PRATT & BUTCHER'S
MAGIC OIL.

1,000 DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for any medicine that will excell this for the following diseases, viz:—

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Affections, Contracted Joints, Cholic Pains, Pains in the Side or Back, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, and all diseases of the Skin, Muscles, and the Glands.

None genuine without the signature of Pratt & Butcher attached to each label.

For sale Wholesale and Retail, at Guilford & Lemberger's Drug store, Lebanon. [June 3,'57.1y.

Darius J. Seltzer,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE, in Cumberland Street, nearly opposite Brua's Hotel, Lebanon, Pa. Aug. 26,'57.

LEVI MELLY,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
WILL attend to all his official business; also, all other legal and professional business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
OFFICE—In Cumberland street, second door east from Market st. [Lebanon, July 22,'57.

ISAAC HOFFER,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER,
OFFICE in Cumberland street, opposite the "Eagle Hotel," Lebanon, Pa.
Lebanon, April 22, 1857.—1y.

Lafayette Brower,
GAS FITTER, adjoining A. S. Ely's Office, Walnut street, Lebanon, Pa. A large and beautiful assortment of Fixtures from the well-known establishment of Cornelius & Baker, always on hand at Philadelphia prices.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. All orders will be faithfully executed on the most reasonable terms. The best of reference given. [Lebanon, Sept. 16,'57.

REMOVAL.
DR. WM. M. GUILFORD has removed his Office to his new residence on Market Street, a few doors North of Raber & Oves' Store, and between it and the New Lutheran church.
Lebanon, Dec. 10, 1856.—tf.

Water Cooler for Sale.
A BEAUTIFUL WATER COOLER, large size, entirely new, can be obtained cheap at this office. It is just the thing for a landlord or storekeeper. [Lebanon, Sept. 23,'57.

To Printers.
A GOOD WASHINGTON PRESS, of middling size, is offered for sale, at this Office, very cheap. The price is $60. sep16

For Sale.
A Second-hand Steam ENGINE, 10 horse power. It is to be sold to make room for one of a larger size. Apply to
A. MAJOR & BROTHER.
Lebanon, July 1, 1857.

HAMS, SHOULDERS,
SIDES, Whitefish, Mackerel, Herring, Cheese, Vinegar, Tobacco, Segars, Flour, Feed, &c. &c., for sale by J. C. REISNER.
Lebanon, July 30, 1856.

Leather, Leather, Leather!
HENRY W. OVERMAN, Importer of French Calf Skins, and general Leather Dealer, No. 6, South 3d street, Philadelphia.
A general assortment of all kinds of Leather, Morocoes, &c., Red Oak Sole Leather.
Feb: 25, 1857.—1y.

Wood! Wood!
THE undersigned, residing in North Lebanon Borough, offers for sale cheap,
600 or 700 *Cords*
(estimated) good Wood. It may be seen at "Finnigan's dam," on the Union Canal, near onestown. [may 27,'57. DAVID BOER.

To Persons about to Visit
PHILADELPHIA!

TRY the new WESTERN HOTEL, Market street, below 9th street. Every attention given, with a desire to please. Boarding $1 per Da.
A. M. HOPKINS,
July 22,'57—1y. Proprietor.

CARPENTERS WANTED.
12 GOOD JOURNEYMAN CARPETERS wanted immediately at the Steam Sawing Mills of the undersigned, in this borough. None but the best of hands required, to whom liberal wages will be given. Apply to
BOAS, GASSER, & GETLE.
Lebanon, Feb. 18, 1857.—tf.

P. G. WIKEL.
Bricklayer and Jobber,
Union Deposit, Dauphin county, Penn'a.
I AM prepared, at all times, to put Brick Work, in all its branches, and on the shortest notice. Also, BRICK BUILDINGS, OILERS, Inn-walls, Boshes, Hearths, and all work connected with a Furnace done. A gang of Stone Masons always ready to put down foundations, and do stone work of every description.
July 1, 1857.—tf. P. G. WIKEL.

CLOCKS.
Thirty Day,
Eight Day,
Thirty Hour,
CLOCKS,
Just Received at
J. J. BLAIR'S Jewelry store,
Lebon, Pa.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
ANOTHER NEW LOT OF
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
JUST RECEIVED BY
J. W. ACKER,
In Cumberland street, next door to Dr Lineaweaver's.
Oct. 22, '56.

