THE establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of ADB TYPE, which will be increased as the patronage demands. It can now turn out Prinying, of every description, in a neat and expeditions manner—and on very reasonable terms. Such as Pamphlets, Checks,

"Business Cards, Handbills,

Olroulars, Labels,

Bill Headings, Blanks,

Programmes, Bills of Fare,

Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

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, W.M. Breslin, Lebanon, Pa.

NEW FALL & WINTER!

JUST RECEIVED HENRY & STINE'S STORE! LADIES' DRESS GOODS

French Merinoss, Coburgs, Cashmeres, Muslin De-laines, all Wool Reps, Sack Flannels and Pluid Goods of every description and at all prices. For a splendid assertment of Dress Goods call at HENRY & STINE'S.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!! Brocha Square and Long Shawis, all Wool plaid Long Shawis, Mourning Wool Shawis and a large lot of square Wool Shawis offered at low prices with HENRY & STINE.

MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR. Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Union Cassimers, Kentucky Jeans, Ermine Cloths, and an assortment Boaver Cloths, which will be offered at reduced prices by Lebanon, Nov. 6, '61.

HENRY & STINE.

CHEAPOSTORE RAUCH & LIGHT.

MESSRS. RAUCH & LIGHT take pleasure in informing their friends and the public generally that they have just opened a large and carefully selected assortment of DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES.

to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public. Their DRY GOODS,

have all been selected with the greatest care from the largest Importing Houses in Philadelphia.

GROCERIES,

A large stock of cheap Sugara, Coffees, Teas, Chocolate, and all kinds of Spices. Also, a large assortment of QUEENSWARB,

among which are the newest patterns, together with alinost an endless variety of Goods in their line of business, which will be sold very cheap for cash, or Country
Produce taken in exchange.

BAGS! BAGS!! BAGS!!!

The attention of Millers and Farmers is directed to their large stock of BAGS, which they will sell at holessie prices. October 17, 1860.] RAUCH & LIGHT.

IF YOU WANT

A PICTURE of your deceased friend, enlarged and colored in oil, call at DAILY'S Railery, next door to the Lebanon Deposit Bank. Walter & Focht's Mill.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that they have entirely rebuilt the Mill on the little Swarm, formerly known as "Straws" and later as "Wengort's," about one-fourth of a mile from Jonestown, Lebanon county, Pa; that they have it now in complete running order, and are prepared to furnian complete regularly with a very superior article of FLOUR.

as cheap as it can be obtained from any other source.—
They keeps also on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices CHOP, BRAN, SHORTS, &c. They are also prepared to do all kinds of Cusronizas' Wouk, for Farmers and others, at the very shortest possible notice and in vite all to give them a trial. The machinery of the Mill is entirely new and of the latest and most improved kind. By strict attention to business and fait dealing they hope to merit a share of public patronage.
WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, &c., bought, for which the hishest Lebanon Market ruless bought, for which the highest Lebanon Market prices will be paid.

Nov. 20, 1861.

WILLIAM FOCHT.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, at Mrs. RISE'S liotei, 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 tiesired. Also GINIBUS for Parties, &c. Lebanon. July 17, 1881. JAMES MARCH. BOWMAN, HAUER & CAPP'S

LUMBER YARD! This Way, if you Want Cheap Lumber. This way, 1 you want cheep Lamoer.

The undersigned have lately fermed a partnership for the purpose of engaging in the Lumber Business, on a new plan, would respectfully inform the public at large, that their place of business is Davin Bownan's Old Lumber Yard, in East Lebanou, fronting on Chestnut street, one square from the Evangelical church. They have enlarged the Yard and filled it with a new and excellent assortment of all kinds of Lumber, and the Realing. Planner, Joysen. such as Boands, Planks, Joists,

such as BOARDS, PLANKS, JOISTS,
LATHS, SHINDLES, AND SCANTLING,
of all lengths and thicknesses. In short, they keep constantly on hand, a full and well-seasoned assortment of
all kinds of BUILDING MATERIALS. Persons in want
of anything in their line are invited to call, examine their
stock, and learn their prices.
Thankful for past favors, they hope, that by attention
to business and moderate prices, to merit a continuance

to imainess and mode. of public patronage. Public patronago.

