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. BERSHIN, Lebanon, Pa.

REAL ESTATE.

A fine Business Room

FOR RENT

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

Lebanon, Nov. 30, 1859.

For Rent.

A DWELLING HOUSE with two Rooms on the first floor, and three on second, with yard, garden, &c., for rent. Apply to L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

Lebanon, May 9, 1860.

For Rent.

A BUSINESS ROOM, room for the residence of a family, two cellars, &c., for rent.—Possession given immediately. Apply in Cumberland street near the Black Horse Hotel, to SOLOMON M'CAULLY.

Lebanon, April 25, 1860.

FOR RENT.

A FINE BUSINESS ROOM, suitable for a hardware or clothing Store or any other kind of business, near the corner of Cumberland and Plank Road streets, lately occupied by R. E. Rundore's Cabinet Ware, is offered for rent by the undersigned.

Possession of the above given at any time. Apply to JOHN B. RAUCH.

Lebanon, July 20, 1860.

Private Sale.

A NEARLY NEW TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with Summer-kitchen is offered at a low price at private sale. The property is in a good neighborhood, in the eastern part of this borough, has a never-failing well of wholesome water, with pump, different kinds of Fruit Trees, and other improvements on the premises. For other information and particulars apply at the ADVERTISER Office. Lebanon, May 30, 1860.—tf.

Brick Dwelling House FOR RENT.

THE undersigned offers for rent his two-story brick House, situate in Mulberry street, corner of Jail Alley.

ALSO,

A Bakehouse and Oven, corner of Cumberland and Spring streets.

JACOB FUNCK.

Lebanon, May 2, 1860.

For Sale or Rent.

2 NEW BRICK HOUSES and ONE FRAME. A Double TWO STORY BRICK HOUSE on the corner of Centre and Chesnut Streets, not quite finished, and a SINGLE TWO STORY BRICK, on Chesnut Street now occupied by John Krick, and a frame 1½ Story in North Lebanon, near John Arnold, are offered at Private Sale, and will be sold Cheap and upon easy terms. Possession given of the two brick in August next, by SIMON J. STINE.

Lebanon, June 20, 1860.

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 Boubert 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, 1860.—tf.

Out-Lots at Private Sale!

WILL be sold at Private Sale,

8 ACRES OF LAND,

situated in Long lane, near the borough line, in Cornwall township. It adjoins the land of Widow Palmer, on the North, Wm. Atkins and John Krause on the East. There is a one story LOG HOUSE, weather-boarded, erected on the land, and a good WELL in the yard. The land has fine stones for quarries. This tract will make a nice home for a small family.

☞ It is free from Ground Rent. Good title will be given. ADAM RITCHER.

N. B.—This tract is now covered with fine grass, half of which will be given to the purchaser.

Lebanon, June 13, 1860.

VALUABLE BOROUGH PROPERTY AT

PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscribers offers at Private Sale, the following Real Estate, situate on Mulberry street, in the Borough of Lebanon, viz:

A PART LOT OR PIECE OF GROUND, fronting 25 feet 8 inches on said Mulberry street, and running back to an alley, on which is erected a new

BRICK HOUSE,

21 by 48 feet including a two-story back building, with necessary out-buildings. The house is finished in the best style and the location is a very pleasant one. It will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to

Lebanon Aug. 18, 1859. D. S. HAMMOND.

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 32 feet, has 2 rooms on the first floor and 3 on the second. The other improvements are a good WASH-HOUSE, Smoke-oven, Cistern and Garden. The Lot is 50½ 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, 1860.—

J. H. KRIDER, Photographer.

Lebanon, Aug. 3, 1859.—tf.

Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, his valuable Tract of Land, containing 22 Acres and 95 Perches of SAND-LAND. There are about 3 Acres of HEAVY TIMBER, on this tract, situate in Londonderry township, Lebanon county, on the road leading from Jonestown to Campbelltown, about ½ mile West of the former place. The improvements thereon are a good

STONE BARN, LOG HOUSE,

HOG-PEN and other necessary Out Buildings. A never failing SPRING of Water near the house, with a good SPRING-HOUSE. Besides a running stream of water through the tract.

ALSO, a good APPLE ORCHARD, besides Peaches, Plums and Cherries. If the above property is not sold before *Saturday, October 6, 1860,* it will be offered on that day at Public Sale. Possession will be given on the first day of April 1861, with a good and indisputable title. JACOB YOUTZ.

