JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
Neatly and Promptly Executed, at the
Advertiser Office, Lebanon, Pa.

This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will be increased as the patronage demands. It can now turn out PRINTING, of every description, in a neat and expeditious manner—and on very reasonable terms. Such as

Pamphlets, Checks,
Business Cards, Handbills,
Circulars, Labels,
Bill Headings, Blanks,
Programmes, Bills of Fare,
Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

The friends of the establishment, and the public generally are respectfully solicited to send in their orders.

☞ HANDBILLS Printed at an hours notice.

☞ DEEDS of all kinds, Common and Judgment BONDS, School, Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, printed correctly and neatly on the best paper, constantly kept for sale at this office, at prices "to suit the times."

*** Subscription price of the LEBANON ADVERTISER, One Dollar and a Half a Year.
Address, WM. M. BRESLIN, Lebanon, Pa.

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

THEN 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.

Of all diseases, the great, first cause
Springs from neglect of Nature's laws.

SUFFER NOT!
WHEN A
CURE IS GUARANTEED
IN ALL STAGES OF
SECRET DISEASES,

Self-abuse, Nervous Debility, Strictures, Gleets, Gravel, Diabetes, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula, Pains in the Bones and Ankles, diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Nose and Eyes, Ulcers upon the Body or Limbs, Cancers, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, and all Diseases arising from a Derangement of the Sexual Organs, such as Nervous Trembling, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, General Weakness, Dimness of Vision with peculiar spots appearing before the eyes, Loss of Sight, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Eruptions upon the Face, Pain in the Back and Head, Female Irregularities and all improper discharges from both sexes. It matters not from what cause the disease not originated, however long standing or obstinate the case, RECOVERY IS CERTAIN, and in a shorter time than a permanent cure can be effected by any other treatment, even after the disease has baffled the skill of eminent physicians and resisted all their means of cure. The medicines are pleasant without odor, causing no sickness and free from mercury or balsam. During twenty years of practice, I have rescued from the Jaws of Death many thousands, who, in the last stages of the above-mentioned diseases, had been given up to die by their physicians, which warrants me in promising to the afflicted, who may place themselves under my care, a perfect and most speedy cure. Secret Diseases are the greatest enemies to health, as they are the first cause of Consumption, Scrofula and many other diseases, and should be a terror to the human family. As a permanent cure is scarcely ever effected, a majority of the cases falling into the hands of incompetent persons, who not only fail to cure the diseases but ruin the constitution, filling the system with mercury, which, with the disease, hastens the sufferer into a rapid Consumption.

But should the disease and the treatment not cause death speedily and the victim marries, the disease is entailed upon the children, who are born with feeble constitutions, and the current of life corrupted by a virus which betrays itself in Scrofula, Tetter, Ulcers, Eruptions and other affections of the Skin, Eyes, Throat and Lungs, entailing upon them a brief existence of suffering and consigning them to an early grave.

SELF ABUSE is another formidable enemy to health, for nothing else in the dread catalogue of human diseases causes so destructive a drain upon the system, drawing its thousands of victims through a few years of suffering down to an untimely grave. It destroys the Nervous System, rapidly wastes away the energies of life, causes mental derangement, prevents the proper development of the system, disqualifies for marriage, society, business, and all earthly happiness, and leaves the sufferer wrecked in body or mind, predisposed to Consumption and a train of evils more to be dreaded than death itself. With the fullest confidence I assure the unfortunate victims of Self Abuse that a permanent and speedy cure can be effected, and with the abandonment of ruinous practices my patients can be restored to robust, vigorous health.

The afflicted are cautioned against the use of Patent Medicines, for there are so many ingenious snares in the columns of the public prints to catch and rob the unwary sufferers, that millions have their constitutions ruined by the vile compounds of quack doctors, or the equally poisonous nostrums vended as "Patent Medicines." I have carefully analyzed many of the so-called Patent Medicines, and find that nearly all of them contain Corrosive Sublimate, which is one of the strongest preparations of mercury and a deadly poison, which, instead of curing the disease, disables the system for life.

Three-fourths of the patent nostrums now in use are put up by unprincipled and ignorant persons who do not understand even the alphabet of the MATERIA MEDICA, and are equally as destitute of any knowledge of the human system, having one object only in view, and that to make money regardless of consequences.

