

**Bloomfield Academy!**

An English and Classical School  
FOR  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

THE WINTER SESSION of this Institution commenced December 6th. The course of study embraces Latin, Greek, English, French, Mathematics, Natural Science, &c., and is designed to furnish a thorough English Education, or a complete Preparation for a Collegiate Course. Vacations:—July and August, and one week at Christmas. Terms:—For Boarding, Furnished Room, Washing, Tuition in Latin, Greek, English Branches and Mathematics, for the academic year, except board in vacations.—\$200.00. The Boarding Department is at the institution, under the supervision of William Grier, Esq., by whom good and substantial board will be furnished; and the pupils will be under the strict care of the Principal. Address:— T. A. SNIVELY, A. B., Principal, or WILLIAM GRIER, [New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.]

**New Stage Line**

BETWEEN  
BLOOMFIELD and NEWPORT!  
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE subscriber is now running a hack between Bloomfield and Newport, leaving Bloomfield at 9 a. m., arriving at Newport in time to connect with the Express train East. Returning, leaves Newport at 2.30 p. m., or on the arrival of the Mail train West. He has also opened a LIVERY in the Stables adjoining to Rinesmith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate rates. AMOS ROBINSON.

**NEW STORE!**

CHEAP GOODS!

THE subscriber having opened a new Store, one door East of Sweger's Hotel, solicits a share of the public patronage. He has just received a full supply of

**New Goods,**

and will constantly keep on hand, a complete assortment of  
DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,  
QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,  
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

And Everything else usually kept in Stores.

Call and see my stock.  
ROBT. N. WILLIS,  
New Bloomfield, Pa.

**New Carriage Manufactory,**

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,  
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

**Carriages**

Of every description, out of the best material.  
Sleighs of every Style,

built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.  
Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH,  
311

**JAMES B. CLARK,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware,

New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.,

KEEPS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,

TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock. 31

**BELLS.** (ESTABLISHED IN 1837.)

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY!

CHURCH, Academy, Factory, Farm, Fire-Alarm Bells, &c., &c., made of PURE BELL METAL,

(Copper and Tin) warranted in quality, tone, durability, &c., and mounted with our Patent IMPROVED ROTATING HANGINGS. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT,  
Nos. 102 and 104 E. 2nd St.,  
4114ypd CINCINNATI, O.

**THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.**

The following incident in a district school is told by Mr. William Pitt Palmer, of New York, President of the Manhattan Insurance Company, in a poetical address before "The Literary Society," in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, his native home:—

A district school not far away,  
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;  
Some few upon their task intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent;  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book,  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing SMACK!  
As 'twere a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
"What's that?" the startled master cried:  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"With William Willith, if you please—  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
Like wretch o'taken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head with fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came—  
A great, green bawful simpleton,  
The butt of all good natured fun—  
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised  
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed  
That you my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude!  
Before the whole set school to boot—  
What evil genius put you to't?"  
"Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
"I didn't mean to be so bad—  
But when Susanna shook her curls,  
And whispered I was 'frail of girls,  
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all.  
But up and kissed her on the spot!  
I know—ho-hoo—I ought to not,  
But, somehow, from her looks—ho-hoo—  
I thought she kind o' wished me too!"

**Marrying Under Difficulties.**

A Virginia Story.

NATHAN JONES, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on a flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the log meeting-house, on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she ever did before.

Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had really reached the mature age of eighteen without any avowed suitor. Admirers, nay lovers, she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sighing bachelor would willingly have given his riding horse, or even his share in Dad's farm for her. There was indeed, no lack of will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed, for once to be impressed with a proper sense of its own unworthiness. Now far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good-humored, as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was loveable. Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome; almost as great as to be too ugly. There she was, sociable and warm hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle-dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dawdle about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark of their riding switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but saying never a word to the purpose.

Sally was entering on her nineteenth year when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, slowest, cowardliest, ornariest creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lay under an apple tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apples dropped into them.

This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

Not of this poor-spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings—in summer he didn't wear any.—Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and carrot hair. His feet—but no matter,—he usually bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than seven or eights. Sam was a wagon-maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop, and several hundred acres of unimproved

land, which secured to him the reputation of independence. For the rest, he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack shot with a rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. Bold to the confines of impudence—he was a favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge-hammer, he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and preux chevalier of the pine hill country.

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and in sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty and must be told. Although Sally did not resent the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex.—Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up. As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper he sunk in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed. As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments as he had previously determined, he found his heart was so swelled up that it closed his throat, and he couldn't utter a word.

"What a darned, cussed sneak I was!" groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. "What's come over me, that I can't speak my mind to a pretty girl without a-chokin'?—O Lord! but she is too pretty to live on this airth.—Well, I'm going to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters afore I git back, then drat me!"

It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to the story of "Russelas, Prince of Abyssinia," or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiencies of the day would be supplied by the morrow. To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates tricked off in a brau new twelve-dollar suit of Jew's clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally. His horse bedecked with a new fair leather bridle, and a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master. As they rode up to the door, Sam could not forbear glancing a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood around filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity. Sally's face was roscate with pleasure and bashfulness.

"Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll jist git down and lift ye off?"

Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's.—In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting—"Gosh darn the sterrup!" exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the leathers with his desperate kicks. At this unwonted exclamation Sally looked up and saw her beau's predicament. The by-standers began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant. Bouncing out of her saddle in the twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone.—"Here, Sammy, chunk your foot out with this!"