May 23, 1860.

VALUABLE BOROUGH PROPERTY AT

PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, their NEW DWELLING HOUSE, situated on Cumberland Street, corner of Pinegrove Alley, East Lebanon, and at present occupied by them. The HOUSE and two story KITCHEN are substantially built of brick, contain 11 Rooms most of them papered and lighted by gas; a never failing Well with excellent water, as well as a Cistern in the yard. Summer Kitchen, Bake Oven, and other out-buildings. The LOT is 22 feet front, and runs back to Jail Alley, 198 feet. On the rear part of the Lot is erected a two story Frame SHOP, Pig Sty, &c., &c. The Garden is in a first rate state of cultivation, and contains a variety of Fruit Trees and Vines, &c., &c.

☞ The above Property is all in good condition, and will be sold low. Title indisputable, and possession to be given when desired.

☞ Any person desirous of purchasing and securing a pleasant residence, will call and learn the terms of

REIZENSTEIN & URO.,
opposite the Court House.

Lebanon, Sept 7, '59.]

NORTH LEBANON BOROUGH

DIVIDED!

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

Grand Rush for the People's Heal Quarters!

THE ACTION

Of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in reference to the Borough of NORTH LEBANON, has caused an unusual degree of excitement among its quiet inhabitants, but not near so much as the Fresh Arrival of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
at the MANSION HOUSE STORE OF

Messrs. Funck & Brother.

☞ The Proprietors feel confident that they are still able to supply all their customers, and the "rest of mankind," who will favor them with a call, with any variety of the

CHOICEST GOODS.

The new system enables them to sell at *greatly reduced prices,* which they hope will be a great inducement for all desirous of buying cheap, to give them a call. Call and see for yourselves.

☞ Ladies and Gentlemen are most cordially invited to give them a call, and examine for themselves.

North Lebanon Borough, April 26, 1859.

JAPANESE EMBASSY,

AND

NEW DRESS GOODS

AT

HENRY & STINE'S

We advise our country friends, and our customers generally to come well provided with CASH and invest it in,

All Shades and Grades of Duster Cloths,
Rich Organdies Lawns and Robes,
Barege Robes and Skirts,
Fashionable Dusters,
Black Mantillas, &c.
Skeleton Skirts,
Silk Gauze Skirts,
Fancy Brilliants,
Rich Foulard Silks,
Staple Goods all cheap.

HENRY & STINE.

FRESH GROCERIES.

QUEENSWARE SHAD MACKEREL AND CHEESE at HENRY & STINE'S.

NEW GOODS OF TRAVELING.

Lavella Cloths, Grey Horsey Alpacas, &c. Grisettes, Millerine Strips, Hopper Cambrics, Continental Poplins, &c., &c. Gauntlet Gloves, Silk Mitts, &c.

HENRY & STINE.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 12—NO. 2. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1860. WHOLE NO. 575.

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 take *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. MELLY.
Secretary—WM. A. BARRY.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN BRUNNER, Esq.	GEO. ROSS,
GEO. F. MELLY,	D. M. KARMANY,
NAPOLEON DREIS,	JEFF. SHIRK,
JOHN C. SHLRAM,	S. K. TRESCHLER,
DAVID M. RANK,	DAVID RANK,
DANIEL H. BEEVER,	WM. A. BARRY.

ANTHONY E. ELY, *Agent for Lebanon and vicinity*

Jonestown, Feb. 23, 1859.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Annville,

LEBANON COUNTY, PENN'A.

THIS COMPANY was incorporated, March, 1859, and is now in full operation and ready to make insurance on Dwellings, and other Buildings, on Furniture, and Merchandise generally. Also on Barns, Contents, Stock, Farm Implements, &c., on a Mutual Principle.

MANAGERS.

Christian Bachman,	John N. Smith,
William Early, jr.,	John H. Kinports,
David B Gingrich,	George Rigler,
Christian Hoffer,	John Allwein,
Samuel Meyer,	Rudolph Herr,
John D. Boiver,	Joseph F. Matz,
Dr. Henry Stine.	

JOHN ALLWEIN, President.

RUDOLPH HERR, Treasurer.
JOSEPH F. MATZ, Secretary.

Annville, January 19, 1860.—1y.

American Life Insurance Company.

CAPITAL STOCK, $500,000.