Irregularities and all diseases of males and females treated on principles established by twenty years of practice, and sanctioned by thousands of the most remarkable cures. Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States or Canadas, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. Business correspondence strictly confidential. Address

J. SUMMERVILLE, M. D.
Office No. 1131 Filbert St., [Old No. 109,] below twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA.
July 8, 1857—March 18, 1857.

Important Discovery.
CONSUMPTION
AND ALL
Diseases of the Lungs and Throat
ARE POSITIVELY
CURABLE BY INHALATION!!!
which conveys the
Remedies to the cavities in the lungs through the air passages, and coming in direct contact with the disease, neutralizes the tubercular matter, allays the cough, causes a free and easy expectoration, heals the lungs, purifies the blood, imparts renewed vitality to the nervous system, giving that tone and energy so indispensable for the restoration of health. To be able to state confidently that Consumption is curably by Inhalation, is to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. It is as much under the control of medical treatment as any other formidable disease; ninety out of every hundred cases can be cured in the first stages, and fifty per cent. in the second; but in the third stage it is impossible to save more than five per cent., for the lungs are so cut up by the disease as to defy medical skill. Even, however, in the last stages, inhalation affords extraordinary relief to the suffering attending this fearful scourge, which annually destroys ninety-five thousand persons in the United States alone; and a correct calculation shows that of the present population of the earth, eighty millions are destined to fill the Consumptive's grave.

Truly, the quiver of death has no arrow so fatal as Consumption. In all ages it has been the great enemy of life, for it spares neither age nor sex, but sweeps off alike the brave, the beautiful, the graceful, and the gifted. By the help of that Supreme being, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, I am enabled to offer to the afflicted a permanent and specdy cure in Consumption. The first cause of tubercles is from Impure Blood, and the immediate effect, produced by their deposition in the lungs, is to prevent the free admission of air into the air cells, which causes a weakened vitality through the entire system. Then, surely, it is more rational to expect greater good from medicines entering the cavities of the lungs, than from those administered through the stomach; the patient will always find the lungs free and the breathing easy, after inhaling remedies. True, inhalation is a local remedy, nevertheless, it acts constitutionally, and with more power and certainty than remedies administered by the stomach. To prove the powerful and direct influence of this mode of administration, chloroform inhaled will destroy sensibility in a few minutes, paralyzing the entire nervous system, so that a limb may be amputated without the slightest pain; inhaling the ordinary burning gas will destroy life in a few hours.

The inhalation of ammonia will rouse the system when fainting or apparently dead. The order of many of the medicines is perceptible in the skin, a few moments after being inhaled, and may be immediately detected in the blood. A convincing proof of the constitutional effects of inhalation, is the fact that sickness is always produced by breathing foul air. Is not this positive evidence that proper remedies, carefully prepared and judiciously administered through the lungs, should produce the most happy results? During eighteen years' practice, many thousands, suffering from diseases of the lungs and throat, have been under my care, and I have effected many remarkable cures, even after the sufferers had been pronounced in the last stages, which fully satisfies me that Consumption is no longer a fatal disease.—My treatment of Consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of tubercles, &c., enables me to distinguish, readily, the various forms of disease that simulate consumption, and apply the proper remedies, rarely being mistaken even in a single case.—This familiarity, in connection with certain pathological and microscopic discoveries, enables me to relieve the lungs from the effects of contracted chests; to enlarge the chest, purify the blood, impart to it renewed vitality, giving energy and tone to the entire system.

Medicines, with full directions, sent to any part of the United States and Canadas, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. But the cure would be more certain if the patient should pay me a visit, which would give me an opportunity to examine the lungs and enable me to prescribe with much greater certainty; and then the cure could be effected without my seeing the patient again.

G. W. GRAHAM, M. D.,
Office, 1131 Filbert St., (old No., 109,) below 12th,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
July 8, 1857—March 18, 1857.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 9—NO. 26. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1857. WHOLE NO. 443.

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.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Clothing for the Million.

THE LARGEST, best assorted stock of Ready-made Clothing ever exhibited in Lebanon, was just opened at the *Head-Quarters for Good and Cheap Clothing!* in Cumberland street, opposite the Court House.

REIZENSTEIN & BROTHER take the lead in selling cheap; they can't be beat.

