Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 9—NO. 19. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1857. WHOLE NO. 436.

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 MEILY,
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. sept16

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, Feeding, &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 Jones town. [may 27,'57. DAVID BOYER.

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 Day.
A. M. HOPKINS,
July 22,'57-1y. Proprietor.

CARPENTERS WANTED.

12 GOOD JOURNEYMAN CARPENTERS wanted immediately at the Steam Planing 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, & GETTLE.
Lebanon, Feb. 18, 1857.-tf.

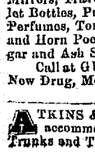
P. G. WIKEL.
Bricklayer and Jobber,
Union Deposit, Dauphin county, Penn'a.

I AM prepared, at all times, to put up Brick Work, in all its branches, and on the shortest notice. Also, BRICK BUILDINGS, Boilers, 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.

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!
A NEW FIRM!
In North Lebanon Borough.
NEW PRICES!

100,000 BUSHELS WHEAT,
100,000 Bushels RYE,
100,000 Bushels CORN,
100,000 Bushels OATS,

Clover Seed, Flax Seed, Timothy Seed, for all which the highest market prices in cash will be paid by HOFFMAN, IMMEL & Co.
North Lebanon, July 29, '57-tf.



CLOCKS.
Thirty Day, Eight Day, Thirty Hour, CLOCKS,
Just Received at
J. J. BLAIR'S Jewelry Store,
Lebanon, 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.

NEW CLOTHING STORE!
Market street, between Mark's and 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 the piece, 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 to be found in a gentlemen's Clothing and Furnishing Store.

Two JOURNEYMEN TAILORS WANTED.
S. S. RAMSEY & CO.
Lebanon, Sept. 23, '57.

New Livery Stable.

THE undersigned has established a NEW LIVERY STABLE in the Eagle Hotel Stables, Lebanon. He has good and safe Horses, Carriages, as may be desired, and careful Drivers, which he will hire on fair terms. He hopes by being attentive to business to receive a liberal share of public patronage. Apply at the Eagle Hotel or at the Stables.
JOSIAH D. DEHUFF.
Lebanon, aug. 19,'57.

Lebanon Female Seminary.

THE THIRD SESSION of the "LEBANON FEMALE SEMINARY" will commence the *First day of September, next.* It is earnestly requested that Parents intending to send their DAUGHTERS, should do so at the commencement of the Session.
LEGH R. BAUGHER, *Principal.*
MODESTE DECAMPS,
Teacher of French and Music.
Lebanon, July 29, 1857.

THERMOMETERS, &c.—Persons in want of accurate and reliable Thermometers, Hand Mirrors, Traveling Flasks, China & Fancy Toilet Bottles, Puff Boxes, Lubin's and other Choice Perfumes, Tortoise Shell, Buffalo, India Rubber and Horn Pocket and Toilet Combs. Fancy Segar and Ash Stands (a new article.)
Call at GUILFORD & LEMBERGER'S New Drug, Medicine & Perfumery Establishment, Market Street.

ATKINS & McADAM are ready to ready to accommodate everybody with Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Traveling bags.

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. 16, '57-4. April 16, '58. Manufacturer.

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.

REMOVAL.
Lebanon Marble Yard.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public in general that he is prepared to do all kinds of FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL work at his Marble Yard, in Walnut street, half way between the Court House and Lebanon Valley Railroad Depot, at the shortest notice, as good as work done in any city in the United States, and being the only Stone Cutter in Lebanon county who has served a regular apprenticeship to the business, he pledges himself that he can manufacture cheaper, and give a better finish than any other man engaged in the same business. His stock consists of
Monuments, Grave Stones, Mantels, Cemetery Posts; Furniture Slabs, &c.

Also, SANDSTONE of the best quality for all uses, plain and ornamental. A large assortment of LIMESTONE for all kinds of housework, of any size and quantity. Please call and examine prices and the stock before you purchase elsewhere.
JOHN FARRELL.
Lebanon, December 19, 1855.
N. B.—LETTERING done in German and English, by the best practical workmen

BULL'S
RECTO MISTURA,
FOR PILES, TETTER, RINGWORM

AND for any Eruption or Excoriation of the Skin, whether on the head, face, arms or other parts of the body. Old ulcers or sores, and pimples on the face, may be speedily cured by the use of the Recto Mistura. To those especially that are suffering from the Piles, we offer a sure remedy.

