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Lebanon, November 6, '61.

CHEAP STORE
OF

RAUCH & LIGHT.

At the Corner of Cumberland Street and Plank Road,
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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. QUEENSWARE, &c.,

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.

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

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The attention of Millers and Farmers is directed to their large stock of BAGS, which they will sell at wholesale prices.

October 17, 1860.] RAUCH & LIGHT.

IF YOU WANT

A PICTURE of your deceased friend, enlarged and colored in oil, call at DAILY'S Gallery, 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 Swatara, formerly known as "Straw's" and later as "Wenger'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 furnish customers regularly with a very superior article of

FLOUR,

as cheap as it can be obtained from any other source.—They keep also on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices CHOP, BRAN, SHORTS, &c. They are also prepared to do all kinds of CUSTOMERS' WORK, for Farmers and others, at the very shortest possible notice and invite 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 fair dealing they hope to merit a share of public patronage.

WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, &c.,

bought, for which the highest Lebanon Market prices will be paid.

Nov. 20, 1861. FRANKLIN WALTER.
WILLIAM FOCHT.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE, at Mrs. BISE'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, July 17, 1861. JAMES MARCH.

BOWMAN, HAUER & CAPP'S

LUMBER YARD!

This Way, if you Want Cheap Lumber.

THE undersigned have lately formed 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 DAVID BOWMAN'S Old Lumber Yard, in East Lebanon, 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, 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-assorted 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 of public patronage.

BOWMAN, HAUER & CAPP.

Lebanon, September 5, 1860.

Phila. & Reading Railroad.
Lebanon Valley Branch.

Two Daily Passenger Trains to Reading, and Harrisburg.

PASS LEBANON, going East to Reading, at 9.48 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

Pass Lebanon, going West to Harrisburg, at 7.04 P. M., and 4.10 P. M.

At Reading, both trains make close connexions for Philadelphia, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Danville, Williamsport, &c.

Morning train only connects at Reading for Wilkesbarre, Pittston and Scranton.

At Harrisburg, trains connect with "Pennsylvania," "Northern 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 50.

50 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 Canada; 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 25 Coupons, at 25 per cent discount, between any points desired.

MILEAGE TICKETS,

Good for 2000 miles, between all points, at $45 each, for Families and Business Firms.

Up Trains leave Philadelphia for Reading, Harrisburg and Pottsville at 4 A. M. and 3.30 and 4 P. M.

☞ Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before the Trains start. Higher Fares charged if paid in the cars.

H. A. MONTAS,
July 17, 1861. Engineer and Superintendent.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 13—NO. 32. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1862. WHOLE NO. 658.

The Advertiser:

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY By WM. M. BRESLIN,
24 Story of Funck's New Building, Cumberland St
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. ☜ The friends of the establishment, and the public generally are respectfully solicited to send in their orders.

☞ HANDBILLS Printed at an hours notice.

Choice Poetry.

A LESSON WORTH ENSHRINING.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining
Is this: "I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches!
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops and strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light
All bodeless phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast-ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Miscellaneous.

THE ROSE OF GLEN VALLEY.

MURDER!—Help!—Oh, help!

How sharp and fearfully distinct that cry ran out on the midnight air! But there were none to hear it except the two ruffians who, pressing still closer to their victim, bore him heavily to the ground.

'He is dead!' said the oldest one, placing his hand upon the heart of the wounded man, who lay upon the ground without sense or motion.

'We had better make sure of it,' said the other significantly pointing to the river at a short distance.

His companion understood him, and without a word on either side they lifted up the body and carried it to the river. There was a heavy splash, something that sounded like a stifled groan, and the broad waters rippled quietly over it—the moon looked down as calmly and placidly as if crime and murder were things unknown. The two men then mounted their horses and rode swiftly away.

'This is a good night's job,' said the shorter and younger of the two.

'I should judge so,' returned the other, dryly, 'as it gives you one of the richest earldoms in England.'

'Ay, and by my knightly faith, you shall find that the Earl of Egberton is not ungrateful,' said the other.—'The thousand pounds shall be yours to-morrow, and if there is anything else I can do for you, you may consider me to the full extent of my power.

'There will be a merry bridal to-morrow,' said his companion.

