THE Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 9—NO. 21. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1857. WHOLE NO. 438.

GRÆFF'S
Boot & Shoe Store Removed.
New Fall and Winter Stock!

THE Undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has REMOVED his BOOT and SHOE STORE to the room lately occupied by [illegible] Cloth-ing Store, second Building East of the Court House, where he has opened a beautiful stock of

Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes,

for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. His assortment is very complete, and embraces all the latest styles, which he can sell out at low prices. The public will please call and examine. DANIEL GRÆFF.

N. B.—TRAVELERS, now is your time if you wish to see a large assortment of *Trunks, Valises*, and different kinds of *Bags*. Come one, come all!

Lebanon, Oct. 21, 1857.

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

LEVI KLINE, JR.
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 Rauch & 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, Moroccos, &c., Red Oak Sole Leather.
Feb. 25, 1857.—1y.

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.
AM prepared, at all times, to put up Brick Work, in all its branches, and on the shortest notice. Also, BRICK BUILDINGS, BOILERS, Oven-walls, Bushes, 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.

Ready-made Clothing!
SUCH AS OVERCOATS, Sack Coats, Frock Coats, Pants and Vests, all colors and all prices, just received and offered at such prices as have already induced many to purchase. We defy competition on Ready-made Clothing. For cheap Coats, Pants and Vests, call at HENRY & STINE'S STORE.
Lebanon, October 28, 1857.

Poetry.

THE OLD COUNTRY WIFE.

Wrapt in the golden woof
Of a her contentedlife,
Under the olden roof,
Sits the Old Country Wife,
Turning the pages of memory o'er,
Bright with the [illegible] and love songs of yore!
Thus from the morning balm
Till evening's purple calm,
Conning old memories o'er and o'er,
She cheerily sitteth,
And merrily knitteth,
In the calm light of the farm-house door!

She sings a defiance
With glad songs of yore,
To the sorrows of science,
The sad things of lore;—
Her hopes, her reliance,
Are not in their store,
In the search of neologies
She is not bent—
Her wisdom, her knowledge, is
Simple Content!
With her station content,
When content, she hath trod—
With her Bible contend,
And content with her God!
And conning old memories o'er and o'er,
Contentedly sitting,
And merrily knitting,
She basks in the light of the farm-house door!

Ah! little she knows
Of the world and its woes;
Of its follies of fashion,
Or the bleak storms of passion.
The phantom of Gain,
As he stalked through the land,
With his pomp and his pain,
She sought not to clasp;
So she felt not the grasp
Of rude Ruin's skeleton's hand.
But the quiet within,
Undisturbed by the din
Of madness and sin,
Makes glad the dim light of the farm-house door,
Where she cheerily sitteth,
And merrily knitteth,
Conning old memories o'er and o'er!

Thus calmly her life,
Free from sorrow and strife,
Hath spun out its quiet thread;
And thus hath she knit
In her simple wit,
Fond loves of the living and dead.
And though old age hath silvered
Her head, and bewildered
Her thoughts of the dim days of yore,
Yet, conning old memories o'er and o'er,
She cheerily sitteth,
And merrily knitteth,
In the calm light of the farm-house door!

Her loved ones of youth,
With their fondness and truth,
Have passed through that farm-house door,
On Death's drooping plume,
But their mem'ries perfume
The tranquil content of the farm-house door;
And their musical feet
On the golden street,
By faith, she can hear from the farm-house door!
And soon through that portal,
In raiment immortal,
Shall go the good wife of the farm-house door,
In pride—not in meekness,
In strength—not in weakness,
To join in God's love
With her dear ones above;
And we shall behold never more, as of yore,
The old Country Wife sitting,
And merrily knitting,
In the calm light of the farm-house door!

A Good Story.

THE BAG OF DOLLARS.