BOWMAN, HAUER & EAPP.
Lebanon, September 5, 1860.

Phila. & Reading Railroad. Lebanon Vailley Branch.

Two Daily Passenger Trains to Reading, and Harrisburg.

PASS LEBANON, going East to Reading, at 9.43 A. M.,
and 2.45 P. M.
Pass Lebanon, going West te Harrisburg, at 7.04 P.
M. and 12.10 P. M.
At Reading, both trains make close connexions for Philadelphia, Potteville, Tamaqua, Danville, Williamsport. &c.

port, &c. Morning train only connects at Reading for Wilkes-barre, littston and Scranton.

At Harrisburg, trains connect with "Ponnsylvania."
"Morther Central," and "Cumberland Valley" Railroads for Pittsburg, Lancaster, Baitimore, Sunbury, Chambers-

urg, &c. Through Tickets to Lancaster, in No. 1 Cars, \$1 50, to Through Tickets to Lancaster, in No. 1 Cars, 32 50, 50 fbs. 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 Emigraph Tickets, at lower Fares, to all above piaces, can be liad 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 Coupous, at 25 per cent discount, between

With 28 Coupous, at 25 per cent discount, between any points desired, and MILEAGE TICKETS,
Good for 2000 miles, between all points, at \$45 enchfor Families and Business Firms.
Up Trains leave Philadelphia for Reading, Harrisburg and Pottsville at 8 A. M. and 3,30 and 6 P. M.
43 Passengers are requested to purchase tekets before the Trains start. Higher Feres charged, if paid in the cars.
July 17, 1861.
Engineer and Superintendent.

WEEKLY ARRIVALS!

DRY GOODS. 20 pleces Calico and Bleached Muslin 61/2 cts.
10 "New Markets 121/2 cts.
10 "DeLaines 61/2 cts.
10 "New Style DeLaines 25 cts.
20 "Print 61/2 cts.
A lot of Tickings from 5 to 25 cts.

Stockings 61/4 cts.

Stockings 61/4 cts.

Carpetings from auction very low. 20 Brocha Shawls—wool and sik, the genuine article

20 Brochs Snaws—word and sha, the general Relief Very of Map.

MEN'S AND LADIES' CLOTH,

LADIES' CLOTH CLOAKS,

and a large assortment of DRESS GOODS, which will be
sold closed for cash, and for any bill of foreign goods
apward of five dollars, bought for cash, a deduction of
five per ct. will be made.

33. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange.

Lebanon, Nov. 29, '61.

J. GEORGE.

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, Schuylkill county, and partly in Bethel township, Lebanon county, bounded by lands of Eckert and Guilford, Benjamin Ayerigg, Daniel Douberts and others, containing one hundred and forty-eight acres and a quarter, with the appurtances, consisting of a two story log dwelling house, a new teamness, consisting of a two story log dwelling house, a new bank hard, other out-buildings, and a new water power bank hard, other out-buildings, and a new water power saw mill. For terms, &c., which will be easy, Apply to G. W. MATCHIN, Agont.

Pinegrove, April 20, 1852-4f. Private Sale.

Lebanon

ed stick of office, held her back.

let me ask, what's that to you?"

'I must see him-speak to him.'

were related to the Marshal before?"

to all; but remember that the sol-

satisfied from my door.'

General Bernard.

'Related?'

ed his hat:—

the Marshal.'

Blind, alas!'

the situation.'

tesse-

'Yes, yes, what situation?'

'Madame la Comtesse?'

Andre, my master's wife.'

'Is he happy?"

yard to the house.

find all out.'

'Wife-is he married?"

of fashion, entered the lodge.

Count's return roused her.

'Is Madame la Comtesse within?'

'Yes, Madame la Comtesse de St.

'Oh yes, just one year ago; a beau.

'I suppose so. She's just twenty-

blind.

'Bonjour, Antoine.'

his way toward the lodge, without

waiting for further question, that is

M. Victor de St. Andre, the son of

'His son, his son-how old is he?'