'Very!' replied the younger one with a slight mocking laugh. 'Lady Blanche will wait long at the altar for her lover; and as for my good cousin Walter who has been my rival in love and ambition, I'll warrant he'll sleep as sound to-night as he would were he pillowed in her arms! But we must separate here,' he added, as they emerged from the forest into the open country. 'We must not be seen together. Adieu! We shall meet to-morrow at the bridal.'

And so saying he turned the head of his horse into one of the two roads that were before them, and his companion taking the other, they parted.

* * * * *

In an elegant *boudoir* partly reclining upon a low couch, was a fair young girl of not more than twenty summers, apparently in deep revery.—Her thoughts were very pleasant, for there is a half smile around her mouth, an expression of thoughtful and subdued tenderness in the deep blue eyes, and on the smooth, open brow. Her maid, who had entered some minutes before, but who had hesitated to disturb her; now approaches.

'It is nearly ten, Lady Blanche,' she said, addressing her young mistress; 'in a half an hour the guests will be here.'

'Can it be possible that it is so late as that?' she replied, starting from her seat. 'Ah, Martha, I am so very happy!'

'Heaven grant that it may last, lady,' said Martha, solemnly.

A shadow fell across the young girl's sunny face.

'I am afraid I am too happy for it to last,' she said thoughtfully. 'But come Martha,' she added gaily, 'your skillful fingers must be more than usually nimble, or I shall be late at my bridal.'

It did not take Martha long to loop back those clustering curls, and to arrange the shining folds that fell so gracefully around that exquisitely moulded form; yet she had hardly finished when there was an impatient knock at the door, and a man entered, whose bowed form and white hair bore the impress of extreme old age. It was Lord Cantref. He gazed upon his daughter for a moment with an expression of mingled pride and pleasure.

'Heaven bless you, my beloved child, he murmured fondly. 'But come,' he added, 'the carriage is waiting, my love, and our friends are growing impatient.'

'Has not Walter been here yet, father,' inquired the young girl.

'No,' replied her father. 'It is rather strange; but I suppose something has detained him. He will probably meet us at the church.'

As Blanche passed down through the group of livered servants that lined the hall, every one anxious to catch a glimpse of the bride, many a heart blessed her sweet face, and prayed that all the bright anticipations its smiles and blushes shadowed forth might be realized.

To Lord Cantref's surprise, the Earl of Egberton was not at the church door when they arrived. His brow grew dark with anxiety, though he endeavored to allay the apprehensions of his daughter whose cheeks alternately flushed and paled at her embarrassing position.

Just as they were about to return, Lord Cantref noticed a horseman approaching at a furious pace whom he recognized as Mr. St. Croix, the young earl's cousin. His clothes were torn and dusty, and his face pale and haggard, as he hurriedly alighted from his horse, which was covered with sweat and foam. As his eye fell upon Lady Blanche he hesitated, and casting a significant glance upon Lord Cantref, beckoned him aside. But this movement did not escape the observation of Lady Blanche, whose cheek grew pale from fear.

'It is from Walter!' she exclaimed breaking from her attendants and following her father. 'Tell me,' she added wildly, addressing St. Croix, 'is he ill—dead?'

'Be calm my dear child,' said Lord Cantref soothingly, whose countenance betrayed great agitation, 'the young earl is not dead, only missing. It is to be hoped that he will yet be found.'

Lady Blanche made no reply, but fell pale and gasping into her father's arms, who quickly conveyed her to the carriage.

Many of the bystanders gathered around St. Croix, anxious to know the cause of this scene. From the narration he gave, they gathered that the earl had disappeared no one knew whither. That there was no clue to his fate, excepting his horse, which came home a few minutes after midnight with dark stains of blood upon his breast and sides. The grief and horror with which St. Croix narrated these circumstances produced a very favorable impression on those who heard him; for he was next of kin to the earl, and upon his death would come into possession of the earldom.

* * * * *

[illegible] few months after, who was in close and earnest conference with his daughter, 'I would not urge you to take this step, were I not assured that it would result in your ultimate happiness.'

'I don't doubt it father,' said lady Blanche languidly; 'but somehow the very thought is repulsive to me. I never liked Mr. St. Croix, and cannot say I like him any better since his accession to his new honors. There is, to my womanhood instinct, something treacherous and cruel in the very glance of his eye and sound of his voice.'

