

**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, —\$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,  
511st [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 Blin Smith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate prices.  
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,  
342 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 kind neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.  
SAMUEL SMITH.  
311st

**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.

**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.,  
41101ypd CINCINNATI, O.

**Poetical Selections.**

**FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.**

The day is done, and swift draws nigh  
The twilight hour, serene and sweet;  
The busy crowds go hurrying by  
With steady thud of thronging feet,  
In many a home glad watchers wait,  
As they have oft waited before,  
To hear a hand upon the gate,  
And well-known footsteps at the door.  
Some list for feet that still and cold,  
No more the paths of life may tread,  
And miss the strong arms' loving fold,  
The tender words so often said.  
Alas for such! the desolate,  
Who half expectant, as of yore,  
Still chide the foolish hearts that wait  
For those returning, nevermore!  
Still pass the thronging myriads by,  
Nor hear the mourners, watching lone  
The babes who for their fathers cry.  
The wives whose light of life is gone;  
And some their sadder vigils keep  
For living lost ones, mourning sore,  
And listening, fear, and writhing weep,  
And dread their footsteps at the door!

**Geographical Enigma.**

I am composed of Twenty-Two Letters,  
My 3, 6, 13 and 22 is a town in Pennsylvania.  
My 4, 20, 14 and 11 is a river in Wisconsin.  
My 5, 9, 13, 11 and 11 is a county in Mississippi.  
My 6, 8, 18, 13, 21 and 3 is a town in Wisconsin.  
My 2, 17, 6, 6, 13 and 10 is a county in Georgia.  
My 8, 10, 5, 6, 14 and 3 is a town in Sweden.  
My 11, 14, 21 and 10 is a river in Austria.  
My 13, 18 and 8 is a town in Peru.  
My 15, 11, 6 and 5 is a town in Europe.  
My 14, 8, 10 and 7 is a county North Carolina.  
My 20, 1, 19, 8, 18 and 5 is a town in New York.  
My 21, 13, 10, 16, 3 and 10 is a town in France.  
My whole is what every family should have.

Answer to Enigma in No. 8—ELISHA KENT KANE.

**A Thrilling Revolutionary Tale.**

GOD is everywhere. His words are in the heart. He is on the battle-field and in our peaceful homes. Praise His holy name.  
It was in the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reef which rose like some primeval world at least a thousand feet, above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.  
The man with dark brown face, grey eyes, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form clad in a blue frock of the Revolution, is a continental named Warren.  
The other, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli named Dehaney.  
They met by an accident, and now they fought not with a sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting-knives, they struggle, twining and twisting on the green sward.  
At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.  
"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed on his breast.  
"Spare me; I yield!"  
"My brother," said the patriot in a tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli; even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. I will give you the quarter of Paoli."  
And his hand was raised for the blow and his teeth were clinched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.  
"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale: "mercy! I have a wife and a child at home—spare me!"  
The continental, with terrible strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer for once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer in his face:  
"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children orphans; ask mercy of them!"  
The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging for his life. Another moment of serious thought—the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on his feet, and led him through the woods. A quiet cottage embossed among the trees broke on their eyes. They entered. There beside the desolate hearth—sate the widow and her children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about twenty-eight years, with a face faded by care; a deep, dark eye; and long black hair hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark haired boy of some six years of age; on the other side, a girl one year younger with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old venerable volume—lay upon the mother's knee. The pale faced tory fell upon his knees and confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.  
"Spare me for the sake of my wife and child!"  
He had expected the pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not one relenting gleam softened her face.  
"The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Lord the Bible is in my lap. I will close the volume and let my little son place his finger at random upon a line, and by that you shall live or die."  
This was a strange proposal, made in good faith, of a wild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was absorbed in deep thought—then in a faint voice he signified his consent.  
Raising her eyes to heaven the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to the boy, whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible and opened its holy pages at random, and placed his fingers upon a verse. There was a silence. The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilated eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like the discolored clay, felt his heart leap into his throat.  
Then in a clear, bold voice the widow read this line from the Old Testament.—  
"It was short yet terrible.  
"That man shall surely die."  
Look! the brother sprang forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knee, and begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair and laughing eyes.  
The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, and without knowing what she is doing, the little girl opened the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger on a line.  
The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and dark-haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught feelings of awe from these around her, stood breathless, her face turned aside and her tiny fingers resting on the lines of life or death.  
At length gathering courage the widow bent her eyes upon the page and read. It was from the New Testament:  
"Love your enemies."  
Oh! book of terrible majesty, and child-like love of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture. It never shown more strongly than there in that lonely hut of Wissahicon, when it saw the murderer's heart.  
Now look how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids, thinking of her husband who now laid on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap on the door. She opened it—and that husband living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms. He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive, and his wife panting on his bosom.  
That night there was prayer and thanksgiving in the wood-embowered cottage at Wissahicon.

