

**NEW YORK CONTINENTAL**



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,302,814 26!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States. The Company will make temporary loans on its Policies. Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time. Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture. No extra charges are made for traveling permits. Policy-holders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company. No policy or medical feebled.

JAMES LAWRENCE, Pres't. M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't. J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent, No. 6 North Third Street, 4th fl., Harrisburg, Pa.

**The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company OF POTTSVILLE, PA.** Capital and Assets, \$156,000.

Premium Notes, \$100,000 00  
Promissory Notes, 50,000 00  
Cash premiums due or collected for the year 1871, \$2,028 00  
Cash premiums due or collected for the first three months of 1872, 1,800 00  
Cash from other sources and agents, 1,200 00  
Judgment Bonds in Company's office, 1,100 00

Total Cash, \$6,128 00  
Total cash and note assets, \$156,128 00  
April 1st, 1872, JAMES H. GRIER, JOHN D. HADESTY, Secretary, President.

**DIRECTORS:** John D. Hadeaty, A. P. Helms, Benjamin Teter, A. Sutermeister, James H. Grier, E. F. Jungkurt, Elias Miller.  
**AGENTS:** H. H. Hill, Edward Fox, John A. Kable, Edward Wesley, Charles F. Delbert, Wm. R. Griffith, E. F. Jungkurt, General Agent. Arrangements have been made with other first-class companies to re-insure risks taken on the cash plan in such amounts as desired. Liberal commission allowed agents, and exclusive territory, if desired. This Company confines itself to fire insurance exclusively.

**OFFICE:** No. 191 CENTRE ST., POTTSVILLE, PA.

**NOTICE.** The Home Reserve force of The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company of Pottsville, Pa., will be in Perry county in considerable force, and act as the Company's Agents until a full line of Local Agents can be appointed when the reserve force will be recalled.

JAMES H. GRIER, Sec'y of Pa. Central Ins. Co.

**Insurance Notice.** On and after the tenth day of April, 1872, the Home Reserve force of Insurance Agents belonging to "The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company" will leave Pottsville in heavy force, and occupy ten different counties of the State, where they will continue to act as the Company's Agents until a full line of Local Agents can be appointed, when they will be recalled. As a body of men, I believe they are superior Insurance Agents, and most of them speak the English, French, Welsh and German Languages. The City Insurance Journals, with all their sneers at Mutual Companies, and continual cry of Fraud! Fraud! &c., cannot muster any better Insurance material! Why don't they tell the public that more than half the Stock Companies started within the last ten years have? It is a well-known fact that Mutual Companies cannot fail.

JAMES H. GRIER, Secretary of Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company. 6 16

**New Carriage Manufactory,** ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CHARLIE ST., New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

**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.

For the Bloomfield Times. Fortune does not Always Smile on Merit.

Gifted men whose deeds of glory Shine on many a classic page, Sages who have lived in story, From the earliest to this age, All have seen, and constantly aver it: Fortune does not always smile on Merit.

When from prison Pharaoh's butler Was again to freedom brought, (As foreseen by Joseph's subtler Knowledge of his servant's lot), Though he did his former place inherit, He forgot the seer's prophetic merit.

Even loyal, brave Uriah, Who deserved his monarch's ring For his service, had to die a Horrid death, because the king Was unwilling that Uriah's merit Should Bathsheba's loveliness inherit.

Socrates, whose worth and goodness, Like a heaven-lit beacon, shone 'Mid the wickedness and lewdness To which Athens was so prone, Found that (though his wisdom did prefer it) Hemlock sometimes is the price of merit.

Galileo's great invention, Bringing myriad worlds to view, Brought about the great contention 'Twixt him and the priests, who knew Not enough to own real merit, Which it was not their lot to inherit.

Sisney and Epaminondas, Albion's and Grecia's best, Prompt to duty to respond as So! to near the still-sought west, Worthy all that valor should inherit, Both received ingratitude for merit.

When grim terror's monarch, With contagion's midnight breath, Sweeps the earth, as when the one ark Rode upon the floods of Death, If some Howard cheers a drooping spirit, Fortune here may fall to smile on Merit.

Wand'ers, destitute, tormented, Clad in skins of goats and sheep, Doomed to tortures, unalmented, Earth unworthy such to keep, May be counted worthy to inherit Heavenly mansions, but of grace, not merit.

Least desired, though first in story: God of heaven, condemned to death; Fullness of the Godhead's glory, Yet of him the Scripture saith,— The only one who had intrinsic merit, Did neither natal-bed nor shroud inherit.

