

TERMS :- \$1.25 Per Year,) IN ADVANCE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

tim tip []

(75 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cts. for 3 months.

New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, February 20, 1872.

No. 8.

Vol. VI.

The Bloomfield Times.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY

FRANK MORTIMER & CO.,

At New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

Being provided with Steam Power, and large Cylinder and Job Presses, we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing in good style and at Low Prices.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient-8 Cents per line for one insertion. 12 " " ' two insertions 15 " " ' three insertions. Business Notices in Local Column 10 Cents per line. Notices of Marriages or Deaths inserted free.

Tributes of Respect, &c., Ten cents per line. YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ten Lines Nonparell one year Twenty lines For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given upon application.

THE SNOW DRIFT.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

The snows are whirling, thick and fast, The drifts assall my doorway; I doubt me if a wilder blast Blows o'er the hills of Norway. But sit thee down, my olden friend , We twain will mock the weather; And, while the fearful winds contend,

We'll have a night together.

O, many a year and many a storm We twain have mocked at lightly ; And though our hearts to-night are warm, Our heads are powdered whitely, And snows have drifted o'er our souls, To fall on wintry heather, And hide from us the grassy nolls, Where rest our loves together.

Stir up the fire ! we'll talk of love-Of love, old friend, and sorrow ; For life, like rainbow arched above, Its light through tears must borrow, We'll talk of lips that clung to ours, Though ours are now like leather ; We'll talk of girls, we'll talk of flowers, That now are dust together.

Fill up the cup, old friend of mine, Though tears have wet our lashes ; For all the dead we quaff the wine, And pledge-to dust and ashes. We'll bind to-night our friends and focs With memory's silken tether ; And, underneath the drifting snows, We'll love and hate together.

O! wintry heart ! 'tis throbbing low-O! wintry storm ! 'tis pelting ; What boots it that we warm our snow ?-It turns to tears in melting. tter tears than ice. o

A California Story.

GOVERNOR MASON'S letter to the War Department, in the spring of 1848, reporting the discovery of gold on the American River, and in which he said, that "no capital is required to obtain the gold, as the laboring man wants nothing but his pick and shovel, and tin pan, with which to dig and wash the gravel; and many frequently pick gold out of the crevices of the rocks, with their butcher knives, in pieces of from one to six ounces," created the most intense excitement throughout the States, and father was among the first to succumb to the gold fever. Being the possessor of moderate, unencumbered means, he made suitable provisions for our but I could not understand why any one support, and started, a few weeks after, to seek his fortune, bidding good-by with the positive and comforting assurance that he would return in three years-the limit for the return of nearly all the pioneers to California.

Proceeding from San Francisco to the Mariposa mining region, instead of plunging at once into the ditches, he recognized superior advantages in the investment of his capital in a small mercantile business. He built a commodious log house, put in stock, and in a few months came to be considered one of the solid men of the "city." This prosperity and the salubrity of the climate, induced him, in one year after he left us, to send word that we were to join him, as soon as his partner, Sam Crummels, arrived, to act as escort.

Upon taking the stage at Stockton, after a somewhat monotonous and uneventful trip thus far, we forgot our uninteresting escort Crummels, and were drawn naturally into intimate social relations with a large, pleasant faced man, wearing a gray flannel shirt tucked into a pair of overalls at the waist, the overalls, in turn, tucked into an immense pair of cowhide boots. He said he had been "below," to purchase tools for himself and partners, and represented himself as one of father's customers. His tall companion he called "Kentuck," and "Kentuck" always prefaced his remarks to my new found friend, with "Say, Cap." He was very patient, listening to, and answering, all our questions, with great kindness, and a certain lack of dignity, very captivating to Dawn and myself.

Dawn was then only eight years old. She had been adopted by the family, under peculiar circumstances. Father found her one morning, while we were living in Washington, lying upon the granite step at our front door, wrapped only in an old plaid shawl. He was going to Baltimore, and, being up early than usual, found the little one, sleeping quietly just as the Eastern heavens were beginning to redden with the approach of day; and mother named her Dawn. She

was always beautiful in infancy and girl-

ed the name his father and mother gave turned the pistol to its place, and began to him.