John Smith was very well to do in the world. He owned a couple of farms, with all the appurtenances, and a couple of sons well married, one of whom lived with his father, and the other on his father's farm. John's wife had been dead for a number of years, and he was getting gray, but he thought he could do as much in a day as ever he could. To be sure he could not leap over so high a fence or so broad a ditch; but for a long and steady drill, he did not perceive that he had lost any thing to speak of. His two sons however and their wives thought otherwise. [illegible] perceived that father failed. He was not so bright and vigorous as he was a year ago. It was too much for him to have the care of his farms—it wore upon him. He could not bear so much as he could once; so they ventured to inform him.

"Why," said John, "people are all the time growing older. I'm sure I am not so very old yet. There is neighbor Bates he is ten years older than I am, and don't see but that he is as smart and as shrewd as ever. I should like to see the man who could get round him in a trade of any kind."

"Ah, father," they replied, "it may seem so to you; but you must remember that you cannot see as well as you could once. Younger eyes can see very plainly that old Mr. Bates is very much broken. He pretends to charge of his farm; but his son would do a vast deal better than he, if he did but know it. He ought to have retired long ago from active labors, and set him down to rest awhile, and enjoy himself, before he goes hence."

The secret of the matter was, that the two sons, and their wives wanted to get their father to make over his property to them, and put them in actual possession at once; and therefore, they endeavored to get the idea into his mind, that he was growing infirm, that his cares and labors were too burdensome, and that he might not long have to live. This was no easy matter. They told him how much better it would be to shift off his burdens upon younger shoulders, and cease caring for them.

They told him how much cheaper and better it would be for him to settle his own estate himself. They promised him that he should live like a king and never want for any thing. He would not feel, then, that he was obliged to work every day, like a slave, as he had done; but he could sit in his gown and slippers, by the fire, on stormy days, and live his life over again.

John had heard something about keeping the staff in his own hands, in connection with losing a man's estate; and it would run in his head in spite of all he could do. But his scruples were all overcome at last, and he decided to [illegible] he thought he never would do—he gave away his estate to his children—to his eldest son Jon. Smith a double portion, for the consideration that he was to support his father handsomely as long as he lived.

The two sons were not satisfied—their wives were more than satisfied—they were in raptures—and the old gentleman thought the new leaf which he had turned over, not without some misgivings, look bright and fair. The first stormy day that came he kept the house and though his gown and slippers were not quite ready, yet his loving daughter-in-law was so chatty, and the little grand-children so fond of him, that he verily thought that the storms of life were all blown over, and his last days were going to be his best days, sure enough. He past the floor with elastic step, and even caught the odds and ends of sundry old songs which had been forgotten for many a year.

"Yes, yes," he mused, they were more than half right, when they said I could live my life over again. The pleasant things are already returning upon me. I began to fear that my memory partially impaired, but I find it is brightening up again. What a fine thing it is to be able to throw off all care—houses, lands, labor—everything, when one gets oldish, and a little weary! I shall advise neighbor Bates to follow my example."

Thus the happy man soliloquized. He told stories of his younger days, and even sung snatches of old songs for the amusements of the children which he had long ago given up for lost.

After the young folks had retired to rest, Mrs. Smith thus addressed her husband:

"Well, John, father has had a nice time of it to day. He has told stories, and sung and played with the children, as bright as a dollar. He has renewed his age."

"I'm glad to hear it, Lucy. Father's been a hard working man in his days, and he ought to have a little rest, now. I'm sure I have no objections."

"Why, no," replied Lucy, hesitatingly—"only one might get tired if the stormy days should come too often."

'Perhaps,' replied her husband thoughtfully—"perhaps you will not be troubled in this way.— You recollect what cousin Joe said the other day. There is more sunshine than clouds; more fair days than stormy ones in the world."

"I sincerely hope so," replied Lucy, quickly."

This wish did not seem to require any answer and they fell asleep.

Unfortunately the storm continued the following day, and the old gentleman kept in the house, of course. In fact he was beginning to like stormy days better than he used to. His admiration, however, began to abate towards night.

"Father, will you move your chair to the other side of the fire place?"

"Grand-pa, I don't want you to sit here you are right in my way."

"Won't you move away from this place, I want to come to this closet?"