From Rev. Mr. Enterline, Pastor German Church, Cor. Conway and Sharp streets:

For the benefit of the afflicted, I feel it a duty to state what a blessing a medicine, known by the name of "Bull's Recto Mistura," has been to me. I have been afflicted with the Piles for eight years, during which time I tried my own remedies, as a practitioner, and many others, but without success. Having heard of Mr. Bull's Pile Remedy, I tried it; and though I used but one half-bottle, I can say that I am perfectly cured. I also used it in a violent case of Tetter, which extended over the whole body, and in less than two weeks it disappeared, and the skin became clean and smooth. I strictly adhered to the directions. SAMUEL ENTERLINE.

Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by D. S. Raber, Druggist, Lebanon, Pa., sole agent for Lebanon county.
may24, 1 1857.-1y.

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.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.
Important Announcement!

TO all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or Self-Abuse, &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their consulting Surgeon, as a *Charitable Act* worthy of their name, to give *Medical Advice Gratis*, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in all cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to *furnish Medicine free of charge.*

The Howard association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just Published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self-Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) free of charge, on the receipt of two stamps for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres't.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec'y.* [Oct. 7,'57-1y.

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.-

A GREAT PANIC;
AND
GOODS SELLING WONDERFULLY
CHEAP.

THE undersigned are now opening a very large assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS, among which are Cloths, Cassimeres, Vesting, Ready-made Clothing, and all kinds Men's and Boys wear.

ALSO, all kinds of Goods for Ladies' wear, such as black and fancy silk, Delaines, French Merino, Coburg and plaid Goods, Shawls of all descriptions, Bonnet Trimmings, &c.

ALSO, a large stock of GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE.

Call at the Bee Hive.
Lebanon, Oct. 7,'57. GEORGE & SHELLENBERGER.

Poetry.

MY SISTER.

Up many flight of crazy stairs,
Where oft one's head knocks unawares;
With a rickety table, and without chairs,
And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
Dwells my sister.

There is no carpet upon the floor,
The wind whistles in through the cracks of the door;
One might reckon her miseries by the score,
But who feels interest in one so poor?
Yet she is my sister.

She was blooming, and fresh, and young, and fair,
With bright blue eyes, and auburn hair;
But the rose is eaten with canker care,
And her visage is mark'd with a grim despair.
Such is my sister!

When at early morning, to rest her head,
She throws herself on her weary bed,
Longing to sleep the sleep of the dead,
Yet fearing, from all she has heard and read;
Pity my sister.

But the bright sun shines on her and on me,
And on mine and hers, and on thine and thee,
Whatever our lot in life may be,
Whether of high or low degree,
Still, she's our sister,
Weep for our sister,
Pray for our sister,
Succour our sister.

Historical Sketches.

THE OUTPOST.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by the vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquios Indians, had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonist in northern Virginia, Ohio and the north-west portion of New York State—the French by their encroachment on the frontier, and the Indians by their forays and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to those aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both "regulars" and colonial militia, were dispatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, a Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles from the north fork of the Alleghany river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old post, to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done, and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all the advance points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and by night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine looking young fellow, who from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman, had received the somewhat awe-inspiring *nom de plume* of—Death. But with whatever justice this name had been applied to him for his skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the *life* of the company.

His rich fund of mother-wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature, rendering him a general favorite with the men; while the never-failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to *their* good graces, but caused many a lit le "short coming" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which, otherwise perhaps, he might not have got over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the fort more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three miles or so distant from the fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never seen before. And to render him still more certain of the fact, he called the day following, under cover of the pretence of having left his powder-flask.

Death was invited to come again, by farmer Stanhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were of widely different degrees in importance.

The first was that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been found sadly wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, ptarmigan, &c., for the week past—and the second and most important of the two events, was, that in regular succession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

This last circumstance struck such dread into the minds of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would only be their own death warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to wilfully sacrifice the lives of the men by *compelling them to go*, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal post unoccupied for a night or two.

Two or three reconnoitering parties had been dispatched off round the neighborhood in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery or of obtaining some intelligence of the enemy, but they had each of them returned as wise as they started, with no reward for their trouble save weary bones.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope Farm. The moon was up, but her light was nearly all obscured by the dense masses of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face; while the huge trees, now in full leaf, creaked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, as the heavy gusts rushed whistling in among their branches.

Our young hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position for several minutes, he again stealthily retreated in the manner he had advanced: and plunging into the forest again emerged at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone in his private apartment, when an orderly entered, and informed him that one of the men wanted to speak to him.

"Send him in," said the colonel; and at the next minute, our friend, Death, had entered, and made his best bow to his commanding officer.