Twenty-three or four; not over

turn?

'Well, where do you come from !-



Advertiser.

VOL. 13---NO. 33.

LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 659.

of woman's tears; But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away, And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might The dying soldier faltered as he took his comrade's

Tell my brothers and companions when they mest and crowd around;
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-yard

many scars, But some were young, and suddenly behold life's morn

and I was aye a trush bird, who thought his home a cago;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child his heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, nor sob with dro ing head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad
and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly with a calm and steadfast as:

fast eye;

For her brother was a seldier too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's

sword and mine.)

For the honor of old Bingon—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gen-

risen My body, will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,) I draamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow of sun-

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along-I heard or The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and

clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm
and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed, with
friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well rememhered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the
Rhine,

His voice grew faint and hoarser-his grasp was childish weak— His sjes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak; Ills comrade tent to lift him, but the spark of life had fied. The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead! And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she lookod down On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses

Miscellaneous.

WHICH LOVE KILLS.

'Farewell, Marianne, farewell,' said a young soldier of a French regiment of infantry, leaning over the side of non. That is the reason he retired a vessel tossed in the storm to a raft, from active service, for he is now onon which the officers, with a few wo- ly just forty-five. But let me give men on board, had been hastily pla- you a glass of wine. I am not treat ced, in the hope that they might in safety reach the coast.

I think. Perhaps you are come after safety reach the coast.

watching with general wonder the ning's flash.

He will announce you. What is your name?' 'A soldier's widow.' bearing the signature of mayor and notary; so, until Marienne could presence. The Count sat by a table, and through the heavy crimson curprove to the law that she was somebody, it was impossible for the prutains a ray of bright light streamed, body, it was impossible for the pru-dish, moral and cautious law to con-sent to Marienne's becoming legally sent to Marienne's becoming legally a wife. Meantime, the regiment call- ever are. His hair, though thick and in the kingdom ed her Mme. Bernard, and Bernard clustering, was white as snow. Still loved and respected her as his wife, his figure was erect; there was not a and to the child who, in the midst of wrinkle on his clear dark skin; and as

ed far away on the waters, and the es, looked the full embodiment of a is that it? raft drifted far on into the darkness. hero, such as his deeds had made him. Twenty years after this stormy night a woman sat wrapt in a thick, dark gray cloak, on the stone bench curre gray close, on the stone bench then, gazing intently at him through this I have adopted him, and to-day Rue Plumet. This mansion, belong- her streaming tears, she clasped her have signed amongst other papers, ing. My love has passed into a sphere masculine head of affairs had planted reach.

'Where are you, my good lady ?-

An audible sob was the only reply. he losses all, and a 'Nay, this is not fear. Who are can never be his.'

carriage as if to gaze in, but the pomarms is always to me a sister-' pous porter, with his long gold-head-The woman, kneeling as she was,

At her touch as she held his hands n hers, the Count started, his whole sakes?"

frame quivered, and in an almost

St. Andre is no other than the great 'Who are you?-who are you?speak!' 'Oh, Bernard !' sobbed the woman:

claimed:

'Marienne, Marienne!' 'Oh, God, he has not forgotten mel' Forgotten my early love, my Vicor's mother, my Marienne-but why

'Yes, twenty years. I was cast alone on the coast of Africa-sick. 'Madame,' said the porter, doffing | maddened by the loss of all I loved.

instant a gentleman, mounted on a years. I have taught your boy to At this moment the heavy damask not to forget who was dying, feeling to one of the most substantial citizen. beautiful prancing steed, dashed by think of you, to love your memory.' curtain that divided the apartment that she must quitall forever.' Here them followed by a groom. She had 'My Victor, I have see not time to see his features, but she passed from your gate.'

can atone; you shall be again happy.' "There is one thing you forget,' 'That,' said the porter, resuming

'What is that?" 'Your marriage.'

young, who trusted me, how will she | ble love on her husband, and holding bear disgrace?'

that, and how his father loves him.-He is, as one may say, the apple of bear. All the disgrace is mine. | letter aloudhis eve: but one shouldn't talk of Bernard, you forgot; I never was eyes, for I suppose you know that the | your wife.

