

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 Branches, Mathematics, Natural Science, &c., and is designed to furnish a thorough English Education, or a complete Preparation for a College 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 scholastic year, except board in vacations, \$250.00.
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,
WILLIAM GRIER,
5117
[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 belonging to Rinesmith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate prices.
AMOS ROBINSON.

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CHEAP GOODS!

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Poetical Selections.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

The following poem entitled "Life" was compiled by Mrs. Deming, of California, by taking from thirty-eight different authors, one line each. The figures preceding each line, with the note at the bottom, gives the original author. It is certainly a remarkable production, and one well worth reading:

- LIFE
- 1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 - 2—Life's a short summer, and man a flower.
 - 3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
 - 4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
 - 5—To be is better far than not to be.
 - 6—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
 - 7—But light eases speak when mighty griefs are dim—
 - 8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 - 9—Your lot is but is but the common lot of all;
 - 10—Unmingled joys, to no man here, befall.
 - 11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
 - 12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
 - 13—Custom does often reason overrule,
 - 14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool;
 - 15—Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven,
 - 16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
 - 17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
 - 18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.
 - 19—Then keep each passion down however dear,
 - 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
 - 21—Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
 - 22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
 - 23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
 - 24—We masters grow of all we must despise.
 - 25—O then, renounce that impious self-esteem;
 - 26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
 - 27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
 - 28—The path of glory leads but to the grave.
 - 29—What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
 - 30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
 - 31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
 - 32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
 - 33—How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
 - 34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
 - 35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
 - 36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
 - 37—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
 - 38—For live we how we can, yet die we must.

- 1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewall; 6, Spencer; 7, Dante; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Bryant; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspeare.

Combat With an Anaconda.

AT THE earliest possible moment after camp had been pitched, says the late Captain Speke, a hunt was set afoot, and Captain Grant, myself, and some attendants, were soon making our way to "the patch." There were no animals there when we arrived except a few hippotami, and we were therefore obliged to await the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed, and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when an attendant, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming of the latter.

We were not long delayed, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river.— Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object fired. McColl shot a fine buffalo cow, whilst Capt. Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo; and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport for at least that day.

I had sprung forward immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant, that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of my doing so, a wild cry of alarm uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing around, my eye chanced to range up in the foliage of the trees beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain several hours previous. My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa-constrictor, whose head and neck projected some distance into view, ready to make the fatal spring. His direction was certainly toward me;

and as he flashed from his position like a thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for ere aid could reach me, the folds of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I felt seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange indescribable scuffle ensued.

In the midst of this strife I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what a vividness the thought shot across my mind, that this second victim was Capt. Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being whirled about for several seconds, each second seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Captain Grant leveling his rifle towards me, while standing beside him were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

But in a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between him and which I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my forearm only had been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor.

The limb laid just in front of the shoulder, at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh into which it was jammed, as it were by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, so that it was like iron in harness.

As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror possessed me, for if he refrained I might possibly escape after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile it would in its convulsions crush or drag me to pieces.— Even as this idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered to him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few inches of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared—stared like a dead man, at Grant and the blacks.

Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after tightening them several times, as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Thus he paused. The next iron-like band was the one that held me prisoner; as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stilled with hope and fear.

"Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright deadly eyes, watching for the last signs of life in its prey. Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more, until half an inch separated my arm from its mottled skin. The second fold was removed entirely, and the next was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed, I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the instant.

For the first time in my life, I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-conscious state several hours. When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in its death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, the grass, bushes, and saplings and everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off as though they had been trimmed with a scythe.

This monster measured fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet;— thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

When Hortense died she gave the engagement ring of her mother, the Empress Josephine, to her son, the present Emperor of France, making it a condition that he should never put it on another hand than that of the future Empress of the French. The request was obeyed, and Eugenie owns the ring.

SUNDAY READING.

For The Bloomfield Times.

A Word with Rev. Jas. Harper, D. D.

Mr. Editor—In looking over the sermon of Rev. Jas. Harper, D. D., found in vol. 4, No. 6, of "Bloomfield Times," I find some things which have a tendency to mislead rather than benefit the public.— He says, "Our text leads to three other points," to the second of which we file some objections. It reads,

2d. "To things which the particular church with which we are in communion, condemns and testifies against."

We object, 1st because the "point" recognizes a plurality of churches by *divine right*. And 2d. because it is a departure from the great fact established by the Reformation of the 16th century, (i. e.) "The Bible—the Bible ALONE, is the religion of Protestants."

Now let us see what the Church is. Rev. Harper says: "according to the book of Acts, it is 'the Church of God, which he purchased with his own blood.'" Mark, sir, the Church is unity, if you please, one Church and its name one.— Now Rev. Harper was happy in his selection of the definition of what the church is; but how can his 2nd point be made to agree with it? Not more different are day and night. Again, H. says, "If he neglect to hear the church, etc.— (not the particular church with which we are in communion.) Here is the unity again;—the church—not churches.— Christ established a church, and in His last beautiful prayer, prays earnestly for the oneness and unity of that church, and any principal point which sanctions the dismemberment of the 'church' into sects and parties is radically *erroneous*, and *dangerously false*. According to H. these divisions are by "divine right," for if not why should we obey the injunctions of those particular churches. Now if Brigham Young as founder of polygamy enjoins a plurality of wives on his followers, they must obey this particular church with which they are in communion.