We invite our numerous Customers and the public in general, to call and examine our new stock of FALL and WINTER CLOTHING, consisting of all styles of Overcoats, Sack and Frock Coats, Raglans, Talmas, Cassimer and Business Coats, Boys' Coats, Pants and Vests, as well as a large stock of new styles of fancy cassimer pants, silk, velvet, plush and satin Vests; Underclothing, such as silk shirts, merino shirts and drawers, heavy cotton and wool drawers, German knit Jackets, wool and cotton hose, Mufflers, comforts, neckties, suspenders, gloves, shirts and collars, &c., &c., &c.

☞ Hats and Caps, Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags, all will be sold at the lowest figure.

Lebanon, Oct. 7, '57. REIZENSTEIN & BRO.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.
ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS!

WE most respectfully inform the Gentlemen of Lebanon and vicinity, that we have opened a *New Clothing Store*, in Cumberland street, next door to Henry & Stine's Store, where we intend to keep constantly on hand a most select assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing,

such as Frock Coats, Overcoats, Dress Coats, Casimere, Sattinett and Cassinett Pants, of all prices and descriptions, from $1.50 up to $5; Vests, cloth, plain and fancy Silk of all styles and designs, and a general assortment of

Furnishing Goods,

such as Neck-ties, Suspenders, Wool and Buckskin Gloves, white and flamed Shirts, Wool and Silk Undershirts, &c. Being in connexion with a large wholesale manufacturing establishment in the city, where our Goods are manufactured in the best manner, and buying our materials at the lowest cash prices, we are confident that we can please all who will favor us with their custom. All we ask, is a trial, as our motto is—*Quick Sales and Small Profits!*"

SCHWEITZER, HEILBRONNER & CO.
Lebanon, Oct. 14, '57—2m.

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.

WHILE 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—t. 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 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.

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 this 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 Medicines 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, *Secy.* [Oct. 7, '57—1y.

Splendid Gifts!

AT 439 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA!
The Original Gift Book Store!

G. G. EVANS would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed his Star Gift Book Store and Publishing House, to the splendid store in Brown's Iron Building, 439 Chestnut street, two doors below Fifth, where the purchaser of each book will receive one of the following gifts, valued at from 25 cents to $100, consisting of Gold Watches, Jewelry, &c.

	WORTH
550 Patent English Lever Gold Watches,	$100 00 each.
550 Patent Anchor do. do.	50 00 "
400 Ladies' Gold Watches, 18k. cases,	35 00 "
600 Silver Lever Watches, warranted,	15 00 "
500 Parlor Timepieces,	10 00 "
500 Cameo Sets, Ear Drops and Pins,	10 00 "
500 Ladies Gold Bracelets,	$5 00 to 12 00 "
500 Gents Vest Chains,	10 00 "
1,000 Gold Lockets, (large size dobible case)	3 00 "
2,000 Gold Lockets, (small size)	3 00 "
1,000 Gold Pencil Cases, with Gold Pens,	5 00 "
1,000 Extra Gold Pens, with cases and holders,	10 50 "
2,500 Gold Pencils, (Ladies)	2 50 "
2,500 Gold Pens, with Silver Pencils,	2 50 "
2,500 Ladies' Gold Pens, with cases,	1 50 "
6,500 Gold Rings, (Ladies')	1 00 "
2,000 Gent's Gold Rings,	2 75 "
2,500 Ladies Gold Breastpins,	2 50 "
3,500 Misses' Gold Breastpins,	1 50 "
3,000 Pocket Knives,	75 "
2,000 Sets Gent's Gold Bosom Studs,	3 00 "
2,000 do. do. Sleeve Buttons,	3 00 "
2,000 Pairs Ladies' Ear Drops,	2 50 "
8,000 Ladies' Pearl Card Cases,	5 00 "
15,000 Ladies' Cameo, Jet or Mosaic Pins,	5 00 "
2,500 Ladies' Cameo Shawl and Ribbon Pins,	3 50 "
5,000 Fetridge's Balm of a Thousand Flowers,	50 "

EVANS' new Catalogue contains all the most popular books of the day, and the newest publications, all of which will be sold as low as can be obtained at other stores. A complete catalogue of books sent free, by application thro' the mail, by addressing G. G. EVANS, 439 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Those desiring so to act can obtain full particulars by addressing as above.

N. B.—In consequence of the money crisis, and numerous failures, the subscriber has been enabled to purchase from assignees an immense stock of books, embracing every department of literature, at prices which will enable him to give $500 worth of the above gifts on every $1000 worth of books sold.

☞ An extra book, with a gift, will be sent to each person ordering *ten* books to be sent to one address, by Express.

