The Bloomfield Times.

TERMS:—$1.25 Per Year, IN ADVANCE. | AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER. | 75 Cents for 6 Months; 40 Cts. for 3 months.

Vol. VI. | New Bloomfield, Pa., Tuesday, December 17, 1872. | No. 51.

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.

One inch one year $10.00
Two inches " " $18.00

☞For longer yearly adv'ts terms will be given upon application.

SOWING.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom right ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoever our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful
What the seeds our hands shall sow.
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow;
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day,
Whatsoever our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits shall see.

Bill Noakes' Trial.

BY MARK TWAIN.

CAPT. NED BLAKELY—that name will answer as well as any other fictitious one (for he was still with the living at last accounts, and may not desire to be famous)—sailed ships out of the harbor of San Francisco for many years. He was a stalwart, warm-hearted, eagle-eyed veteran, who had been a sailor nearly fifty years—a sailor from early boyhood. He was a rough, honest creature, full of pluck, and just as full of hard-headed simplicity, too. He hated trifling conventionalities—"business" was the word, with him. He had all a sailor's vindictiveness against the quips and quirks of the law, and he steadfastly believed that the first and last aim and object of the law and lawyers was to defeat justice.

He sailed for the Chincha Islands in command of a guano ship. He had a fine crew, but his negro mate was his pet, on him he had for years lavished his admiration and esteem. It was Capt. Ned's first voyage to the Chinchas, but his fame had gone before him—the fame of being a man who would fight at the dropping of a handkerchief, when imposed upon, and would stand no nonsense. It was a fame well earned. Arrived in the islands, he found that the staple of conversation was the exploits of one Bill Noakes, the mate of a trading ship. This man had created a small reign of terror there. At nine o'clock at night, Capt. Ned, all alone, was pacing his deck in the starlight. A form ascended his side, and approached him. Capt. Ned said:

"Who goes there?"

"I'm Bill Noakes, the best man in the islands."

"What do you want aboard this ship?"

"I've heard of Capt. Ned Blakely, and one of us is a better man than 'tother—I'll know which, before I go ashore,"

"You've come to the right shop—I'm your man. I'll learn you to come aboard this ship without an invite."

He seized Noakes, backed him against the mainmast, pounded his face to a pulp, and threw him overboard.

Noakes was not convinced. He returned the next night, got the pulp renewed, and went overboard head first, as before. He was satisfied.

A week after this, while Noakes was carousing with a sailor crowd on shore, at noonday, Capt. Ned's colored mate came along, and Noakes tried to pick a quarrel with him. The negro evaded the trap, and tried to get away. Noakes followed him up; the negro began to run; Noakes fired on him with a revolver and killed him.—Half a dozen sea-captains witnessed the whole affair. Noakes retreated to the small after-cabin of his ship, with two other bullies, and gave out that death would be the portion of any man that intruded there. There was no attempt made to follow the villains; there were no disposition to do it, and indeed very little thought of such an enterprise. There were no courts and no officers; there was no government; the islands belonged to Peru, and Peru was far away; she had no official representative on the ground; and neither had any other nation.

However, Capt. Ned was not perplexing his head about such things. They concerned him not. He was boiling with rage and furious for justice. At nine o'clock at night he loaded his double-barreled gun with slugs, fished out a pair of handcuffs, got a ship's lantern, summoned his quartermaster, and went ashore. He said:

"Do you see that ship there at the dock?"

"Ay-ay, sir."

"It's the Venus."

"Ay-ay, sir."

"You—you know *me*."

"Ay-ay, sir."

"Very well, then. Take the lantern. Carry it just under your chin. I'll walk behind you and rest this gun-barrel on your shoulder, p'inting forward—so. Keep your lantern well up, so's I can see things ahead of you good. I'm going to march in on Noakes—and take him—and jug the other chaps. If you flinch—well, you know *me*."

"Ay-ay, sir."

In this order they filed aboard softly, arrived at Noakes' den, the quartermaster pushed the door open, and the lantern revealed the three desperadoes sitting on the floor. Capt. Ned said:

"I'm Ned Blakely. I've got you under fire. Don't you move without orders—any of you. You two kneel down in the corner; face to the wall—now. Bill Noakes, put these hand-cuffs on; now come up close. Quartermaster, fasten 'em. All right. Don't stir, sir. Quartermaster, put the key in the outside of the door. Now, men, I'm going to lock you two in; and if you try to burst through this door—well you've heard of *me*. Bill Noakes, fall in ahead, and march. All set. Quartermaster, lock the door."

