friend