**Kissing a Strange Girl in a Stage Coach.**

WALTER MARSHALL, when he reached the age of fourteen, arrived in New York from his native village, in the destitute situation that is frequent among New England boys; that is to say, had only the usual accompaniments of these unfledged chips, who afterwards make the merchant and the great men of our country, and not unfrequently of other lands. He had a white little wooden trunk, pretty well stocked with "Ammades," a sixty-eight cent bible, that his mother packed in for him, fearful that he might forget it, a three dollar New Haven City bank bill, and any quantity of energy, patience, perseverance and ambition. He entered the counting room of a merchant in South street. His honesty, activity and industry won for him many friends. Among them was an English merchant, who had a large commercial house in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He was in this country on business connected with his commercial firm in Calcutta, and did his business with the firm Walter clerked for; and here the latter attracted his notice. He was sixteen years of age only; yet the Bombay gentleman fancied him, and made him a liberal offer to go to India with him; which, after very little palaver among his friends Walter accepted. New England boys don't often start off on their long wandering excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days preparatory exercises, which they spend in going where they originally came from; and then having taken a few good looks at the weatherbeaten church, the high old steeple, which was wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they first saw it, to notice it, in school-boy days; then they must hear the old bell ring once more, even if they have to take a spell at the rope; then take a turn among the white grave stones, see if there are any very green moulds, fresh made and if so, to ask who among old friends have gone to their last resting place; then to kiss mother and sister, shake hands with father, and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go "anywhere."

Walter went up to do, and did do all this; but he did not get into the stage at the tavern. He walked down the road, ahead of the coach, toward the old bridge, and told the stage driver to stop and let him get in at the minister's house—at Parson Fuller's. Mary Fuller lived there too, for she happened to be the parson's only daughter. She was the merriest, liveliest witch that ever wore loose tresses of auburn hair, and had blue eyes. She was only twelve years old and Walter was nearly seventeen. 'She did love him though—he was almost all in all to her; he had

fought her battles all through her childish campaign; she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin,—a sort of half-fresh cousin; for her mother had been the half sister of Walter's mother. They were not too near related for purposes hereinafter to be named.

Poor Molly! She would have cried her eyes out on this occasion, had it not been that Walter's solemn phiz set her ideas of the ridiculous in motion: she made a merry ten minutes as a wind up of their parting scene.

Three days afterward Walter was in New York, and just four months and twenty days farther on in Time's Almanac, he was making out invoices acting as corresponding clerk to "the firm" in Bombay.

I shall not stop to relate how many times he went to the exhibition of venomous looking cobra de capallos and biting Sepoys for fun, and to show how innocent the beauties were, and how easy their bite was cured; how often he visited the far famed Elephant's cave; how many times he dined with good Sir Robert Grant, the governor of Bombay and how he was with him, and what he said the very morning of the day the old scourge—the cholera—made the Excellent Sir Robert his victim—all these things I shall leave to another time, and a more appropriate heading. I skip over all of these, and six years of time besides and land Master Walter at Staten Island, bring him up to the City in a steamboat, and leave him at a respectable hotel, and let him sleep all night and take a good "short rest," after a tedious voyage of four months and more.

The next morning we awaken him; make him get up, pay his bill, take a hack and ride down to the New Haven steamboat, and go on board. It was 7 o'clock A. M. And at 1 P. M. the boat has reached the landing; his trunk and "traps" are on the Litchfield stage; he has taken a seat inside; his destination is an intermediate village. He is alone in the stage; no not alone—there is an old woman on the front seat.—The stage is up in the city, and slowly meandering about New Haven, picking up passengers who have sent their names to the stage office, as is still customary in that staid and sober city of mineralogy, theology and 'ologies in general. The stage Jehu pulls up at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel street to take up a passenger—a young lady of sweet seventeen or thereabouts. Before she has fairly got out side, Walter notices her, and she has noticed him, too. He gazes in astonishment at the perfect vision of loveliness before him; he hasn't seen anything of the kind for years. There is not a particle of copper about her. She, on her part, half laughing, has regarded him very attentively—pushed back the golden ringlets that almost shut in her face, and taken another look, as if to be certain that she has made no mistake.