"I wish I had somebody here to draw a pail of water, and bring me in some wood. It is too bad for a woman to go out in a storm, where there is a man in the house doing nothing."

At night there was another curtain tete-a-tete between the young man and his wife.

"Husband, how long do you think this storm will last?"

"Why do you ask that question my dear?"

"Because it is rather—rather—it is not quite so pleasant to have father in the house so much. He is very much in my way."

"It will be fair weather, by and by, Lucy, and we'll try to find something for him to do out of doors. We must make the best of it you know."

"The best of it!" replied Lucy; "I can't see as there is any best of it. To make his bed, cook his victuals, (the meat is getting low in the tub) and to run errands for him, and get nothing for it—that is what I'm sure I can't stand this always, John."

"You will not have too," he replied, and closed his eyes, and tried to go to sleep.

The reader will see that dark days for old John Smith are coming. Matters grew worse from day to day. John expected his father would do as much work as formerly—the house grew too hot for him within—his clothes became the worse for wear, and there was no one to mend them or to get new ones. He fancied that he heard Lucy thinking that "it would be a waste to get new clothes when perhaps the old ones would last him thro'. His food was stinted, and anything was good enough for the old man. John thought he read this in the actions and eyes of his children. He might have been mistaken. He was sure, of one thing: he did not like asking as they said he should. His presence was not wanted; his opinion was not taken for anything; he was like one overstaying his time. He sighed for his lost estate, but it was all in vain. What was done could not be undone, though the doing of it his own undoing. Half starved and half clad, and neglected by all, John Smith was weary of his life.

One day he took it into his head to call on his friend Bates, and lay the whole case before him; perhaps he might suggest some scheme by which his condition might be improved. His neighbor received him cordially, and invited him into his parlor, judging from his appearance that John Smith wanted to see him alone.

As soon as he was seated, he commenced thus. "My old friend Bates, I'm a fool;" and straightway burst into tears.

"Why, what has happened?"

"Just what I might have expected" he replied. "You would have told me better if I had consulted you; but I was overpersuaded. The long and short of the matter is, I'm a fool."

"But what have you been doing that makes you cry out so against yourself?" asked Bates.

"You know very well, without me telling you. I have signed my property to my boys, given up everything to them for their promise to support me comfortably while I live, and they don't do it; and what is worse, I can't help myself.— And now I am come to you, hoping, as you have always had the name of being a shrewd man, that you might possibly contrive some way to make my condition more tolerable; but if not, I must spend the remainder of my days in mourning my folly."

Mr. Bates pondered upon the subject awhile, and then replied:

"You can't get your property into your own hands again. You should not have parted with it so easily; but you seem to be fully aware of that. I will not reproach you for it."

"When things are done, and past recalling, 'tis folly then to fret and cry."

"But," continued he, brightening up, as if a new thought had struck him, "you live with your eldest son, John, do you?"

"Yes."

"And he does not do by you as he agreed?"

"No."

"Why not, then, go and try the other son?"

"Because John is bound to provide for me, in consideration of the double portion which I gave him. That was the agreement."

"Well, now, I'll tell you how its, neighbor," said Bates, "I've a little bit of stratagem in my head, (they say stratagems are allowed in war,) which, if it works well may secure to you better treatment. Will you try it?"

"I think," said John, "I may venture to try anything you may suggest. You'll recollect, though, that I am an old man, and they tell me that my faculties are impaired."

"Oh, never mind that John," he answered laughing; "you're not obliged to believe everything they tell you. You are a young man yet. Cheer up! There are many good days yet in store for you sir."

"I wish," sighed John, "I could think so; but what is your plan, Mr. Bates? let us hear it."

Bates walked to his desk, and opening it, took out a heavy bag, and returning to John, held it out to him for his acceptance.

"What's this?" exclaimed John. "What are you going to do?"

