

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 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 scholastic year, except board in vacations.—\$20.00. 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. SMYLY, 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 belonging to Rinesmith'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,

ROOTS & 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.

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.,

CINCINNATI, O.

Poetical Selections.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors less;
For instance you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.
I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mend our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind were brothers.
Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

TRUE LOVELINESS.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien;
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen;
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me
She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show;
She who values less the face
Than that which charm the soul can throw;
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride the wife for me.
She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew;
That when love's brief rose expires
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

A PUZZLE.

I am composed of four syllables.
My first is insane,
My second is a vowel,
My third is an elastic fluid,
My fourth is a vehicle,
My whole is an Island in the Indian Ocean.

A BRAVE GIRL.

A Tale of the French Revolution.

DURING the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many examples of affection exhibited.—The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in torrents. One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block. A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude, that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight.

The first female watched this creature for a few moments, and then pressing her hand to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst in a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."
"Follow me and you shall be."
"Enough; lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I am called the Beggar-Girl Maria."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?" Her only answer was,

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Maria, the Beggar-Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre?" If so, I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with

you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more.—As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it to the beggar girl. Then handing her a purse of gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on, and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid that you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me!"

"Yes. I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth is like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the Revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before. After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady, and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Maria was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street. She now took her course back towards the guillotine and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely. She now stood within the platform, and swept it with her eyes but her brother was not there. The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching. Her brother walked proud and fearlessly forward, and ascending the very steps that led to the block. Up to this moment the strength of poor Maria had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution. But now a sister's love swelled up in her heart, and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die."

"Away, woman," exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not away until you tell me why my brother is thus bound."

"Your brother," was the echo.

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Maria; don't you know me?"

"The beggar-girl?"

"Aye."

"But this is not your brother."

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light crossed his face, and murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"Does Maria speak the truth?" asked Robespierre

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us of this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me!"

"But your dress?"

"I belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face, then he approached Maria, and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time. It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed

and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while shouts rent the air, for they supposed he was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible leading Maria. They scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes. I know all about it," returned the pauper. She borrowed my clothes to save her brother. She has done it and I am glad."

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. They both sought more secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar-girl, as promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Maria de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case, but if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

I'll Take Care of the Cats.

NOT long since there lived in Manchester, New York, an aged remnant of a bankrupt stock of mortgaged chattles, who consoled himself in the loss of his family and property, by constituting himself one of the invited drinkers who hang around the bar of a country grocery store. Old Jake B— was a curious chap, ever ready to take or receive a joke and particularly fond of "doing" the boys—old fellows of sixty,—and making them 'victims of circumstances.' Well, in the course of human events, this octogenarian shuffled off his mortal coil. In due time the sexton was summoned. He came, looked puzzled, stood awhile, and went away. Shortly after he returned with a board and rope, looked puzzled, stood around a few moments with his hands in his pockets, and his hat cocked on his left ear. How should he 'straighten' the body so that it would make a respectable appearance?—This was a poser! After scratching his head, and resorting to more than usual debate in his own mind, he hit upon the expedient of tying his feet down to the board, taking the 'kinks' out of the body and binding the rope around the head.—This would keep him straight and make the job satisfactory to the mourning relatives. Having accomplished the 'laying out,' he engaged an old retainer by the name of Joe Smith to do the 'sitting up,' and departed. About midnight Joe wanted to smoke, and so vacated the room for a few minutes. Upon his return, he discovered that two cats had stolen in when he stole out. One was perched upon the feet and the other upon the head of the defunct, and both were howlingly piteously. There was no time for foolin'. He clutched the chair and went at them.—The first intruder was knocked through the window, but his blow at the second was not so fortunate; instead of hitting Thomas, he hit the rope, and knocked it out of shape, whereupon the corpse rose up into a sitting posture. This sudden and somewhat belligerent attitude of the watcher's friend didn't frighten him in the least. He was equal to any of the old man's jokes, and thinking this was one of them, and being determined not to be fooled he bawled out: "Darn ye, old man, lay down, and I'll attend to the cats!"

A good old Massachusetts doctor met a sexton in the street one day. After the usual salutations, the doctor began to cough.

"Why doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold. How long have you had that?"

"Look here Mr. sexton," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge of interment?"

"One dollar," was the reply.

"Well continued the doctor, "just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you around, so anxious about my health."

The sexton was even with him, however; turning around to the doctor he replied:

"Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to practise."

SUNDAY READING.

True Pride.

A YOUNG man named Parks, from Worcester, entered the store of the Lawrence, in Boston, and found Amos in the office. He represented himself as having just commenced business, and desired to purchase a lot of goods. He had recommendations as to character from several influential citizens of Worcester, but none touching his business standing or capacity. The merchant listened to his story, and, at its close, shook his head.

"I have no doubt," he said kindly, "that you have full faith in your ability to promptly meet the obligations you would now assume; but I have no knowledge of your fact or capacity; and, as you admit, you are just launching forth upon the sea of business. I should be doing you injustice to allow you to contract a debt which I did not feel assured you could pay at the proper time.

But Mr. Lawrence liked the appearance of the young man, and finally told him that he would let him have what goods he could pay for at the cost of manufacture—about ten per cent, less than the regular wholesale price. The bill was made out and paid, and the clerk asked where the goods should be sent.

"I will take them myself," said the purchaser.

"You'll find them rather heavy," suggested the clerk, smiling.

"Never mind. I am strong, and the stage office is not far away; and besides I have nothing else to occupy my time."

"But," said the clerk, expostulating "it is hardly in keeping with your position to be shouldering such ponderous bundles through the city.

"There you mistake," replied the young man, with simple candor. "My position just now is one in which I must help myself, if I would be helped at all. I am not ashamed to carry anything which I honestly possess, nor am I ashamed of the strength which enables me to bear the heavy burden."

Thus speaking he shouldered a large bundle, and had turned towards the outer door, when Mr. Lawrence, who from his office, had overheard the conversation, called him back.

"Mr. Parks, I have concluded to let you have what goods you want on time. Select at your pleasure."

The young man was surprised.

"You have the true pride for a successful merchant, sir," pursued Lawrence; "and I shall be much disappointed if you do not prosper."

Amos Lawrence was not disappointed. Within fifteen years from that time Samuel Parks was himself established on Milk street—one of the most enterprising and successful merchants in Boston.

"Is Mr. G— good?" asked a bank officer of a director.

"That depends upon whether you mean God-ward or man-ward," was the answer.

"Explain," said the bank officer.

"God-ward, Mr. G— is good. No man in our church is sounder in faith, prays oftener in our meetings, is more benevolent apparently; but man-ward, I am very sorry to say, Mr. G— is rather tricky."

A Good Guide.—Every young man ought to ask the best way of getting on in life. The Bible gives a very brief answer to the question; "Walk in the way of good men, and keep; the paths of the righteous." Many books of advice and directions have been written but that is the gist of them all.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. God rains goodness and mercy as well as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

God makes no promise to those who hold back. But he gives strength to the obedient, and light to those who determine to trust Him.

No human heart is ever vacant. It has an inhabitant, either an angel or a devil.

It matters not what a man loses if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul, it matters not what he saves.