"Well, what scrape have you been getting into now?" said the colonel, when he saw who his visitor was.

"None, colonel," replied Death; "but I am come to ask a favor."

"Let us hear it," said the colonel, "and we will see what we can do."

"Well, colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders to-night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the sentries, but make it the post tenable for the future."

"But how?" said the colonel, in intense surprise.

"I guess, Colonel," answered Death, "you had better let me have the men, and order us out, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise you that not one of the men will receive a scratch, that is, if they follow my directions implicity."

"You are a strange man," said the colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"

"In about an hour's time," answered the elated Death.

"Very well I will give the necessary orders, so that you can start when you think proper.—And what is more, if you perform all that you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place?"

Hector Campbell was a brave but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentinels had already disappeared and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now, my lads," said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Col. Innes, he approached the deserted post, at the head of the dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders,

"I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and short of the affair is simply this—it's a gang of them cussed, thievin' Iroquois that have circumvented and carried off our four men—shooting them with their arrows, and then decamping with their bodies.

"To-night, as I was returning to the fort I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices and creeping towards the spot, got nigh enough to see and hear that about a dozen Iroquios were there and then arranging their plans to surprise the fort to-night—intend to steal in upon it by the point which their cussed devilitry had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped long enough to learn this, when I hurried off to the colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learnt, being determined that if possible the 'rifles' should have all the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"

Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative: and with quickened pulses, and sanguine hopes the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long narrow space, bound on each side by a rocky, shelving bank; while its extreme end was closed in by the dark and impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these Death now carefully concealed his men; taking care to arrange them so that their fire would cross each other, and hidding them not fire until he had given the signal; and after they had fired, not to stop to reload, but clubbing their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him; and in another minute the spot presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it has worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had begun to grow very impatient, and Death, himself, began to fear that the Indians had either rued of making the attempt or else had changed their plan of attack, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of one of his crafty foes issue in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw up the pass.

"Three—six—nine—twelve—thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they emerged in single file from the wood, and with cat-like stealthiness of movement, advanced up the pass, their rifles in trail, and their faces and bodies rendered still more hideous and ferocious-looking by the grotesque marings of their war paint. On they came, swiftly and silently, and unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The *formost* of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf-teeth collar, and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness imitated the cry of a night owl, and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley which the remaining riflemen now poured in upon them but strange to say, one of the five who did *not* fall was the chief who Death aimed at. This unusual event was owing to the following cause; the branch of the bush on which he steadied his arm in the firing, had suddenly yeadded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with one bound reached the side of the Iroquoir chief. They grappled and both fell heavily to the ground, clasped in a fearful embrace, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

"Keep off" shouted Death as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping down to assist him, "keep off! and if he masters mo let him go."

Over and over they rolled, wrighting and straining but seemingly neither obtaining any advantage over the other. At least the head of the Iroquis suddenly came in contact with the point of a rock that protruded from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice like grip of Death's throat; and the latter thus released, springing to his feet finished his career by bringing the heavy breech of his rifle with sledge hammer force down upon his head.

The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning) now set up such a shout of triumph for their victory, that the echoes of the old wood rung with it for minutes after.

As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of lieutenant; and now dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the uncompromising veteran Gen. Morgan, of revolutionary notoriety, were one and the same individual.

At about a fortnight after this eventful night Stanhope Farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating, and dancing, as could be possibly disposed of during the twenty-four hours; and though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so, we will add, that cause of this "merry making," was the marriage of the beauteous Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

INCIDENTS OF SPERM WHALING.

The good barque Fish was lying becalmed off the west end of Celebes, with a large sperm whale alongside, ready to be cut in. The sea was smooth as a pond, and the sun hot as blazes.

"In board there!" shouted the mate, who was on a stage over the side, "In board there, ahoy!"

"Sir," was the response.

"Whose hook on is it?"