"Don't be scared now, I'm going to tell you.— This bag is full of dollars. There's a goodly number of them—no matter how many. Enough for your purpose, I dare say. Take it home with you, slily, and lock it up in your chest, and when a good opportunity offers—when Lucy is alone, and your son John is out at his work, bring it down and empty its contents on the table, and count it all over carefully, and tell her, if she makes any inquiries, that you have been thinking of spending a few months with your son Benjamin, and thought you might as well take the bag along with you. Will you try it, John?"

A ray of hope flashed across John's face as he exclaimed:

"Friend Bates, I'll try it, if you will trust me with the treasure."

Not many days elapsed before John found an opportunity to execute his stratagem. Lucy had done up the housework and sat down to her sewing. John appeared to be in a deep muse. Not a word had been spoken for a good half hour when he got up, and spreading out the leaf of the great table, he left the room.

In a few moments he returned, bringing the bag in his arms, and poured out its contents and began to count the shining dollars by piles of ten each. Lucy uttered a half suppressed ejaculation at the sight of so much money, but he took no notice of it, and continued his counting. She did not dream that her father had any money at all—and then such large piles!

She was overcome with astonishment and admiration; hardly dared to trust her eyes. She forgot her needle—everything but the dollars. But the old man kept on counting as if to be sure that not one of the pieces was missing.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, not being able any longer to surpress her curiosity, "where did you get all that money? and what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, as to that Lucy," said John, still counting, "I have been thinking of late that I was rather in your way, and that you was getting tired of the old man, and that I didn't know but it would be better for me to go and stay awhile with Benjamin and I was going to carry the bag with me, that's all."

"But you are not going to-day, certainly."

"Why, yes, I thought I might as well go now as at any time." And he began to tie up the bag.

"Oh, you must not go right off so suddenly.— John will think very strange of it. Do father wait till you have seen him before you leave us."

"I was afraid, Lucy," he replied, "that I was a burden to you, and I was afraid sometimes, that you wished I was——"

"Oh, don't talk so, father," said Lucy, interrupting him, "I'm sure that I don't know what should have put such a strange thought into your head."

"Well," said the old man wiping his eyes,—"we won't talk any more about that now," and so saying he took up the bag and returned to his room, and locked it up again in his chest. Lucy listened and heard the key turn in the lock, and sat down again to her sewing, saying to herself—

"What does this all mean? I never dreamed that there was so much money in the house."

I said that she sat down to her sewing but her needle did not perform its office; it hung in mid air, while she sat for some minutes "in a great muse," as Bunyan says.

Other thoughts were passing through the mind of John in his chamber. He was in raptures and could hardly help going right over to his friend Bates to tell him how beautiful his stratagem worked.

Late in the evening, son John returned home, and as they sat alone, he and his wife, by a comfortable fire, the children and the old gentleman (we will not call him the old man any longer), having retired, Mrs. Lucy began:

"Did you know husband, that father had a bag of dollars in his chest?"

"No Lucy, I am sure I did not, do you?" answered John somewhat startled.

"Yes I do, for he counted them upon the table to day. Such a sight of money I never saw before. They covered the table all over. And what is more, he says he is going to live with Benjamin, said he is going to take the money with him, what do you think of that?"

"Going to live with Benjamin! did he say so?"

"Yes, and the reason that he counted out his money was to see if any of it was gone."

"And how much was there of it, Lucy, do you know?"

"A sight! hundreds and hundreds! He piled up the dollars in little piles, and the table was covered all over."

"I can't believe it," said John.

"Its true though," she replied, and if he goes to Benjamin's we shall lose it."

"But why does he want to leave us, we are bound to support him."

"Because he has got it into his head that we don't want him here. And have as good as said we wished him dead."

"Wife, we have not treated him as a good father should be treated. We have been to blame."

"Well, I know it," said Lucy, quickly, "but I didn't know that he had any money."

"I thought he had given up everything to us."

After a brief silence John exclaimed:

"It will not do to let him go. We must acknowledge that we have done wrong and promise to do better."

Lucy made no objections to this, and thus the matter rested till the next morning.

Some extra pains was taken the next morning in preparing the breakfast, after which the whole matter was talked over, and all due apologies made; and father was persuaded to postpone, for the present his contemplated visit.