LOOKING GLASSES.
G. W. Deweese,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Manufacturer of Ornamental and Plain Gilt Looking Glasses, Portrait and Picture Frames of any style; a large stock of the above always on hand, which I will sell from 10 to 15 per cent. less than any other establishment in the city.
PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS, &c. Old work regilted, &c. A liberal count to the trade. G. WDEWEESES.
No. 154 North 2d street, below Race, west side
April 29, 1857.—6m. Philad Old No. 102

Ambrotypes, Sphenotypes, Melainotpyes, &, &c.,
BY A. LAUBER.—I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lebanon and surrounding country, that I have opened a Gallery, in Market street, in North Lebanon Borough, two doors south of Funk & Brother's store, in the 2d story, front room, where I purpose to operate a few weeks.
By a new process, I can take beautiful likenesses in five seconds time.
My terms are such that none need be without their likeness.
I extend to all a cordial invitation to visit my room, whether desiring picture or not.
A. LAUBER.
N. LEBANON, Sept. 23, '57—tf

NEW CLOTHING STORE!
Market street, between Mark'ed Rise's Hotels.
S. S. RAMSEY & CO. have just opened a large and cheap assortment of
FALL and WINTER CLOTHING.
Their stock embraces all the different styles of COATS, PANTS, and VESTS, suitable for the season.
Goods of all kinds in these lines, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
Shirts, Under-shirts and Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Umbrellas, in short, every thing usually be found in a gentlemen's Clothing and Furnishing Store.
Two JOURNEYMEN TAILORS WANTED.
S. RAMSEY & CO.
Lebanon, Sept. 23, '57.

"Washington House,"
Cumberland Street Lebanon, Pa.
THE undersigned, having taken this old and favorite stand, and having refitted it in the best style, is now prepared to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers in the best modern style. The House is commodious and pleasant. The TABLE shall be well provided for, and the BAR contain none but the PUREST LIQUORS. The STABLING attached to the Hotel is large and roomy, and capable of accommodating a great number of Horses.
To his friends and acquaintances in Lebanon County, as well as all others, he extends a cordial invitation to make his House their HOME when visiting Lebanon.
April 29, 1857. DAVID HOFFMAN.

CALL and examine the new stock of Atkins & McAdam. Come soon and purchase your Boots, Shoes, &c., at Atkins & Mcadam's.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 9—NO. 17. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1857. WHOLE NO. 434.

TWO INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity that they will at all times be found ready to accommodate them in anything which belongs to their business, which is PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPER-HANGING. They warrant all their work.
By strict attention to business they hope to secure a share of public patronage. Orders for work can be left at WALTZ & REEDER'S Book-store, where they will be promptly attended to. At the latter place too, can be seen a large assortment of neat & chaste designs of Wall, Ceiling and Hall Papers selected by them, from one of the most extensive establishments in the city of Philadelphia.
Sept. 2, '57—3m.* THOMPSON & STOUD.

Poetry.

BARBARA.

FROM ALEX. SMITH'S NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

On the Sabbath day,
Through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way;
And smid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms)
I stood, careless, Barbara.

My heart was otherwhere,
While the organ shook the air
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine,
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O that face was surely thine
Out of heaven, Barbara.

O pallid, pallid face!
O dearest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gifts on your wrist;
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist;
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched, in my despair,
Sunny noon and midnight air;
I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there;
O, many and many a Winter night I sat when you were gone,
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone—
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain plashing on your stone;
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I clasped around your happy arm, while sitting by yon brink?
Or, when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through lattice bars,
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,
Till the day broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;
Wild and far my heart hath ranged;
And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked;
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact;
Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless cataract;
Still I love you, Barbara.

Yet, love, I am unblest;
With many doubts opprest,
I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know; things deeper than all lore
You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain,
You will never come again.
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,
Barbara!

A Pretty Story.

MAY LENOX;
OR,
THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"May Lenox, you lazy creature! why aren't you at work? Come into the house and let those worthless flowers alone."

The child silently obeyed: and while her harsh mistress is venting her ill nature on her defenceless head, will take a glance at May and her past history.