COMPANY'S BUILDING, WALNUT Street S. E. Corner of FOURTH, Phila. Life Insurance at the usual MUTUAL RATES, or at JOINT STOCK RATES, at about 20 per cent. less, or at TOTAL ABSTINENCE RATES, the lowest in the world.

J. C. SIMS, Sec'y.] A. WHILLDIN, President.

☞ GEORGE GLEIM, Esq., is Agent for Lebanon county. [February 8, 1860.—1y.

John W. Mish, Agent for

FAME INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 411 CHESTNUT Street, PHILADELPHIA

INCORPORATED APRIL, 1858, BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

CONFINED TO FIRE AND INLAND RISKS.

GEORGE W. DAY, President.
JONATHAN J. SLOCUM, Vice Pres't.
WILLIAM I. BLANCHARD, Sec'ry.

August 24, 1859.

H. H. RŒDEL'S BOOK STORE

Is located on Corner of Cumberland street and Doc Alley, (FORMERLY WALTZ & RŒDEL.)

HE asks a share of public patronage, offering as an inducement a large and well selected supply of School, Blank, Miscellaneous and Sunday School Books. His stock of STATIONERY is the largest in town and well selected.

Of WINDOW SHADES, he has a large variety, plain, fancy, Buff, Green, Gilt, &c., &c.

Of PAPER HANGINGS, the neatest patterns ever exhibited to the public. He also has Putman's Patent fixture the simplest and best adapted for the purpose extant.

☞ Infant Salvation in its relation to Infant Depravity, Infant Regeneration, Infant Baptism, an admirably little work written by J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D. Pastor of the Race Street Evangelical Reformed Church, Philadelphia, has just been received by Mr. Rœdel.—Price, Plain, 50 cts., Gilt, 60.

His stock is kept up by a weekly supply from Philadelphia. [Lebanon, April 18, 1860.]

WALNUT STREET

STILL AHEAD IN THE

Cheapest, Best Assorted, and Largest Stock of

WALL PAPERS,

Window Shades, Curtains, &c,

THE UNDERSIGNED, having in connection with his BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE, purchased the entire stock of WALL PAPERS of Messrs. WALTZ & RŒDEL and W. WARD, and having also recently received large supplies from New York and Philadelphia, including the latest and most handsome styles of

Paper Hangings, Borders, Decorations, Panelings, Fire Board Prints, Window Curtains, Shades, &c. &c.,

now manufactured. His stock presents the best assortment of Papers both in style and quality, that has ever been seen in Lebanon, and as he bought most of his Papers at reduced rates, for Cash, he is able to sell Wall Paper at cheaper rates than they can be obtained at any other place. He has also made arrangements with the best Paper Hangers in Lebanon to put up paper for him, if desired, at the shortest notice, on the most reasonable terms.

Give him a call and be convinced.

☞ Remember the place, at the *New Bookstore in Walnut Street, a few doors south of Kinney's Hardware Store.*

J. HENRY MILLER.

Lebanon, April 4, 1860.

THE CHEAP BOOK STORE OF

GEORGE WALTZ,

Is located on MARKET SQUARE, North of Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa. Where

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Blank Books, and Stationary of every description are *always on hand,* and sold at the lowest possible

CASH PRICE.

GUILT SHADES, and WINDOW PAPER, of a variety of patterns and prices are also on exhibition for sale at

WALTZ'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE.

WALTZ also furnishes the MONTHLY MAGAZINES of our Eastern Cities, as soon as published.

☞ Orders for books, periodicals, or anything in his line, will receive prompt attention.

Among the New Books,

lately received and for Sale at

GEORGE WALTZ'S

are the following:—

RELIGIOUS.—*The Pillar of Fire,* or Israel in Bondage; The Power of Prayer; Manna in the Wilderness; Cottage Testament, A complete Commentary of the New Testament; The Prince of the House of David, in German.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Knitting Work, by Mrs. Partington; Harp of a Thousand Strings; Black Diamond; Prof. Hare's Spiritualism Demonstrated; Humboldt's Cosmos; A Sketch of the Physical Description of the Universe.

Geo. Waltz is agent to receive subscription for the following Works, now on Press:

"NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA,"

in fifteen Vols. Vol. I to VI are now ready.

Price in Extra Cloth, per Vol.	$3.00
do. Library Leather do.	3.50

Diary of the American Revolution, by Frank Moore, completed in two Vols., price in Cloth $2.50 per vol.

☞ Mr. Waltz has just received the following valuable New Books:—Helps for the Pulpit, a Sketch Book; Ten Years of Preachers' life, by Miami; The Life, of Rev. Jacob Gruber, The Biblical Room Why; a Dictionary of the Bible, Illustrated with the Maps of Canaan, the Holy Land, Paul's Travels; Helper Dissected by Judge Wolfe, of Va.; Grieb's German and English Dictionary, in 2 Vols.; Adler's do., do., Kunst, do., do., Rechner's German Biblical Concordance; Barnhard's do., do.

Mr. Waltz's Book Store is at the place on Market street.

Lebanon, March 28, 1860.

New Invention.

Wood Burned Lime.

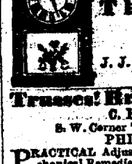
BY late improvements in the art of BURNING the subscriber is now enabled to produce the best WOOD-BURNED LIME that was ever made in the section of country, and in quantities without limit, at short notice. His improvements are such that he is enabled to sell his Lime at 12½ cents per bushels while others sell instead of 25 cents, which has been the prices heretofore. LIME, burned with COAL, can also be obtained at low rates by the boat-load, or in less quantities, as may be desired.

WOOD taken in exchange for Lime. Having gone to a great expense in the perfection of his improvements for lime burning on a large scale, a prices, the subscriber hopes to receive a share of the public patronage.

His location is at the old and well known place on the Union Canal, in North Lebanon.

DAVID BOYER.

N. Lebanon, May 18, 1859.



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

Trusses! Braces! Supporters!

C. H. NEEDLES,
S. W. Corner Twelfth and Race Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

PRACTICAL Adjuster of Rupture Trusses, Mechanical Remedies. Has constantly on hand a large Stock of Genuine French trusses, also a choice assortment of the best American, including his celebrated White Patent Lever Truss, believed by the profession to be superior to any yet invented. Shoulder and American Supporters and Belts, Shoulder Braces, Supporters, Bandages, Self Injecting Syringes, Urinals, Stomach pumps, Clinical Thermometers, Pessaries, Crutches, Medicinal Baths, Lotions of capacity, with a variety of other articles. [Aug. 1, 1859.—1y.

Choice Poetry.

THE TWO DREAMS.

She dream'd—a maiden young and fair—
With sunny smiles and sparkling eyes,
Unused to grief or gloomy care,
She wept no tear, she heaved no sigh.

She dream'd of womanhood and love,
Of costly gems, of lovers true,
Of pleasure, happiness and mirth;
Of cloudless skies of azure blue.

A few short years had come and gone—
An aged woman, as she slept,
Dream'd of her childhood o'er again,
And as she dream'd she sadly wept.

She dream'd of joys long pass'd away,
Of youthful friends long gone to rest,
Of broken vows and love's decay:
Sad retrospections fill'd her breast.

Youth fancies that elysian joys
Are with the mystic future fraught:
Old age has learn'd that youth's fond dreams
Are vain, illusive, and in nought.

Indulge your hopes, dear, sunny youth,
These present hours will soon be o'er,
Life's stern realities will haste too soon,
And bright-eyed childhood come no more!

YOU REMEMBER THE SONG.

You remember the song that you sung that night,
When you bid me a last farewell;
When gazing within my eyes so bright,
You called me your own sweet Nell;
And I dreamed that your vows were all sincere,
That your love would never decay,
And I cherish it now, and hold it dear,
For I feel it is passing away.

You remember the song that you sung that night,
When all around us was mirth;
And how you called me a fairy bright,
And an angel lost upon earth;
But alas! alas! I must love on in vain,
For of hope there is scarcely a gleam;
And I shall live on the thoughts of the past
As a sleeper deep wrapt in a dream.

Miscellaneous.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

"I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

In a lonely part of the bleak and rocky coast of Scotland, there dwelt a being who was designated by the few that knew and feared him, as the Warlock Fisher. He was, in truth, a singular and fearful old man. For years he had followed his dangerous occupation alone; adventuring forth in weather which appalled the stoutest of the stout hearts that occasionally exchanged a word with him in passing to and fro in their mutual employment. Of his name, birth, or descent, nothing was known; but the fecundity of conjecture had supplied an unfailing stock of materials on these points. Some said he was the devil incarnate; others said he was a Dutchman; or some other "far away foreigner," who had fled to these comparative solitudes for a shelter, from the retribution due to some grievous crime; and all agreed that he was neither a Scot nor a true man. In outward form, however, he was still a "model of a man," tall and well made, though advanced in years, his strength was far from being abated. His matted black hair, hanging in elf-locks about his ears and shoulders, together with the perpetual sullenness which seemed native in the expression of his features, neither regular nor pleasing, gave him an appearance inexpressibly disgusting.—He lived alone, in a hovel of his own construction, partially scooped out of the rock—was never known to have suffered a visitor in his walls—to have spoken a kind word, or done a kind action. Once, indeed, he performed an act which in a less ominous being, would have been lauded as the extreme of heroism. In a dreadful stormy morning, a fishing boat was seen in great distress, making for the shore—there was a father and two sons in it. The danger became imminent as they neared the rocky promontory of the Fisher—and the boat upset.

Women and boys were screaming and gestulating from the beach, in all the wild and useless energy of despair, but assistance was nowhere to be seen. The father and one of the lads disappeared forever; but the younger boy clung with extraordinary resolution to the inverted vessel. By accident, the Warlock Fisher came to the door of his hovel, saw the drowning lad, and plunged instantaneously into the sea. For some minutes he was invisible amid the angry turmoil, but he swam like an inhabitant of the fearful element, and bore the boy in safety to the beach. From fatigue or fear, or the effects of both united, the poor lad died shortly afterwards, and his grateful relatives industriously insisted that he had been blighted in the grasp of his unhallowed rescuer.

Towards the end of autumn the weather frequently becomes so broken and stormy in these parts as to render the sustenance derived from fishing extremely precarious. Against this, however, the Warlock Fisher was provided; for, caring little for weather, and apparently less for life, he went out in all seasons, and was known to be absent for days, during the most violent storms, when every hope of seeing him again was lost.—Still nothing harmed him: he came drifting back again, the same wayward, unfearing animal. To account for this, it was understood that he was in connection with smugglers; that his days of absence were spent in their service—in reconnoitering for their safety, and assisting their preparations. Whatever of truth there might be in it, it was well known that the Warlock Fisher never wanted ardent spirits; and so free was he in their use, and of tobacco, that he has been heard, in a long and a dreary winter's evening, carolling songs in a strange tongue, with all the fervor of an inspired bacchanal. It has been said, too, at such times he held strange talk with some who never answer, deprecated sights which no one else could see, and exhibited the fury of an outrageous maniac.

It was towards the close of an autumn day, that a tall young man was seen surveying the barren rocks, and apparently deserted shores, near the dwelling of the Fisher. He wore the inquiring aspect of a stranger, and yet his step indicated a previous acquaintance with the scene. The sun was flinging his boldest radiance on the rolling ocean, as the youth ascended the ragged path which led to the Warlock Fisher's hut. He surveyed the door for a moment, as if to be certain of the spot; and then, with one stroke of his foot, dashed the door inwards. It was damp and tenantless. The stranger set down his bundle, kindled a fire, and remained in quiet possession. In a few hours the Fisher returned. He started involuntarily at the sight of the intruder, who sprang to his feet, ready for any alternative.

"What seek you in my hut?" said the Fisher.

"A shelter for the night—the hawks are out."

"Who directed you to me?"

"Old acquaintance!"

"Never saw you with my eyes, shiver me! But never mind, you look like the breed—a ready hand and a light heel, ha! All's right—tap your keg!"

No sooner said than done. The keg was broached, and a good brown basin of double hollands was brimming at the lips of the Warlock Fisher. The stranger did himself a similar service, and they grew friendly. The Fisher could not avoid placing his hand before his eyes once or twice, as if wishful to avoid the keen gaze of the stranger, who still plied the fire with fuel and his host with hollands. Reserve was at length annihilated, and the Fisher jocularly said:—

"Well, so we're old acquaintance, ha?"

"Ay," said the young man, with another searching glance. "I was in doubt at first, but now I'm certain."

"And what's to be done?" said the Fisher.

"An hour after midnight you must put me on board ——'s boat; she'll be abroad. They'll run a light to the mast-head, for which you'll steer.—You're a good hand at the helm in a dark and rough sea."

"How, if I will not?" was the reply.

"Then your life or mine!"

They sprang to their feet simultaneously, and an immediate encounter seemed inevitable.

"Pshaw!" said the Fisher, sinking on his seat, "what madness this is! I was a thought warm with the liquor, and the recollections of past times were rising on my memory. Think nothing of it. I heard those words once before," and he ground his teeth in a rage. "Yes, once; but in a shriller voice than yours! Sometimes, too, the bastard rises to my view; and then I smite him, so—ha! Give us another basin full!" He struck short at vacancy, snatched the beverage from the stranger, and drank it off.—"An hour after midnight, said ye?"

"Ay—you'll see no bastards then."

"Worse, maybe, worse?" muttered the Fisher, sinking into abstraction, and glaring wildly on the flickering embers before him.

"Why, how's this?" said the stranger. "Are your senses playing bo-peep with the ghost of a pigeon-livered coast captain, eh? Come, take another pull at the keg, to clear your head-lights, and tell us a bit of your ditty."

The Fisher took another draught, and proceeded:

"About five and twenty years ago, a stranger came to this hut—may the curse of God annihilate him!"

"Amen to that," said the young man

"He brought with him a boy and a girl, a purse of gold, and—— the arch fiend's tongue to tempt me! Well, it was to take these children out to sea—upset the boat—and leave them!"

"And you did so," interrupted the stranger.

"I tried—but listen. One fine evening, I took them out; the sun sank rapidly; and I knew by the freshening of the breeze there would be a storm. I was not mistaken. It came on even faster than I wished. The children were alarmed; the boy, in particular, grew suspicious. He insisted that I had an object in going so far at sunset. This irritated me, and I rose up to smite him, when the fair girl interposed her fragile form between us. She screamed for mercy, and clung to my arm with the desperation of despair. I could not shake her off.

"The boy had the spirit of a man. He seized a piece of spar and struck me on the temples. "Now, you villain!" said he, "your life or mine!"—At that moment the boat upset, and we were all adrift. The boy I never saw again—a tremendous sea broke between us—but the wretched girl clung to me like hate! Her dying scream is ringing in my ears like madness! I struck her forehead, and she sank—all but her hand—one little white hand would not sink! I threw myself on my back, and struck at it with both my feet, and then I thought it sunk forever. I made the shore with difficulty, for I was stunned and senseless, and the ocean heaved as though it would wash away the mortal world, and the lightnings blazed as if all hell had come to light the scene of warfare! I have never since been on the sea at midnight, but that hand has followed or preceded me. I have never—" Here he sank down from his seat, and rolled himself in agony upon the floor.

"Poor wretch!" muttered the stranger; "what hinders now my long sought vengeance? Even with my foot—but thou shalt share my murdered sister's grave!"

"A shot is fired—look out for the light!" said the young man.

The Fisher went to the door, but suddenly started back, clasping his hands before his face.

"Fire and brimstone! There it is again!" he cried.

"What?" said his companion, looking coolly around him.

"That infernal hand! Lightnings blast it! But that's impossible," he added, in a fearful under tone, which sounded as if some of the eternal rocks around him were adding a response to his imprecations; that's impossible! It is a part of them—it has been so for years—darkness could not shroud it—distance could not separate it from my burning eye balls! Awake, it was there; asleep, it flickered and blazed before me! It has been my rock ahead through life, and it will herald me to hell!" So saying he pressed his sinewy hands upon his face, and buried his head between his knees, till the rock beneath him seemed to shake with his uncontrollable agony.

'Again it becomes me!'—starting up; 'ten thousand fires are blazing in my heart—in my brain! Where can I be worse! Fiend, I defy thee!'

'I see nothing,' said his companion, with unaltered composure.

'You see nothing?' thundered the Fisher, with mingled sarcasm and fury. 'Look there!' He snatched his hand, and pointing steadily into the gloom, again murmured—'Look there! look there!'

At that moment the lightning blazed around with appalling brilliancy, and the stranger saw a small white hand, pointing tremulously upwards.

'I saw it then,' said he; 'but it was not hers! Infatuated villain! he continued, with irrepressible energy, 'it is not my sister's hand—no, it is the incarnate fiend's who tempted you to perdition—begone together!'

He aimed a dreadful blow at the astonished Fisher, who instinctively avoided the stroke. Mutually wound up to the highest pitch of anger, they grappled each others throat, set their feet, and straightened for the throw, which was inevitably to bury both in the wild waves beneath. A faint shriek was heard, and a glibbering as of many voices, came fluttering around them.

'Chatter on,' said the Fisher; 'he joins you now!'

'Together—it will be together!' said the stranger, as, with a last desperate effort, he bent his adversary backward from the beetling cliff. The voice of the Fisher sounded hoarsely in execration, as they dashed into the sea together; but what he said was drowned in the hoarser murmur of the upplashing surge. The body of the stranger was found on the next morning, flung far upon the rocky shore; but that of the murderer was gone forever.

The superstitious peasantry of the neighborhood still consider the spot haunted, and at midnight, when the waves dash fitfully against the perilous crags, and the bleak winds sweep with long and angry moans around them, they still hear the gibbering of the fiend, and the mortal execrations of the Warlock Fisher! but, after that fearful night, no man ever saw the PHANTOM HAND.

STRANGE FRENCH STORY.

An extraordinary tale, gravely told by Peuchet, in his "Memoires Tires des Archives de la Police," has just been made the subject of a drama at one of the boulevard theatres, under the title of 'Syrene de Paris.' At the time when de la Reynie was lieutenant-general of Police under Louis XIV., a great sensation was caused at Paris by the mysterious disappearance of not fewer than twenty-six young men, aged from 17 to 25, belonging to noble or wealthy families. Among the common people the report was spread that the young men had been murdered by a foreign princess, in order that she might take baths of their blood to cure herself of a liver complaint! The matter at last became so serious, that Louis XIV. complained of it to M. de la Reynie, and the latter consulted one of his ablest agents, named Lecoq. This person at once suspected that the young men must have fallen into some snare set for them by the female charms, and he employed a natural son of his own, a handsome and intelligent young man, to try and discover the mystery. This young man, whose name was Exupère, was sent splendidly dressed, every day to the Tuileries, the place Royals, and the Luxembourg, which were then the places of fashionable resort. At length he saw in the Tuileries, a young woman of marvellous beauty, attended by an aged female, and his looks expressed his admiration. She seemed far from displeased; and at length her attendant, accosting him, said that she was a Polish princess, of the name of Jabirouska, immensely rich, and that as she was much struck by him, she would perhaps allow him to visit her. The young man declared that he had conceived a violent passion for the lady; and after some conversation, the attendant told him that, if at nine o'clock at night, he would present himself in front of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, she would meet him and take him to her mistress. The young man, of course, told Lecoq of this; and in the evening the latter caused several of his men to be placed in such a way as not to lose sight of Exupere, and in the event of his incurring any danger, to be able to render him assistance. At the appointed hour the young man was at the rendezvous, and the woman joined him there.—She wanted to bandage his eyes, but he refused to let her do so. She then led him by various obscure streets to the Rue des Orfevres, and there introduced him into a small house, near the Chapel Saint Eloi.

After walking along a dark corridor, the young man was introduced into a sumptuously furnished room, in which he found the foreigner. She received him so kindly that he entirely forgot to give L. outside a signal which had been agreed on. After a while the lady retired, and the young man, proceeding to examine the room, found behind a screen a glass case, in which were twenty-six men's heads, each placed in a silver dish, and each so skilfully embalmed that it retained the appearance of life!

He started back with horror; but at the same moment a whistle outside was heard, being the signal of Lecoq, and in a few seconds after the windows were forced open, and that officer and his men, who had ascended by ladders, jumped into the room.—The princess, hearing the noise, rushed into the apartment, followed by four ferocious-looking bandits, but the police were strong enough to arrest all five. The bandits were in due time condemned to death and executed. As to the female, she turned out to be no Pole, but an English woman, who is stated in Heuchet's account to have enticed the young men to her house to satisfy her passions, and had them murdered in order to rob them. She also was condemned to death, but escaped in a strange way. The king spoke of the affair to his brother Monsieur, to the Chevalier de Lorraine, and some other high personages. The chevalier suggested to the prince that it would be amusing to sup with so singular a criminal.—Monsieur at first objected, but at last consented. By means of a blank *lettre de cachet,* the prince caused the woman to be given up to some persons sent by him, on the pretext that she was to be conveyed to another prison. He had her, however, carried to a country, where, the Chevalier, de Lorraine, and M. d'Effiat were waiting to receive her. The whole four supped together. At length Monsieur, having seen enough of her, suggested that she ought to be sent back to the Bastle; but his companions proposed instead that she should be conveyed either to London or Brussels, and set at liberty. The good-natured prince consented and went away. The two nobles passed the night in orgie with the woman, telling her that the next day they would convey her out of the country; but instead of trusting to them, she thought best to save herself; so, plying them well with drink until they were overcome, she locked them in, and escaping, was seen no more.—The Governor of the Bastile, on learning that the woman had been got out of his custody by a trick of the king's brother, thought the best thing he could do was to pretend that she was dead, and he accordingly had a *proces verbal* drawn up to that effect.

THE ARIZONA CAPTIVES.

A correspondent writing to the St. Louis Republican from Tubac, under a recent date, gives the statement made by Mrs. Page of her captivity and sufferings among the Apaches.—We extract the subjoined thrilling passages from this brave and heroic woman's narrative:

"I had been married but little over two months, and was living with my husband, Mr. J. H. Page, in a rude cabin, at the mouth of the grand canon leading to the pinery of the Santa Rita mountains. Our family consisted of myself and husband, a little Mexican girl, eleven years of age, Misare Kirkland, and Wm. Randall, who was engaged with my husband in the lumber business.

"On the morning of the 16th of March, after an early breakfast my husband left us at camp for the purpose of putting some Mexicans at work, and Mr. Randall going out to kill a deer, Misare and myself were left quite alone. As it was a washing day, I had started to procure some water, when the little girl screamed, and said the Apaches were on us. They came up in a run. Having a six-shooter (Colt's revolver) in my hand, I turned to fire at them, but they were already so close, that before I could pull the trigger, they had rushed upon me and secured the weapon. They then proceeded to plunder, seizing on everything they could carry off—flour, blankets, clothing, etc., and not satisfied with this, they destroyed the balance. We hallooed and screamed for assistance, but the Indians struck me with their lances, and told us to keep quiet or they would kill us. They packed up what they could take, and marched us off, hand-in-hand, in a hurried and barbarous manner. After proceeding thus for a quarter of a mile, they separated us in order to prevent our talking together, the little girl being a little in advance of me.

"We had proceeded thus about sixteen miles, as nearly as my limited idea of distance will enable me to judge, and I now lagged behind so much that my savage captors grew impatient, and resolved to kill me.—They stripped me of clothing, including my shoes, and left me a single garment. They then thrust their lances at me, inflicting fifteen wounds in my body; threw me over a ledge of rocks, or precipice, some sixteen or eighteen feet high, and hurled large stones after me to make sure of their victim, and then left me, supposing that I must die; and too barbarous to end my misery by extinguishing the spark of life. This occurred near sunset. I had nine lance wounds in my back, and two in my arm, and my head was cut in several places by the rocks which were thrown after me, but most of the latter glanced without striking me.

"I had alighted on a bank of snow, almost in a state of nudity, and in a senseless condition. In counting up my camping places before reaching home, I think I must have laid there in a state of unconsciousness, nearly three days. When I recovered I took some snow and put on my wounds.—I recollected the direction traveled and the position of the sun from camp at sunset, and with these guides started for home. My feet gave out the first day, and I was compelled to crawl the most of the distance. Did not dare to go down to the foot of the mountain, for fear I could find no water, and was therefore compelled to keep in the steep and rocky mountains. Sometimes after crawling up a steep ledge for half a day, I would loose my footing and slide down lower than the place from which I started. As I had no fire, and no clothing, I suffered very much from the cold. I was at the point said to be six thousand feet above the sea, and only wonder that I did not freeze.—I scratched holes in the sand at night in which to sleep, and was obliged every day to wait for the sun to warm me up. I traveled what I could every day, and in the meantime had to subsist on grass alone. On the fourteenth day I reached the camp of some workmen in the pinery, which was untenanted. There I found a little food, and some flour which had been spilled on the ground. The fire was not quite out, and I kindled it up. Scraped up some of the flour and made me a cake, the first food I had tasted since I left home. I was now near the workmen in the pinery, and within two miles of my home, but was too weak to go on. I could hear the men at work, and sometimes saw them, but could not attract their attention. At length I crawled along the road over which they must pass, and was found there, and arrived home after being out sixteen days.

SCIENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in an unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world, and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away.—There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbrous machinery, as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadows, the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds bursts into flowers, but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruit and sunshine of summer, is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation.—The solem chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browned storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobstrusive.

☞ An English exchange has the following curious explanation of the origin of the practice of the clergy's wearing black coats. It says that in the year 1524 Luther laid aside the Monk's Costume, and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes, and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for chosing this color was: The Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth, being at that time the court fash