A happy change now came over John Smith's affairs. A new suit of clothes were provided forthwith. There was plenty of good food on his plate. He was allowed to sit in his great chair just where he pleased of a stormy day. The neighbors told him that he was growing young.

After a lapse of a few weeks he returned the wonder working bag to his old friend Bates, with many thanks for the loan of it.

As long as he lived he never had occasion to complain of his son, or his son's wife, or his children, for any lack of care or respect.

Immediately after his death which happened in a few years, John and Lucy made all decent haste to open the chest; when to their utter amazement, the bag of dollars had been transformed into a bag of old rusty nails; and appended to which was a slip of paper on which was written the following caution:

"To my two sons, and all whom it may concern—

"Be ye so unwise as to throw away your staff when you need it most!"

Mrs. Birch, the wife of one of the passengers returning from California in the Central America, relates the following incident: "Before I left the steamer my husband provided me with a life-preserver, which I put on. I went into my state-room for a cloak, followed by Mr. Birch. I saw my canary bird in its cage. It sang as merrily as it ever did. On the spur of the moment, I took the little thing from its prison and placed it in the bosom of my dress. My husband remonstrated with me, hurrying me to leave the vessel, and telling me not to waste time on so trifling an object. When I was lowered into the boat I thought the bird would have been killed by the rope, or else drowned by the waves which broke over us; but he escaped, and when I reached the Marine he was placed in a cage. The little fellow bears no marks of his late hardships, save that his feathers are disarranged from the effects of the bath."

Miscellaneous.

The Necromancer in Algiers.

Every one has seen or heard speak of the great Robert Houdin. Besides being the prince of conjurors, he is an able mathematician and mechanician, and his electric clock, made for the Hotel de Ville of his native town of Blois, obtained a medal at the Paris Exhibition. It is not generally known that he was sent to Algeria by the French Government on a mission connected with the black art—probably the first time that a conjurer has been called upon to exercise his profession in government employ. Some details of his expedition have just been published. Its object was to destroy the influence exercised among the Arab tribes by the marabouts—an influence often mischievously applied. By a few clumsy tricks and impostures these marabouts passed themselves off as sorcerors; no one, it was justly thought, was better able to eclipse their skill and discredit their science than the man of inexhaustible bottles.

One of the great pretentions of the marabout was to invulnerability. At the moment that a loaded musket fired at him, and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words, and the weapon did not go off. Houdin detected the trick, and showed that the touch hole was plugged.— The Arab wizard was furious, and abused his French rival. "You may revenge yourself," quietly replied Houdin, "take a pistol, load it yourself; here are bullets, put one in the barrel, but before doing so mark it with your knife."

The Arab did as he was told. "You are quite certain, now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is loaded and will go off. Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, notwithstanding that I authorize you!" "You are my enemy," coolly replied the Arab; "I will kill you." Without replying, Houdin stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word to fire. The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet the marabout had marked.— The spectators remained mute from stupefaction; the marabout bowed before his superior: "Allah is great!" he said, "I am vanquished." Instead of the bottle from which, in Europe, Robert Houdin, pours an endless stream of every description of wine and liquor, he called for an empty bowl, which he kept continually full of boiling coffee: but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they made sure that it came direct from the devil's own coffee pot. He then told them that it was in his power to deprive them of all strength, and to restore it to them at will, and he produced a small box, so light that a child could lift it with his finger; but it suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it, and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror at the great magician who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will.

They expressed this belief; Houdin confirmed them in it, and promised that, on a day appointed, he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came; the throng was prodigious; a fanatical marabout had agreed to give himself up to the sorcerer. They made him stand upon a table and covered him with a transparent gauze; then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the two ends, and the Arab disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The terror of the spectators was indescribable; they rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before some of the boldest thought of returning to look after the marabout.

