## Job Printing:

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
*Neatly and Promptly Executed, at the*
ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PENN'A

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.

☞ 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.


## REAL ESTATE.

### FOR RENT

8 ROOMS—4 on the second, and four on the third story—of which 2 rooms with GAS LIGHT can be let together, and a LARGE BASEMENT, with a small room and cellar, on Cumberland street, in the Borough of Lebanon, are offered for Rent. Apply to
Lebanon, January 26, 1859. JOHN C. REISNER.

### A fine Business Room.

FOR RENT

A fine business Room in S. J. Stine's new building, two doors east of the Buck Hotel, near the Court House. Inquire of S. J. STINE
Lebanon, Feb. 2, 1859.

### Store Room, &c., for Rent.

A LARGE STOREROOM, BASEMENT, and TWO Business or Office ROOMS on the second floor, in the new brick building lately erected by the subscriber, on Cumberland street, east of Walnut, are offered for Rent. The above will be rented separate or together, as may be desired.
Apply on the premises, to S. P. KENDALL,
Lebanon, March 9, 1859.

### House to Rent.

ONE of the new two-story brick houses on the Plank Road, near the Lebanon Valley Railroad. Apply immediately to
Lebanon Feb. 2, 1859. GEO. W. KLINE.

### Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale his new two-story brick DWELLING HOUSE, situated in Elizabeth street, Lebanon, Pa. The House is 17 by 28 feet, has 2 rooms on the first floor and 3 on the second. The other improvements are a good WASH-HOUSE, Bake-oven, Cistern and Garden. The Lot is 59½ by 66 feet. The above property is all new and in a good condition, and will be sold on easy terms. Possession will be given on the 1st day of April, 1859.—Apply to J. H. KEIM, Photographer.
Lebanon, Nov. 24, 1858.-tf.

### Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers at private sale all that certain farm or tract of land, situate partly in Pinegrove township, Schuylkill county, and partly in Bethel township, Lebanon county, bounded by lands of Eckert and Guilford, Benjamin Ayerigg, Daniel Doubert and others, containing one hundred and forty-eight acres and a quarter, with the appurtenances, consisting of a two story log dwelling-house, (weather boarded) a 1½ story log dwelling house, a new bank barn, other out-buildings, and a new water power saw mill. For terms, &c., which will be easy, Apply to
G. W. MATCHIN, Agent.
Pinegrove, April 20, 1859.-tf.

### FOR RENT.

A BRICK HOUSE, with SIX ROOMS and HALF A LOT OF GROUND, on Plank Road Street. Apply to JACOB RŒDEL.
Lebanon, May 25, 1859.

### Reigart's Wine and Liquor Store,

CORNER of *Market and Water streets*, Lebanon, Pa., in the room formerly occupied by Jacob Weidle, Esq., where he still continues to keep an assortment of the very best brands of WINES and LIQUORS that can be got. To those who are acquainted with his LIQUORS, it is not necessary for him to speak, as the Liquors will speak for themselves. To Hotel Keepers, and all others, he would state that it is merely necessary for them to call and examine his stock to satisfy themselves, as he warrants to render full satisfaction. EMANUEL REIGART.
N. B.—Remember at Weidle's Corner.
Lebanon, May 5, 1858.

### Lebanon Deposit Bank.

*Cumberland street, one door east of Reinhart's Hotel.*

WILL pay the following RATES of INTEREST on DEPOSITS.
For 1 year, and longer, 6 per cent. per annum:
For 6 months, and longer, 5 per cent. per annum;
For 3 months, and longer, 4 per cent. per annum;
requiring a short notice of withdrawal. Interest paid in full for the Deposits from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal. We will also afford a liberal line of accommodations to those who may favor us with Deposits, payable on demand. Will pay a premium on SPANISH and MEXICAN DOLLARS, and also on *old Mexican Dollars* and *Half Dollars*. Will make collections on and remit to all parts of the United States, the Canadas and Europe; Negotiate Loans, &c., &c., and do a general EXCHANGE and BANKING BUSINESS.
G. DAWSON COLEMAN, President.
GEO. GLEIM, Cashier.

The undersigned, MANAGERS, are individually liable to the extent of their Estates, for all Deposits and other obligations of the "LEBANON DEPOSIT BANK."
SIMON CAMERON, G. DAWSON COLEMAN,
GEORGE SMULLER, LEVI KLINE,
JAMES YOUNG, AUGUSTUS BOYD,
Lebanon, May 12, 1858. GEORGE GLEIM.