Left an orphan at an early age, she passed the first ten years of her life in the Work House; at that time Mr. and Mrs. Danton immediately fixed upon a stout and robust girl, two years older than May, but her husband was attracted by May's graceful manners and correct language, and still more by her beauty, and he determined, for once, to have his own way, and accordingly asked her if she would go and live with him.

"Yes, sir; I will go almost anywhere to get away from this place, and these bad people," answered she.

Mr. Danton sat down by her side and began questioning her about the place, the inmates, &c.

She answered all his questions so quietly that he became more and more interested in her, and did not notice that his wife was waiting for him till she called his attention by saying:

"Come, Mr. Danton, I have selected a girl, and we had better be going."

"You have! Which, this one?" asked he, glancing at May.

"That one? No! What do we want of that puny looking, sickly little thing? Here is the child I have selected;" and she pointed to the rosy-cheeked, healthy looking girl at her side.—May's head dropped on her bosom and her eyes filled with tears; Mr. Danton saw it, and resolved that she should go.

"We want a daughter, and not a slave," said he, "and I like this one best, so we will take her."

His wife protested, and declared she would not have any if she could not have her choice; but her husband was firm, and she had to yield; resolving, however, that the child should be used so that she would soon be willing to leave.

But, though worked hard and scolded harder, the fresh country air and exercise brought the bloom of health back to May's cheek, and strength and fullness to her delicate form; so that, at the time she is introduced to the reader, two years after leaving the Work House, a more beautiful, healthy-looking child could not be found in Dairy Dell than May Lenox.

* * * * * * *

It was a hot, sultry August afternoon; the harvesters had gone back to their work, the dinner things had been cleared away, and Mrs. Danton had retired to her room to take a few hours' rest telling May to build a fire and call her at five o'clock. Five o'clock came, the fire was built, and the tea-kettle singing over the stove when May tripped lightly up the stairs and knocked at her mistress' door. There was no answer. She knocked again and again, but still no reply. She opened the door and entered, Why does she start back so suddenly, and then as suddenly spring forward? There, upon the floor, the hot sun shining full in her upturned face, her eyes wide open, but perfectly insensible, lies her mistress.

With almost superhuman strength May lifts the lifeless form from the floor and places it on the bed; then she flies down the stairs, through the garden and across the fields, till she pauses, out of breath, and her pale face flushed and steaming with perspiration, before the farmer.

"Oh, sir, my mistress—I'm afraid she's dead; come quick."

Farmer Danton loved his wife, in spite of her many faults; and, dropping his rake, he started for the house at the top of his speed; the house reached, he casts but a single glance on his wife, places his hand on her heart to satisfy himself that she yet lives, and then, sending May for the nearest neighbor, he mounts a horse and hurries after a physician.

* * * * * * * *

For many weeks that room was kept darkened, and often, in those weeks, the stillness of midnight was broken by the incoherent ravings of delirium; and for many, many days the spirit of that strong woman hovered on the brink of the dark valley. And through all those long nights and weary days an angel in human form watched by the bedside, a gentle hand smoothed the aching brow that had so often been bent in anger upon her, and her light touch seemed to have more effect in soothing and restraining her in delirium than all the medicines the physicians could devise. And, at last, when the crisis passed, and the sufferer sank into a deep sleep, from which she would awaken either to health and happiness or in eternity, with what anxiety did husband and friends await her awakening. And when she opened her eyes, smiled and called her husband by name, how sincere was the "Thank God," that went up from every heart; and when May sank down on her knees by the bedside, how quickly they followed her example, and how attentively they listened to her earnest, childish voice as it arose in thanks to the Giver of all good.

* * * * * * *

"May, come here, if you please."

How different that gentle toned request from the harsh command recorded in the beginning of our story; and to have supposed that both came from the same lips—yet so it was.

Mrs. Danton was slowly recovering but yet unable to leave her bed: and May was always at hand to anticipate every want, to prepare the cooling draught and give the strengthening cordial, to smooth the ruffled pillow, and raise the wasted form; and all done so quietly that no one seemed to notice it. In answer to her mistress' call, she gently approached the bed, and, laying her hand lightly on the moist brow of the sick woman, bent over her.

With a sudden effort the wasted arms of the sufferer were thrown around her neck, and she exclaimed:

"Oh! May! May! can you ever forgive me for treating you as I have? I have not used you as I should, May; but, if God lets me live, I will do my best to repair my error."