They found him near the place where he had been evaporated; but he could tell them nothing, and was like a drunken man, ignorant of what had happened to him. Thenceforward Houdin was venerated, and the marabouts despised; the object of the French government was completely attained. The fashion of "testimonials" having, it appears, infected even the Arabs, a number of chiefs presented the French conjuror with a piece of Arab writing, wonderfully decorated, hyperbolical and eulogistic, and to which they were so attentive as to append a French translation. Besides this memorial of his Algerine trip, Houdin has a rosary which he one day borrowed from an Arab to perform a trick with, and which the owner, persuaded that Sheitan in person was before him, refused to receive back.—*Times' Paris Correspondent.*

CARACCIOLI.

Whoever among our readers has perused Cooper's celebrated novel of "Wing-and-Wing," will recollect the vivid description given therein of the execution of Prince Caraccioli, in the Bay of Naples. He was condemned to death by the hasty sentence of a court martial, for having served, though by compulsion, under the revolutionary government established at Naples by the French, and was, in pursuance of that sentence, hung by Lord Nelson's order, on board an English frigate in the Bay. After his execution, the body was carried out a considerable distance, and sunk with double-headed shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, tied to the legs. Between two and three weeks afterwards, when the King was on board the "Foudroyant," a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming on, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to as a tale of idle credulity. The day, however, being fair, Admiral Nelson, to please the King, stood out to sea: but the ship had not proceeded far, before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognized to be, indeed, the corpse, of Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great weight attached to the legs, kept the body in a position like a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the King, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore and receive Christian burial.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.—Recently, in St. John, N. B., on a dark night, a man walked off one of the wharves in that city, when the tide was out.— He groped his way along in the mud, but instead of taking a course which would extricate him from his unpleasant predicament he wandered up among the piles beneath the wharf, where, of course, he became more bewildered than ever. The rising tide made him conscious of his danger, and by shouts and noise he was enabled to attract the attention of persons passing in the vicinity, but too late for success. As the tide rose he climbed to the top of the piles, and through a small aperture in the wharf, sufficient for one of his arms, he was enabled to inform them of his situation. His position and feelings can be imagined, when the water was every moment rising around him, and he could not be extricated. He shook hands with friends; passed through the hole all the money and valuables he had about his person, and just as the water was closing over him, after giving some directions concerning his family, he bid his friends good bye, and the gurgling water beneath announced that all was over. His body was recovered when the tide receded.

A man is more properly [illegible] when he's a [illegible]

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.—Robert I. C. Church, of West Mills, Industry, Me., publishes the following in The Maine Farmer:

"While returning from the upper part of Moosehead Lake, where I had been log driving, and when in the vicinity of Mount Kinco, which lies on the western shore of the lake, I heard a cracking noise in the bushes before me. It was some moments before I ascertained that the noise was caused by a large moose which was browsing. I silently drew up my piece and fired at his nose, which I could just see through the bushes, but apparently without effect, as he made off at full speed. I pursued him about one hundred rods, when, in passing around an abrupt point of a ledge which hid him from my sight, I suddenly found myself confronted by a large bear which instantly sprang upon me, with his mouth wide open. I had not a moment for reflection—I had not time to use my piece I had it been loaded. As he came towards me I dropped my rifle and thrust my fist into his mouth, grappling with all the energy I could the roots of his tongue. In this manner we rolled and tumbled for some moments, he striving to get clear of me and I holding on for dear life. At last he drew up his hind legs and with tremendous force kicked me twenty feet from him, rending my pantaloons into shreds. He did not renew the attack, but made off, and I had no disposition to follow him. I have followed hunting in the Winter season for the last ten years, and am accustomed to all dangers incident to the business, but was not materially injured except my hand and arm, which were considerably lacerated."

CHEERFULNESS.—Among the wise things for which the name of the honest Benjamin Franklin is worthy of honor, we noticed the following a few days ago. It contains a deal of sound counsel: "I noticed a mechanic among a number of others, at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy and sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance." Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant flow of spirits. "No secret, Doctor," replied he; "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and, when I go home she meets me with a smile, and she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to be unkind to any-body." What influence, then, hath women over the heart of man to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerfulness and pure emotions.— Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing and go far towards making home happy and peaceful.