☞ *Send for a Catalogue.* ☜

November 4, 1857.

Poetry.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

Bury me in the morning, mother;
Oh, let me have the light,
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night,
Alone, in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here,
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light,
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with the night.

You tell me of the Savior's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart;
But, oh, from this beautiful world, mother,
The soul is fain to stay—
For the grave is dark and deep, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light,
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with the night.

Never unclasp my hands, mother,
Till it falls away from thine—
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,
Till I feel the love divine;
The love divine—Oh! look, mother!
Is smiling down on me!
So bury me in the morning, mother,
When sunbeams flood the sky—
For death is the gate of light, mother,
And leads to light on high.

A Good Story.

A THIRD BOWL.

"Draw your chair close up. Put your feet on those skins. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak tree.

"Capital punch, that! John has a knack at the article that I have rarely seen equalled—never surpassed. He is a prince of a servant, that John, if he is black—let me see, it must be thirty years at least—it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarrelled with him, and he has never quarrelled with me. A rare history for master and man. I think it is because we love each other's weaknesses. Here he comes.

"John, another bowl of punch, if you please.—What, not another! Certainly, man, I must have it. This is only the second, and Philip, yonder, has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking nothing but that vile claret all the blessed evening?—Philip, you dog, I thought you knew my house-rules better than that. But you would always have your own way.

"One more bowl, John—but one. It shall be the last; and John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bottles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

"How the wind blows! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years and seven days over. My birth-day was a week ago to-day.

"An old batchelor! Yea, verily, one of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think because my heart beats slower, that my mind thinks more slowly, my feelings spring up less freely, my hopes are less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only weeks instead of years? I tell you, boy, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and once young, forever young, is the motto of an immortal soul: I know I am what men call old; I know my cheeks are wrinkled like ancient parchment, and my lips are thin, and my head gray, even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceases and the unearthly and eternal begins.

"I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that, has been one day—one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked my advance.

"Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bowl down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will see each other to our rooms to-night, John. Now go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"Phil., she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven—her brow, white, calm and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your slumbers move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some supernatural aid.

"The child of wealth, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the midst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus discovered America, and seemed likely to stand a century longer. They are standing yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild lament through their branches, that sounds mournfully above her grave.

"I must pause to recall the scenery of the old familiar spot. There was a stream of water that dashed down the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and which kept always full and fresh, an acre of pond, over which hung maples and willows, and other trees, while on the surface the white blossoms of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian sleepiness and languor.

"The old house was built of dark stone, and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except in one spot, just in front of the library windows, where it used to lie and sleep in the grass, as it loved the old place. And if sunshine loved it, why should not I.

"Gen. Lewis was one of the pleasant, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of existence. He loved his horses, his dogs, his place and his punch. He loved his nephew, Tom, wild, uncouth, rough cub as he was; but above horses, dogs, or house, or altogether, he loved his daughter, Sarah, and I loved her too.

"Yes, you may look at me as you will, Phil., I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the gods, I love her now as I loved her then, and as I shall love her again if I meet her where she has gone.

"Call it folly, call it boyish, call it old man's second childhood, I care not by what name you call it; it is enough that to-night the image of that young girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young, glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now again.

"Why did I say again? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray in the morning, she passes between me and God.—If I would read the prayers at evening twilight, she looks up at me from the page. If I would worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on me from some unfathomable distance, some unapproachable height, and I pray to her as she were my hope, my heaven, and my all.

"Sometimes in winter nights, I feel a coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are feeling about my heart, as if to grasp and still it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think my hour is at hand; and through the gloom, and through the mists and films that gather over vision, I see her afar off, still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I cry aloud on God to let me go and find her, and on her to come to me, and then thick darkness settles on me.

"The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do doctors know of the tremendous influences that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and warns me against wine and high living; as if I did not understand what it is, and why my vision at such times reaches so very far into the deep unknown.

"I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin.—Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal proportion with the daughter; for he had been brought up in the family, and had always been treated as a son. He was a good fellow if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her influence must have.

"I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I remember once when the horses behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had to let an oath or two escape his lips preparatory to putting on the whip. We were riding together down the avenue, and he raised the lash. At the moment he caught her eye. She was walking up from the lodge, where she had been to see a sick child.—She saw the raised whip, and her eye caught his. He did not strike. The horses escaped for that time. He drove them quietly through the gate, and three miles and back without a word of anger.