'You are prejudiced, my daughter,' said her father; 'I see nothing of this. Indeed I believe him to be an honorable man, and in every respect worthy of you. You have no brother,' he added solemnly, as his daughter made no reply, 'and will soon have no father, for my race is nearly run. It grieves me to leave you so unprotected, and it would take the last sting from death could I see you Lord Egberton's wife.'

'Let it be as you say, father,' replied Lady Blanche, indifferently. Since Walter is dead, I care little what becomes of me.'

'The earl has been waiting some time to see you Blanche,' he continued; may he come in and receive your consent from your own lips?'

Lady Blanche inclined her head; and in a few moments the wily man was by her side.

'I have no heart to give you,' she said in reply to his earnest protestations, lifting her eyes calmly to his face; 'but my hand is yours whenever you choose to claim it.'

'If the most devoted and tender love can win your heart, it cannot fail to be mine, dear lady,' said the earl, softly.

'Nay, Lord Egberton,' said Lady Blanche, firmly, 'it will avail little.—All the heart that I have is buried in Walter's grave. Yet I promise that all I can give you shall be yours any day you name.'

The earl murmured a few words of thanks, and then raising her hand respectfully to his lips, turned away, and mounting his horse, rode rapidly toward Egberton Hall, his heart full of exultation at his success. As he was passing a narrow defile, a form wrapped in a large cloak suddenly crossed his path, startling his horse so that he nearly threw him off from his saddle. With a muttered imprecation he turned toward the intruder.

'It is I, Edward St. Croix!' said a deep hollow voice; and throwing back the cloak, the pale light of the moon fell upon the tall form of a woman, clad in a strange fantastic attire.—Her flashing eyes were black as midnight, as also were the heavy masses of disordered hair that fell below her waist, her complexion was dark, even to a swarthiness. Yet, in spite of her wierd, unearthly aspect, there was something in the general contour of her face which showed that she had once possessed more than common beauty.

'Ardelle!' exclaimed St. Croix, astonished.

'Nay, Edward,' said the woman, with a low, bitter laugh, 'not the loving and trustful Ardelle, whom you lured by your wile arts from her happy home, but Cleopatra, the gipsy queen!'

'I—I thought—' stammered the earl.

'You thought me, as you intended me to be, dead!' she said, interrupting him with a still more bitter laugh. 'But, my friend poison does not always kill, even when administered by so practiced a hand as yours. I have had many an antidote such as you gave me, on the night of our last meeting!'

'You are talking at random, woman,' said the earl sternly, recovering, in a measure, his self-possession. 'What is that you want—money?'

'Not for worlds would I touch your gold, Edward St. Croix,' exclaimed gipsy queen, with a haughty gesture, 'red as it is with the blood of the innocent! No! I come to warn you, man, that the cup of vengeance is nearly full, that the sword of Justice is ready, even now, to descend upon your head! Go, and instead of fulfilling the wicked purpose that is in your heart tonight, mount your fleetest steed, and escape to some far country, and there by a life of penitence, strive to retrieve the past!'

'Are you mad, woman, to address such language to me?' exclaimed the earl angrily.

'Nay hear me out,' said the gipsy queen, calmly. 'To-morrow is to be your bridal day, is it not—that is, to witness your marriage with the beautiful Lady Blanche?'

'It is,' replied her companion, a grim smile of satisfaction flitting across his face at the recollection.

'Woe to the dove when it mates with the hawk!' said the gipsy. 'Edward St. Croix, was not the earldom enough for thee, that thou must lay thy blood-stained hands also upon the betrothed of thy murdered cousin?'

St. Croix fairly reeled upon his saddle.

'What do you mean?' he gasped.

'Nay, be calm,' said the woman mockingly, as she observed his agitation, 'let not your craven heart fail you now. Dead men tell no tales.—The moon that beheld that deed of blood, the river that received the body of the victim, have no tongue to accuse you. Yet there is one whose eyes were upon you, and whose vengeance will surely overtake you. Go I warn you to flee from the wrath that is coming.'

The earl remained some seconds with his eyes fixed intently upon the spot where the woman disappeared. The cold sweat started out in large drops upon his forehead, and he muttered to himself, as he spurred his horse onward, 'but a very fiend! But were she twice the fiend that she is, should not stand between me and my promised bride!'