HOW A COLORED SPEAKER SHIRKED THE QUESTION.—In one of the small cities of Massachusetts the colored population held meetings, to discuss the propriety to celebrating the anniversary of West India Emancipation, Aug. 1. At one of these meetings a very conservative gentleman was exceedingly surprised to see some "fair sex" rising and taking part in the discussion. After two or three of the sisters had "freed thar mines" on matters under debate, he sprung up in a generally excited state, and addressed the audience: Feller Citizens! Ef I'd a sposed dat de ladies wood be p'mitted to take a part in dis yere discussion—(sensation)—ef I'd a node 'at de ladies could jine in this yere debate—(all eyes turned on the speaker)—ef I'd believed for one moment feller citizens, dat de female sect wood dar raise deir woice in dis yere meetin' I'd—feller citizens—('Wot! wood you've a did, ef you'd node it?' shouted two or three of the stout-minded sisters, as the whites of their eyes flashed on the speaker)—I'd—scratching his wool) *I'd a brung my wife along wid me.*" Here the discomfited orator dropped in his seat, completely exhausted.

"Isn't it time to be thinking about getting up?" said the wife as she rattled at the door.

"Yes, my dear I have been thinking about it an hour and a half.

Well, Peter, where have you been?
WHY, I have been at the STOVE STORE of JAMES N. ROGERS, and bought one of his superior COOKING STOVES, as he has just returned from the city and brought one of the largest assortments of
STOVES ever brought to Lebanon.
My neighbor got one from him, and it is the best Cooking Stove I ever saw. They can Bake, Roast, Cook and Wash at the same time, if they wish to, and it does everything to perfection; I was determined to get one of the same sort, and the best of all is he warrants every COOKING STOVE he sells to do as he represents.
A few more of the same sort left, with a general assortment of
Parlor, Hall, or Dining Room Stoves,
which will be sold cheap, with a full assortment of TIN and SHEET IRON WARE, generally connected with his business. All work entrusted to him will be done with neatness and dispatch.
Lebanon, Sept. 23, '57. JAMES N. ROGERS.

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.

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—April 16, '58. Manufacturer.

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 [illegible]
Also, SANDSTONE of the best [illegible] plain and ornamental. [illegible] STONE for all kinds [illegible] quantity, [illegible] stock before [illegible] and English, by [illegible]

[illegible] has just returned from the city with [illegible] new stock of Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Traveling bags. [illegible]

THE
LEBANON ADVERTISER
A Family Paper for Town and Country,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By WM. M. BRESLIN,
In the 2d Story of Rise's New Building, Cumberland St.,
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year,
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.
[illegible] POSTAGE.
In Lebanon County, postage free.
In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county, 3¼ cents per quarter, or 13 cents a year.
Out of this State, 6½ cts. per quarter, or 26 cts. a year.
If the postage is not paid in advance, rates are doubled.

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.

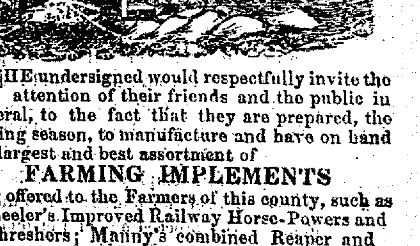
TWO INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity that they will at all times be found ready to accommodate them in anything which belongs to their business, which is PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPER-HANGING. They warrant all their work.
By strict attention to business they hope to secure a share of public patronage. Orders for work can be left at WALTZ & ROEDEL'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 EXPRESS!
THE Subscriber has made arrangements for running a DAILY EXPRESS, in connection with his Freight Line, on Philadelphia and Reading and Lebanon Valley Railroads, and is prepared to forward Packages, Money, Jewelry, and other valuables daily each way
Between Philadelphia, Reading, &c.
Each Express in charge of a Special Messenger by Passenger Trains. All orders promptly delivered, and goods forwarded with the greatest despatch, at reduced rates.
Mark all goods CARE OF P. ALBRIGHT'S FREIGHT LINE, or EXPRESS, as parties ordering may intend.
Offices 311 Race Street, Philadelphia; corner of Fourth and Penn streets, Reading; at Sinking Springs, Womelsdorf, Meyerstown, and at D. Græff's, Cumberland street, Lebanon.
P. ALBRIGHT.
N. B.—A Line of Six Boats, running between Philadelphia and Pottsville to carry Merchandise, and Freight generally.
Schweitzer & Co., 65 North Wharves, Philad'a.
Chestnut street Wharf, Reading.
July 29, 1857—tf.