'Yes, from the explosion of a can-

'Nay, before. Bernard, I have never loved but you, but love's accents have left their echoes in my heart: knew them as you spoke of her .-You love your young wife with all the tenderness and passion that once 'Why a sort of a nurse and com-

'I thought you dead, Marienne .-Forgive—oh, forgive!

'Do you love her?' 'As I once loved you.'

tiful wife, too; the Emperor chose for has been but your love, its purpose-I should be dead. I will bury myself five years younger than he is, to be to seek you.'

Bernard, she added, with a burst of ing from her lips. ly, as the gentleman crossed the court passionate grief, would I had never 'Of course he met the Marshal's found you again.

'Poor Marienne! would that I had But our boy-tell me of him.'

be of the household, you will soon The woman made no answer. She as your child was sure to be. Not sat absorbed in thought, until the one hour of grief has he ever given noise of the opening gates for the

'My boy, he is free-he may love A few minutes afterwards the porme.' 'The Marshal bid me bring you to

'Poor Marianne!' he exclaimed. 'What more?' said Marianne.-'May I not even be a mother-not even claim my child?'

And so under this title, the door of I had found you but two hours sooner, disgrace on all; on you destruction. the Marshal's private room was open- not honors, not even Victor's happied, and the woman stood alone in his ness, should have forced me-'Tell me all the truth; do not spare me; I can bear all now.'

'Victor is about to married. The 'Well, why hesitate?'

'The illegitimacy of Victor's birth;

swear that no parent has claim to

Then even to him I must be dead. Or the adoption is not legal, and he losses all, and the woman he loves

served under me. And the sight of thy infancy without a mother's care; is greater still. I dare not embrace me recalls him and this fact once none to soothe thy childish sufferings, my child, not bid him call me mother. 'Come, come give me your hand, But in one action can she concen- accept from my hands the holy task, route by which to enter California, He shall never know of my existence; and happy evermore. I will not clasp him to my heart that 'Madame, I will. Here, with my yearns for him; his brow shall never hand in yours, I swear never to see feel a mother's kiss, for that kiss the Prince again. I am still worthy would leave there a blush.'

Oh my noble Marianne, why

Because I have loved best, and for the fondest, truest heart are thes sacrifices, that life exacts of love. Bernard, farewell; one boon I ask of you her brow. -let me see your wife?" let me see Victor? trust me, I will not betray myself.

'Estelle, my wife,' said Bernard, a not seen her to day; I mean she has hand.

not been here, for I cannot see even her beauty.' 'Not seen her! is she not ever by

your side! Does she not guide your steps? do not you through her eyes, see all the beauties of the world?"

'Marianna; that I should trust you both hands in those of her son. with this, but I have none to whom I could so open my heart.

'None? what secret weighs on it.' I cannot think she loves me; I cannot think her happy.'

continue the Court, drawing her nearer to him, 'look here; for days I mind. went by, when a good sister in a con- have carried this paper about me, not daring to trust any with it. I found The woman, leaning now almost refuge, heard my story and told me it under the vase on her chimney my heart as my father painted her to ment-for women were less plenty piece, just where the Prince de Mol- me, tender, beautiful, gentle, full of than now-and subsequently opened

'My Victor, I have seen him as he from the drawing room was quietly Marianne drew her son wildly toward. The wife had not seen or heard. of assed from your gate.'

pushed aside, and holding it back, her. She clasped me in her dying him since they parted on the HumNow I will atone for all these years there stood on the threshold the loveagonies as I clasp you, and, showering boldt. They have lived happily toheard his clear, young voice exclaim, Now I will atone for all these years there stood on the threshold the love-agonies as I clasp you, and, showering boldt. They have lived happily to-as he passed them, while he half rais- of suffering. I am rich, powerful; I liest vision on which Marianne had kisses thus on my brow, she cried, gether as man and wife for years, ever looked-beautiful, fair, graceful, with her last gasp-Bless thee, bless and she sometimes reproached heryet with a patrician dignity of mein three—farewell forever.' not to be mistaken; seeing Marianne 'Oh! that I had been 'O God! my poor Estelle, what will quick, her cheek turning pale; then ed Marianne to his bosom, and pressoccome of her? She, so beautiful, so she cast a look of pity and unutteral ed his lips to her forehead. up her finger as a token of silence in hers, laid her head on his shoulder, and that for years he had toiled with-

tune you; ah, madame, why could I not divine

'Thank God,' exclaimed the Mar-

security.' 'Here is the Countess,' said Marianadvanced towards them.