He reached Egberton Hall in safety, and endeavored with large draughts of wine to drown all recollection of the scene through which he had just past. But it was in vain; those black eyes seemed to be burning into his very soul, and the tones of that strange, mysterious warning still sounded in his ears.

'Pshaw!' he exclaimed after an ineffectual effort to banish it from his mind; it is a mere suspicion on her part; she can know nothing about it. But let her too, beware; for if she crosses my path again I will send her where her babbling tongue will be quiet for the future!'

* * * * *

Once more Lord Cantref's mansion is all bustle and activity. The bells ring forth a merry peal, for it is the bridal day of the sole daughter of his house, the Lady Blanche, the Rose of Glen Valley.

A murmur of mingled pity and admiration filled the church as the bride entered. Her face was almost as pale as was the costly veil, whose ample folds fell nearly to her feet, and bore the impress of deep seated melancholy. She looked more like a corpse than a bride, and the whole proceeding resembled far more a funeral than a bridal. The bridgroom soon entered, whose haggard countenance indicated that he had passed a sleepless night. No murmurs followed his entrance, even among his own retainers, for he bore no resemblance to the late earl, his predecessor, whose affable and engaging manners had made him a general favorite. His morose, unsocial disposition and haughty bearing made him both disliked and feared. As he took his place by Lady Blanche he looked little like a happy bridgroom; his manner was abstracted, and his eye wore an anxious and restless expression, and several times he gave a sharp, hurried glance around the church, as if fearing to meet some unexpected guest. He grew calmer however, when the ceremony commenced.

When the old rector bade those who knew cause or just impediment why those two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony to declare it, it was considered by those who heard it as a mere matter of form and they were startled by the sound of a deep, hollow voice in their midst which said:

'Hold! I forbid the marriage.'

The bridegroom turned toward the place whence it proceeded. He started and grew pale, as his glance fell upon the swarthy brow and flashing eyes of Cleopatra, the gypsy queen. Unabashed by his angry glance, or the many eyes fixed upon her, she exclaimed boldly:

'I proclaim Edward St. Croix, falsely called the Earl of Egberton, to be a foresworn lover a treacherous kinsman, and murderer, and therefore no fitting mate for the pure and gentle Lady Blanche Cantref.'

'It is false—she is mad!' said the earl, hoarsely. 'Let the ceremony proceed.'

'Fool!' muttered the woman, 'you rush on your own destruction. Walter, Earl of Egberton,' she added impressively, turning toward a man who sat in the back part of the church, muffled up in a cloak, 'come forward and prove the truth of my assertion.'

At these words the man arose, and throwing back the cloak, revealed a face, which though pale and ghastly, bore a strong resemblance to the young Earl's. Then walking deliberately up the aisle, he approached the altar, and fixed his eyes sternly upon the countenance of the guilty man. When St. Croix's eyes fell upon him, he stood like one transfixed with horror. Then throwing his arms wildly above his head, as if to protect himself from further approach, he fell heavily to the floor, blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils.

All but one of that horror stricken group supposed it to be the spirit of the unfortunate earl, which had returned to take vengeance on his murderer, and feared to approach him.—But Lady Blanche, rushing forward, threw herself wildly upon the bosom of her lover, obtaining convincing proof as she did so, from the warm kisses that fell upon her cheeks and lips, that it was no spirit, but her own Walter.

When they lifted St. Croix from the place where he had fallen, they found that life had departed. It seems that the wounds given to the young Earl were not as his murderers supposed mortal. His plunge into the river, instead of rendering his death certain, restored him to consciousness, and when he arose to the surface, he made a desperate effort to regain the shore. In this he would not, probably, have been successful, for he was very weak from the loss of blood, had it not been for the gipsy queen, who was crossing the river in a boat with some of her followers. She picked him up, conveyed him to her tent, and with the most devoted and tender care nursed him through the long and dangerous illness that followed.

The Earl, on his recovery, became aware of his cousin's usurpation of his estates and title, also of his betrothal to the Lady Blanche; but retaining a grateful sense of his indebtedness to the heroic woman to whom he owed his life, and who, in spite of all, still cherished a strong affection for his treacherous cousin, he allowed her to hope, hoping that it would induce him to flee the country, delaying for that purpose his appearance until the very last moment.