"If you have done wrong, to Him, and not to me, should you go for forgiveness; and may He forgive you as freely as I do," answered May.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Danton soon recovered her health, and, from that time forward, no child was ever loved and caressed more than May. Her gentle care during her mistress' sickness had completely won the lady's heart; Mr. Danton had always liked her; and now no expense seemed too great, nothing too much trouble that would contribute to her happiness.

They passed four happy years, during which May had grown from a beautiful child into a lovely maiden. Then a change came. The California gold mines had just been discovered, and thousands were flocking to the shores of the Pacific. Mr. Danton determined to go, and accordingly proposed that the farm should be sold, and a house rented in the nearest town for his wife and May to occupy during his absence. But Mrs. Danton most emphatically said no to such an arrangement.

"I can carry on the farming during your absence," said she, "and May must go to the Seminary, in M——, to finish her education."

Mr. Danton concluded that this would be the best plan, and accordingly, the same day he departed for the land of gold, May became an inhabitant of the M. seminary.

M. was a picturesque town on the seashore, of a thousand souls, supported principally by the school and the fisheries which kept the male population from home during half the year.

* * * * * * *

One morning about three weeks after May's arrival at M., as she was assending from the school room to her chamber, she involuntarily paused on hearing her name mentioned in an adjoining room.

"I don't like her at all," said a voice which May recognized as belonging to Kate Emmons, one of her schoolmates. "She seems to think herself too good to associate with common people."

"To me she appears kind and amiable, though rather timid and reserved," replied Kate's companion, whose name was Fanny Morton.

"Timid and reserved! Proud and prudish you had better say," contemptuously returned Kate." "She pretends to be a model of purity and innocence; why she actually refused to be introduced to Charley Hamilton the other day, when we were out walking together, just because he is said to be an atheist."

"I do not blame her; no good can come of associating with an unprincipled man like Chas. Hamilton! and you know that only a few days ago Mrs. B. expressly forbade you having anything to say to him."

"I know it: but if we obeyed all her orders we should have no more pleasure than so many runs. Why, I rode out with Mr. Hamilton the very next Sunday when she thought I had gone to church."

May waited to hear no more; but fearing that she might overhear some disclosure that she should think it her duty to repeat to Mrs. B., she hurried on to her room.

The next day there was great confusion in the seminary. Several of the pupils and one of the teachers had been struck down by a malignant fever; and the well ones, seized by a sudden panic, were leaving hourly. It was the middle of the afternoon, and all who had not yet gone, numbering about a dozen, were collected in one of the parlors, some of them donning their bonnets and shawls to go, when Mrs. B. entered the room.

"Young ladies," said she, "I will not compel any one of you to remain here; but there are only two teachers and myself to take care of six of your companions and one of your teachers, in all seven sick ones, all of whom need constant attention night and day. Now we must have more help, but we can obtain none in the village, all being afraid of the disease; so I am obliged to appeal to you. Who of you will be generous enough to risk your lives by remaining to aid taking care of the sick?

There was a moment of hesitation, a glancing from one to another, and them May quietly stepped forward and placed herself beside Mrs. B.

"Are there no more?" asked that lady, looking inquiringly at the hesitating group.

Fanny Morton and one other ranged themselves besides our heroine, and Mrs. B. seeing there would be no more to remain bade them a kind farwell and left the room followed by her three companions.

One of the first whom the fever attacked was Kate Emmons, and by her side May stationed herself. And faithfully and well did she perform her task, never ceasing in her watchful care except to take such rest as was absolutely necessary; ever ready to administer the health restoring medicine, and to attend to every want; and, when Kate began to recover, bearing patiently with her fretful spirit, till by the time she was well enough to begin to talk of going to her home to remain a few weeks she was almost sick herself.

"I must go back to Daisy Dell and spend a few weeks, for I am almost worn out with watching; but under the kind care of my good foster mother, I shall soon be as strong as ever," said she, as Kate read a letter she had just written, informing her parents she should start for home the next day.

"You shall do no such thing," replied Kate; "you must go home to Elm Grove with me; and if love and kindness will bring back the roses to your cheeks, you shall soon be as strong as ever; for, I assure you that you have saved my life by your self sacrificing devotion."

"I only did my duty, Kate; I should expect others do the same by me in like circumstances."

