

Bloomfield Academy!

An English and Classical School FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN Young Men Prepared For College. A Normal School and a School of Art. FALL TERM COMMENCES On Monday, the 6th of November, 1871.

At the above school has recently been re-organized, students can enter any time. Prof. W. H. DILL, a graduate of Rutgers College, N. J., Principal.

The Collegiate Department embraces all the higher branches, including the Latin and Greek Languages, Engineering, Practical Surveying, Literature, Natural Science and advanced Mathematics.

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, \$180.

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.

W. H. DILL, A. M. Principal, or WILLIAM GRIER, New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

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PERRY HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Pa.

THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Maine and Carlisle streets, opposite the Court House, invites all his friends and former customers to give him a call as he is determined to furnish first class accommodations. THOMAS BUTCH, Proprietor.



Can you find the road which leads from this Castle in the center of this cut to the outside? There is one.

The answer to the problem of last week is. The squirrel makes 67 trips, and consequently is 134 minutes, as two of the ears he carries each time are his own.

The answer to the enigma in last week's TIMES' number is "A Whale."

Benedict Arnold's Wife.

WE catch our first view of this unhappy lady on a bright May day in 1778, when she took part in a famous and splendid pageant at Philadelphia. She was then a beautiful girl of eighteen—Miss Margaret Shippen—the daughter of an opulent and ancient Philadelphia family, and one of the reigning belles of that town. Her ancestors were among the first settlers of Pennsylvania, and her great grand-father was the first Mayor of Philadelphia. In the course of time the family had acquired great possessions; and, laying aside the Quaker garb, had become members of the Church of England. During the controversy between the thirteen colonies and the King, which ended in the Revolutionary war, Edward Shippen, her father, the head of the family, was inclined to the King's side.

It was May the eighteenth, 1778. For many months the British army had been quartered at Philadelphia, commanded by Maj. General Sir William Howe. The general had now been superseded, and was about to return to England. The officers of the army, a wealthy class who had nothing to do, seized the occasion of his retirement to amuse themselves by giving a grand festival in his honor; and this was the day upon which it was held.

The affair began with a grand regatta upon the Delaware river; or, rather, a long procession of galleys and barges, filled with officers and ladies, which were rowed slowly down the whole length of the city, in an avenue formed by the shore crowded with spectators, and a line of men-of-war and transport ships, gaily dressed with flags and streamers. At half-past four in the afternoon, the barges began to move, the oars keeping time to martial music; and when they had arrived opposite Market street they all lay upon their oars, while the bands played "God save the King;" after which the soldiers gave three cheers. Continuing their course, the company were conveyed past the city to where a grand tournament was to take place; and it was in this portion of the entertainment that Margaret Shippen shone. A spacious field surrounded by troops, had been prepared for the contest.—Upon one side were stationed all the bands of music in the army. There were also two pavilions, with rows of benches one above the other, filled with the most distinguished ladies of the city.

On the front of each of these pavilions were placed seven of the most beautiful young ladies Pennsylvania could boast. They were dressed in Turkish costume—trowsers, tunics and turbans—and in their turbans they wore the favors with which they intended to reward the knights who were to contend in their honor. Among these lovely maidens sat Miss Margaret Shippen. One of the knights who figured in the tournament was Captain Andre, her familiar acquaintance. Little could either of them have thought, on this bright day, how fatally their destinies were involved.

The trumpet sounded. The herald appeared. The challenge was delivered and the contest occurred; which ended without loss of blood, to the satisfaction of all concerned. At the conclusion of the tournament, the company were ushered into a magnificent ball-room, decorated, we are told, by eighty-five mirrors, and lighted by thirty-four branches of wax candles. The ball was opened by the fourteen belles in Turkish dress, and their fourteen knights—one Lieutenant Sloper being the knight who led Miss Shippen out to the dance. At ten o'clock, the windows were thrown open, and a splendid display of fire-works was exhibited.

At twelve, large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, which revealed a gorgeous

saloon, two hundred and ten feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty two feet high, with three alcoves on each side. This was the supper room. Upon the tables there were twelve hundred dishes. All the guests entered the room, a great number of black slaves in oriental costume, ranged in two lines, bowed to the ground. This vast apartment was one splendor of wax lights, flowers, ribbons, flags, mirrors, and silver plate. One of the regular toasts of the occasion was "Miss Shippen and her knight." After supper, the company returned to the ball room, and kept up the dance till four in the morning, reaching their homes about sunrise.