'Madame,' said Marianne, 'I am a trusion; I am about to retire from the on her cheek, a low, fluttering sigh up her arms in amazement, exclaimworld forever'-'Oh, madame,' said the Countess.

looking up at ber in fear and doubt, 'you are welcome.' 'Dear Estelle, if you knew'-'I bring a message,' said Marianne,

hastily interrupting him, from the death-bed of Victor's mother.' 'Did she not die at sea?'

No, she reached the shore but to die there.' 'Where is Victor?' said the Count.

'He is just returned,' said Estelle. Take this lady, Estelle, to your private room; I will send for Victor, who knows if knowing all he had to and we will join you there; it is fitting lose, by her life; he would have wish-be should receive his mother's blessed her back in life again.

That's enough!' said she, throwing. The Countess bowed, and taking

Marianne's hand led the way. When they were alone in her room, she closed the door, then hiding her face in har hands, she fell on her knees before Marianne.

'O, who are you who have saved me? ob, madame, how shall I thank vou?' 'Do you know the contents of this

letter?' had left it there.'

of a man who adores you, to fly from

'Oh God! he loved me.' ed you not; I have saved you, not for your sake, but for his.' 'Who are you, madame, then?' ex-

claimed Estelle, starting up. 'Victor's mother.' 'Oh! heavens!

taken your place.'

heard him speak of me? With sorrow, love and reverence. It is well to speak of me both together when I am gone. Estelle, Countess, I have saved you. You have seen how I have suffered, through

to bear my noble husband's name.— You saved us both from dishonor. 1 should you suffer all this for our swear to bear that name honored to through the summer following the grave. I swear to love and rev. On the morning of the fourth day: erence him as you would have done.'

shade passing over his face. I have tor. He came toward her—took her to the old man, and the daughter to not seen her to day; I mean she has hand.

last sigh. Oh! tell me of her-I am

'Do you remember your mother?' said she. 'Alas! sometimes, as I lay awake

She loved you to the last.'

Estelle, holding her husband's hand

her long silken hair.

face changed quicker than thought could note them. Then all was for- old man: ever still, and Marianne was what for twenty years she had been to all who

Estelle kept her promise. Bernard is loved and is happy. As for Victor, his adoption is, beyond all doubt, leestness, how did you find the Carson gal. He is married, prosperous, bril- road?" liant, happy. Nothing could be more fortunate for him than his mother's plied the old man, full of sand and death. He never knew that it was she alkali.' who died in his arms. Better so, for ed her back in life again.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD COUPLE. From the San Francisco Mirror. The following somewhat remarka-

This to you alone I tell. Between this lady was a member, was encampthe hearts that beat side by side, and ed at a point on the Humboit, where the heads that rest on one pillow, the Lessen trail intersects the Carthere should be no secret. Your hus- son track of travel, she visited the band-for he is your husband-knows tent of an elderly, couple and one The Advertiser:

A FAMILY PAPER FORTOWN AND COUNTRY,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY WM. M. BRESLIN,
2d Story of Funck's New, Edileting, Christerland St
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

39 ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. Of
The friends of the establishment, and the public gener
ally are respectfully solicited to seed in their orders.
BY ANDBILLS Printed at an hours notice.
RATES OF POSTACE.
In Edhand County, postage free.
In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county 3½ cents pay
quarter, or 13 cents a year.
Out of this State, 6½ cts. per quarter, or 26 cts. a year
if the postage is not paid in advance, rates are doubled.

himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever. A single glance developed the fact there was a difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before they had pitched. band expressed a preferance for the Carson road, the wife for the Lessen, and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain there all winter: the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn

the wife broke a stillen silence of 36 'Tis well,' and Marianne, drawing hours by proposing a division of the property, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagen camp fur-At that moment Victor, guiding his niture, a small quantity of provisions and \$12 in silver. The proposal was Marianne, calm and firm, now be- accepted, and forthwith the "plungan to tremble as she looked on Vic- der" was divided, leaving the wagon 'Madame,' said he, 'you were my with a neighbor the cattle belong ing to her, for a pony and a pack saddle, and piling the daughter and her portion of the divided spoil upon Marianne's tears choked her utter- the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Lessen trail. while the old man silently yoked the cattle and took the other route. Singular as this may seem, it is nevertheless true. It is among the many course both parties reached Califor. riving at Sacramento with her daught-'And her memory is enshrined in er, the old lady readily found employ-And what became of the old man?

self for the willfulness which separatrace his course in California, however. All that we know of him is. that fortune had not smiled upon him, able to longer wield the pick and

was heard, the varying lines of the ed: 'Great God! John, is that you?' 'All that is left of me,' replied the

> With extended arms they approached. Suddenly the old lady's countenance changed, and she stepped back, 'John,' said she, with a look which

'Miserable, Sukey, miserable,' re-

'Then I was right, John?' she con-

her arms around the old man's neck 'that's enough John;' and the old couple, so strangely sundered, were again united. Both are living with their daughter on Second street.

One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a Colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk a-He was politely received and beckoned to-"you have one of the finest regiments in ed the Colonel. "A lively interest has vants, and ten men have been already. nel. "Yes, sir." "Sergeant," said the any respect !" The chaplain took note of the interview and withdrew.

John Jones has no objection to the lick her law when applied to Jane. Jane Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law, as applicable to John. Jane's argument. At length the Emperor has consended it is fit you should know me; to child—a daughter of fourteen or fifted to grant me the power to make the vorld I am dead. The old lady was sitting to child—a daughter of fourteen or fifteen years. The old lady was sitting to consend the vorld I am dead. The on a pile of blankets under the candral candral can be applicable to John don't liquor her, he don't lick her. vas, encouraging a most determined Therefore, if John can't liquor, he won't I never was his wife. I claim noth. attacked of the "sulks," while the lick her—the conclusion she wishes to

Choice Poetry. BINGEN. BY HON. MRS. NORTON

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers! There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth

hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine; For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and when the day was done
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars— The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of

And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age, And I was aye a truant bird, who thought his home a

hoard, let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I bung it where the bright sun used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

by,
You'd have known her by the marriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—
Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be
risen.

light shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

strown;
Yea, caimly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to sline,
As it shone on distant Bingon—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

'My child, my child!' shrieked the woman from the raft. 'Too late,' said the soldier, clasping to his heart a boy of some three years old, who, with the unconsciousness of infancy, gazed up at the heavens.

golden chasm made by the light-And so they had parted—the raft floating at the tempest's will on the waves towards the Southern coast of all human skill, dashing itself to pie. poor.' ces in impotent struggles against the waves, the wind and God's thunder. The ship was a French transport, having on board a regiment that had sure.' seen hard service in Algiers, and that, after three years, was returning to its home. Marianne, who wept silently crouching in one corner of the handsome and dressed in the extreme raft, was only a vivandiere-one enduring, brave as a man, beautiful, tender and true as a woman. Love they were waiting the return to France for the laws to sanction, though in the meantime the regiment recognized the tie as binding, had united four years previously, Marienne to a brave young sergeant. The want of the proper documents, of which the law requires so many on the part of Marienne, had alone prevented the almoner of the regiment from bless ing the union. Marienne could not prove, by any legal paper that her mother's grandfath'r or father's grand father had been legally married; she ter touched her on the arm. could not bring the certificate of her birth, marriage and death, though many in the regiment knew that her bre waiting for you in the ante-room. mother had died when Marienne was born, and that her father had been killed two days before. But the tes. timony of a whole regiment was not worth six lines on stamped paper,

the tempest clung to his breast, called he sat there, in his full uniform on the her mother. But the brave ship toss- which reposed many stars and cross.

