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Address, Wm. M. BRADLEY, Lebanon, Pa.

Lebanon Advertiser.

A FAMILY PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY W. M. BRADLEY,
In the 2d Story of Rice's New Building, Cumberland St.,
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Advertisements at the usual rates.

RATES OF POSTAGE:
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In Pennsylvania, outside of Lebanon county, 94 cents per quarter, or 32 cents a year.
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Choice Poetry.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The words are false—that woman's heart
Is true—no more true;
And that her lips no words impart
Which any heart could do;
Let her who never did deceive,
The truth of words like those believe.

The words are false—that woman's love
Is always true;
And that her eyes no words impart
Which any heart could do;
Let her who never did deceive,
The truth of words like those believe.

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A Chilling Story.

THE BARBER OF NUREMBERG.

FROM THE FRENCH—A DREAM.

THE BARBER looked on the town-house of Nuremberg struck the heart of ten as the barber of the University, after having the chief of a dozen students, who were retreating in haste, when suddenly the door of the shop opened, and a man of short stature, but robust frame, stepped forward him. The appearance and language of the personage, whose the barber never remembered to have seen before in his shop, indicated a jovial fellow, and a man free from all care. His costume was rather singular. He wore a broad brimmed hat, an old-fashioned coat, and a pair of breeches, fastened with copper buckles. His hair, curling, and black as the raven's wing, fell upon his shoulders; his moustaches were long and thick, and his beard had for several days grown. He bowed in a free and familiar manner upon entering the shop, and unconsciously seated himself in the arm chair that received the barber's customers.

The barber gazed with astonishment upon the stranger, and could not recover from his surprise at such familiarity. The other, without noticing in the slightest, or if he saw a single hair on the passed, and repeated his hand over his heavy beard. At length he said:

"Can you shave me?"

"Sir," said the barber, with a much assurance as if he had not understood him.

"I ask you if you can shave me," replied the other, in a loud voice. "Have I come for anything else but that?" And again he commenced stroking his beard complacently.

The barber was a tall, spare man, furnished with legs somewhat resembling spindles; he might have been about fifty years of age, and courage, even in his youth, had never been the most brilliant trait in his character. Still, he had too much personal dignity to be patronized by the professor of the University, to allow himself to be defied with impunity by a stranger, in his own house. His anger was stronger than the sensation of fear he experienced, and he listened to the question of his insolent visitor with an assurance unusual to him.

"You ask me, sir, if I can shave you," said he, continuing to what a razor which he was holding in his hand when the stranger entered. "I do not see any obstacle why I should not, notwithstanding the late hour of the evening. I cannot, however, do so, unless you will consent to be shaved by the barber of Nuremberg, and to pay me the usual fee."

The barber placed his spectacles upon his long nose, and gazed upon the stranger with a malicious and ironical air. Finally he broke the silence:

"I say, sir, that I can shave everybody but—"

"But what?"

"But what?" replied the barber. "And when you will have your beard shaved, you must pay me the usual fee, and you must be shaved by the barber of Nuremberg, and you must pay me the usual fee."

The other was a woman, abashed by the rapidity of this movement. He looked with a mixture of surprise and rage upon the author of this audacious action; and it was only when feeling upon his face the cold and wet impress of the barber's hand, that he recalled to his present situation. He tried to rise, but was kept in his place by the vigorous and inflexible arm of the little man. He had no other resource than to turn his head from left to right to avoid the fatal blow; but his efforts were useless.

His forehead, his nose, his cheeks, and his ears were drenched with the soapy matter. When he attempted to cry out, his efforts were not made successful; the indefatigable little man filled his mouth with lather, and continued with more energy than ever. With one hand he held him by the throat; with the other, furnished with the brush, he pursued his operation, laughing heartily and enjoying with the most clamorous mirth the scene before his eyes.

cal senate. This declaration gave him some respite. He tremblingly arose. His first care was to remove the lather, which, attested to his humiliation, while the little man coolly seated himself in the chair, nearly bursting with laughter. The operation which he was to perform upon his adversary, thought in a very different manner from usual. He worked slowly, thus giving himself time to recover from the shock he had experienced. Finally, all being ready, he drew a napkin under the chin of his new customer, and was just commencing to cover his chin with lather, when he cried, "Stop!"

The barber lightened as a peacher taken on some fragment of advice, drew back somewhat, looking at the other with terror he could not disguise.

"Be careful; at least do not cut my throat!" said the stranger, with a loud voice.

"My business is to cut the beard, and not the throat," humbly replied the barber.

"Without doubt—without doubt, but I am not obliged to believe you upon your honor, so taken care, I tell you. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains, that is all." And putting his hands into one of the large pockets of his coat, he drew forth a pistol and laid it upon a chair near him. "Now commence," continued he, and recollect that if you scratch my chin in the slightest, or if you leave a single hair on your face, you shall pay the forfeit! I give you warning.

The sight of this terrible weapon increased the barber's terror. His hand trembled like a leaf; he began to prepare the soap, and did not look up until ten times longer than it had ever done before on any occasion. He dreaded to touch his razor to his chin; so he resolved to continue lathering indefinitely, rather than run the risk of receiving a blow in his head. This delay was of benefit to him; for it enabled him to gain more assurance; the stranger found nothing to say. On the contrary, his good humor seemed to revive beneath the aggressive touch of the brush, and beginning to smile softly, he blew the lather from his lips into the barber's face.

"Half an hour has passed, and he was still engaged in this preliminary operation, which seemed to please the little man; for, instead of complaining of its length, he continued to hum and whistle, to the great displeasure of our barber, who experienced some difficulty in lathering such a variable physiognomy. Nearly three quarters of an hour he had thus spent in rubbing the chin of this singular personage, without receiving any release from his labor; for the little man laughed in his face, and repeated the eternal "Lather away!" the very moment the barber seemed ready to relinquish the brush. Besides, he remembered his chastisement for his first resistance, and there, too, before his eyes lay the threatening pistol.