"Then you would be apt to be disappointed; not one in a hundred could have acted as you have. If you call such disinterested conduct only doing your duty, but very few do their duty."

"True, few do; but that is no reason why I should not."

"May, you are the most noble hearted girl I ever saw; and I have longed ever since I began to get well, to ask your forgiveness for thinking of you as I once did; I thought you proud and selfish, but I never was more mistaken in my life. Say, dear May, will you forgive me?" exclaimed Kate, throwing her arms around our heroine's neck.

"I have nothing to forgive, Kate; it is natural for people to judge each other, harshly, and some make it a point to consider others their enemies until they have proved themselves to be friends."

"I fear what you say is too true; but you have not yet promised to accompany me home. You will go, will you not?"

"I suppose I must, for I fear, you are not strong enough yet to be trusted to travel alone; for just this little conversation has fatigued you, I can plainly see by your looks, so now you must rest a while, or you will not be well enough to go to-morrow."

On the day succeeding this conversation May accompanied Kate to Elm Grove, where she won the hearts of all who met her by her gentleness and kindness, and lost her own to young Edward Emmons, Kate's brother, to whom she was married two years afterward, on the return of her foster father, Mr. Danton, from California, where he had amassed sufficient of the precious metal to enable himself and wife to live without labor for the remainder of their lives. In Edward Emmons, May found a husband in every way worthy of her, and with whom she lives happily, beloved by all who know her, for her kindness and benevolence.

Miscellaneous.

DANIEL MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN.

The following appears in a letter of a Virginia correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*:—

"The name of Daniel Morgan, the celebrated commander of the Virginia Riflemen, is a household word in Virginia. His remains repose at Winchester. A Jerseyman by birth, he early emigrated to the Virginia wilds, and was a wagoner in the French war. Tall, muscular, and inured to all hardships, he was fond of adventure, famed for intense daring and hair-breadth escapes. He had been grossly insulted by one British officer, and severely punished by another, in the name of King George. He vowed vengeance, and kept his vow.

"At the opening of the Revolution he raised a battalion of riflemen, and drilled them to perfection. They spurned the bayonet, and relied on the deadly aim of the rifle. He used to say the business of his men was to kill, not to be killed. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans, by reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of Gen. Frazer, with his Scotch division, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksman in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him:

"Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron-gray horse?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply of the old soldier.

Morgan rejoined with an almost faltering voice, "then do your duty."

"Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet, (this was a part of their variegated armor,) rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as Gen. Frazer had, in his animated movements, come within a practical range, Murphy fired, and the gallant Major fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer; though gallant as that officer was, he had placed himself there to be shot at, and was engaged in shooting others. It was in a similar way that Nelson fell on the deck of the *Victory*."

PAYING DAMAGES.

Rogues contrive all manner of means to accomplish their designs. To the actor in the one we subjoin, the account of which is contained in a London paper, must be awarded the palm of successful ingenuity: A person, genteelly dressed, was observed standing at the window of a respectable jeweller in one of the principal streets, as if admiring the rich works displayed for sale inside. He had an umbrella placed carelessly under his arm, and, while he was gazing, and the individual who was passing apparently prompted by a love of mischief, contrived adroitly to thrust the umbrella through the rich plate glass, and escape while the unfortunate gentleman stood at the spot stupified with astonishment. A shopman rushed out and demanded why he had broken the glass. He denied having done it, but appearances were against him, and he was obliged to enter the shop to settle the affair. The proprietor of the establishment demanded payment for the damage done, and when the other talked of his complete innocence, threatened to send for the police. The pane of glass was strong *plate* and the cost thirty shillings.

"It is enormous" said the unfortunate. "I paid it, and you must," replied the jeweller. "Here is half a crown," said the stranger. "Send for a constable!" indignantly ejaculated the man of precious metals. He was inexorable, and the other at length submitted, complaining bitterly, but observing justly, that a gentleman couldn't go to a police office for a trifle. He took out three £20 bank notes, gave one of them to the pacified jeweller, received £18, 10s. sterling, as his balance, and retired. A friend dropped into the shop shortly after; the occurrence was mentioned; the note was shown as a corroborating proof—It was a forgery!

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

A FIGHTING TURK.