ing once to one of the noble families hands and gradually sank on her one in which I swear to your death—above earthly jealousy.

of the old regime, had been within the knees before him.

year bought by one who had by his sword earned distinction, riches and Come near me; do not be afraid. I a title, Count St. Andre, but recently am blind, or I would go to you.' made Marshal of France. This wo-

man had sat long at the gate without being noticed by any who entered or you? Perhaps your husband has who went through the small postern; but at length the wide gates were me recalls him and this fact once none to soothe thy childish sufferings, swung open, and a carriage, with the more to you.'

chasseur behind it, drove out of the 'It does not,' murmured the woman. court yard. Then the woman rose and rapidly advanced towards the sister, for the widow of a brother in

d stick of office, held her back.

'No beggars allowed,' said he.

'I am not a beggar. Who is that?'

My master, the Marshal St. Andre.'

'My master, the Marshal St. Andre.' That is his title. What was his

Why everybody knows that M. de broken voice, he said:

'Bernard? Then I was right!' ex. claimed the woman, turning pale, and instinctively catching hold of the porter for support; 'when will he re- and, with a cry, almost a gasp, ex-He is gone to the Tulleries; he will return say in two hours. But,

Indeed! And pray Madame, who have we not met till now, twenty are you, that can make so free as to years?' must to a Marshal of France?" 'Nobody. I mean a soldier's widow.' his hat and holding out his arm to

Then I strove—it was years before I her, why did you not tell me you came back to consciousness-I strove to find you. I inquired. The regiment to which we both belonged had Yes; pray do me the honor to perished on that dreadful night on walk in. The Marshal, when he enthe coast of Africa. You know my gages a servant, says to him: Be kind | ignorance; I could neither read nor write; I was forced to be content diers' widows and orphans are all my with what they told me. So years children; never let one be turned unvent at Marseilles, where I had taken helplessly on the porter's arm, burst yours. The name was the same; she into tears. As she entered the court told me it might be you, and so I

said Marienne.

'Not by any legal ceremony; but poor Marshal, my noble master, is

find you happy.'
'Very, since I have seen you.'

panion for the Marshal. He has his were mine. valet, to be sure, but Mme. la Com-

'Then all is well. What is my life to yours? You are great—you have won honor, an illustrious name. I have not any name but that you once France—the ship, past all help, past himself; she was a great lady, only loved—Marienne; I have no family; society has no place for me. My life your happiness. For that it is better

> forever in that convent whence I came At this moment the gate bell rang The porter pulled the string, and the 'Marienne, pity.' I shall grow calm. The good sisgate opening, a gentleman, young, ters have taught me much. I am not the poor, ignorant creature that I was. In prayer and meditation will I live; and sometimes perhaps a letter, for 'Yes,' replied the porter, in a sneer-I can read them now-Oh! Bernard, he should receive his mother's blessing tone, turning away almost rude-

carriage, and that accounts for his presence; but, however, if you are to found you sooner.' 'Oh! he is noble, good, handsome,

> The Marshal sunk back in his chair with a groan.

'This very day-ah? Marianne, if

For more than a year they have withheld their consent, owing to

Poor Victor-my own child-all twenty years, yet now the suffering or dry thy boyish tears. What has I can ensure the happiness of both, their tent at the forks of the road, thy mother done for thee? Nothing. but sacrifice my life. Will you not and as they could not agree upon the trate the devotion of a whole life. and make him we both love honored they had remained. The hus-

her to her bosom, pressed a kiss on father, entered the room.

mother's friend. You received her

ance. She stood trembling, weeping,

and think of her, I think I do; but occurrences stranger than fiction. Of all I can recall distinctly is a dark night, with flashing skies, heaving mia in safety. We say "of course," waters, and a shrill cry. I have nev-I am infirm, older much than her; waters, and a shrill cry. I have nevshe is beautiful, admired. Marianna, er been able even in my dreams, to obstacle, death included, could have bring back my mother's face to my seriously interfered with the prog-mind.' ress of stubbornness so sublime. Ar-

dave had been leaning but an instant courage and devotion. Madame, did a boarding house, and in a few years yard, through her tears the woman saw the porter lift his hat, and putting her a little behind him, stand in Marienne. How I have wept for you had not been neglected, was married and yourself. She bid me tell you she had in her years ago she went to San Francisco, ten, and Victor hates him. Ah, Malife loved but two beings—your father and the daughter, whose education and yourself. She bid me tell you had not been neglected, was married to the most substantial citizen.