Noakes spent the night on board Blakely's ship, a prisoner under strict guard. Early in the morning Capt. Ned called in all the sea-captains in the harbor and invited them, with nautical ceremony, to be present on board his ship at nine o'clock to witness the hanging of Noakes at the yard-arm!

"What! The man has not been tried."

"Of course he hasn't. But didn't he kill the n'gger?"

"Certainly he did; but you are not thinking of hanging him without a trial?"

"*Trial!* What do I want to try him for, if he killed the nigger?"

"Oh, Capt. Ned, this will *never* do.—Think how it will sound."

"Sound be hanged! *Didn't he kill the nigger?*"

"Certainly, certainly, Capt. Ned,—nobody denies that,—but—"

"Then I'm going to hang him, that's all. Everybody I've talked to talks just the same way you do. Everybody says he killed the nigger, and yet every one of you wants him *tried* for it. I don't understand such bloody foolishness as that. *Tried!* Mind you, I don't object to trying him, if it's got to be done to give satisfaction; and I'll be there, and chip in and help, too; put it off till afternoon—put it off till afternoon, for I'll have my hands middling full till after the burying—"

"Why, what do you mean? Are you going to hang him *any how*—and try him afterward?"

"Didn't I say I was going to hang him? I never saw such people as you. What's the difference? You asked a favor, and then you ain't satisfied when you get it. Before or after's all one—*you* know how the trial will go. He killed the nigger. Say—I must be going. If your mate would like to come to the hanging, fetch him along. I like him."

There was a stir in the camp. The captains came in a body and pleaded of Capt. Ned not to do this rash thing. They promised that they would create a court composed of the best characters; that they would empanel a jury; they would conduct everything in a way becoming the serious nature of the business in hand, and give the case an impartial hearing, and the accused a fair trial. And they said it would be murder, and punishable by the American courts if he persisted and hung the accused on his ship. They pleaded hard. Capt. Ned said:

"Gentlemen, I'm not stubborn and I'm not unreasonable. I'm always willing to do just as near right as I can. How long will it take?"

"Probably only a little while."

"And can I take him up the shore and hang him as soon as you are done?"

"If he is proven guilty he shall be hanged without unnecessary delay."

"*If* he's proven guilty. Great Neptune, ain't he guilty? This beats my time. Why you know he's guilty."

But at last they satisfied him that they were projecting nothing underhand. Then he said:

"Well, all right. You go on and try him and I'll go down and overhaul his conscience and prepare him to go—like enough he needs it, and I don't want to send him off without a show for hereafter."

This was another obstacle. They finally convinced him that it was necessary to have the accused in court. Then they said they would send a guard to bring him.

"No, sir, I prefer to fetch him myself—he don't get out of *my* hands besides I've got to go to the ship to get a rope, anyway."

The court assembled with due cremony, empaneled a jury, and presently Capt. Ned entered, leading the prisoner with one hand and carrying a Bible and rope in the other. He seated himself by the side of his captive and told the court to "up anchor and make sail." Then he turned a searching eye on the jury, and detected Noakes' friends, the two bullies. He strode over and said to them confidentially:

"You're here to interfere, you see. Now you vote right, do you hear?—or else there 'll be a double-barreled inquest here when this trial's off, and your remainders will go home in a couple of baskets."

The caution was not without fruit. The jury was a unit—the verdict, "Guilty."

"Capt. Ned sprung to his feet and said:

"Come along—you're my meat now, my lad, anyway. Gentlemen you've done yourselves proud. I invite you all to come and see that I do it all straight. Follow me to the canyon, a mile above here."

The court informed him that the sheriff had been appointed to do the hanging, and—

Capt. Ned's patience was at an end. His wrath was boundless. The subject of the sheriff was judiciously dropped.