During the operations of the allies in the Crimea, it was resolved to carry the water in from the beautiful spring of the finest kind to the camp. Leather pipes, or hose, were employed, which were laid on the ground. One morning, while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayer, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went flop on his knees to praise Allah! Unfortunately, he went down right upon the hose, and his weight consequently stopped the current of that "first of elements," as Pindar, Esq., calls water, in his first Olympaid.

"Get up," cried an English soldier. *Voulez vous avez la bonto, mon cher Monsieur le Turque,*" cried a Frenchman with his native politeness, "*to get up.*"

"That aint the way to make a Turk move," cried another; "*this* is the dodge." So saying he knocked his turban off.

Still the pious Musselman went on with his devotions.

"*I'll* make him stir his stumps," said an Englishman, given him a remarkable smart kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well-kicked follower of the Prophet went praying on as though he was a forty-horse parson.

"Hoot away, mon—*I'll* show ye how we serve obstinate folk, aulk Reekee," quietly observed a Scotchman. He was, however prevented, for the Turk having finished his '*Allah vis en allak,*' rose and began to take off his coat—then roll up his sleeves—and then to bedew his palms with saliva, and then to put himself in the most approved boxing attitude, *a la* Yankee Sullivan.

He then advanced in true Tom Hyer style to the Englishman who had kicked him on the lumber region.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art.

The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with a Turk of such a truly John Bull state of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master—in five minutes he had received his *quantum suff.* As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the admiring bystanders, in the pure brogue—

"Bad luck to ye, ye, spalpeens; when yere father kicking a Turk, I'd advise ye the next time to jist be sure he's not an Irishman!"

The mystery was solved—our Turk was a Tipperary man!"

THE CHURLISH MAN.

Sensible and prudent men who travel, will always provide themselves with small change to meet their little incidental expenses. Good men are always supplied with a stock of good nature, which they keep for the purpose of paying out to whomsoever may render them a service; and it's astonishing how quickly the turnpikes on the way of life will open by the payment of a small toll of good feeling. The churlish man is always a selfish man. He has no thought but for himself.—He is entirely indifferent to what opinion may be formed of him. The good will and approbation of his fellow creatures is a matter of perfect indifference. It is not difficult to determine the exact value of such a man in any community. He never projects or takes part in any public undertaking, unless he can clearly see that his own interests will be advanced. The thought never entered his head or heart of assisting a public measure for the general good, although he would be no loser. He must see that his own individual good is to be promoted, or he will have no hand in the matter. His style of answering the most polite question is that of a man apparently offended with the querist. See him at a hotel, a brutal character of the creature comes out with a peculiar force. He addresses the waiters as though they were made on purpose to be trod upon by persons whom fortune had favored with a better position; and the fun of it is, he thinks he adds to his own importance by showing airs to menials. But never having considered the feelings of others in his life, he has not the remotest idea that these despised waiters form a just estimate of his character, by whispering behind his back that the man in no one has never been used to the luxury of a servant; or he would know better how to treat them. If the churlish man ever by accident, does a favor to another, it is always performed in a style that makes the obligation mighty painful to bear. As Dickens said of a turnpike gate keeper who was seldom from his post, "that he would have made a capital oyster if he had been brought up in that station of life;" and so would the churlish man have made a splendid hedge-hog if nature had been as liberal in giving him the form as she was in bestowing the disposition.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

When the war of extermination between the Indians and the Kentuckians was at its height, those who inhabited the back part of the State of Kentucky were obliged to have their houses built very strong, with loopholes all around, and doors fastened, to repel any attack from the Indians.—While the owner of one of those domestic fortresses was with his slaves, at work on the plantation, a negro who was posted near the house, saw a party of Indians approaching. He immediately ran into the house, the foremost Indian after him. The Indian was the fleetest, and as the door opened to admit the negro, they both jumped in together.

The other Indians being some distance behind, the door was instantly closed by the planter's wife within, and the Indian and the negro grappled. Long and hard was the struggle, for, as in the case of Fitz James and Rhoderic Dhu, the one was the strongest and the other the more expert; but, strength, this time was the victor, for they fell, the Indian below: when the negro, placing his knees on his breast and holding his hands, kept him in that position, until the woman, seizing a broad-axe, and taking the Indian by his long hair, at one blow severed his head from his body. The negro, then seizing the guns, fired them at the other Indians, which as fast as discharged, were loaded by the planter's wife, until the party from the field, hearing the firing, arrived, and the Indians took flight.