### Blinds, Blinds, Blinds!

ROBERT THOMPSON, Venetian Blind and Shade Manufacturer, No. 630 North 2nd street, 3 doors below Coates, west side VENETIAN BLINDS, of every description, made to order in a superior manner at lowest cash prices. OLD BLINDS repainted and repaired equal to new. [Jan. 19, 1859—6 m.

### Swatara Collegiate Institute

*Jonestown, Lebanon Co., Pa.*

THE Edifice being finished, the Summer Term will commence on *Monday, 4th of April*. Males and Females of the age of eight years and upwards, will be instructed by a competent board of teachers. Pupils from abroad will board with the Principal. For circulars containing particulars, address any one of the subscribers.
JOHN BRUNNER, Esq., Pres't of the Board.
HENRY J. MEILY, Secretary.
I. D. RUPP, Principal.
Jonestown, Feb. 16, 1859.

### GRAIN WANTED.

50,000 Bushels Wheat.
50,000 Do. Rye.
50,000 Do. Oats.
50,000 Do. Corn.

AT the Store House of the subscriber, on the Union Canal, below Walnut street, in the borough of N. Lebanon, for which the highest Market price will be paid in Cash.

As I have been many years in the business and have always been found to deal fairly and pleasantly with my customers, I trust that our dealings may also continue in the future. JOHN IMMEL.
N. Lebanon, Feb. 9, 1859.-6m.

### 1858 NEW STYLES. 1858

ADAM RISE, in Cumberland Street, between Market and the Court House, north side, has now on hand a splendid assortment of the New Style of HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, for 1858, to which the attention of the public is respectfully invited. Hats of all prices, from the cheapest to the most costly, always on hand. He has also just opened a splendid assortment of SUMMER HATS, embracing such as STRAW, PANAMA, PEDAL, PEARL, HORN, LEGHORN, SENATE, CUBIAN, and all others.

☞ He will also Wholesale all kinds of Hats, Caps, &c., to Country Merchants on advantageous terms.
Lebanon, April 21, 1858.

### Feed---Feed!

PERSONS in want of Feed for Cows or Pigs, can obtain it daily at the Lager Beer BREWERY of the subscriber, in North Lebanon township. Price, 10 cents a bushel. HENRY HARTMAN.
Lebanon, Feb. 2, 1859.

### Lebanon Mutual Insurance Company.

*Incorporated by the Legislature of Pa.*
CHARTER PERPETUAL!
*OFFICE AT JONESTOWN, LEBANON COUNTY.*
GUARANTEE CAPITAL $55,000!

THIS COMPANY is in full operation, and ready to make *Insurance* on all kinds of property, in *Town or Country*, and on as favorable terms as any well governed and safe company, either on the Mutual or joint stock principle.

*President*—JOHN BRUNNER, Esq.
*Vice President*—D. M. RANK.
*Treasurer*—GEO. F. MEILY.
*Secretary*—WM. A. BARRY.

DIRECTORS:

| | |
|---|---|
| JOHN BRUNNER, Esq. | GEO. ROSS, |
| GEO. F. MEILY, | D. M. KARMANY, |
| NAPOLEON DESH, | JEFF. SHIRK, |
| JOHN C. SELTZER, | S. K. TREICHLER, |
| DAVID M. RANK, | DAVID RANK, |
| DANIEL H. BEYER, | WM. A. BARRY. |

ANTHONY S. ELY, *Agent for Lebanon and vicinity*
Jonestown, Feb. 23, 1859.

### Cheap Groceries and Queensware.

SUGAR for 7, 8, 9, 10, &c. cents; Coffee, Tea, Chocolate &c.; Molasses from 10 cents, upwards, a variety of qualities, and everything else you want, you can buy cheap at RABER & BROS.

### TAKE NOTICE.

*The old stone worm is come to life again.*

JOHN PETER MOYER would respectfully inform the public that he continues the business of LIMESTONE SAWING AND DRESSING by horse power, in Chestnut Street, East Lebanon. He finishes the following articles out of the best and soundest limestone that can be procured in this neighborhood, viz:—DOOR SILLS and PLATFORMS, STEPS, WINDOW SILLS and HEADS, CELLAR DOOR CHEEKS, CURB-STONES, Shoe Scraper blocks, as well as any other article that can be manufactured of limestone. His Curb-stones are from four to five inches thick; and his prices in accordance with the quality.

He was the first person that introduced the lime-stone into this place, and is now prepared to finish off lime-stone so as to give it an appearance very little inferior to that of the handsomest Marble, in proof of which assertion he directs the public to the finished work at his establishment. He respectfully invites all those who intend erecting new buildings, to call at his establishment and convince themselves of the excellent finish of his work as also of the cheapness of his prices.
Lebanon, April 25, 1859.-1y.