"Here is a seat, Miss, beside me," said the gospel preacher. "Thank you, sir, I prefer setting on the back seat with that gentleman, if he will let me," said the most electrical voice that Walter had listened to for some time. "Certainly, miss," said the delighted Bombayite; and when she seated herself by him, she gazed into his face with such delight and astonishment, that Walter actually took a look down upon himself, to ascertain what there was about his person that appeared so pleasing to the fair maiden; but he discovered nothing unusual. The stage rolled towards Derby, at its usual rapid rate of five miles an hour, and Walter and the merry maid seemed as chatty and cosy together as though they had known each other for years, instead of minutes.—The minister tried to engage the ringlets in conversation, but he soon found himself "nowhere." She had neither eyes nor ears for any person but Walter, and he had told her more about his travels, and Bombay scenery, than he ever told anybody else before or since.

At last they came to Derby. There horses had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons were harnessed tackled on to the old stage. Walter handed the gentle girl back to her old seat as gracefully as he could have done if he never lived in Bombay, but always stopped in New York. They were alone now. The minister and the old lady had got out at Derby. "Well, we are off once more; how far are you going?" said Walter, as the stage went off. "Not quite so far as Litchfield. You say that your friends reside at Pomperany. How glad they will be to see you." "Very probably, unless they have forgotten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have altered some in seven years." "Not a particle: I—"

The pretty maid forgot what she was going to say, but at last remembered and continued. "I should suppose you have not altered for you said you were seventeen when you were at home last, and now you are only twenty-three. You must have been grown as you are now." "Perhaps so; but still I am somewhat tanned by exposure in an East India climate." "Yet I think you will be recognized by every body in the little village. Do you know a young lady in Pomperany of the name of Mary Fuller?" "What! little Mary! my little wife?" as I used to call her! Why, Lord love you,

do you know her? Bless her heart! My trunk is filled with knick-knacks for her special use. Do I know her? Why I have thought of her ever since I went away.—Young lady!—why, she is a little bit of a girl; she is only ten years old. No—she must be older than that now; I suppose I will find her grown considerably. By the way are you not getting cold? It's getting chilly."

The delighted young lady was trying to conceal her face, which had called forth Walter's exclamation.

"Yes it is getting colder; it is nearly dark, and so it was. Walter had a boat cloak, and after a very little trouble, he was permitted to wrap it around her lovely form, and somehow or other his arm went with it; and in the confusion he was very close to her, and his arm was around her waist, out side the cloak, though; then he had to put his face down to hear what she said, and somehow those long ringlets of soft, silky hair, were playing across his cheek. Human nature could not and would not stand it any longer; and Walter the modest Walter, drew his arms closer than ever, and pressed upon the warm, rosy lips of his beautiful fellow-traveler, a glowing, burning, regular East Indian Bombay kiss, and then blushed himself at the mischief he had done, and waited for the stage to upset, or something else to happen! But no, she had not made any resistance: on the contrary he had felt very distinctly that she had returned the kiss, the very first kiss he had ever pressed upon a woman's lips, since he gave a parting one to little Mary Fuller, and he would have sworn that he heard her saying something (about that very moment he had given her that first long kiss of youth and love) that sounded like "Dear dear Walter."

The stage was now entering the village. In a few minutes he would be in Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her, and felt ashamed and downright guilty. What Mary, his "little wife" that was to be, say if she knew he had been acting so? As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the affair quietly and decently.

"You go on in the stage, I suppose, to the next town, or perhaps still farther?"

"Oh, no! pot me."

What could she mean? He had not time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up slap in front of Parson Fuller's door, and there was the venerable Parson and his good lady in the doorway; he with lamp in his hand already to receive—Walter as he supposed.

"Where will you stop in the village? I will come and see you."

"I shall stop where you stop. I won't leave you. Here you have been kissing me this half hour, and now you want to run away and leave me. I am determined to expose you to the old clergyman and his wife, in the doorway yonder. More than that, your "darling little wife" that is to be, as you call her, shall know all about it."

What a situation for a modest, moral man! It was awful. To be laughed at—exposed; and who was she? Could it be possible? He had heard of such characters! It must be; but she was very pretty; and he to be the means of bringing such a creature into the very house of the good and pious old clergyman and his sweet old pet and playmate, his Mary Fuller! He saw it all. It was a judgement sent upon him. What business have I to be kissing a strange girl if she is pretty? His uncle and aunt had come clear down to the dooryard gate, almost to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was doomed; but he had to get out.

"Don't for God's sake expose me young woman!"

"I will—get out!"

"Oh!" thought Walter, it's all over with me!" and now he shakes hands with the clergyman, and he flings his arms around the aunt.