This festival as Maj. Arnold remarks, was the most splendid ever given by an army to its chief. And little indeed had that chief done to deserve it. An old officer of the British army, who perceived the folly of paying such extravagant honors to a general who had won no victories, said sadly, "What will Washington think of all this?"

Exactly a month from that day the British army evacuated Philadelphia, and away they sped across Jersey, with General Washington at their heels. A day or two afterwards a body of American Troops marched in, commanded by General Benedict Arnold. All was changed. The red coats had disappeared—blue coats were in the ascendant; and the new Yankee general was the foremost man in the city. Arnold, a vain, weak man, ever fond of display and luxury, appropriated to himself one of the handsomest houses in the town, where he set up a costly establishment, kept great many servants, gave splendid dinners, and maintained a handsome equipage drawn by four horses—a scale of expense utterly incompatible either with his fortune or his pay. No one however, knew at the time that, to maintain his costly pomp, he was concerned in speculations unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, and sometimes used the public money that passed through his hands.

In inviting his guests, as the patriotic portion of the people remarked with surprise he was as likely to select Tories as Whigs. He seemed to court the adherents of the King, and he frequently had at his table the wives and daughters of public enemies, who had been publicly proscribed, and had found refuge with the enemy in New York. Among the families who attracted his regard was that of Edward Shippen, and he was soon observed to pay particular court to his daughter, Margaret. Arnold was then a widower, thirty-eight years of age, just twenty years older than the young lady. Ere long he formally asked her hand from her father, and, her father consenting, he addressed the daughter and they were engaged.

In the meantime Arnold had become so odious by his extravagance, and his insolent, overbearing conduct to the people, that Congress was obliged to take cognizance of the fact. On the very eve of his marriage, he was ordered to be tried by a court martial. Miss Shippen, however, was true to her engagement, and married him five days after. The court martial as every one knows, sentenced him to be reprimanded by General Washington, and he was reprimanded accordingly.

"Our profession," said General Washington to him, "is the chastest of all; even the shadow of fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired.—I reprehend you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself, furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

This was more like an eulogium than a reprimand; but it did not touch the heart

of Arnold, who went from the presence of his commander, not to regain the esteem of his country, but to betray that country.

A year passed away. He was in command at West Point, in correspondence with the enemy.—Whether she shared her husband's secret during those months of preparation, will perhaps never be known with certainty. Just before the explosion of the treason at West Point, Arnold sent for his wife and child to join him; and I have seen the letter which he wrote to her on that occasion, telling her the best way of reaching him, and at what houses she should sleep on the road. She had not been many days at West Point when the treason was discovered. Arnold and his wife were seated at the breakfast table, with Hamilton, Lafayette and an aid. In the midst of the meal, a horseman alighted at the door; and, a moment after, a letter was placed in Arnold's hands, which informed him of his ruin. He controlled his countenance, rose quietly from the table, and beckoned his wife to follow him. They went up stairs to their room, where lay their infant child; and there he told her that he was a ruined man, and must flee, that instant, for his life. She fell senseless to the floor. Leaving her there, he rushed from the room, hurried down stairs, sent some one to her assistance, and then returned to the breakfast room. He told his guests that General Washington was coming, and he must make haste to prepare for his reception. He mounted the horse of the messenger who had brought the letter, and galloped away.

Colonel Hamilton has left us an interesting account of Mr. Arnold's demeanor after her husband's departure. He says she remained frantic all day, and accused every one who approached her of an intention to murder her child. She continued, he says, to rave until she was utterly exhausted. But Colonel Burr, in his old age, was accustomed to give a very different account of the matter. He had known Mrs. Arnold from her infancy, and he always declared that she knew all about her husband's treason from the beginning, and he used to relate a scene which he said he witnessed at the house of Mrs. Prevost, whom he afterwards married, which somewhat confirms his opinion. Mrs. Arnold, it will be remembered, was sent home to her father, escorted by a party of horse, and remained for a night at the house of Mrs. Prevost, where Colonel Burr was. Mrs. Arnold, he said, burst into the room dressed in a riding habit, and was about to speak to the lady of the house, when, seeking him in the dim light of the apartment, and not recognizing him, she asked anxiously:

"Am I safe? Is the gentleman a friend?" Upon discovering who he was, she told them how she had deceived General Washington, Col. Hamilton, and the other American officers by her frantic notice; and she declared that she not only knew of the treason, but that it was she who had induced her husband to commit it.