Sardines, Ketchup, Pure Worcestershire Sauce and Pickels in quart bottles, all sold cheap by
OVES & MILLER.


# Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 11—NO. 2. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1859. WHOLE NO. 523.



WATCHES AND JEWELRY
ANOTHER NEW LOT OF
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
JUST RECEIVED BY
J. W. ACKER,
Cumberland St., next door to Dr. Lineaweaver's.

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

1,000 Reward! Look Out.

JAMES H. KELLEY, *Watch-Maker & Jeweler*, has just opened at the EAGLE BUILDINGS, in the town of Lebanon, a beautiful assortment of Gold Railroad Time-keepers in hunting cases; eight-day Watches, gold Duplex, gold Anchors, gold cylinder Watches, &c.—Silver railroad hunting Watches, duplex, anchors, cylinder, English patent Lever, English Swiss Quartiers, and Boys' Watches. Large Music Boxes, 4, 6, and 8 tunes; gold Fob, Vest and Neck Chains; gold Armlets, Brooches; gold Thimbles, Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Necklaces, shirt-Studs, Spectacles, Medallions, Miniature Cases, gold pen and pencil cases, gold Key Seals, &c. Silver Tea and Table Spoons, Soup Ladles, fob and neck Chains, Spectacles, Portmonaies, fine pocket and pen Knives, Violins, Violincelos, Bass Violins, Accordeons, Polkas, Brass Instruments, Drums, Fifes, Flutes, Clarinets, Guitars, Banjos, Tamborines, Ladies' Cabias, Colt's Rifles, Sharp's Rifles, Volcanic Rifle, shoots 25 shot in a minute; Colt's Allen's Volcanic and Damascus Pistols, eight-day and thirty-hour Clocks, &c., the whole comprising the most extensive assortment ever offered in Lebanon county, and will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

*** *Watches & Clocks carefully Repaired and Warranted.*

*** Mrs. Kelly has opened a Fancy Millinery Store in the same room with Mr. Kelly's Jewelry store, Eagle Buildings. [Lebanon, April 14, 1858.

OCEAN TELEGRAPH!
*CALL & SEE THE NEW STOCK*
—OF—
Dry-Goods, Grocery & Crockery,
—AT THE—
*FARMERS' STORE.*

LEONARD ZIMMERMAN informs his friends and the public that he has just received a new stock of
*Goods for the Winter Trade,*
which will be found as cheap as any stock of the kind in this town, consisting of all such GOODS as are usually kept in a first-class store.

Particular attention is given to Staple Goods for the country trade, not neglecting the fancy articles for LADIES' WEAR—such as Laces, Lawns, Edgings, Undersleeves, Handkerchiefs, &c.

GENTLEMEN are invited to examine his CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Casinets, Tweeds, Fancy and other Vestings, Velvets, Cords, &c.

In the GROCERY department may be found a splendid assortment of every need in the Family: Coffee, Sugar, Spices, Teas, Mackerel, &c. In CROCKERY the stock is well selected.
LEONARD ZIMMERMAN.

☞ The highest market price will be paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE. [Lebanon, Sept. 22, 1858.

American Watches.

JUST received a lot of fine AMERICAN WATCHES, at the Eagle Jewelry Store of JAMES H. KELLY.
Lebanon, Nov. 3, 1858.

DARKNESS DISPERSED!
*A GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF*
COAL OIL LAMPS.

WE are now prepared to furnish those, that wish to use this *safe, brilliant and Cheap Light*, with LAMPS, at a *reduction of 50 per cent*, on former prices. We are enabled to do this by having our Manufacturing facilities increased. *Every* family that studies their own interest will buy them; they are so well known that a description of their many virtues is unnecessary.

We will also, have a supply of the best COAL OIL on hand, so that no difficulty can arise from that source.

THE LAMPS ARE ALL WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

When you come to the City, call and see them, and you will not regret your visit. Wholesale Dealers will at once see the advantage of buying from the Manufacturing Depot. Send for a Price List, or we will forward samples by express.

Also, Manufacturers of the LATEST STYLE of
GAS-FIXTURES,
comprising Chandeliers, Pendents, Entry lights, Brackets and Portable Lights.
THE NON EXPLOSIVE GAS LAMP,
which is the best Lamp of the kind extant. LARD OIL and CAMPHENE LAMPS. Committees of Churches, Halls, and other Public Edifices, can select from a large and varied assortment, at a lower rate than elsewhere.

☞ All persons sending orders by mail, by distinctly writing for what they want, will have them attended to as advantageously as if they favored us with a personal visit. HORNING & HEIDRICK, Agents,
No 321 North Second Street, above Vine, Phila'd'a.
March 30, 1859.