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—It is said by somebody, who pretends to know all about it, that the following is a sure remedy for the felon: "Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir it in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glaziers putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain." We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy, and recommend it to any who may be troubled with that disagreeable ailment.—*Buffalo Adv.*

A CALIFORNIA EXHIBITION.—About twenty of the most incorrigible thieves in San Francisco were recently exhibited on the Plaza by the police.—The exhibition was free, and well attended by as many as three thousand citizens. The rogues were fastened two by two, to the rope, which extended about thirty yards.

The man who was "filled with emotion" hadn't room for his dinner.

THOUGHTS LYING ON SAND.

Adversity brings to light many a hidden beauty. It is like a handsome log revealed for the first time on a showery day.

The charms that fashion lends to woman would be considered possible defects if nature had given them.

We are never astonished at any happiness that drops into our lap, for we always fancy we are deserving of it; but if any piece of ill luck falls down upon us, we cannot imagine what we have done to deserve it.

We fancy we are becoming wiser, as we grow older, when it is simply our incapacity to commit the same follies as when we were young. Envy lashes principally the fortunate. It is like the ragamuffins in the street who cry out "Whip behind!" directly they see one of their comrades who has got a lift.

To appreciate a free country, you must travel in a despotic State. It is like coming into the open air after visiting a prison.

ANCIENT FAMILIES.—It is well known that the Highlanders are great Sticklers for hereditary honors, and trace back with the most earnest veneration, the origin of the families into the remotest ages. An amusing instance of this tenacity to hold to the dignity and antiquity of their kindred may be found in the case we subjoin.

A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never-dying subject.—M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who he insisted, where in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world.—Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the M'Lean clan lived before the flood?

"Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean.

"Why the flood, that you know, drowned all the world but Noah, and his family, and his flock," replied Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean, "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in the Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark!"

"Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt "who ever heard of a M'Lean, that had not a boat of his own?"

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.—We were amused and annoyed, pleased and half, disposed to be angry, with an instance of maternal solicitude of which we were made the innocent victim a few days since. We had spent the evening from our boarding-house, and on the following morning we were subjected to a catechism, after this manner:

"You were out last night?"

"Yes, madam."

"Were you not at your office?"

"No madam."

"Were you far away?"

"Not very."

"Spending the evening with some lady friend, perhaps?"

"Well madam, I *did* call upon a female aquaintance."

"Ah! very pleasant to do that!"

"Very."

"Who was she Mr. J.?"

"Lord! madam," we began to be a little impatient—"if you and your amiable daughter *must* know, I called on the *washer-woman* to get my other shirt!

Hover's Liquid Hair Dye.
THE following, from that eminent Physician of Philadelphia, Dr. Brinckle, added to the testimony of Professor Booth, only confirms what is evidenced by thousands who have used Hover's Dye:

GIRARD ROW, CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia, December 22d, 1853.

"In regard to Hover's Hair Dye, I can state unhesitatingly, that it contains no deleterious ingredients, and may be used with entire safety, and with the utmost confidence and success." W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

Hover's Writing and Indelible Inks,
Are so well and widely known, as to require no eulogy of their merits, it is only necessary to say, that the steady and increasing demand, gives the best evidence that they maintain their character for superiority, which distinguished them when first introduced, years ago.

Orders addressed to the Manufactory, No. 416 RACE street, above Fourth, (old No. 144,) Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention, by JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Sept. 18,'57—4. April 16,'58. Manufacturer.

Gold, Gold, Gold.
THE greatest offer in gold pens, gold pencils, gold chains, and gold watches, ever made. Read the following:—

A Splendid Gold Premium,
worth from five to one hundred dollars, positively given to any person who can spare one day in a week, or one hour in a day, getting up clubs of subscribers in his own and adjoining neighborhood, for the best and most popular family newspaper now published. No expense, no outlay, no capital required of agents. An entire new plan is proposed, by which any person can succeed in making it a paying business, who will undertake the agency. A private circular, for the inspection of agents only, with full list of premiums, will be sent to any one who desires it, on receipt of a stamp to pay return postage. Some agents have earned a hundred dollar gold watch in one week.