"Did I tell you I was her cousin also? On her mother's side. Not on the General's. We lived not far off, and I lived much of my time at his house. Tom and myself had been inseparable, and we did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

"Tom," said I, one morning, "why can't you be content with half the General's fortune, and let me have the other half?"

"Bah! Jerry," said he, "as if that would be any more even, when you want Sarah with it. In heaven's name, take half the money, if that's all you want."

"Can't we fix it so as to make an even division Tom? Take all the fortune, and let me have her, and I'll call it square."

"Just what I was going to propose to you. Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of the way.—You must see she doesn't care a poppy for you."

"I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she had given me that morning, and replied.

"Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no chance for you under the sun! But go ahead; find it out as you will. I'm sorry for you."

"A hundred such pleasant talks we used to have and she never gave either of us one particle more of encouragement than the other. She was like a sister to us both, and neither dared brake the spell of our perfect happiness by asking her to be more."

"And so time passed on."

"One Sunday afternoon we were off together on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were returning towards sunset, sauntering along the road, down the side of the hill."

"Phil, stir the fire a little. That bowl of punch is getting cold, it seems to me, and I am a little chilley myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me."

"I had made up my mind if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day, all that I had thought for years. I had determined to know, once for all if she would love me or no."

"If not, I would go I cared not where; the world was broad enough, and it should be to some place where I should never see her face again never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent beauty again I would go to Russia and offered myself to the Czar, or to Syria, and fight with Napoleon, or to Egypt and serve with the men of Murad Bay. All notions were military, I remember, and all my ideas were of war and death on the field."

"I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking splendidly. I had never seen her more so. Every attitude was grace, over look was life and spirit."

"Tom clung close to her. One would have thought he was watching the very opportunity I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces forward, and as I was catching my breath to say Sarah, he would rein up and fall back to his place, and I would make some flat remark that made me seem like a fool to myself, if not to her.

"What is the matter with you, Jerry," said she, at length.

"Jerry's in love," said Tom.

"I could have thrashed him on the spot."

"In love! Jerry in love!" and she turned her large brown eyes towards me.

"In vain I sought to fathom them, and arrive at some conclution, whether or no the subject interested her with special force.

"The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered out the old saw, Tom judges others by himself."

"Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he pleaded guilty by his awkward looks; and half-blushes, averted eyes, and forced laugh.

"By heaven! thought I, what would I not give for Tom's awkardnes now! The scoundrel is winning his way by it."

"Jerry, is Tom in love?"

"The *naivete* of the question, the correctness of it, the very simplicity of the thing was irresistible and I could not repress a smile that grew into a broad laugh.

"Tom joined in it, and we made the woods ring with our merriment."

"I say, Tom, isn't that your whip lying back yonder in the road?"

"Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist;" and he rode back for it.

"Jerry who does Tom love?" said she quickly, turning to me.

"You," said I, bluntly.

"Why, of course; but who is he in love with I mean?"

"It was a curious way to get at it. Could I be justified? It was not asked what I had intended but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all events, asking Tom's question for him, and it saved me the embarrassment of putting it as my own. I determined this instant.

"Sarah, could you love Tom well enough to marry him?"

"I! Jerry; what do you mean?"

"Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?"

"I don't know—can't tell—I never thought of such a thing. You don't think he has any such idea, do you,"

"That was my answer. It was enough as far as it went, but I was no better off than before.—She did not love Tom, or she would never have answered thus. But did she love me? Would not she receive the idea in just the same way?"

"I looked back. Tom was on the ground—had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart that was up in my throat, and spoke out.

"Sarah, will you marry me?"

"Philip, she turned her eyes again toward me—those large brown eyes, those holy eyes—and blessed me with there unutterably glorious gaze. To my dying hour, I shall not forget that gaze; to all eternity it will remain in my soul. She looked at me one look; and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise or love, I cannot tell you, that filled them and overflowed towards me from out their immeasurable depths; but Philip, it was the last light of those eyes I never saw—the last.

"Is there anything left in that bowl? Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly ended, and I will not keep you up much longer.

"We had not noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud had risen in the west and obscured the sun, and covered the sky; and even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunder storm

"As she looked at me, even as she fixed her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, fell on the top of a tree by the roadside, not fifty yards from us, and the crash of thunder shook the foundations of the hills.