NEW GOODS AT THE PEOPLES' STORE
Corner of Market & Chestnut Streets.
LOUSER & BROTHERS

Beg leave to inform their friends, and the public generally, that one of the firm has just returned from the City, where he has carefully selected a heavy and cheap supply of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,
HOLLOW-WARE, STOVES!

All are cordially invited to call and see us at our New Store, and examine the large and extensive Stock, which will at all times be shown with much pleasure, and which we sell at prices to suit the times.

Having purchased our goods for cash, they would respectfully solicit the continued favors of their old friends and the public.

P. S.—Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
Lebanon, March 24, 1859. LOUSER BROS.

W. G. WARD,
(Successor to J. M. Good,)
Bookseller and Stationer,
MARKET SQUARE, LEBANON.

WARD has always on hand the latest publications. Histories, Biographies, Sketches of Travels, the Poets of Europe and this country, Classic Literature of the German, English, French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and light reading matter, can be obtained at his store; also, Biblical histories of various authors, on Church and other subjects. The Preacher, Teacher, Doctor, Lawyer, Mechanic, everybody, can be accommodated at WARD'S BOOKSTORE.

School Books, Blank Books and Stationery of every description on hand, and sold at the lowest possible CASH PRICE.

Also, Piano, Flute, Violin, and Guitar Music, and Instructors. The great feature of WARD'S BOOKSTORE.

Is that you can get all the Monthly Magazines of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all the DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

Of every city and town of importance in the United States.

PAPER HANGING'S

Of every variety of patterns and prices; also *Window Shades*, a new article, and sold at a little advance on cost price. WARD'S

the place, in short, to go to for all you want in his line. *He* does not think it too much trouble to wait on his customers; he is obliging, and what is better than all, his customers will get what they want, and at prices that will suit them.

Country Storekeepers and Retailers can be supplied at WARD'S

and will save 25 per cent. by purchasing from him, instead of at Philadelphia or elsewhere.

☞ ORDERS for books, periodicals, &c., will receive prompt attention.

REMEMBER—Ward's Bookstore is the place. Anybody can direct you there on inquiry.
Lebanon, March 24, 1859.

Coal, Coal, Coal,

WE, the undersigned, would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon county, that we are now prepared o supply the community with COAL, either Wholesale or Retail, as we will keep all kinds of COAL on hand, such as
*Pea, Chestnut, Nut, Stove, Egg and Broken COAL, white, red and gray ash,*
which we are constantly receiving from some of the best Collieries in the Coal regions, and would here say that we will sell our Coal as low as they can be sold by any Person in the county, which we will sell at our Mill, or any part of the two boroughs. MYERS & SHOUR.
Genesse Mills, Lebanon, Feb. 3, 1858.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.
Selling cheaper than at any other Stove Store in Lebanon for CASH!

THE Subscriber is determined to sell Stoves at from 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than any other establishment in Lebanon. Call and see my stock, next door to the Lebanon Bank. I charge nothing for examining. Thankful for past favors he hopes to still receive a share of public patronage. JAMES N. ROGERS.
Lebanon, Nov. 24, 1858.

HENRY & STINE inform all Buyers and Consumers who wish to Get Rich Quick
THAT
THEY
MUST
BUY
THEIR
GOODS
OF
HENRY & STINE, who invite all Cash and Prompt Men, to Come and see Them.

HENRY & STINE
SELL ALL
KINDS OF
GROCERIES
CHEAP.


## Choice Poetry.

### THE ROSE-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A child sleeps under the rose-bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream wing flies;
To play with the angels of Paradise,
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She pressed her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest,
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair.
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes,
As the years glide by.

Naked and alone stands the rose-bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air;
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound,
And the years glide by.

### "FADING, STILL FADING,"

FADING, still fading! is traced on each flower,
And written with gold in the west,
When crimson-tinged clouds, at the sunset's sweet hour
Raise the heart to the land of the blest.

Faded and gone are the hopes of our youth,
That painted the future so fair;
And oh! how impressive these three words of truth—
Fading, still fading!—ah, yes, everywhere!

Fading, still fading!—wherever I turn,
Some beautiful thing is passing away;
For death claims the fairest to sleep in his urn,
Far down in the graveyard's cold clay.

## Miscellaneous.

### ADELAIDE FAIRFAX;

OR, ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Oh, mother! mother!" said Adelaide Fairfax, and such a wailing, woeful moan would have penetrated any heart but a heart of stone; but it made no impression upon the one it was intended to melt. "Adelaide, you disgust me, you make me ashamed of you," said the mother. "What more do you want? He is rich."

"Yes," said Adelaide; "but——"

"He is a favorite," interrupted her mother. "He is courted by the first families in the neighborhood. He could marry the richest girl in our circle——"

"Oh, if he only would!" Adelaide said—if he only would.