According to H.'s second point, Luther committed a *grievous* error in objecting to the mountebank operations of Tetzel. He should have swallowed indulgence, the Old Man of sin, and the Old Mother Church with all her *mummers to boot*. For hereby he would have showed his willingness to obey that particular church."

If this point (2nd) is scripturally true then those whom we consider martyrs for the truth were only *obstinate* disobeyers of the particular Old Mother Church—falsely so called.—What can stand before a point of this kind?

Having thus briefly touched upon our first objection we pass to our 2nd, which is that it departs from the foundation established by the glorious reformation, viz. "The Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." Now, sir, who has a right to legislate for the Church? Manifestly God alone. Christ says, "my word shall judge you in the last day."—Not the words of Peter, or Paul, or Wesley or Calvin Synod's Eldership, Presbytery's Ecumenical Council, or the Old Anti Christ, known as the Pope. No; Christ's word is to judge us. Christ has a "church which he purchased with his own precious blood" called in Acts, "the church of God." He has given laws to that church, and he claims the sole right to legislate for it. We are only required to obey Him. "My sheep hear my voice," etc. His error arises from recognizing the existing divisions of the present or any other age as the "church of God." Sects date back to an early day—even to the Apostolic age. Even then some were for Paul, some for Apolles, some for Cephas and some for Christ.— The great Apostle says, "Are ye not carnal and walk as men?" These divisions were evidence of this casualty. The apostle knew nothing of obeying the injunctions of "these particular churches in which you are in communion."

Divisions are not of God.
ANTISECTARIANISM.

A Few days since, when visiting an extensive bed of iron ore, we noticed three workmen toiling together to break off a portion of ore from a rocky mass. One sat patiently holding an iron bar in an excavation, while the others were striking alternately with a heavy hammer. Slow very slow, seemed the process as the sluggish blows fell in monotonous alternation, with no impression perceptible to the looker-on. But is nothing effected; A glance around shows that if much remains to be done, much has already been accomplished. A considerable portion of the hill from which

the ore is taken has been removed by the same patient labor carried on for many years, and a large annual profit results from all this toil. A single blow of the hammer or stroke of the pick, seems to effect nothing, but often repeated, it removes a rocky hill. Is there not here a lesson for the ministry and the Christian worker? The work of Christ seems at times to make little progress in our hands, or particular efforts to fail. Then must the attempt be repeated, if possible, and the labor go patiently on. The task of reaching the hearts of men, is one that needs the preserving application of the bar, the hammer and the pick, so to speak, or whatsoever implements God has given us. The towering mountain which loomed up before the apostles has certainly been much diminished in its proportions during these long centuries. Much, very much precious metal has been dug out of the hard rock of sin, in which it lay imbedded, and in its turn been made the instrument of developing the resource of Christ's Kingdom. More precious, infinitely, than iron in this treasure thus secured, nay, its work excels that of silver or gold. Surely, then, we may be content to labor on in faith and hope, trusting at last to see great treasures stored in God's treasure-house though our patient toil, carried on day by day in His name and strength.

A Hundred Years to Come.

To day we are striving, pushing, grasping after wealth, honor, power and pleasure. The poor claim wealth that they may be above want, the rich seek to add to their countless thousands. So we are rushing forward, reckoning not the final result of our probationary existence.— No one ever appears to think how soon we must sink into oblivion. A century hence, and much we now see around us will too have passed away. It is but the repetition of life's story; we are born, we live, we die. Think, then, of the souls that are above imperishable. The souls of countless millions still exist in punishment or in bliss.

Nice Thing.

A venturesome Gentle of Salt Lake City, who married a Mormon wife, while expressing a contempt for polygamy, announces his dislike of the "blood atonement" which he thus describes:—"Well, these fellows get a grudge against a man, which they make out that he can't atone for except with blood, and then some of the elders have a revelation that the man's got to be put out of the way, and then they go for him. 'Taint no use then. The revelation does the business for him. Man's found dead, throat cut, or something of that sort, and that's the last of it. Nobody knows anything about it, and if you catch 'em at it 'taint no use, they all stand by each other, and you can't hang one of 'em no way. Why, I said to my father-in-law one day, says I, 'I s'pose if Old Brigham should have a revelation that it was your duty to cut my throat, you'd do it, wouldn't you?' and he said 'yes, if it was the will of Heaven.' Well, now, hang me, if it isn't a nice thing to go to bed at night in such a family as that, with your own father-in-law liable to have a revelation at any time in the night to get up and cut your throat, because it's the will of Heaven."

A Lawyer as a Hog

A certain lawyer was applied to for a legal opinion by a poor neighbor, in which the interests of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer finished the opinion and charged \$5 for it.
"There is the money," said his client, "and it's all I have in the world, and my family has been a long time without pork."
"Thank Heaven!" replied the lawyer, my wife has never known the want of pork since the day when she and I were married."
"And never will," replied the client, "as long as she has a hog like you."
The attorney returned him his money.

What Becomes of Old Shoes

A contemporary answers this question by stating that they are cut up in small pieces, and these are put for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed with water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellac, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into combs, buttons, knife-handles, and many others articles.