> 'Oh! that I had been there; oh! ted them after so long a pilgrimage she stood still. Marianne gazing at mother, mother!' Impelled by the together through this rough life. her for an instant, her breast heaving emotions of the moment, Victor clasp. But he was not dead. We cannot

What disgrace? She has none to and warning, she began to read the and wept, his tears falling fast on to out hope. Finally, feeling scarcely All at once Victor uttered a cry. shovel, he visited San Francisco, in and unclasped his arms from around the hope of obtaining employment that so much beauty could but be found with Marianne. 'Oh God! she is fainting,' better adapted to his wasted strength. in truth and heart you were my wife. such great virtue. You love your busband; you he exclaimed. They rushed toward For three months he remained idle. 'All that is nothing. I have not disdain me; I honor, I respect you as much as her; the blood began to gurgle in a after arriving here, and then for come to claim either rank or station; you love. You shall not see me till years have purple stream over her pale lips; the want of occupation became the hum. I came to see you and my boy. I paled your image in my heart. I leave Paris eyes were fixed, and gradually glaz. ble retailer of peanuts and oranges, ing as they gazed. At last there with his entire stock of traffic in a came a holy serenity over the face and basket upon his arm. This was ashal, 'oh, Marianne, your voice it is then all was still. They sent for aid; bout six months ago. A few weeks that gives me complete happiness and they watched beside her. At length since, in passing the open door of a they watched beside her. At length since, in passing the open door of a a deep sigh heaved her breast, her cottage in the southern part of the lips moved. They bent down toward city, he observed a lady in the hall, ne, as at a sign from her, the Count- her. She gazed for one moment, the and stopped to offer his merchandise. ess, pale and with a tottering step, concentration of a mother's love in As he stepped upon the threshold, a glance, on Victor; then, with a the lady approached, and the old man smile she turned towards Estelle, and raised his eyes and dropped the bassoldier's widow; my husband, one of your husband's earliest companions murmured: 'Bernard, remember.'— was his wife—his 'old woman.' in arms. You must forgive my in- Then the Countess felt a faint breath | She recognized him, and throwing

> loved her-dead. and we will join you there; it is fitting lose, by her life; he would have wish-

ble narrative is related by a Western lady, now on a visit to this city from Mariposa. She is herself a character. She has crossed the plains twice -first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first Amer- bout the religious interests of his men: ican lady who returned to the East by the way of the isthmus of Panama. a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, 'No; he but told me now that he She is a genuine heroine, a fine specimen of stout hearted Western wo- the army." "I think so," replied the Col-'He urges you, young, virtuous, the manhood, and her adventures in the onel. "Do you think you pay sufficient wife of a man all France has honored, wilds of the unpeopled West have attention to the religious instruction of been numerous and exciting. If the your men?" "Well I don't know," repliall that can make life worth the keep. good folks of Mariposa have missed ing, to his degrading love, bringing a lady from their neighborhood, they been awakened in the regiment; are hereby apprised that she is com. the Lord has blessed the labors of his serfortably located at the boarding house Love lives by a sacrifice, not by the of Mrs. Nesbit, on the corner of baptized." [This was a rival regiment.] molation of those it loves; he lov. Montgomery and Sutter streets, and "Is that so, 'pon honora" asked the Coloimmolation of those it loves; he lov. Montgomery and Sutter streets, and will not return to the mountains until Holmes, of the Gazette, ceases to Colonel to an attending orderly, "have harrow the hearts of Mariposa moth- fifteen men detailed immediately to be ers by calling their little babies baptized. I'll be if I'll be outdone in. "brats." Well, while the train, of which