"Silence, girl!" exclaimed the mother. "There is neither shame nor spirit in your pretended aversion to one of the noblest men ever created.—"Oh, you may shudder! Neither your tears nor prayers will move me in the least. Do you think I am blind! Do you think I do not know the very secret reason why you so oppose my dearest wish? Do you think your stolen visits to the old house have not been traced? Shameless girl! It is my duty to see you well settled in life before you are quite lost to honor and decency."

"No, no, mother, you cannot say that," returned Adelaide; "or if you can, you shall not! I am your child. Up to this time, have I ever failed in duty to you? Have I not given you all the reverence, all the obedience, all the affection a child could bestow upon a parent? I tell you, mother, this is a case of life and death—for sin is death—death to the heart, that, reckless and tortured, leaps blindly into the chasm of crime."

'Have you done?' said her mother.

"Let me speak while the spell is on me,' replied Adelaide. 'You know I love William Becket; you knew it years ago. You encouraged it, you gave it your sanction, your used all your woman's arts to aid in its progress—and why? Then he was rolling in wealth, was courted, feted, petted as Grantly Thornby is now. His father speculated widely, failed, and in his ruin involved the ruin of his only son. Still you played your cards cautiously and well. You pitied him, you pitied me; you trusted matters were not so desperate, after all; but you took good care to remove me far away from his influence, thinking that in separating us personally you could separate our hearts. It was not possible—they had grown into one.—Parted they might be, but not divided in thought, act or deed."

'You romantic simpleton!' exclaimed her mother. 'Don't dare deliver any more of this ridiculous twaddle in my presence! Surely as the sun rises, so surely shall you be the wife of Grantly Thornby!"

"Then on your head be the sin, if sin should come! On your head be the storm, and strife, and darkness, which I see looming in the far distant! On your head, then, be the crime of a broken heart, a hopeless life! I warn you, mother! If I have not your hardness of heart, I have a portion of your determination; and never shall Grantly Thornby mould me to his detestable liking. I will be his wife because I cannot help myself; but the hand that blights my life shall not blight my love; so tell my husband that is to be.'

Pale and exhausted, Adelaide Fairfax sank down on the sofa, from which but a moment before she had risen in her indignant scorn.

Her mother, a coarse-looking woman, dressed in the extreme of vulgar, costly taste, and loaded with jewelry, sat opposite her, her eyes fairly blazing with wrath and scorn. To be defied by her own child, the child who, until that, had been all meekness, all obedience! A bombshell entering her apartment and exploding at her feet could not have started her more. However, she had gained one trumph—Adelaide had consented to become the wife of Grantly Thornby.—Wild as Adelaide had spoken, she had no fear of the future. She knew the innate purity of her daughter's heart, and even had she doubted that, the will and strength of Grantly Thornby were sufficient to protect his own and his wife's honor.

The mother had scarcely left the room by one door, when another was opened giving admittance to a second party. It was in the person of a singularly handsome man, tall, stalwart in frame, with eyes large, burning and penetrating. The face was in keeping with the form, the features regular and well-defined, the forehead broad and massive, the mouth—ah, there lay the reading of that strong man's nature—it seemed to say as plainly as words could have done, "my will is law." And so it was. Scarcely, in all his life, had he failed in accomplishing any object that seemed to erratic nature worthy of pursuit.—And should he fail now, when the prize to be obtained was only a simple, stubborn girl? Not he. It was not so much for the affection he bore her, yet even there he had conceived a passion which he found it impossible to subdue, but she had defied him, mocked him, laughed him to scorn.—His blood was on fire to revenge the insult. She should love him.

Only let him secure her to himself, only let her become his wife, away from the influence of her unfeeling mother, dependent upon him for society, affection, and all the little attentions women so yearn for and need, and he defied fate itself to thwart him in his triumph. And yet if he could only succeed in winning her now. A loveless and much loved wife, it was a galling chain to forge, yet he was desperate in his wooing. If ever man won woman to his love, he would yet win Adelaide Fairfax.—Thoughts such as these flickered through his brain as he stood there within the shadow of the door gazing upon the fair face of her he so desired to win.

Adelaide, lost in sorrowful thought, did not hear the opening of the door, nor was she aware of his presence until a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder. She looked up bewildered, and for a moment a shriek was nearly bursting from her lips; but she was a brave girl, and returned his gaze with one almost as vivid and burning, until he found voice to speak. Strangely agitated was that strong, determined, fearless man of the world. He sat down by her side, taking her resistless hand in his own.

'You have consented?' he at length asked. 'You will be my wife?'