There was another bridal day appointed, at which there were happy smiling faces; the Lady Blanche, the beautiful rose of Glen Valley, gave her hand to Walter, Earl of Egberton, at the altar of the ivy-clad church of Stoke Cantref.

Both the Earl and the Countess tried to induce Cleopatra, the gypsy queen, to settle down in the neat pleasant cottage the Earl had given her. But they could not prevail upon her to give up her roving life to which she was so strongly attached. She made it a rule, however, to visit Egberton Hall once a year, and the earl gave strict injunctions to all of his tenants that neither she nor her followers should ever be molested.

Many years have elapsed since the events here recorded; but in remembrance of the services rendered by the gypsy queen, any member of that wandering tribe who visits the neighborhood has always a hospitable reception from the descendants of the Rose of Glen Valley.

Horrible Narrative.

Sufferings and Cannibalism of an American Whaler's Boat's Crew.

The St. John *Daily News* of December 6, has an account of the sufferings of John F. Sullivan, of Hadley Falls, Mass., and his companions, deserters from the whaleships Daniel Webster and Ansel Gibbs, of New Bedford, in Cumberland Straits, on the 4th of August last. The narrative was written by Sullivan. The writer says that he had no reason for leaving the ship only that he was not sufficiently provided against the cold northern climate, and was afraid of dying by scurvy. The crew of the Ansel Gibbs complained of bad treatment. They were John Giles, boatsteerer, John Martin, Hiram J. Davis, Willard Hawkins, Thomas Colwell, Joseph Fisher and Samuel Fisher, who, with Sullivan and his shipmate Warren Dutton, constituted the deserting party. They stole a boat from the Ansel Gibbs, into which they managed to place a very small quantity of provisions, two guns and a little ammunition, and stood across the Straits. They left the vessels in latitude 65.50, about five miles from Penny's harbor. On the fourth day out they fell in with the barque Geo. Henry, Capt. Cuddington, of New London, who offered to take them all on board, but they declined. He gave them some provisions, which were augmented by a duck and the hind-quarters of a white bear they managed to shoot before they made resolution Island, where their provisions became nearly exhausted. On the 20th of August, at Cape Chidleigh, they had nothing but mushrooms and berries to live upon; and here Hawkins and Davis ran away from the party and carried away everything that was useful belonging to the boat. After an attempt to leave the place, which was prevented by stormy weather, they landed again, and Dutton died of starvation. The narrative of Sullivan says:

This evening he died, Samuel Fisher proposed to eat him; he took his knife and cut a piece off the thigh, and held it over the fire until it was cooked. Then, next morning each one followed his example; after that the meat was taken off the bones, and each man took a share. We stopped here three days. We then made a start; but the wind being ahead we were compelled to put back. Here we stopped two more days. During that time the bones were broken up small and boiled in a pot or kettle that we had; also, the skull was broken open, the brains taken out and cooked. We then got a fair wind, but as we got around a point we had the wind very fresh off shore; we could hardly manage the boat; at last we drove on an island some ways out to sea; we got the boat under lee of it; but the same night we had a large hole stove into her. Being unable to haul her up, we stayed here eight days; it was on this island they tried to murder me.

The third day we stopped here, I was out as usual picking berries, or anything I could find to eat. Coming in I chanced to pick up a mushroom. I brought it in with me, also an armful of wood to keep. While kneeling down to cook the mushroom, I received a heavy blow of a club from Joseph Fisher, and before I could get on my feet I got three more blows. I then managed to get on my feet, when Samuel Fisher got hold of my right arm; then Joseph Fisher struck me three more blows on the arm. I somehow got away from them, and, being half crazy, I did not know what to do. They made for me again; I kept begging of them for God's sake, to spare my life; but they would not listen to my cries. They said they wanted some meat, and were bound to kill me. I had nothing I could defend myself with but a small knife; this I held in my hand till they approached me. Samuel Fisher was the first to come towards me; he had a large dirk knife in his hand; his cousin was coming from another direction with a club and a stone. Samuel came on and grasped me by the shoulder, and had his knife raised to stab me. I then raised my knife and stabbed him in the throat; he immediately fell, and I then made a step for Joe, but he dropped his club and went up to where the rest were. I then stooped down to see if Samuel was dead; he was still alive. I began to cry; after a little while the rest told me to come up—they would see there was nothing more done to me. I had received four deep [illegible] dressed them for me, and washed the blood off my face. Next day Samuel Fisher died; his cousin was the first one to cut him up; his body was used up the same as my unfortunate shipmate's.