When the crowd arrived at the canyon, Capt. Ned climbed a tree and arranged the halter, then came down and noosed his man. He opened the Bible, and laid aside his hat. Selecting a chapter at random, he read it through in a deep bass voice and with sincere solemnity. Then he said:

"Lad, you are about to go aloft and give an account of yourself; and the lighter a man's manifest is, as far as sin's concerned, the better for him. Make a clean breast, man, and carry a log with you that'll bear inspection. You killed the nigger?"

No reply. A long pause.

The captain read another chapter, pausing from time to time, to impress the effect. Then he talked an earnest, persuasive sermon to him, and ended by repeating the question:

"Did you kill the nigger?"

No reply—other than a malignant scowl. The captain now read the first and second chapters of Genesis, with deep feeling—paused a moment closed the book reverently, and said with a preceptible savor of satisfaction:

"There. Four chapters. There's few that would have taken the pains with you that I have."

Then he swung up the condemned, and made the rope fast; stood by and timed him half an hour with his watch, and then delivered the body to the court. A little after, as he stood contemplating the motionless figure, a doubt came into his face; evidently he felt a twing of conscience—a misgiving—and he said with a sigh:

"Well, p'raps I ought to burnt him, maybe. But I was trying to do for the best."

When the history of this affair reached California (it was in the "early days") it made a deal of talk, but it did not diminish the captain's popularity in any degree. It increased it indeed. California had a population then that "inflicted" justice then after a fashion that was simplicity and primitiveness itself, and could therefore admire appreciatively when the same fashion was followed elsewhere.

☞Here we have a good example of French wit; "A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. 'That's the consequence of having neglected your business,' observed his wife." So writes a correspondent. An American or English woman would not have said that.

The Utah Wife.

Mrs. Stenhouse has been lecturing in Denver, Col., and a paper of that city gives the following report of what she said, which, it seems to us, should be placed before the women of America:

Mrs. Stenhouse began her lecture with a brief sketch of the origin of the doctrine which give rise to the polygamic evil, and its effect upon the women in Utah and elsewhere. She was in Switzerland at the time, and it was her mission to break it to the sisters there. She felt as if she was bringing a blight upon every home, and pointing a poignard at the breast of every woman in the land. She then described the practical working of the system in Utah, quoting from Brigham Young himself to prove the deep unutterable, and universal unhapiness caused by it. The murmurs and tears of the women were unheeded. They were commanded to round up their shoulders and bear the burden, or expect a complete and lasting divorce. Those who complied were promised rule as kings and queens in heaven; those who did not were to be damned. The terrible maledictions of Young meant something. They knew he would ruthlessly apply his doctrines of blood atonement, if necessary, and many a man and women had, for their opposition, been buried in quiet graves, where they would rest until the day when they would meet their murderer, not as judge, but as a trembling culprit.

So little were women respected in Utah that elders had said, "We think no more of marrying a wife than of buying a cow." But there were no wives in Utah, they were nothing but slaves.

Mrs. Stenhouse then gave a new startling statement of the attitude and expectation of the Mormons of the great rebellion. They gloried in the carnage, and predicted that the males would be killed, except a very small remnant, and that then they would then take the Gentile women as their spoil. They applied a passage of Scripture to that anticipated result, and believed that seven women would lay hold of one man and say we eat our own bread, etc., only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach. Her picture of the plural wives, their lonely, comfortless, and sometimes destitute condition, was touching and constiuted a strong argument against the infamous practice.

Brigham Young was denounced as a stern, implacable tyrant, and his conduct toward his wife, Harriet Cook, cited as proof. This young, high-spirited woman had aspired to the position of Sultana, as having borne the Prophet the first son under the new system, but Young had steadily ignored her pretentions. Once the child was punished by her and stigmatized as a bastard. The sting was not intended for the boy, but for his father, who was within hearing. He came forward and said, "Harriet, that is the last bastard you shall ever have." And for a quarter of a century she has been a husbandless wife. Other instances of similar character were narrated.

The fearful practice had its female supporters, of whom Eliza Snow was chief. She had recently published a letter purporting to come from a country-woman, in which the degrading vice is praised as beneficial to the temper and character of woman. Mrs. S. knew of one wife who went insane when her husband took another to his home, and when he died, soon after, she ran out of her hovel, and with curses and maniacal ravings threw stones at his coffin. The Union Pacific Railroad came, and then Young gave woman the suffrage, not that they might emancipate themselves, but because the ciphers should magnify him, the only figure recognized of value. The horrors of the Endowment House were then exposed, and a story told of Orson Pratt which, for its perfect telling and the world of woe it reveals, ought to be published verbatim as a tract, and sown broadcast over the world wherever the disciple of polygamy seek to make converts.