Oh, Sally Jones, into what error did your kind heart betray you to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled county—admirers, rivals and all!

Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but missing his aim, it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that came from wearing tight boots. "Whoa, darn ye!" cried he, losing all control of himself, and threatening to beat his horse's brains out with the stone.

"Don't strike the critter, Sammy," said old Jones; "you'll gin him the poll evil, but jist let me ungirth the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time."

In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot-hobbles. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. The tender Sally stood by all the while manifesting the kindest concern, and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked with him into church. But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and rode home in his stockings. From

that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically he shut up shop, and hung up his fiddle.—He did not take to liquor like a fool, but took his axe and cleared, I don't know how many acres of rugged, heavy timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars. Sally indirectly sent him divers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of that little accident at the meeting-house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands. But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, yarn stockings were a great comfort in his self imposed exile. Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some-matter-of-fact booby might suppose, but in his bosom, and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would draw them out and ponder on them until a big tear gathered in his eye.—"Oh, Sally Jones, Sally Jones! if I had only had the spunk to have courted ye Saturday night instead of waiting till Sunday morning, things might have been different!" and then he would pick up his axe, and whack it into the next tree with the energy of despair.

At length the whole county was electrified by the announcement that Farmer Jones had concluded to sell and go West. On the day appointed for the sale there could not have been less than a hundred horses tethered in his barn yard. Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange corn-field. Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms. It was generally known that she was averse to moving West. In fact, she took no pains to conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her pretty eyes were evidently red with recent weeping. She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old homestead with its chunked and daubed walls; the cherry-trees under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had painted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off—the churn, the apple butter-pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings. But harder than all it was, when her own white cow was put up; her pet when a calf, she had saved from the butcher—it was too much, and the tears trickled down Sally's blooming cheeks. "Ten dollars, ten dollars for the cow!" "Fifty dollars!" shouted Bates.

"Why, Sammy," whispered a prudent neighbor, "she ain't worth twenty dollars at the outside."

Now, when Sally heard this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and commend Suekey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it, however, that she might hear whether he had anything further to say; but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing as it were great hunks of grief as big as dumplings. When every thing was sold off, and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups reclining on the grass and seated on benches and dismantled furniture.—The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a great pity that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the county so much against her will.

"Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the spirit to stop her?" asked a white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near. The louts snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

The sun was declining in the West.—Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow, the Belle of Caca-poon Valley would be on her way to Missouri. Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the yard, she mounted the reversed apple butter kettle: "I don't want to go West—I don't—I don't want to leave old Virginia; and I won't leave, if there's a man among ye that has spunk enough to ask me to stay."

To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt an arm thrown around her and heard a stentorian voice shout, "She's mine, by Gaudy!"

Sam Bates cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain-field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home driving his white cow before and carrying his wife behind him."

**A Backwoods Jury**

ONE of your correspondents a few weeks ago gave you an amusing description of an Arkansas Court scene, where a certain pig-stealer was summoned to answer for coveting his neighbor's hogs. It reminded me of a case described to me by a legal gentleman some years since, as having occurred in the State, indicative of the intelligence as a backwoods jury.

It appears that a character in those parts, notorious not for the most enviable and right system of morals, was indicted imprisoned, and about to be tried for stealing certain smoked hog—better known as "bacon."—Judge B——, eminent as a lawyer, (since a Senator in Congress) happened at the same time to have business in the same court, and at the urgent request of the unfortunate victim of the law, he was indeed to visit him in the jail.

After a short dialogue, the Judge was requested to act as his counsel—a fee of fifty dollars at the same time being proffered. Judge B——, upon questioning the man found that—1st, he had stolen the bacon; 2d, that several witnesses had seen him in the act, who were summoned to give their testimony against him; and 3d, that a portion of the bacon was found in his actual possession. Under these circumstances, Judge——declined taking the fee saying that he could do nothing for him, and that his conviction was certain.

Prisoner—"But, Judge, I want you to get up and talk it to 'em."

Judge B——. "It would do you no good, my man—the testimony cannot fail to convict you. I cannot conscientiously take your money."

Prisoner—"That's my lookout Judge; all I want of you is to get up and talk to 'em."

The Judge being thus pressed, told the man that it would undertake his defence, but that it would entirely futile.

The cause came on the next day. The witnesses swore point blank to the identity of the prisoner, his stealing and being in possession of the bacon. Judge B——, according to promise, got up and addressed the jury, "talking to them" in a way any thing rather than to the purpose for about fifteen minutes and the case went to the jury. What was his astonishment when they without leaving the box—brought in the prisoner—"not guilty!" He was, of course, immediately liberated.

Judge B——, taking him aside, said—"Well my man what can have induced the jury to bring in such a verdict, is beyond my comprehension: how, with such testimony, they could bring you in "not guilty," is utterly unaccountable to me.

"Judge," said the released culprit, with knowing wink, "eight on em had some of the bacon!"

The rascal knew perfectly well that the eminence of the counsel would shelter the jury in bringing in a verdict for the party for whom he might act.

**Curious Sentence.**

The following curious remarks are said to have accompanied the passing of the sentence, by a judge of the olden time, upon a criminal, against whom the circumstantial evidence was rather slight:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen, of a crime which subjects you to the penalty of death. You say you are innocent of the charge: the truth of that assertion is known to only you and your Maker. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you know you richly deserve the fate which awaits; if innocent it will be a great gratification to feel that you are hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care!"

Boston last year employed nearly \$8,000,000 capital in the wool business, and the receipts at that city were over 550,000,000 pounds; nearly as much as the whole crop of the United States in 1856.—