Every family should read at least one Newspaper from New York City, without interfering with their Local Papers, which of course cannot and should not, be dispensed with. But New York being the great commercial and business centre of this Continent, no farmer, mechanic, professional man, or merchant, is properly prepared for the emergencies of his calling, unless he is in communication with New York City, by means of one of its first class newspaper mediums. Such a medium is our "LEDGER," neutral in politics, but giving all the facts items of news, and thrilling incidents worth knowing throughout the country.

A Valuable Gift.

Each new subscriber will receive with the first No. of his or her paper, one of the new and beautiful glass pointed indelible pencils,* just imported from Europe, and for which we have obtained the exclusive agency for this country. This is the most ingenious and useful improvement of the present age, and is the only pencil ever made that will write with ink, making it both a pen and pencil of the finest quality at the same time. It will last for years, and for practical use is worth more than any gold pen in the market.

For list of premiums and full particulars, address
HALL & WEST, Publishers, New York City.
* These Pencils supplied to the trade at a profitable discount. [Aug. 26,'57.

Fancy Furs for Ladies.
JOHN FAREIRA & Co., (New No.) 818 Market street, above Eighth, Philadelphia, Importers, Manufacturers and dealers in Ladies, Gentlemen and Children's FANCY FURS, wholesale and retail.

J. F. & Co., would call the attention of dealers and the public generally to their immense Stock of Fancy Furs for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children: their assortment embraces every article and kind of Fancy Furs that will be worn during the season—such as Full Capes, Half Capes, Quarter Capes, Talmas, Victorines, Boas, Muffs and Muffatees, from the finest Russian Sable to the lowest price Domestic Furs.

For Gentlemen the largest assortment of Fur Collars, Gloves, Gauntlets, &c.; being the direct Importers of all our Furs, and Manufacturers of them under our own supervision, we feel satisfied we can offer better inducements to dealers and the public generally than any other house, having an immense assortment to select from and at the Manufacturers' prices. We only ask a call.
JOHN FAREIRA & CO.,
Sept. 16,'57—4m. No. 818 Market St., above 8th, Phil'a.

LANDRETHS'
Agricultural Ware-house,
Nos. 21 & 23 South Sixth Street, near the State House,
PHILADELPHIA.

TEN FLOORS of this spacious building, erected expressly for the Proprietors' trade, are stored with Seeds and Implements of interest to Farmers and Gardeners.

Sixty Years Established.—The subscribers desire to call the attention of every one interested in Farming and Gardening, to their well-selected stock of

Agricultural Implements and Machinery,
Great Variety of Horticultural Tools,
Warranted Garden and Flower Seeds,
Grass and Field Seeds of the most reliable quality.

The Agricultural Implements sold by us are mostly manufactured at our Steam Works, Bristol, Pa.

Having fitted up this establishment without regard to expense, with the most complete machinery, for the manufacture of various kinds of Agricultural Implements, we are now prepared to supply all articles in this line fully equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind ever offered to the public.

Landreth's Warranted Garden Seeds,

Have been before the public for upwards of sixty years; their wide-spread popularity, and the constantly increasing demand from year to year, is the best evidence of their superiority over all others.

Country merchants can be supplied with seeds in papers, or bulk, on the most liberal terms.

Bloomsdale, near Bristol, Pa., our Garden Seed grounds, contains three hundred and seventy acres, and is the largest establishment of its kind in the world.
D. LANDRETH & SON,
Oct. 7,'57—3m. Nos. 21 & 23 South Sixth Street, Philada.

TWO INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity that they will at all times be found ready to accommodate them in anything which belongs to their business, which is PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPER-HANGING. They warrant all their work.
By strict attention to business they hope to secure a share of public patronage. Orders for work can be left at WALTZ & REEDER'S Book-store, where they will be promptly attended to. At the latter place too, can be seen a large assortment of neat & chaste designs of Wall, Ceiling and Hall Papers selected by them, from one of the most extensive establishments in the city of Philadelphia.
Sept. 2,'57—3m.* THOMPSON & STOUD.

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.
HEALTH DEPENDS ON PURE BLOOD.
Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood;
NO DISEASE CAN RESIST THEIR JUDICIOUS USE!
Mild operation with successful effect are the peculiarity of Brandreth's Pills.

OUR race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile, at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent, but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause