Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 13—NO. 2. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1861. WHOLE NO. 627.

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.

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 Eckerts 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.

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 Fulmer, 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 garden.—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.

NOW ARE CHANCE.

J. H. BESTA' would inform his well known PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT for sale. Thorough instruction will be given to any one purchasing not acquainted with the business. For particulars call at his rooms, in A. Belsh's building. [Lebanon, March 20 '61-3m.

WINDOW SHADES.

H. ROEDEL has just opened the LARGEST and BEST SELECTED assortment of SHADES of every variety, ever offered to the citizens of Lebanon. They are pretty and cheap! ☞ Call and see them.
Lebanon, April 24, 1861.

Blanket Shawls,

CLOTH, WOOLEN CLOTHING of all colors, dyed Jet Black or Blue Black, pressed, the color warranted and goods turned out equal to new, by
LYON LEMBERGER.
East Hanover.
☞ Articles to be dyed can be left at *Jos. L. Lemberger's* Drug Store where all orders for the above will be attended to. [Feb. 8, 1860.

Hiram W. Rank,

FORMERLY OF JONESTOWN, LEBANON COUNTY, would respectfully inform his friends, and the public, that he has connected himself with Mr. Lennon, in the TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGAR BUSINESS, *No. 138 North Third Street, Phila.*, where he will be glad to receive customers, and will sell at rates that will prove satisfactory.
Philadelphia, July 12, 1860.

NEW CASH STORE!

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES.

B. F. SWARTZ hereby inform the public that he has just opened a stock of NEW GOODS at the old Stand of Swartz & Bro., Hall Building, which he sold for *cash* at prices to suit the times. All are invited to call and examine. [Lebanon, April 10, '61.

Merchant Tailoring.

REMOVAL.

S. S. RAMSEY has removed to the Corner of Cumberland street and Doe Alley, in Funck's New Building, where he will keep an assortment of *Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.* Also *ready made* clothing and *furnishing goods* such as Shirts, Hose, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Neckties, &c., &c.,—all of which will be sold as cheap as at any other establishment in Lebanon.
CUSTOMER WORK attended to promptly, and good fits guaranteed. S. S. RAMSAY.
Lebanon, April 18, 1860.

Wanted to Buy,

50,000 BUSHELS RYE;
50,000 bushels CORN;
50,000 bushels OATS;
50,000 bushels WHEAT.
Also, CLOVERSEED, TIMOTHY SEED, Flaxseed, for which the highest CASH prices will be paid at the Lebanon Valley Railroad Depot, Lebanon.
GEORGE HOFFMAN.
Lebanon, July 11, 1860.

NOTICE.

THE greatest variety of styles of CANE SEATED CHAIRS, now selling at a great reduction; wholesale and retail, on account of rebuilding the Factory and Warerooms, Nos. 223 and 225 North 6th street, above Race, PHILADELPHIA.
N. B.—The stock comprises very handsome new patterns, for Parlors, Dining Rooms and Chambers; handsome new styles of Ladies' Sewing Rocking Chairs, Reception Chairs, Arm, and a large variety of Camp Chairs, all warranted to be my own manufacture.
March 27, 1861.-1y. T. H. WISLER.

1861 NEW STYLES. 1861

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.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, at Mrs. RISE'S Hotel, Market street, Lebanon, where he will keep for the public accommodation a good stock of HORSES and VEHICLES. He will keep gentle and good driving Horses, and handsome and safe Vehicles. Also, careful Drivers furnished when desired. Also OMNIBUS for Parties, &c.
Lebanon, April 21, 1858. JAMES MARCH.

National House.

NORTH E. CORNER of Plank road and Guilford Streets
NORTH LEBANON, PENN'A.

TO THE PUBLIC.

HO! all ye thirsty come and drink, for nice cool mineral water, the choicest vintage, and the purest malt liquors grace my bar. And ye hungry come and eat, as the table is loaded with the most substantial fare, and the richest delicacies of the season crown my board—Come man and beast; my house is always open to the stranger and the friend, and for animals the best of provender, fine stabling, and attentive hostlers, are ever ready at my stables.
Yours, Respectfully,
North Lebanon, Sept. 14, 1859. HENRY BOLTZ.

Lebanon Female Seminary.

RACHEL F. ROSS, Principal.
JULIA ROSS, Musical Department.
GEORGE LICHT, Drawing.

THE NINTH SESSION will commence September 3, 1860. This School is designed to elevate the standard of female education, and to offer superior advantages at a moderate cost. The school year is divided into two sessions of five months each. Charge per session, from 12½ to 15 dollars, according to the studies of the scholar. Extra for Music, French, Latin, and German.
*** Particular attention given to the musical department. Instruction upon the Piano, Melodeon and Guitar and in Singing. Pupils not connected with the School will be waited upon at their homes, when desired, and at the usual rates
Early application should be made to
S. J. STINE, or
J. W. MISH.

Board of Directors:
B. B. LEHMAN, S. J. STINE,
C. S. FORNEY, J. W. MISH,
JOHN MILLY, C. GREENAWALT,
C. D. GLONINGER, JOSIAH FUNCK,
ISAAC BECKLEY.
Lebanon, Feb. 27, 1861.

Phila. & Reading Railroad. Lebanon Valley Branch.

Two Daily Passenger Trains to Reading, and Harrisburg.

PASS LEBANON, going East to Reading, at 9.13 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.
Pass Lebanon, going West to Harrisburg, at 7.16 P. M. and 12.01 P. M.
At Reading, both trains make close connexions for Philadelphia, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Danville, Williamsport, &c.
Morning train only connects at Reading for Wilkesbarre, Tittaton and Scranton.
At Harrisburg, trains connect with "Pennsylvania," "Norther Central," and "Cumberland Valley" Railroads for Pittsburg, Lancaster, Baltimore, Sunbury, Chambersburg, &c.
Through Tickets to Lancaster, in No. 1 Cars, $1 50, to Baltimore, $3 30.
60 lbs. baggage allowed to each passenger.
The Second Class Cars run with all the above trains.
Through First Class Tickets at reduced rate to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all the principal points in the West, North West, and Canadas; and Emigrant Tickets, at lower Fares, to all above places, can be had on application to the Station Agent, at Lebanon.
Through First-Class Coupon Tickets, and Emigrant Tickets at reduced Fares, to all the principal points in the North and West, and the Canadas.
COMMUTATION TICKETS,
With 26 Coupons, at 25 per cent discount, between any points desired, and
MILEAGE TICKETS,
Good for 2000 miles, between all points, at $25 each—for Families and Business Firms.
Up Trains leave Philadelphia for Reading, Harrisburg and Pottsville at 8 A. M. and 3,30 and 5 P. M.
☞ Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before the Trains start. Higher Fares charged, if paid in the cars.
G. A. NICOLLS,
July 25, 1860, *Engineer and Superintendent.*

Cephalic Pills

CURE Sick Headache.
CURE Nervous Headache
CURE All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous* or *Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.
They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.
They act gently upon the bowels,—removing COSTIVENESS.
For LITERARY MEN, STUDENTS, Delicate Females, and all persons of SEDENTARY HABITS, they are valuable as a LAXATIVE, improving the APPETITE, giving TONE and VIGOR to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.
The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originated in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*
They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.
Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.
A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the
PRICE 25 CENTS.
All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
45 Cedar Street, New-York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

Masonville, Conn., Feb. 5, 1861.
Mr. Spalding.
Sir:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two dollars worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.
Mr. Spalding,
Sir:
I wish you to send me one more box of you Cephalic Pills, I have received a great deal of benefit from them.
Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

Spruce Creek, Huntingdon Co., Pa., January 18, 1861.
H. C. Spalding.
Sir:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Sent them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JOHN SIMONS.
P. S.—I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
Henry C. Spalding Esq.,
Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. Spalding, Esq.,
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to Severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills, which I sent her.
Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio, January 9, 1861.
Henry C. Spalding,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
Dear Sir:
Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co, Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

Ypsilanti, Mich, Jan. 14, 1861.
Mr. Spalding.
Sir:
Not long since I sent to you for a box of Cephalic Pills for the cure of the Nervous Headache and Costiveness, and received the same, and they had so good an effect that I was induced to send for more.
Please send by return mail. Direct to
A. R. WHEELER,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va
Cephalic Pills accomplish the object for which they were made, viz.: Cure of headache in all its forms.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va.
They have been tested in more than a thousand cases, with entire success.