**Didn't Take the Papers.**

When our troops under General McClellan, penetrated the mountain range of West Virginia, in May, 1861, they encountered in a quiet nook on the side of Laurel Ridge a venerable matron standing in the door of a log cabin. One of the men accosted her with:  
"Well, old lady, where's your flag?"  
"I hain't got no flag," was the prompt reply.  
"Well, then, which side are you for?"  
"I don't know what you mean" she answered, in astonishment.  
"Are you secesh?" asked the man, amazed at her ignorance.  
"No, I hain't," she rejoined, emphatically:  
"Are you Union?"  
"No, I tell you."  
"Well, what are you?"

"I'm a good, plain Baptist—that's what I am."  
The man laughed heartily, and at last one of them said:  
"You'll not refuse to hurrah for 'Old Abe,' will you, old lady?"  
"Who is 'Old Abe'?" asked the dame, growing more astonished every minute.  
"Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States."  
"Why, hain't Gin'ral Washington President?"  
"No, he's been dead for more than sixty years."  
"Gin'ral Washington dead!" she fairly screamed. Then rushing into the cabin, she called "Sam! Sam!"  
"Well, what is it, mother?" said a voice within.  
In a moment she reappeared at the door with a veteran of fifty, who the men afterwards learned was her son.  
"Why only think, Sam," she cried, excitedly. Gin'ral Washington's dead. Sakes alive! I wonder what's going to happen next!"  
**Popping the Question.**  
"WHY don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent looking youth.  
"Well, I,"—said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes on vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.  
"Well, go on," said the fair cross-questioner, inclining, almost imperceptibly, nearer to the young man. "Now, just tell me right out—you what?"  
"Why, I—pshaw, I don't know."  
"You do know, I say you do; now, come, John, I want to know."  
"Oh, I can't tell you."  
"I say you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it; and you may tell me, of course, you know, for hain't I always been your friend?"  
"Well, you have, I know," replied the poor beleaguered youth.  
"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," went on the maiden, in tender mellow accents.  
"Oh, I do, upon my word; yes, indeed I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly; and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.  
Then there was silence.  
"And then—well!" whispered Maria, dropping her eyes on the ground.  
"Eh? Oh, well?" said John dropping Maria's hand at the same time.  
"I'm pretty sure you love somebody. In fact," said Maria, assuming a tone of railery. "I know you are in love, and John why don't you tell me all about it at once."  
"Yes, I—I am in love! Now, don't tell; you won't tell, you won't will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with the most imploring expression.  
"Why, of course you know, John, I'll never breathe a word about it; you know I won't, don't you, John?"  
This was spoken in a low whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that when he turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred a dangerous collision.  
"Well, now, Maria, do you think I am too young to get married?"  
"Indeed I do not, John; and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, for everybody says the sooner young people get married the better, when they are prudent, and inclined to love one another."  
"That's just what I think; and now, Maria, I do want to get married, and you will—"  
"Indeed I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've often said so behind your back."  
"Well, I declare, I have all along thought you would object, and that's the reason I have been afraid to ask you."  
"Object! I'll die first; so you may ask me anything you please."  
"And you'll grant it?"  
"I will."  
"Then I want you to pop the question for me to Kate Sullivan—"  
"What?"  
"Eh!"  
"Do you love Kate Sullivan?"  
"Indeed I do, with all my heart."  
"I always thought you were a fool."  
"Eh?"  
I say you are a fool, and you had better go home. Your mother wants you—you Stupid!" exclaimed the mortified Maria, in shrill treble; and she gave poor John such a slap in the face that it sent him reeling.  
Unhappy Maria—the course of true love never did run smooth.

**SUNDAY READING.**

**Advice to Boys.**

When about fourteen years of age, John L—was left an orphan. His father had a few years before died a drunkard; his mother, when dying, called her only son to her side, and placing her emaciated hand on his head, she said:  
"Johny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you; you well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death; and I want you to promise me before I die that you will not taste the poison that killed your father; promise me this, Johny, and be a good boy, and and I shall die happy."  
The scalding tears trickled down John's cheeks, as he promised to remember his mother's dying words.  
After his mother was buried, John, friendless and alone, went to a neighboring city to seek employment. There he soon fell into bad company, and forgot the promise he had made to his mother.  
So far as a mother could train a son with the bad example of a father constantly before his eyes, Johny's mother had trained him and given him a good education. One day in looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant wanted an office lad about his age.  
"Walk in, my lad," said the merchant, as John appeared at the door; but as he took a seat near him, the merchant observed a cigar in his hat. That was enough.  
"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad, but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception; you can leave; you will not suit."  
John held down his head, left and went to his room, where, throwing himself upon the bed, he wept bitterly.  
But John had moral courage, energy and determination, and in less than an hour he was in the merchant's office, whom he thus addressed: "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother; and though I have not followed the good advice of my mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn promise never to drink another drop of liquor nor smoke another cigar; and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."  
The merchant did try him, and at the end of five years John was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man and a Christian.

**No Secret, Doctor.**

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."  
What influence then has woman over the heart of man to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions? Speak gently then; a kind greeting after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful.—Young wives and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; as to older wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives, we say also to husbands, a loving word and a kiss go very far with a woman.  
If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the fear of God and love of our fellow-men—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten for all eternity.—Daniel Webster.