HOFFMAN, IMMEL & CO.'S
LEBANON COUNTY
TRANSPORTATION LINE
BY UNION CANAL AND
Lebanon Valley Railroad.
THIS LINE consists of 22 first-class BOATS, running between Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all other points along the Union, Schuylkill, Tide-Water and Pennsylvania Canals.
FREIGHTS contracted for at the lowest possible rates, and delivered with dispatch.
The Proprietors will pay particular attention, and attend personally, to the receiving and delivery of Freights.
SHIPPERS and MERCHANTS can rely on having their GOODS delivered in good condition and with promptness and dispatch, at low rates.
One of the Firm will pay particular attention to Goods shipped by the Lebanon Valley Railroad. Goods will be sent daily to and from Philadelphia to Lebanon, Myerstown, Annville, Jonestown, and all other points in the county.
For information, apply at their Office in North Lebanon, or at the Lebanon Valley R. R. Depot.
EDWARD MARK, their Agent in Philadelphia, will always be found at W. H. BUSH'S Merchants' Hotel, North Third Street, Philad'a.
Lebanon, Aug. 12, '57—3m.
P. S.—WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS & SEEDS bought for CASH. H. I. & Co.

IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN!
Speed Increased and
RATES OF FREIGHT REDUCED
THE HOWARD EXPRESS CO.
HAVE made arrangements with the Lebanon Valley R. R. Co., to forward Goods, Packages, Moneys, &c., in charge of their own special Messenger from Philadelphia and Reading by Passenger Train.
Merchants wishing their goods forwarded punctually and with despatch, will consult their own interests by patronizing the Express Co.
Orders for Goods to be returned by Express will be delivered in Philad'a free of charge.
Persons having remittances of money to make to any part of the U. S. or Canadas, will find the Express the only safe mode of conveyance.
OFFICE—No 4 Eagle Building, Lebanon, Pa., and 248 Chestnut St., below 3d st., Philad'a.
JOHN ULRICH, Agent,
July 22, '57—tf. For Howard Express Co.

Farmers' & Mechanics'
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP



THE undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of their friends and the public in general, to the fact that they are prepared, the coming season, to manufacture and have on hand the largest and best assortment of
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
ever offered to the Farmers of this county, such as Wheeler's Improved Railway Horse-Powers and Threshers; Manny's combined Reaper and Mower, with Wood's latest improvements; Coleman's Farm Mill; Grain Drills and Fans; Gourley's Patent Harrow and Clod Cutter; Corn Ploughs and Planters; Portable Cider Mills, Clover Hullers, Corn Shellers, Fodder Straw and Hay Cutters, &c.
All of the above Machines are of the latest and best improvements, and are all warranted to give satisfaction. Also,
Castings of all kinds made to Order, [illegible] attention paid to [illegible] reasonable [illegible] and at short notice.
REPAIRING, [illegible] will to call [illegible]
FARMERS [illegible] purchasing [illegible] stock [illegible] will [illegible]
[illegible] MAJOR & BROTHER.
[illegible] Lebanon, Lebanon Co., Pa.
[illegible] 1857.

Dissolution of Partnership.
THE Co-Partnership existing between the undersigned BARBERS, in the borough of Lebanon, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 1st inst.
GEORGE W. DALY,
JOHN W. WILLIAMS.
The business will be continued at the old stand by the undersigned, who respectfully solicits a continued patronage of the establishment.
Lebanon, Oct. 14, 1857. GEORGE W. DALY.