From the Democrat, St. Cloud, Minn.
If you are, or have been troubled with the headache, send for a box, (Cephalic Pills,) so that you may have them in case of an attack.

From the Advertiser, Providence, R. I.
The Cephalic Pills are said to be a remarkably effective remedy for the headache, and one of the very best for that very frequent complaint which has ever been discovered.

From the Western R. R. Gazette, Chicago, Ill.
We heartily endorse Mr. Spalding, and his unrivalled Cephalic Pills.

From the Kanawha Valley Star, Kanawha, Va.
We are sure that persons suffering with the headache, who try them, will stick to them.

From the Southern Path Finder, New Orleans, La.
Try them! you that are afflicted, and we are sure that your testimony can be added to the already numerous list that has received benefits that no other medicine can produce.

From the St. Louis Democrat.
The immense demand for the article (Cephalic Pills) is rapidly increasing.

From the Gazette, Davenport, Iowa.
Mr. Spalding would not connect his name with an article he did not *know* to possess real merit.

☞ A single battle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜
As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE
meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.
"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."
N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.
Address,
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New-York.

CAUTION.
As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name, ☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜ is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. [March 6, 1861.

Miscellaneous.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

'Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?' and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking young farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of asking a simple question.

He was bashful, extremely so, was Josiah Hawley—at least in the presence of young ladies—most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and crops, and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of some pretty face or foot coming in his direction, affected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands or eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hetty Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But the young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head, albeit it was set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was not worth, in a worldly way, much more than any of her suitors; good looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any one but an over fastidious person; unexceptionable, in short, barring his bashfulness, which was a fruitful source of merriment to the young people in their little circle. And so, when Josiah in his awkward, blundering way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from singing school, constituting himself her especial escort when she rode on horseback to the solitary church in the woods, and singling her out at quilting parties, Hetty took it all in the easiest, pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him very independently—encouraged him out of his shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very likely helped him along considerably when his feelings reached 'the culminating point,' one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer meeting.

That was a week ago. Hetty had said 'yes,' and agreed to 'bring father and mother round on the subject.'—Josiah had not been at the house since—likely feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of a person whose sheepfold had just been plundered. As yet neither had the courage to speak to the 'reigning powers' on the subject; and Hetty, feeling as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk with him on the subject said:

'Mother is going over to aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go; but I guess I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work; so I guess she will have to go without me. Do not come till eight o'clock. I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in.'

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and so far forgot his bashfulness as to petition for a good-bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused of course.

'No, I havn't. Do take yourself off. Do you think I didn't see you fidgetting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Bangor's yesterday evening? I have not forgotten that, sir!'

'Now, Hetty ——'

But the appeal was broken off by a taunting little laugh; and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant little revenge on his tormentress, she slipped and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her waive her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then turned from the gate and took the road homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, and the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean home made carpet, and Hetty's stand drawn up to the blazing fire.—A beautifully piled plate of great red apples and a plate of cracked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world; rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite from a half-eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table and touching every now and then in a caressing manner with her foot, a sleek, lazy looking cat that purred and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side, sewing and busy thinking how she could tell her mother she expected a visitor. She would have given the world to be able to say in an off-hand manner that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight. But she recollected, with a twinge of conscience, how she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to aunt Ruth's, spite of her warning of a spell of neuralgia; how she also plead headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew her mother was quite sharp enough to draw her own interference from these facts, and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend an evening at home.

'I shall not dare to tell now. She will be sure to think I wished to get her out of the way so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I shall never hear the last of it.' And like a wise little puss she was silent.

'I'll venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's enthrallment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas as she sat by the fire side in that November evening.

Under pretext of being ready to go to her uncle's (a thing she had no idea of doing,) she had just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate fixing up.' A neat fitting dark calico, with the store look still on it, a fresh linen collar and tasteful black silk apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plaid dress as if an hour had been spent in donning lace and jewels. Her rich hair, of the darkest tinge, fell in shining folds close to her warm red cheeks, and was caught up in a cunning knot behind.

Eight o'clock was past! Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing around in grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro—now crushing the voluminous white satin bows on her spruce cap against the back of the chair—now almost falling forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into Gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, sudden, and self-assured, that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss' tail, who in turn gave voice to the amazement and displeasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs. Thomas, and startling into an erect position, she rubbed here eyes, settled her cap border, and exclaimed:

'Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that? Somebody at the door? Who can be coming at this time of night?'

'It is not late mother—only a little past 8. I'll go and see who it is,' said Hetty, demurely taking the candle from the table.

'No. You wind up my ball, and sweep up the hearth, while I go to the door,' said the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the means of the unraveled yarn. "Drat that cat!"

All this time Josiah was standing on one foot on the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving that door a smart rap by way of variety.

In her hurry, Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped out into the little front entry, the sitting room door slapped after her.—She had her hand on the handle of the hall door at the moment, and opening it suddenly, found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in close proximity to her own, and, before she could think about the strangeness of her situation, she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty smack—full upon her virtuous matron lips.

'O, murder! 'Taint Obediah, neither!'

She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusually exalted condition, thus to indulge in such unwonted expressions of affection.

'Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you anyhow? Murder? thieves! Hetty! come here! Here is a man kissing me like mad!'

But the intruder had by this time discovered the mistake—it did not need the indignant pummeling and scratching of the old lady's vigorous fists to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Hetty nearly choking with smothered laughter, in spite of her trepidation, now came to the rescue.

I never was so frightened in all my life. Who could it be? Hetty, have you any idea?'

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearance, innocent as a sucking dove. She soothed the old lady, representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who had mistaken the house and the housewife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacle, dropped in the scuffle; rearranged the rampled cap border; wound up the tangled yarn; stirred up the fire—all in the most amicable manner possible—and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into her chair with her accustomed tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was now fully awake. She had a new idea in her head, and instead of setting herself up for another nap, she pursued the train of thought and her knitting, both at the same time, with wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping and looking at Hetty—

'I suppose it's a queer notion of mine, Hetty, but I've notion that man was 'Siah Hawley.'

My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up then. You might have lit a candle by it. These incipient symptoms did not escape the inquisitor.

''Pears so to me. 'Cause those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paw.'

Hetty was wonderful busy. She bent over her work, and drew her needle through so quickly that the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading her needle again, she didn't have time to answer.

'I don't suppose that kiss was meant for me after all. Wonder who it was intended for? and wonder if you do not know something about it Hetty?'

'Me, mother?'

'Yes, you, Hetty! You was mighty anxious to get me and pap off to aunt Ruth's this evening, and I noticed you were slicked up extraordinary, for all you weren't going. Hetty, I'm getting old; I know it; but I havn't quite lost my eyesight yet. I have heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley. What are you playin' possum for? Out with it, I say!'

Our little schemer, thus adjured made a clean breast of the matter; much relieved to find that mother 'hadn't nuthin agin him,' and would 'give father a talk about it, and bring him around.'

'But, Hetty, I want you to tell 'Siah I'd rather he wouldn't make such a mistake again. I don't like the feel of his big whiskers about my face; I don't approve of promiscuous kissing.'

'Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old 'Squire Thomas used to delight in telling the story whenever all the parties interested happened to be present. He would shake his fat sides at Josiah's discomfiture and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would join him, and both would laugh until the tears ran down their cheeks.

'Never mind 'Siah,' Mrs. Thomas would say. 'Let him laugh. He'd been only glad to have been in your place, twenty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from me then.—And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty agin the impolicy of concealment and underhandlings of all sorts.'

Correspondence of the Advertiser.

TRIP TO ENGLAND

In the beginning of January last, I jumped aboard one of Tapscott & Co.'s Packet ships—bound for Liverpool. The anchor was soon heaved, and, in a comparatively short time I found myself gradually going down the East River into New York Bay. It was one of these cold and disagreeable days, incident to that season of the year, when old Sol, obscured by the thick clouds of a January snow storm, failed to pour out his genial rays on the cold and shivering passengers of the "Constellation,"—a day whose repetition occurred quite frequently on the voyage. Yet, despite the benumbing cold and apparently gloomy prospects before me, my buoyant spirits could never flag. As I saw the shores of my dear native land fast receding from view, I experienced a strange sensation of delight. The foaming surges that were wafting us on the "Outward Bound," I felt assured, would soon carry us across the mighty Deep to that land where my eager spirit had long ago reveled in anticipation. For years I had promised myself this pleasure, and although I saw many things intervening to prevent its consummation, yet, with the strong arm of hope to break down these barriers of improbability, I would never despair, and this morning, in all the glow of expectancy, I could almost see my desires realized.

Land was soon lost sight of, and we must now imagine an *interim* of about 23 days,—during which time we had nothing to vary the monotony of sky and water save the company of some happy sea-gulls, who alternately soaring high in the air, and then skimming over the surface of a wave, afforded as much amusement,—and the result will bring us safely landed on *terra firma* at Liverpool. The voyage was an extremely rough one, although we had some "bright and joyous" days when the "troubled waters" would subside into comparative ease. One of these delightful days occurred in mid-ocean.—Just recovered from a severe spell of sea-sickness, we thought it advisable to rise early and inhale the pure sea-air—a medicine that gives a fresh impetus to the body, and does more for the well-being of a person than anything he can take. Away to the east, bedecking the horizon with a golden light, might be seen the first peep of the rising sun,—earnestly striving to make his way from behind a burning mass of smolten gold, and the heaving billows, not entirely subsided from the agitation of the night before,—at times overshadowing it by a mountain barrier of water, and then receding into the trough of the great sea,—gave additional beauty to a scene at once impressive and amusing.

On the 3d of February,—a beautiful Sunday morning,—I found myself comfortably seated, in company with several other passengers, in a Liverpool hotel. At the instance of one of them, a large mug of ale was brought on the table. We found no difficulty in disposing of it, for, after the fatigues of a journey across the Atlantic, it seemed delightful. In justice to English ale, by the way, we must award to it a superiority over anything we ever drank at home. At dinner, also, we had another "weakness" of the Englishman, viz:—roast beef—and here again we must say, in a strict adherence to the truth, that its merits are by no means exaggerated.

Objects of interest in Liverpool are scarce,—the principal features being centred in the exquisite workmanship of their docks. The inhabitants claim their superiority over anything in the world. Whether this be so, or not, of course we cannot say; yet, from our limited knowledge of such affairs, we must allow them the palm over anything we have ever seen.—New York and Philadelphia bear no comparison. They are built of a sort of sandstone, and some marble, and open and close something like a canal lock,—the vessels being thus locked in. The array of shipping we beheld there, also, seems almost incredible, and, from the shades of countenance and peculiar appearances of hundreds of sailors we saw parading the streets, we might suppose that every country in the world had its representatives there. Liverpool, also, boasts of some very fine buildings,—among others, the exchange. It occupies a large space of ground with a yard or court in the centre. In this yard is a large bronze statue of the death of Lord Nelson. It is the finest specimen of the kind we have seen in all England—London not excepted. It occupies about fifteen feet in circumference, and about the same in height. On the base are represented sailors of Herculean proportions—with hands clasped, and sitting in an attitude of extreme sorrow—supposed to be weeping over his untimely death. Then, at an elevation of about three feet more, stands the hero, *alto relievo*—falling into the arms of officers around him. A loose mantle is thrown over him, and the bony hand of a skeleton (fitting emblem of death) protrudes from beneath this mantle, and, clutching fast his left breast, shows the death wound. The back ground is filled up with officers, nautical devices, &c., making, together, the finest design we ever beheld.

After sojourning here for a few days we found ourself comfortably seated in a railroad car, *en route* for the ancient and historical town of Pontefract, in Yorkshire. The first thing that attracted our attention was the exposure to which engineers on English railroads are subjected.—Entirely unlike those at home, he has no covering to keep off the blast and cold, and, with only a glass window about a foot in diameter to shelter his face, he stands exposed to all sorts of weather. A French engineer with whom I became acquainted on the way home told me that the same custom was in vogue there, under the idea (we think erroneous) that comfortable quarters engender habits of carelessness, and, therefore, subject passengers to greater peril. In the course of seventy miles of railroading, we passed through six tunnels—several of which were over a mile in length. This, we are told, is attributable to the scarcity, and of course great value, of land—tunneling there what would be cut down in America.—Some highly cultivated and beautiful farms come to view in Yorkshire—the district being, as we understand, principally agricultural. Scientific farming, also, such as draining, manuring, &c., is brought up to a very high standard in these parts, and everywhere along the road might be seen pipes, of varies size and calibre, peeping their ends out from beneath a covering of several feet of soil, and emptying their contents in the gully below.

Arrived at our destination, a few minutes thereafter found us comfortably seated beside the cheerful hearth, in pleasant association with those of our "Kith and Kin." How pleasant to see the ruddy glow of an English grate, as, with happy faces all around, and the blast of old Boreas wailing outside, we gather up closer and closer, to enjoy its warmth the more.—Here, truly, is centred the poetry of the "happy fireside," and the more we experienced it the more we realized its truth. The ruins of an ancient castle give a historical interest to this place, and, one beautiful, sunshine morning, in company with an old resident, we visited what still remains of it. It is fast crumbling to decay, and where once stood the huge battlements and menacing hosts of Richard II, now creeps the ivy, entwining its tendrils over these once great and majestic barriers to liberty. A quiet monotony, also, enwraps the place where once the dread clamor of war resounded; and, as we look in dreamy contemplation on the scene, imagination brings back the vision of a strange class of persons all around, with habits and customs entirely different from anything we had ever seen before. In passing over it, we come to the dungeon where the Duke of Lancaster was imprisoned. How much at variance with feelings of humanity to confine any poor unfortunate in so dismal a place as this. Its walls are about five feet thick, and some poor peasant in the neighborhood uses it as a cow pen. An opening has been cut into it from the road, and, with a roof over the top, it answers admirably for this purpose.

London was the next place of interest we visited, and, as the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced our arrival, we naturally looked for the "houses," but, owing to our situation, we could see nothing of it as yet.—As soon as we emerged from the cars a familiar sound greeted our ears—"Have a cab, sir?" &c., being repeated in quick succession, by a dozen or more of cockney drivers. We secured one, and such a *cab!* Instead of the luxurious accommodations of the New York "style," an old, dingy-looking box constituted our apartments, and the creaking noise and jarring motion we were annoyed with, produced some misgivings as to whether it was capable of carrying myself and baggage to its destination. And the animal that drew it! Shades of Bucephalus come forth and pity one of your own kind! We almost felt tempted to get out and help him—poor fellow—as, groaning under his load and smarting under the frequent applications of the driver's whip he struggled bravely to get into a slow trot, but in vain. We think the authorities should take this matter in hand, as we feel assured that not more than one out of ten of the horses now used in cabs in London are fit for the post. However, to my great relief, I at last found myself put up at comfortable quarters; and now to "seeing the sights."

London, like all other English cities, is laid out in circuits, and the streets, instead of running at right angles, as in American cities, meet in these circuits from all directions.—This would naturally cause one to lose their way sooner than in New York or Philadelphia; yet there is so much civility evinced by the cockneys to all strangers that one may saunter forth with impunity, and, should he ever get lost, will ever find in them a disposition to show him right again. We must say in justice to Londoners, that we received more hospitality and civility in London in one day than we could expect in New York in six months. The first place of interest we visited was the Thames Tunnel. After descending by a circular stairway, for about 75 feet, we found ourself at one extremity of this great work of art. Beautifully illuminated with gas, it presents a cheerful appearance—something we can say of no other tunnel we ever passed through. It is about a quarter of a mile in length, and about 30 feet in width. One part of this, however, is devoted to stalls, leaving half for passengers. Some of these stalls are occupied by young girls who, busily plying their needle from morning till night, with a few notions to sell, &c., spend their lives here. How much significance in Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt." We never felt its force so perceptibly as on this occasion.—The walls are plastered over with some sort of cement, and those who are supposed to know express every confidence in its entire safety. The walls around the stairway at either end are beautifully adorned with paintings, and, although making no pretensions as to our capability to judge of their merit, we still found enough of interest in them to attract our attention for a long while. Emerging at the other extremity, we inquired the distance to the Tower, and were informed that an hour's walk, in a direct line, would bring us to this interesting place. The duty performed, we found ourself in front of a large gate, guarded by a sentry on either side. Passing through without any molestation, we next proceeded to a little house in the enclosure, and there gleaned the information that, by paying a small sum, we would receive visitors' tickets, allowing us the privilege of seeing all the curiosities there. There are ushers here, and every half hour there is one to accompany the visitors present through the buildings. After passing up through a long yard, which is enclosed by a wall of stone about ten feet high, we were shown into the room containing samples of armor worn by different Kings of England. The first that attracted our attention was the complete horse and body armor of Henry VIII. He is represented on a wooden horse, life size, and the color and proportions of the animal and the position of its rider are said to be a perfect *fac simile* of their prototype—lacking of course, animation. Many other specimens of the same order came to view—among others, James I and Charles II, but a want of space will not allow their mention. After leaving the armor room, we were next introduced into a sort of museum of relics. Here are arrayed in proper order, and labelled, specimens of cannon taken at Waterloo and other battles in which the English were engaged. The coat of General Wolfe, when he fell at Quebec, containing the blood stain, is also on exhibition here, and thousands of other historical curiosities, of which we could make but a partial memorandum. In the next apartment, where all the instruments of torture and execution are preserved, we saw the "beheading block" on which many a nobleman of England lost his life, and also the identical axe that decapitated, in addition to hundreds of others, the heads of Henry the VIII wives. What a strange sensation pervaded my whole being at the sight of such objects as these.—After noticing many other instruments of the same order, we were next ushered into the jewel room.—Here, protected by a large glass case, are the jewels of England. The crown of England, worn on royal occasions by her Majesty, is a beautiful specimen, containing a magnificent large ruby, said to have been worn by the Black Prince, with a handsome sappline, and studded with diamonds.—There is also a much larger crown, said to have been made for Henry VIII, on exhibition. The Prince of Wales' "head piece" is also here—not forgetting the royal communion service, baptismal fount, and sceptres, a representation, in gold, of the Tower, (worth £5,000) the sword of peace, &c.

After leaving all these novel sights, we were shown into an building in another part of the enclosure, and after going up a dismal looking staircase, found ourselves in the room where prisoners were used to be confined. Although the place has undergone some repairs, great care was taken to preserve the plastered walls of the original, and many inscriptions thereon—quite illegible from age, however,—no doubt speak a tale of suffering.

The Zoological Gardens, British Museum, and St. Paul's Cathedral were the next places of interest we visited, and, although we would very much like to detail, a trespass on your column must forbid. We also beheld the entrance of Westminister Abbey, the Houses of Lords and Common, Buckingham Palace (her Majesty's residence when Parliament is in session,) and Windsor Castle—about 18 miles from London. Hyde Park, the synomym of gaiety—also found us a visitor one beautiful afternoon.

We next proceeded through the southern part of England,—visiting all places of interest and antiquity, and, after sharing the kind hospitali-

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