'Consented—yes! Be your wife! yes! Hard and cold indeed was the voice which uttered these few sententious words.

'And you will try to love me?' he asked.

'I cannot—oh, I cannot," she replied; "you know it is impossible. Oh, why do you insist upon this dreadful union? What can I ever be to you, I who love another?' He bit his lips, but he did not interrupt her. 'Could any power bind my thoughts? Would they not follow him forever in his lonely pilgrimage? Think what it would be to live year after year, for death does not come at one's bidding, the companion of one whose heart, soul and existence was wrapped in that of another!'

'Stay, stay, Adelaide,' he cried, grasping both her hand. 'Have mercy, if not on me, at least on yourself. Think what you are doing. You are scorning a love which, though mine, is pure as ever woman won—a love I never knew I possessed until your beauty first dazzled my senses. I have been a reckless man—well, perhaps a bad man—but you can mould me to your will; you can form a nature which is not all depraved, into something worthy of your woman's hand.'

'And yet I cannot love you!' she replied.

'There is no personal sacrifice I would not make for your sake,' said he. 'There is no deed of daring I would not accomplish, if such deed would give you a moment's happiness. I would toil night and day for your comfort with the eye of a fond husband and a jealous lover. I would love you as never before was woman loved; I would cherish you as never before was woman cherished. Oh, Adelaide, think what it is to cast away such a strength of affection as I offer you!'

Grantly Thornby's face was of an ashly paleness; great drops of agony stood upon his brow, and his lips trembled with the intensity of his motion.

'Is there no hope?' he asked at length, finding Adelaide disinclined to continue the conversation.

'None, alas, none!' she replied.

'Will nothing move you, no kindness, no gentleness, no consideration for those you love best?'

'Nothing,' she replied; 'do not hope for it.'

'Nor affection, fresh as the bloom of a summer rose, for it never existed till you called it into life?'

'Nothing, nothing,' she persisted. 'Oh, do not prolong this miserable contest of words. It is useless, it wrings my heart and yours; oh, pray let it cease!'

Thornby passed his hand over his brow once or twice, as if trying to control some wild thought. "Enough, enough," said he. "No kindness will win, no devotion move you. You will be my wife, no earthly power can prevent that. You will hear no more of a love which has been met with scorn. If you think it degrading to be loved by me, I cannot help it—I would not help it if I could. I have told you I never loved woman before; my life has been too busy, my thoughts too much absorbed in the pursuit of happiness; but it is past; be at ease, for it is the last time I ever intrude my unwelcome, my mad passion of love upon your notice."

He wrung her hand, and would have left the room, but Adeliade detained him. "You say truly," said she; "no earthly power can prevent my being your wife. I know my duty. You will trust to my honor, you will feel that however my mind may be filled with another's image, my life will be pure and sacred to you as if the union of our hands had been as well a union of our hearts. You will remember this?"

He pressed her hands and turned quickly away. Adelide caught one glance of his face as he left the room, and saw what she never thought to have seen—the glittering tears in his eyes not used to melting softness. Her heart pained her for having caused even a moment's suffering. "How mortified he must have been," she thought, "to have been so decidedly rejected." But how could she help it? She had looked for no such tender, passionate appeal to her feelings; hitherto his wooings had been in bitter, burning words, words speaking more of a desire to triumph over her will than her affection. She was beginning to pity him, and pity leads onward to love. Had he been no suitor for her hand she would long ago have admired him. His indomitable power of character, his rock-like determination, his strong, unconquerable will were merits which under other circumstances could not have failed in striking her woman's eye.

Women like strength in man far more than beauty; it appeals to their dependence; and no greater contrast could be possibly made than existed between the person of Grantly Thornby and William Becket. The first, muscular in person, some would say almost to roughness; but that could never be. Mr. Thornby was a gentleman, and what would have seemed heavy and unwieldy in some, sat upon him with a grace which only a well-bred man of the world could acquire. The other, effeminate to the last degree; pretty, soft, womanly features; soft, white, lady hand, soft, tender blue eyes, light hair, lying in little rings around a forehead which looked as if the sun had never shone upon it, a delicate, slender frame, tapering off with a foot that Cinderella might have envied, and you have the picture of William Becket. Adelaide was thinking of it now, and contrasting it with the sturdy form, the bold features, the piercing eyes of Grantly Thornby. She was thinking too, she wished William had a little more manliness about him, at least enough to make some exertion for a livelihood. She looked very pretty sitting upon the sofa in deep thought, her fair hair falling in waves over her shoulders, her dimpled chin resting in her small white palm, her eyes full of gentle, tender light, awakened there by her woman's pity for an unloved man. Sweet Adelaide! her thoughts were taking a strangely foreign shape when the entrance of her mother aroused all the antagonism of her nature, and sent her pleasant images flying to the four winds of heaven.