☞The enclosed reply to a request from a legal firm in Providence for a list of attorneys from a Missouri official, though not first-class for orthography and grammar, contains a moral at its close that seems to fit the case: "Der Sir,—There is no attorney-at-law in this County. There has bin four that has tried it awhile, two of them Starved out, the third one ran off without paying his Board, the fourth one was the Charpest he Stole a sute of close, and Ten dollars in Cash and left for parts unknown. *This accounts for Carter County Bonds behind at pare.*"

Scolding Women.

BY SWEETBRIAR.

It's a dreadful thing for a woman to swear, but it's worse to be forever scolding! And if I were a married man, and must choose between swearing and scolding habits in my wife, I should choose an occasional swear to a continual scold.

But the pity is the men don't get the privilege of choosing. Instead of this nine married women out of every ten are habitual scolds.

It isn't the cares of wifehood, nor the trials of motherhood that steal the roses from the cheeks. Oh, no! It's the habit of scolding and fretting that nine out of every ten wives indulge in.

Of course you'll all say this is a monstrous falsehood, and call me a sour old maid, envious and jealous of my more fortunate married sisters.

I'll not deny that I'd rather be a married woman than a single one, but as heaven is my witness I'd rather live an old maid to the end of my days than do as so many of my sisters do, marry and become, fretful scolding wives.

No wonder the men learn to forsake their homes, and gradually grow indifferent to the charms that won them, when so many wives forget to be charming, and fret and scold whenever they can secure a listener.

There's care enough, and vexation enough in the business life of any man to make him long for rest and quiet at home.

But to be met with a fretful complaint of his Mary Ann's daily trials every time he steps into his comfortable home is enough to drive any reasonable man to distraction.

Oh! of course I know there's another side to this question, but it's not my purpose to present it at this time.

And in conclusion I've only to declare it to be the result of careful observation that I have discovered this truth.

The chief cause of so many married men ceasing to devote their spare moments to wife and home, is that the wives *first* cease to be attractive, and actually drive their husbands from their sides by their own unlovely behavior.

And scolding or fretting at little things, is the most common and the most unlovely of all.

Isinglass.

A New England paper says: Many of our readers have no doubt noticed the disappearance of an article which years ago was no small item in the ordinary diet of the people of New England—fish sounds.—Though tongues are found in the market plentifully as of yore, sounds have entirely disappeared. This mysterious disappearance is now explained by the increased production of fish glue, or isinglass, for the manufacture of which fish sounds are used. The principal seat of the manufacture of isinglass is at Rockport, Massachusetts. The manufacture of the glue was commenced there in a small way many years ago, at a time when sounds could be purchased at two and a half cents per pound. With the introduction of steam power and the enlargment of the factories, came a greater demand for sounds, causing prices to advance to their present rates of from 60 to 85 cents per pound, according to the quality of the article. So great has the demand for isinglass become, that the factories of Rockport have not only for some years absorbed all the sounds to be procured on the North American coast, but have imported largely from abroad.

Saving a Life.

Sellington and Soult were often opposed to each other in the Peninsular war, and especially in the crowning campaign of 1814 in which Wellington beat his accomplished antagonist, but always preserved a great respect for his military capacity. Thirty or more years later, Wellington visited France, and was of course received by Marshal Soult with distinguished consideration, and conducted through his gallery. The aids of both Generals followed at the usual respectable distance, but not out of ear-shot of the conversation of their principals. Wellington paused before one painting, in which Murillo had wrought some of the finest wonders of his art in representing the celestial society of the redeemed. He openly expressed his admiration. "Ah!" said Soult, "it is not the mere beauty of the painting that attracts me; it was the occasion of saving a good man's life." "Yes," said the French to the English officer; he threatened the abbot of the monastery that his brains should be blown out if he did not at once deliver up the picture; and the good man saved his life by surrendering to the Marshal the artistic treasure you now see."