This was Colonel Burr's story, to which the reader may attach the credit which he thinks it deserves. Arnold himself does not say that she was ignorant of his intention to surrender the fortress. In the well-known letter which he sent back to General Washington from the Vulture, he says:

"From the known humanity of your excellency, I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold, from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me; she is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong."

The authorities of Pennsylvania believed with Burr, that she was a traitor. Her papers were seized, and although nothing was found in them to criminate her, she was not permitted to remain at her father's house, which she said she desired to do. Her father offered to give security that, during the war she would write no letters to her husband, and send to the government, unopened, any letters she might receive from him. His offer was refused, and they ordered her to depart, and not return during the war. Being then obliged to join her husband in New York, she soon recovered her spirits, and shone in society, to use the language of the time, as "a star of the first magnitude." In England, too, whither she accompanied her husband, she attracted much attention for her beauty, and was much flattered in Tory circles. The British government gave Arnold, in compensation for his American losses, something less than seven thousand pounds and settled upon his family a pension of a thousand pounds a year; which was to be continued as long as either the husband or the wife survived. Their family increased in England. Arnold finding himself pinched upon an income of thirteen hundred pounds per annum, went upon a trading voyage to Halifax; with what success is not known. It was thought by some that he was glad to leave England for awhile, to escape the contempt in which he was held, even by those who had employed him.

Mrs. Arnold lived to 1804, when she died aged forty-three years. That infant son, whom she held in her arms, as described above, entered the British army in 1798, rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was still living as late as 1851. One of her grand-children is a clergyman in the Church of England, and it is said, a very worthy

gentleman, who has conversed with American visitors upon his grand-father in a rational and becoming manner. Two of her sons settled in Canada, where they acquired competent estates, and were living in 1829.

A Joke on Staples.

JOHN THOMAS had seen the Faker of Ava perform his wonderful tricks of ledgerdom. He related his experience in the bar-room of the Conway House, and among other things he declared he had gained an insight into many of the magician's manipulations, and that several of the most wonderful tricks he could perform himself.

"For instance," said he, "I can swallow a man whole."

"Bah!" cried Tom Staples, a red faced woodman, weighing at least two hundred, "p'raps you can swallow me?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to see you do it."

"I can do it."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars you can't."

"I shall take that bet."

"Then let's see you begin."

"Not now. I have just eaten supper."

I will do it to-morrow morning, in the presence of many witnesses as you choose; and it shall be done in the square in front of the hotel."

This was agreed to, and the money was put up. By the following morning the news that John Thomas was to swallow Tom Staples whole had become well-spread, and a vast concourse, embracing men, women and children, had assembled to witness the wonderful feat.

At the appointed time the chief actors appeared in the square. John Thomas was smiling confidently, as though sure of success; while Tom Staples looked a little timid and uneasy, as though not quite at rest concerning what was to become of him.

"Are you ready?" asked John.

"All ready," answered Tom. "Begin as soon as you please."

"Will you have the goodness to take off your hat?"

"Sartin."

"Now your boots."

"Next you will remove your coat. Those big brass buttons might stick in my throat."

Tom took off his coat; and as he threw it upon the ground one of the cooks came out from the hotel with a pail of melted lard and a big whitewash brush, which she deposited beside John Thomas.

"Now," pursued John you will take off your stockings, and then remove your pantaloons and shirt."

"Eh?—D'ye mean for me to strip stark naked?" queried Tom, aghast.

"Of course I do. The agreement was, that I was to swallow you. You are meat, but your clothing aren't, nor were they in the bond. If you will strip, I will give you a thorough greasing, and double the bet if you wish. I know I can swallow you,—or at all events, I can TRY!"

Tom gave up the bet, and invited his friends into the hotel.

A Kentuckian and a yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse and the yankee on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform his trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and d saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he had reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, so he endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches.

"Look a here!" Shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream "what does all this mean?"

"I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that that there hoss will pint fish jist as well as he will fowl."

Jim Guppins was a very clever, nice, good-dispositioned, thick-headed sort of a fellow, and was the butt of all the girls in his neighborhood. The most brilliant thing he ever said was when some of the fair tusslers questioned him one day in regard to his powers of memory.

"How far back in your life-time can you remember, Jim?"

"Oh, I can remember the day I was born," was his reply.

"The day you was born!" exclaimed one of the young ladies of the party:—

"Why, Jim, what can you remember of that day?"

"Oh, I remember very distinctly, that on the day I was born I sat on a little stool in the corner of the fireplace and cried for fear I was a girl."