It is impossible to conceive the agony of the barber. He felt as confined in the magic circle of some enchanter, whose power he could not escape from. His strength was now nearly exhausted; he no longer had any will, and each movement of his body was in direct opposition to what he wished to do. If he stopped a moment, the never-ending "lather away!" resounded in his ears; if he wanted to take his razor, he was prevented by the cry; and if he refused to shave him, he ran the risk of being shaved himself.

"Lather away!" cried the stranger, with stentorian voice, thrusting his fingers in the curls of his thick black hair, and opening as he smiled, an enormous large mouth.

"I cannot any longer," at length said the barber, letting his hands fall with weariness and fatigue.

"You cannot any more, do you say, my old man? I will cure you of that. Come, take some drops of this wonderful liquor—the elixir of Metaphysics, the friend of Dr. Faust." As he said this, he drew from his pocket a bottle of red liquid, uncorked it, and before the barber knew what he was doing, he forced him to swallow half of it. "Now, lather away," continued he, "there is nothing like it!"

JUDICIAL DIGNITY IN LOUISIANA.

Speaking of Grand Jury findings in the New Orleans case, the following is said in the New Orleans Times: "The Grand Jury, in passing sentence on a criminal, and delivered himself as follows: 'Prisoner, stand up! Mr. Kettle, this Court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you; this Court has no doubt, Mr. Kettle, but that you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquor. The friends of this Court all know that of that nature this Court abhors; it is intemperance. When this Court was a young man, Mr. Kettle, it was considerably inclined to drink; and the friends of this Court know that this Court had not stopped short of this step, but that it had gone on to the next step, and that it had been discharged, brought a suit against his employer for a whole year's wages, alleging that he had been discharged without sufficient grounds.' 'Old Kettle' charged the Jury with a very high degree of indignation.

EFFECTS OF FORTUNE TELLING.

A person named John Hodgson was charged at the Halifax police court on Tuesday with having unlawfully pretended to use subtle magic, or witchcraft, to deprive an impostor on credit of his Majesty's subjects. From evidence adduced it appeared that the impostor, Elizabeth Bonny, a young woman about 20 years of age, and a companion named Ellen Ambler, went to the lodgings of the prisoner at a certain street in Halifax. He took them into a room and told them to sit down, saying he supposed they understood his terms. They replied they did not; on which he informed them what his charges were, and the young woman having consented to pay the sum of five pounds, he then took out a book of cards, which the girls by his direction cut five times. He told Bonny she would have two offers of marriage within the year, and Ambler that her cards were very bad, two young men being anxious to marry her, and one of them continually frustrating the other's matrimonial designs. To defeat this opposition the wizard directed her to read the chapter of Ruth when she got home, and to wish three times. The girls thus paid their money and left the fortune teller on the understanding they were to return in a fortnight. On their way home Ambler said she felt alarmed, and was afraid to read the first chapter of Ruth lest the devil should take her. Afterwards she appeared nervous and became generally worse until Thursday last, when she was seized with a violent attack and screamed in great fright constantly, and was almost unmanageable. On one occasion she could not be kept in bed, and left the house at night; she was a teacher in a Sabbath school at Halifax. The prisoner denied all recollection of a course material, and on the side was Ambler's evidence, and the fact that the girls by his direction cut five times. He told Bonny she would have two offers of marriage within the year, and Ambler that her cards were very bad, two young men being anxious to marry her, and one of them continually frustrating the other's matrimonial designs. To defeat this opposition the wizard directed her to read the chapter of Ruth when she got home, and to wish three times. The girls thus paid their money and left the fortune teller on the understanding they were to return in a fortnight. On their way home Ambler said she felt alarmed, and was afraid to read the first chapter of Ruth lest the devil should take her. Afterwards she appeared nervous and became generally worse until Thursday last, when she was seized with a violent attack and screamed in great fright constantly, and was almost unmanageable. On one occasion she could not be kept in bed, and left the house at night; she was a teacher in a Sabbath school at Halifax. The prisoner denied all recollection of a course material, and on the side was Ambler's evidence, and the fact that the girls by his direction cut five times.

TO MY CONSCIENCE.

Oh! could I cast away
His name, his form, the music of his voice—
The memory that is my heart's best choice;
Then would I be free!

Only this favor will I ask of thee?
Give me one little place within thy heart!
And there enshrined within thy memory
I find would live till life itself depart.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Alas, how narrow the cup that bears
The wine of love, and how soon it flows
And how it dries its scarcely shining
A thought from whence confusion flows.

Alas and hapless and in gloom
Over his neglect and his pain,
His heart and cold living tomb,
Where not a ray of glory shines.

A DREAM.

I dreamt thy head was on my shoulder leaning,
Thy hand in mine was gently pressed;
Thine eyes, so soft and full of meaning,
Were bent on me and I was blest.

No word was spoken, all was feeling—
The silent transport of the heart,
The tear that, or thy cheek was stealing,
Till I awoke and all was gone.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

Look thou over toward the light—
Shun the dark, the gloom, the night—
Walk thy way as thou knowest—
For thy way as thou knowest—
Speak no word will wound another—
And every man will be thy brother.

SPEAK LOVINGLY OF WOMAN.

Speak lovingly of woman;
In her do thou confide;
Her words are sweet perfume,
Her voice a melody divine;
Her smile is like the sun,
Her tears like diamonds rare;
Her heart is true and pure,
Her love is ever true and true.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Woman's love is a sweet perfume,
Her voice a melody divine;
Her smile is like the sun,
Her tears like diamonds rare;
Her heart is true and pure,
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