"Well!" said that amiable lady looking steadily at Adelaide.

"You have succeeded," said Adelaide; "I have given my word, and now let me have peace. I've no more to do with it. Make whatever arrangements you please, let the sacrifice be complete, only give me peace."

The mother turned to reply but Adelaide had left the room.

It was now in the middle of July, and it was settled that they were to be married in the coming October, that golden month of the year. Adelaide experienced no regret, nor in fact seemed to take the smallest interest in the progress of affairs. Mr. Thornby was canstant in his visits, but no common acquaintance could have been more reserved or respectful. No word of love ever passed his lips, no pressure of his hand denoted his claim upon that little property, yet even Adelaide could not help noting that his face, in growing graver was also growing paler; still her nature revolted against the enormity of forcing her into a marriage repugnant to her feelings. Had he been in love with any one else no hand would have been outstretched in sympathy and condolence. As it was, she pitied him and really began to exert herself to banish something of the gloom which surrounded his life. "It wasn't his fault," she would think, "after all; he couldn't help it, poor fellow, and as I am to be his wife, I may as well try to be agreeable."

From that day the scene changed at the dwelling of Mrs. Fairfax. It was an old, rambling country mansion in which they resided and Mr. Thornby's estate joined theirs. Flowers grew all about in the greatest profusion and there was a large sheet of water just upon the verge of the wood where the lazy water lillies lay with their white leaves all the long summer. To this spot Adelaide and Mr. Thornby made a daily pilgrimage.—Adelaide was astonished that she had never before discovered what an amiable companion her betrothed was; she rather liked leaning upon his arm and looking up into his brilliant eyes while he explained to her some of the wonders spread before them. He spoke too of travels made in foreign lands; of famous cities and monuments of the past; of the wonders of architecture, of art, of painting and statues, which she only knew from prints; but which he had seen themselves, and which in his descriptions rose in her imagination higher than the power of the graver's art could make them. He pictured to her Venice with its silent streets and funeral-like gondolas, its glorious palaces and churches, its Bridge of Sighs, is secret crimes and jealousies. He spoke too of Rome and what it was, of its walls and ruins, of its monuments, and churches; of Milan and of Florence, of the golden Arno and orange groves, of the treasures of literature and art within the walls of the Pitti Palace.

It amused Adelaide to hear of scenes which she never expected to see, though the thought once did occur to her that perhaps when she was his wife he would take her to a foreign land, and give her an opportunity of witnessing what he had been so graphically describing. Now that he had ceased to torment her with his love, she began to think a life with such a companion would not be so very disagreeable after all.

Adelaide was sensible enough when the romance which she had gathered from books was not too powerful for her. She began to compare the glowing, fascinating descriptions which he knew so well how to relate, with the silly, whining sentimentality of her former lover, and for that matter lover still, for she would have flushed with indignation had any one suggested the idea of her having turned truant to her first love. She never dreamed of such an atrocity. She liked Mr. Thornby because he was so kind to her, so careful over her, so considerate for her comfort, but never could her heart wander from allegiance to its first love. And she was sincere in this belief. She went, indeed, so far that once when she met William Becket, she told him that had he been a man of mind sufficient to bear up under the misfortunes which oppressed him, had he risen up under adversity and carved his way in the world as other men had done, she would have left all, in defiance of restraint, and shared his fortune whether for good or bad. But it would be rushing in the face of Providence to saddle a man with a wife and the responsibilities of a family when he had not sufficient energy to support himself; to all of which he only whined like a child, and accused her of turning against him because he was poor. No, it was not that, he knew it was not that, but she had grown wiser and more thoughtful, and saw more clearly what was right and what wrong, and she was sure it was wrong to waste life as he was wasting it.

October was fast approaching. The orchards were golden with their luscious fruit; the forest trees were all tinted with autumn brown, while over all was that dreamy, hazy, delicious air which seems redolent with generality of the season. You would scarcely have known Adelaide again, so wondrously has she changed. The gladness of her heart seemed to have come out upon her face, making it radiant with beauty and bloom. No longer did she sit passively looking on upon the progressing of bridal appointments. Her betrothed was large-hearted as he was large-brained. He insisted upon furnishing the trousseau and made a trip to town for that purpose. Be sure there was nothing forgotten that could please the eye or gratify the taste. How long to Adelaide seemed the days of his absence! She would not have believed she could have missed him so much. Did she love him? No, never; yet she was happy to have him love her. To be sure, he had not spoken upon the subject since the fatal morning on which she was so incensed with the persecution of her mother. She almost wished he would, that she might take back some of those cruel words, and tell him how much she liked him, and how different she found him to what people described him. She was sorry she could not love him as a wife should love a husband, and perhaps the time would come when her mind would change. At present she must be true to William, from whom she was parted forever, and whose woe-begone face would haunt her while she lived.—Yet spite of these sentimental thoughts she was quite angry with herself that she could not feel more real sympathy for her broken-hearted lover.