"Mary!" exclaimed the mother! "our Mary in the stage, as I live! So you came up with your cousin, eh?"

"Yes, mother; and what do you think this impudent East Indian has been doing? He has kissed me at least a hundred times, and that isn't all; he tried to persuade me to keep on in the stage and not get out at all!"

"Ah! no wonder he kissed you, he has not seen you for some years. How glad you must have been when you met. But what is the matter with you, Walter? Let the driver stop and leave your trunk at your father's as he goes by, and come into the house. Why what is the matter? Are you dumb?"

"Arn't you ashamed of yourself, Walter, not to speak to my mother, when she is talking to you?" chimed in Miss Molly.

Walter now found his voice, and before he got fairly inside, Miss Mary was his debtor for a round dozen of kisses, which he took very kindly. But as for Walter, his mind was made up. He would marry that strange girl. He was grateful; she had saved him from degradation, loss of character and everything else; but would she forgive him for being so free with a strange girl in a stage coach? Doubtful; but she would have a chance, for he was determined to ask her to take him for better or worse.

There is no doubt but what she did

forgive him, for a short time afterwards, they were married, and as Mary gave her husband the first kiss of a wife, she said, "remember now Walter, there is to be no more kissing of strange women in a stage coach."

**Record of Presidents and Vice Presidents.**

IN view of the approaching Presidential campaign, we transcribe for the benefit of our readers, a complete record of all the Presidents and Vice Presidents, when inaugurated—as well as those who were candidates for office—since the organization of the government.—

1789. George Washington and John Adams; no opposition.

1797. John Adams opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote, became Vice President.

1801. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr; beating John Adams and Chas. C. Pinckney.

1805. Thomas Jefferson and Geo. Clinton; beating Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

1809. James Madison and George Clinton; beating Chas. C. Pinckney.

1813. Jas. Madison and Elbridge Gerry; beating DeWitt Clinton.

1817. James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating Rufus King.

1821. James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating John Quincy Adams.

1825. John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun; beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and William H. Crawford—there being four candidates for President—and Albert Gallatin for Vice President.

1829. Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun; beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.

1833. Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren; beating Henry Clay, John Floyd and William Writ for President, and William Wilkins, John Sergeant and Henry Lee for Vice President.

1837. Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; beating Hugh L. White and Daniel Webster for President, and John Tyler for Vice President.

1841. William H. Harrison and John Tyler; beating Martin Van Buren and Litchfield W. Tazewell. [Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the rest of the term.]

1845. James K. Polk and George M. Dallas; beating Henry Clay and Theodore Freilinghuysen.

1849. Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore; beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren for President, and Wm. O. Butler and Charles F. Adams for Vice President. [Taylor died July 9, 1850 and Fillmore became President.]

1853. Franklin Pierce and W. R. King; beating Winfield Scott and W. A. Graham.

1857. James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge; beating John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore for President, and William L. Dayton and A. J. Donelson for Vice President.

1861. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Breckinridge for President, and Edward Everett, Herschell T. Johnson, and Joseph Lane for Vice President.

1865. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson; beating Geo. B. McClellan and G. A. Pendleton.—[Lincoln assassinated, April 14, 1865, and Johnson assumed the Presidency.]

1869. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax; beating Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair.

**A Very Temperate Man.**

A New Bedford man walked into an office in Norwich one evening recently, with the blunt speech, "I neither smoke, chew nor drink. I belong in Fall River, and have had nothing to eat to-day." The clerk who was just going to close up, said to him, "I think I have seen you before." Never was here before was the reply.

The clerk handed him twenty-five cents, and locking up and passing into the street a moment afterward, was just in time to see his new friend enter a lager beer saloon. He at once followed, and seeing his quarter laid down for a glass of Teutonic bitters, grabbed it, remarking to the man, "I neither smoke, chew, nor drink." The fellow viewed this new method of prohibition with open-mouthed but dumb surprise.

A Party of emigrants from Texas passed through Bristol, Va., the other day, en route for their former homes in Bath county, Va. They said they had traveled about 4,000 miles, and had been on the road over twelve months. Their horses, the most of which were Texas ponies, looked remarkably well.

Dr. Lyman Beecher made a prayer to this effect: "Grant, O Lord, that we may not think contemptuously of our rulers and furthermore, grant, we beseech Thee, that they may not act so that we can't help it!"

A Kentuckian being asked how much corn he raised answered, "About ten barrels of whiskey, besides what we waste making bread."