"Mine," responded a voice from the half deck, and up bounded Tom, a smart young boatsteerer, with nothing on but a pair of drawers. In a couple of leaps he made a dash at the open gangway overboard, for he was a good swimmer, but unluckily his foot slipped, and instead of jumping outside of the whale, which was evidently his intention, the back of his head struck the ridge of the whale, and he went down with his hands extended over his head. All who saw him supposed he was going down a fathom or two to cool off, and expected him up again in a few seconds; but not appearing soon, the men along the gangway and the mates upon the stages roared out, "He's gone! save him, boys!" and in a second five of our best swimmers plunged after him, and a boat was lowered at the same time. But it was all in vain; poor Tom rose no more; even the men who plunged after him only saw a shoal of sharks descending in the direction they supposed he was sinking. No doubt, he was devoured in less than five minutes after he jumped overboard. Shoals of sharks generally keep company with whalers, especially when they have whales alongside, and dash at everything that is thrown overboard.—They would cut a whale's blubber in a night, if not kept off by spades and lances. These sharp instruments are appreciated by them—they seem to know that their touch is death, and, instictively, keep a respectable distance, until the carcass is surrendered to them in due form; then they have a blow out, and a free fight, without interference from salt beef surgeons.

Poor Tom had taken his last dive. The boat, after pulling astern, following the set of the current for a reasonable time, returned and was hoisted up in silence. The men were too oppressed with grief to sing the usual song, and walked forward without exchanging a word. The captain had walked the quarter deck full five minutes, apparently lost in thought when the man at the mast head sung out, "There she blows—there again—there's two of them."

"Where away?" demanded the captain, springing into the main rigging.

"Right astern, sir, large whale! There goes flukes, headed across the ship's wake to port!—There she blows, there again," continued the lookout, and soon the captain and mates were up alongside of him.

"Clear away the boats!" shouted the captain, and get ready to lower away; down from aloft.—Ship-keeper, away aloft and keep a good lookout.

All hands were on the move, full of life and animation. Poor Tom was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. It was not until the captain's boat had dropped astern that he recalled to mind the fate of his boatsteerer by his absence from the bow; but seeing the cabin boy looking over the taffrail he sung out—

"Jump overboard, Bill, and I'll pick you up, I want you to pull the after oar."

Without a moment's hesitation, Bill was overboard a fathom deep, but rose to the surface like a cork and was dragged on board.

"Now," said the captain, who was a jovial young fellow, and delighted to identify himself with the humors of the crew, "you, Parson, pull the harpooner oar; I'll give you a chance to fasten, if we have the good luck to get upon the whale; but mind, if you miss, I'll drive a lance through you.

The young man whom he addressed as Parson, had obtained the title by trying to teach a couple of New Zealanders to read the Bible. All the men had by-names, such as Long Boy, Broadsword, Jack Ketch, Livercomplaint, Rheumatism, Lazarus, &c., and these names were more used than those on the articles.

This was the Parson's first voyage whaling, and the voyage was yet young, as there were only 300 bbls. oil on board, and the ship could stow 2,800 bbls. The death of Tom had given him a lift, which of right belonged to some experienced spouter, of whom there were several among the crew, and he felt determined to show himself worthy of the place the captain had assigned him.

"Pull, my boys—spring to your oars—bend your backs," said the captain, grinding his teeth and pushing at the after oar with all his might. "Pull and head the mate—that's you another stroke like that, my hearties; there there she goes; now she flies, hurrah! the mate droops—now we lead—off she goes!"

"The whale's up, sir," said the Parson, interrupting the captain, "on the larboard bow."

"So he is, and it's our chance. Peak your oars, boys and take to the paddles.

The order was promptly obeyed, and we were seated along the gunwales paddling like Malays. The whale was about half a mile off, going at the rate of three knots an hour, and blowing as leisurely as a blacksmith's bellows.

"Don't make a noise, my lads," whispered the captain; "keep your paddles clear of the side of the boat. What a noble fellow he is—gray-headed, a regular patrarch. Now, Parson, if you miss him, I'll kill you—mind, he's good for eighty-five barrels; yes, ninety; perhaps one hundred, and to miss him deserves death—two deaths—eh, boys? Hush! take your paddles out of the water—he smells oakum—no, he doesn't; paddle away."

We were following in his wake, and as the sun was shining on his starboad side, the captain concluded the glare would half blind him, and enable us to approach without being seen, and steered the boat accordingly. It was really grand to see the noble fellow ploughing along so gentle, the water curling over his back as if he were bathing for the benefit of his health, and enjoying the pleasure.

"Stand up, Parson," said the captain firmly, though in a whisper—his eyes glaring as if they would leap from their sockets.

The boat's bow was square with the whale's hump not more than eight feet off; the Parson held the iron (harpoon) by the middle, carelessly in his left hand; the man still paddled, just keeping way with the whale, while the captain was gradually edging the boat, head on and stern off.

"Dart," whispered the captain; but the Parson whispered back, "Lay on." "Dart, I tell you; you're near enough!" "Lay on!" was still the response of the Parson.