At length Mr. Thornby arrived, Adelaide meeting him at the cross roads, where she knew he would take a short cut across the farm. One single grain of encouragement from him and she would have flung herself into his arms; but he merely took her hand, placed it under his arm, and proceeded leisurely to the house.—Adelaide was chilled by his singular coolness; she was prepared to give him so kind a reception, and had even taken the pains to walk a half a mile for the pleasure of seeing him a few moments sooner. It was not kind of him, to say the least. Then came over with a great crash the thoughts 'suppose he does not love me." Such a possibility had never before occurred to her. What, after all those protestations, to overcome it last! The blood seemed to stagnate in her veins; she could not move if her life depended upon it. Mr. Thornby felt the sudden trembling of her hand and paused to learn the cause. Adelaide was pale and trembling, but it was only for a moment; she laughingly assured him it was customary with her, the result of fatigue.

The bridal array had arrived before them, and was already spread out upon sofas, chairs and tables. It was a splendid Trousseau. Robes of such beautiful fabric, that it seemed dangerous to touch them, lay in juxtaposition with laces which an empress might envy. Jewels gleamed from their crimson cases like stars, while lying upon the bridal veil, itself not more pure, was a carcanet of pearls of the rarest quality. Ah, Mr. Thornby had shown his taste as well as his liberality! After allowing Mrs. Fairfax due time to admire them, he explained to her that he wished for a moment to speak apart with Adelaide.

"My poor girl," said he, when they were alone, "did you think I was monster enough to drag you to the altar, and force you to take upon your pure lips an unholy vow?"

Adelaide looked up into his face bewildered, but she did not reply.

"I confess," he continued, "there was a time when my mad passion and your obstinacy almost turned my brain, when my heart grew dark, and I felt capable of almost any wickedness to secure to myself my priceless treasure—my peerless Adelaide.—That time has passed. I have seen you trying hard to conquer that feeling against me, trying to like me and amuse me, and make some amends for what you knew I must be suffering. I determined you should have your reward. It was hard to give you up, for as I told you then, I loved you as never before man loved woman; but your sweetness and patience have triumphed. There is your bridal paraphernalia, here the deed of an estate settled upon yourself and children, and now I resign you to your younger and earlier lover, and may he make you as happy as I would have tried to do."

"Resign—not your wife—marry William Becket! Oh, you cannot mean it, you would not be so cruel!" exclaimed Adelaide, who had sprung up impatient of all restraint, and thrown herself at his feet.

The eyes of Mr. Thornby burned with a triumphant fire, but merely clasped her two hands, looking down into her frightened face.

"If you could have loved me," said he, "if it had been my fate to have met you when you were free and heart-whole, the world could not have contained another so happy as myself. But it is my fate to live alone, unloved, uncared-for, and unblest, while you——"

"I will not leave you!" she cried, "you shall not cast me off. I do love you, I never knew how much until now; I am not ashamed to own it, I am proud of it. I am ashamed of that childish folly which passed for love. As you love me, so I love you, with all the strength, power and force of my being. I will be your wife and so being will devote the rest of my life to your happiness."

Mr. Thornby waited to hear no more, but taking her in his arms, folded her to his breast, which was ever after to be her home. Another week and they were married, and Adelaide says it may be that men have second loves, but she is very sure women never love but once.—So much for her romance.

### THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.

A recent traveler to the Holy Land informs us that there is at the side of the principal gate of Jerusalem a small one, which, upon occasions of great urgency, was opened for the admission of persons after the great gates of the city were all closed for the night. This gate, from its small size, was called the Eye of the Needle; and to get a *camel* through it at all was no small task—for a *loaded* camel to pass was an utter impossibility.—With the above fact before the mind, one can see that the words of our Saviour, when speaking of the "strait gate" and the "rich man," were more literal than many suppose. And we see how as the rich man passes into the narrow way, the sides and the low top of the straight gate scrape everything from him in which he had before trusted. No one can take *anything* but himself through. Far easier is it to strip a camel of its burden than to divest a rich man of his trust in riches.

☞ A letter from Cairo says:—"The general subject of conversation in this city is a discovery which has just been made by the well known archæologist, M. Marriette. He has found at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb still intact of Pharaoh Amosis. The king is lying in a coffin, completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the king,