With the events of the ensuing years up to '57, Cap and dawn are inseparably associated. In '51, Cap, having accumulated a sufficient quantity of "dust," bought Sam ble. Crummel's interest in the store, and came to live with our family-a delight to at least two of its members. He was one of those men specially created for the delight of children. He assisted in our home studies and joined in our games. In the evening, until bed time, he would relate the most captivating stories, every one containing some useful information. He did not go much among men, they all seemed to hold him in deep respect-father said fear; should be afraid of him.

two old miners, who were "going over" the old times again, I learned why they feared him, and then heard that Cap's hand had taken the lives of two men-one in the summer of '49, and one during the spring of the year we arrived.

During the conversation, I learned, also, that he took vengeance only after he had forborne to notice insult and abuse, and not until pistols were drawn and his life attempted.

The years passed into '57. I was then nineteen-Dawn fifteen. All the vows imaginable had passed between us, and we were engaged.

It was long before I understood the mutual devotion existing between Cap and Dawn. The simple, demonstrative freedom, and utter absence of all embarrassment, in her demeanor towards him, rendered even thoughts of jealousy impossible to me. Dawn, now in womanhood very beautiful, would at times, in one of her strange moods throw her arms about Cap's neck, in the old, girlish way, and lie still upon his broad breast, often until she slept. He would then place her carefully upon the most convenient resting-place, and walk away without a word-only a look of deep peace and happiness upon his face.

The months of that year hurried on to a fearful day in our lives-a terrible one in the history of that community-the 25th of August. I remember it as the one memorable day in my life, into which the emotions of an ordinary life time were crowded in strangest confusion.

The night before, Dawn had given away to one of her fits of passionate grief for some reason not known to me then, and sought her usual resting-place for consola-

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER. ceive the greetings. He called each by ten assumed by bullying cowards-to one I started out to learn the result of the some name, but I am certain no one receiv- of utter foolishness and humility. He re- fight,

> apologize in an unaccountably profuse manner. Jack was not afraid, but the suddenness of being brought face to face with one near the one he feared, made him hum-

Half an hour afterward, looking up the same street, I saw Cap coming toward the store. He was very white, eyes all aflame, lips compressed, head erect, shoulders back his feet striking the earth rapidly and resolutely. The bounding step flew past without recognition, into the store; the fiery insane eyes fixed, knowing not even Dawn, who standing in the doorway, shrank back with terror.

At the farther end of the long counter, upon the old pine desk, lay a great leathern belt, with dragoon revolver and large bowie In '53, while listening to the stories of knife attached-Cap's property. He swung these around his waist with a quick determined movement, and was on the street again before the buckle was fastened -the same splendid fury visable in every action.

> "The Johnsons in town ; been after Cap," explained Kentuck, hurriedly, coming across the creek from his cabin, with long, rapid steps. "Go "heel" yourself !"

By this time Cap had arrived opposite Tex's saloon, and was making for McIntyre's when Kentuck started on a run up the middle of the street. In that direction, the greatest excitement prevailed; men running about wildly, as though an earthquake had suddenly shaken loose half the logs in town.

It was between one of the Johnson brothers and Cap that the unfortunate affair had happened in '49, resulting in the death of the former. Both parties had their friends; the sore was an old one that had never been properly treated, and it was impossible that, once commenced, the fight would be confined to the principals. Provided with a pistol-an article considered one of the necessaries of life in those days-I was hurrying toward the door, when Dawn rushed in and begged me to stay-not to stain my hands with human blood. But when I told her the Johnsons were hunting Cap, that there were three brothers, and I must help him, she released me at once.

Before I had taken a dozen steps, a single shot rang out clear, followed instantly by a second, a slight pause, and then half a dozen in quick succession. The din of voices and trampling feet of the turbulent crowd, spiced now and then with the sharp crack of a revolver, aroused the whole population, and brought them to the scene of the fray. Big Jack and Pretty Andy, running out of Mac's and across the street, were followed by one of Johnsons, who staggered out, balanced himself like a drunken man, and fell forward upon his face, the arms stretched beyond his head. with fingers drawn a part, clutching the earth. Only shots and yells within. A moment's lull, and there is a rush for the doors. The crowd swarms into the street, and scatters. The last who seek the open air are two formidable-looking men; the eldest of the Johnsons, tall, powerful and finished in limb, followed closely by Cap, Kentuck and the other Johnsons are missing. A shot from the verandah of the Grizzly House opposite, opens the contest anew. There is Cap-a madman-following his opponent with the activity of a wild cat. and the determination of a grizzly. Outside combatants, on both sides, have emptied their revolvers, and now pause to watch with breathless interest the result of the horrible contest, when suddenly a white face and a pair of wild, distended eyes move swiftly past bearded heads to the centre, between the combatants ; and just as Cap has felled his adversary and springs apon him with bare arms and bright blade lifted in air, two arms encircle his waist, and an agonized voice breaks clear above a hoarse curse beneath, in two words of eloquent entreaty, "Stop, father !"

Two of the Johnsons were found in the

street, and one in Mac's against the barall dead. Kentuck lay partly under the billiard table with a large hole in his forehend.

The combat ended, men went to their usual occupations with many comments, but little evidence of excitement; and now that the coast was clear, Sheriff Smith arrived and arrested Cap.

At the examination, the same afternoon -for justice was swift those days-the foling testimony was elicited :

That given by Jerry Parker, who had heard the words of both parties in front of Mac's was most important. Among the miner's the whispers of slander against a woman's name was thought justification for homicide; and that alone, without the personal abuse heaped upon Cap, would have insured his discharge.

It was also ascertained that only two of the brothers had fallen by the Cap's hand. The other had been seen exchanging shots with Kentuck, just before he staggered out of the saloon, and it was thought the two men died at nearly the same moment. Jerry Parker testified that Cap, while coming up to the express office, had been insulted repeatedly by the Johnsons, who were stationed at the different saloons, waiting his arrival; that he turned after he had passed and walked quietly up to where the n en stood, bearing his usual unruffied countenance, and in a calm natural voice, told them he did not wish to be drawn into trouble: the stain of two homicides-forced upon him-already darkened his name among the people; they knew that, although the victim of one was their brother, he had taken his life for no ill-will-not until he had used every means to avoid violence, and had been forced from every attempt at pacification.

"I bear no malice toward you, boys," said Cap, "and hope you will go away and allow me to pass in peace." This was uttered without giving the slightest attention to frequent interruptions, such as "cowardly cur !" "No fight in him!" "Takes water like a spaniel !" Cap now betrayed some excitement, adding in a tone slightly raised, "I tell you men not to molest me; I have been unfortunate heretofore, and will not be forced into another of those affairs." The Johnsons interpreted the manner of utterance and meaning of the words expressive as of fear, grew louder in their abuse, employing the most offensive epithets, and finally made some coarse allusion to Dawn. From that moment until the end of the tragedy he was insane. Cap was discharged; but the next Grand Jury indicted him for manslaughter, certain members of the gambling fraternity, which was then powerful and respectable, and of which the Johnsons were prominent members, having worked steadily to that end. The required bail was furnished, and Cap still lived with us; but the interval till the day of the trial was the darkest and most unhappy in our lives. Dawn now devoted all her thoughts to him. Her life was changed from impulse to quiet, and the whole atmosphere in which she moved continually associates itself in my mind with the idea of a whisper in an empty hall. When the day of trial came, she took her hat and went away alone over the hills toward Cottonwood, and dld not return till evening. The testimony, that day, was about the same as that taken at the examination, only that a new feature was developed by the cross questioning. Attorney Knight, seeing his best and perhaps only opportunity to convict, attacked the strongest point in favor of the prisoner's acquittal, with the question concerning the relations existing between Cap and Dawn, intending to show that she had no honorable claim upon him strong enough to give him the right to take another's life in defence of her good name. When the character of the testimony was becoming more delicate every moment, the prisoner, unable to bare up any longer, requested, through his counsel, to be permitted to make a statement. This request being granted, the prisoner stood erect, and said: "I have not asked this privilege for my own sake, but for hers. I had resolved never to tell this story; but the circumstances of the last few hours have combined to force it from me. It will remove all doubts as to the purity and innocence of the poor child; whether or not it improves my own name matters but little now.

So tears we'll shed together ; And o'er our hearts a rainbow bend,

To light the stormy weather.

A Queer Case—A Man with a Fork in His Stomach.

Florence, Italy, is agitated over a very odd occurrence. Not long ago there was at one of the theatres in that city a company of Chinese jugglers. One of them (Ling-Lark) was celebrated for his tricks of swallowing a long sword and then pulling it out again. At one of these representations there happened to be a young Florentine of the name of Cipriani, who, on leaving the theatre with a few friends, manifested his opinion that the trick played by the Chinese was as easy as the drinking off a tumbler of water. Cipriani and his friends went as usual to the restaurant to have supper, and after having eaten and drank for an hour, the conversation fell on the Chinese Ling-Lark. Cipriani took up a fork, put it in his mouth, down in his throat, when the fork slipped from his hand. His friends got terribly frightened, attempted to pull it out again, but all was in vain. The young man was immediately carried to the hospital Santa Maria, and there he still lies, and eats and drinks with his fork in his stomach. The crowd before the hospital has been so great that police officers have been stationed at the different doors to prevent the people breaking into the hospital. Such an extraordinary case has naturally excited great interest in the medical class.