"For a moment all was dazzling, burning, blazing light; then sight was gone and a momentary darkness settled on our eyes. The horses crouched to the ground in terror, and Sarah bowed her head as if in presence of God.

"All this was the work of an instant, and the next Tom's horse sprang by us on a furious gallop, dragging Tom by the stirrup. He had been in the act of mounting when the flash came, and his horse swerved and jumped so that his foot caught, and he dragged with his head on the ground.

"There was a point in the road about fifty yards where it divided in two. The one was the carriage track, which wound down the mountain by easy descents; the other was a foot-path, which was a short, precipitous cut to a point on the carriage road nearly a quarter of a mile below.

"Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse and went down the steep path. Looking back, I saw her following, her horse making tremendous speed. She kept the carriage road, following on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to intercept his horse below.

"My pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked up and caught sight of them through trees. I looked down and saw a gully before me full eighteen feet wide, and as many deep.

"A great horse was that black horse Cæsar, and he took the gully at a flying leap that landed us far over it, and a moment later, I was at a point where the roads again met, but only in time to see the other two horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abreast of the gray, and she reaching her hand out bravely, trying to grasp the flying rein, as her horse went leap for leap with him.

To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a race. It would serve to increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

"At the foot of the mountain the river ran broad and deep spanned by the bridge at the narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the road took a short turn up stream directly on the bank.

"On swept the gray and black horses, side by side, down the hillside, not fifty leaps along the level ground, and then came the turn.

"She was on the off-side. At the sharp turn she pressed ahead a half length, and reined her horse across the grey's shoulder, if possible, to turn him up toward the bridge.

"It was all over in an instant. The grey was the heavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded—gave way toward the fence, stumbled, and the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went over, all together into the deep, black stream.

"Still, the sound of that crash and plunge is in my ears. Still I can see them go headlong down the bank together, into the deep, black water.

"I never knew exactly what I did then. When I was conscious, I found myself swimming around in a circle, diving occasionally to find them, but in vain. The grey horse swam ashore and stood on the bank by my black, with distended nostrils and trembling limbs, shaking from head to foot with terror. The other black horse was floating down the surface of the stream, drowned. His mistress was no where to be seen, and Tom was gone also.

"I found her at last."

"Restore her? No! A glance at her face showed how vain all such hope was. Never was human face so angelic. She was already one of the saintly—one of the immortals—and the beauty and glory of her new life had left some faint likeness of itself on her dead form and face.

"Philip, I said I had never grown a day older since that time. You know not why. I have never ceased to think of her as on that day. I have never lost the blessing of those eyes as they looked on me in the forest on the mountain road. I have never left her, never grown away from her. If, in the resurrection, we are to resume the bodies most exactly fitted to represent our whole lives; if, as I have sometimes thought, we shall rise in the form and feature as I was that day, and no record will remain of an hour of my life after her burial.

"We buried her in the old vault close by the house, among the solemn oaks. Beautiful, angel-like, to the very last.

"My voice is broken. I can say no more, Philip. You have the story. That is the whole of it. God bless you, Phil, my boy. You have listened—patiently—to—my—talk.

"Good night, boy. Go to bed. I'll stay here in the old chair awhile. I don't—exactly—feel—like—sleeping—yet."

I left him sitting there; his head bowed on his breast, his eyes closed, his breathing short and heavy, as if with supressed grief. My own eyes were misty.

In the hall I found John, sitting bolt upright in a large chair.

"Why, John, I thought the Major sent you to bed long ago?"

"Yes sir; the major always sends me to bed at the third bowl, Sir, and I always don't go. He has been telling you the old story, now hasn't he, Mr. Philip?"

"What old story, John?"

"Why, about Miss Lewis, and Milter Tom, and the General?"

"Yes."

John laid his long black finger knowingly up the side of his nose, and looked at me.

"Why John—you don't mean to say—eh?"

"All punch, Sir."

What, Sarah, and the black horse, and—"

"All punch, Sir."

"John, my man, go in and take care of him.—He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that! Why didn't I think that a man was hardly to be believed after the second bowl, and perfectly incredible on the third. By Jove! he is a turnip at a story, though."

It would be difficult to describe all that I dreamed about that night.

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THE RED PETTICOAT AND THE WHITE.

I.

O, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
That courts the eye of day,
That loves to flare and be admired,
And blinks from far away—
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free:
But if its wearer's half as bold,
I'll pass and let her be—
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

II.

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways,
Where follies come and go:
It stirs the prom