"There, blast you, there's lay on and have your head knocked off!" giving the boat a sweep on with the steering oar. This time there was no order to dart, nor was it necessary; for the Parson, in order to give increased velocity to the harpoon, sprang into the box of the boat and sent one iron after the other stocket up into the whale, just abaft the fin; then jumping down into his proper place, seized a lance, but before he could bring it to bear, the whale fairly sprang out of water at least six feet, and came down with a splash that shrouded the boat in foam as if she had been immersed in the ruins of a water-spout.

"Stern hard," shouted the captain—"stern for your lives!" and the men bent to their oars amid the whirlpool created by the motion of the whale. But the Parson, true to his original purpose, regardless of the consequences, while, the boat lay almost against the whale's hump, sent the lance into his vitals and churned it round and around the captain swearing like a maniac for him to sit down to his oar, and lend a hand to back the boat clear of the whale.

"He spouts thick blood," said the Parson composedly as he exchanged places with the captain, "I did not miss him."

The whale then went down about fifty fathoms, but was too much used up to remain long below, and when he came to blow, lay motionless for a minute. "Lay on," said the captain, "and I'll kill him dead." The order had not to be repeated; the Parson sent the stem of the boat square against the whale's side, and the captain was about picking out a soft place for his lance, when the whale miled short round, and raising one corner of his flukes laid it gently upon the boat's gunwale, and tipped her over, keel up, as politely as a lady would turn her hand in bidding adieu. But quickly as a flash the flukes flew to the other side, cut another boat clean in two, and broke the third mate's leg. Here was a pretty mess; twelve sinners overboard in bloody water, surrounded by sharks, and at the same time, liable to be smashed in pieces by the whale's flukes; but the venerable patriarch, apparently satisfied with what he had done, left us to the care of sharks, and paddled away with two irons and a boat's line.

To right our boat was work of a few minutes, and in half an hour she was an ark of safety with all hands on board. The whale made toward the ship, ran round and round a few times, and then turned up fin out and head sunwards. He made 95 barrels.

The mate and second mate, unable to capture the other whale, returned to the ship; but that same afternoon, the Parson saw him, or another fellow like him, and had the pleasure of fastening to him also. The three whales made 270 barrels of oil.

In six weeks, the Parson saw and struck four large and twelve school whales, and never missed one. This uniform success induced the captain to give him charge of the third mate's boat, in which he killed some half a dozen whales, when he had three of his ribs stove in and was put ashore at Gaum, to procure medical attendance, and remained there six months.

Whaling is not unlike war—every lowering is a battle in which all are liable to lose their lives. But the whaler requires more skill and courage than the soldier or man-of-war's-man. He must think and act at the same time—there are no given rules by which he can govern himself, for every whale he attacks is apt to show some new caper, against which he must provide on the instant.—Our whalemen, with a little martial training, would make the most formidable sailors in the world, as they are certainly the most intelligent and daring.

Miscellaneous.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

We are indebted to Lamartine's exquisitely fine pen, for the following touching and graphic illustration of a Mother's Love:

In some spring freshet, a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough, whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream, drifted the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song; and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old fashioned mother who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion, that might be, it mattered not; bearing away with him, the fragments of the shattered roof-tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachael at his death.

READING ALOUD.—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind.—Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. Indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, nohes, hesitation, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday school, gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read: one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; and another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

THE QUESTION.

The moon is white and full,
Like a lily overblown;
Come down into the garden,
And walk with me alone.

The garden-walks are dark,
And none are near to see;
They are too busy dancing,
To think of you and me!

I've something now to say
That I never said before;
It will not do to-morrow—
To-night, or nevermore!

Slip on your mask and come,
You need not fear the light,
For when your face is hidden,
It will be doubly bright!

She comes! I feel her near;
Be still, my beating heart!
What I shall say will part us,
Or we shall never part!

A "retired merchant" writes a communication to the N. Y. Express, discussing with coolness the causes of the financial troubles. He closes his letter by saying:—"Twelve years ago I retired on a snug country farm, and every year my fields look greener, and I feel younger as I grow older. This I would recommend to all, before the loss of property and a shattered constitution make it too late." This is a pleasent picture, and excellent advice, but, just at this time, comes a little "too late" for many people.

Women in their most exalted state, are not so difficult to win as they are sometimes imagined to be; it unfortunately happens that the best men think them the most so.

The only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors are the Assessors of taxes, for it is well known that they never 'under-rate' anybody in the slightest degree.

Health comes of itself; but