137 Mrs. Sherritt, of New Albany, says the Indianapolis News, made some precious ointment of tallow and red precipitate, to rid the tresses of her children of troublesome parasites, and left it in the skillet to cool. That accounted for the lovely brown of the potatoes Mr. Sherritt had for his supper. It also accounted for the presence of the doctor with his villainous ipecac, tomach-pump and things, and the languid ppearance of Mr. Sherritt for days afterwards

hood, and wonderfully so in womanhood. To Dawn and myself, the ride to Marioosa afforded little more than a series of bitter disappointments. We had set our hearts upon entering a land cooled by deep shades and plentiful streams, that the whole surface and capacity of our joys seemed shadowed and oppressed by the semi-barrenness and muddy streams glaring upon us through heat and dust. Then we were more a part of Nature's self, living in it, swayed more powerful by its silent influences than by any other earthly agency; and here was wanting all we had imagined and craved for. How charitable the hotel keepers of that time ! What delicate consideration they displayed for the feelings of travelers! With what patient assiduity would they seek to make a new-comer believe-by intimation, at least-that black was white 1 Not being able to supply luxuries in other ways, they fed us by sound, applying the richest names to the commonest articles, pronounced with a lucious roll that made our young mouths water in anticipation. At every place where we took meals-on the Tuolumne, at Hornitos-the same formula was gone through with; the waiter looking you straight in the eye, would insinuate a plate of miserable cornbread toward you, suggesting, at the same time, in softest tones, that you "help yourself to the pound cake."

Toward evening of the second day, our mud-wagon dashed, at a galloping race, through blinding dust, to the front of the "Grizzly," where we forgot our disappointments, for the time, in observing the crowd collected to welcome the weekly stage. Everybody seemed to know " Cap;" and after setting Dawn safely upon her feet -an act which seemed to excite the envy of the whole gathering, composed of rough,

Father and mother had long looked upon these demonstrations with uncasiness. Although satisfied for themselves that Cap was as free from evil thoughts as Dawn, yet neither having taken the trouble to conceal their feelings from the neighbors, prying people questioned the propriety of a girl at Dawn's age showing her affection in so unmistakable a manner for a man then not more than forty, and not looking that by ten years.

A number of families had, by this time, settled in the place, and without considering consequences, whispers of "immodest," "brazen," "bad," circulated so freely around the small circle that we could not help catching a breath of the poison breeze.

That night, after Dawn had satisfied her real or imagined grief with abundant tears and sighs, mother went to her and had a long talk; while her father and Cap, after closing-up time, were closeted in the sittingroom until very late.

The result was not very satisfactory; for the next morning, while Cap sat at breakfast, a cloud over the pleasant features, Dawn came in, looking white and weary, and, with a sudden impulsive movement, leaped over, taking his temples between her soft palms, and pressed the beautiful lips upon his up-turned forehead, then slowly walked to the open door and stood there with folded arms and drooping head.

I was not so blinded by passion for Dawn but that some common sense remained; and knowing, as I could not fail to know, what had occurred the night before, this last act was like a poisoned arrow. Yet passing up street a few minutes later, and overhearing Big Jack, the monto dealer, (standing just in front of Tex's saloon, with his back toward me) remark to Pretty Andy, "that Dawn Barker was a 'little loose,'" the back of my open hand went against his mouth with force enough to jostle a cocked derringer from his coat pocket.

When he turned toward me, the expression of his countenance changed instantly heavily bearded miners-he turned to re- from a certain forced, ferocious look-of-

Too late. The slight figure is thrown back the iron arm goes down, and the savage blade crushes the quivering vitals of the last of the Johnsons.

Cap stood erect, with no sign of recognition in the marble face ; but a moment later, he said:

"Take her away; quick ?"

I caught the slender form and hurried toward home.

"Shot ?" asked One-oyed Jimmy.

" No." " Cut ?" from Dublin.

" No."

"Only fainted !" warned another; and while she was endeavoring to restore Dawn

CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.