After a while, we managed to repair the boat and left the island. We ran in where we thought was mainland, but it proved to be an island; here we left the boat and proceeded on foot, walking about one mile a day. At last we reached the other side of the island in about four days; then put back again to the boat. It took us four days to get back. When we got there, we found the boat stove very bad since we left her. We tried to get around the island in her, but she sunk when we got into her; we then left her, and went back again to the other side of the island, to remain there until we should die or be picked up. We ate our belts, boots, and sheaths, and a number of bear and seal skin articles we had with us. To add to our misery, it commenced to rain, and kept up for three days; it then began to snow. In this miserable condition we were picked up by a boat's crew of Esquimaux on the 29th of September, and brought to Okoke on the 3d of October. The missionaries did all that lay in their power to help us along, and provided us with food and clothing, then sent us to Nain, where we met the "doctor," (Davis) who was picked up three days before we were. He reported that his companion died, and told many false stories after he was picked up.

The above thrilling narrative has the air of romance rather than reality, and some of the circumstances appear very improbable, but as the Ansel Gibbs, which arrived at New Bedford on the 12th of last November, reported the desertion of seven of her crew, with a whaleboat, in the Arctic regions, at the date above given the main facts of the story are doubtless true. The misguided seamen suffered fearfully in consequence of their folly.

Involuntary Wounds in Battle.

During the heat of the action a number of very young men had one or more fingers carried away. Hence it was insinuated that they had voluntarily wounded themselves in order to be discharged from the service. All those who had their hands run through by balls, or the fingers carried away, became subject to the imputation.—This infamous calumny disquieted Napoleon, and also made him indignant. He gave orders that the men who were maimed should be assembled in the Custom House, about a kilometre from Bautzen. The number of these was 2,732. Larrey was unwilling that credit should be given to the accusation brought against his unfortunate countrymen. However, when the Emperor asked him whether it was possible to distinguish the wounds inflicted by an enemy from self-inflicted wounds, all circumstances being equal, he said, "No medical officer would be able to establish the least difference between the two kinds of wounds." This opinion of Larrey was not in accord with that of several of his colleagues. Accordingly the Emperor could not be convinced by the assertions of the Surgeon of his Guard.—He named him President of a Court of Inquiry—and said to him with some roughness of manner, "Go, sir; you will make me your observations officially; go, fulfill your duty."

The inquiry lasted several days, and was made with all the attention, all the care imaginable, by five surgeons, to whose court of inquiry was a superior officer of the staff, an officer of gendarmerie, and the Grand Prevost of the army. The examination of the wounded demonstrated that the sores on the hands proceeded from a want of habit in the management of arms. Thus the soldier of the third rank in firing rested involuntarily the barrel of the gun on their comrades of the first rank, and wounded them in this more or less grievously. In the hurry of the action they also wounded themselves involuntarily, as the illustrious surgeon, their defender, had observed several times under the circumstances. Finally, it is to be noted that at the battles of Lutschen and Wurtschen the young soldiers accused charged the enemy in escalading the hills, and consequently that they had always the hands elevated in holding their guns, obliged as they were to point them upwards towards the enemy. The projectile would thus reach the hands of the conscripts, being the nearest object in front. Each wounded soldier made his report. The inquiry was right, and the result was a proof beyond doubt that all the wounds in the hands were received involuntarily.

When the labor of the inquiry was at an end, Larrey repaired to Napoleon, who said to him, "Well, sir, do you still persist in your opinion?"—The answer of Larry was, "I do more, sire, I come to prove it to your Majesty; these brave youths have been unworthily calumniated; I have passed much time in a most rigid examination, and I have been unable to find one of them guilty. There is not one of these young men who has not made his own report; numerous files of papers follow me. Your Majesty can order the examination of them." Napoleon then walked with hasty steps, as he often did when he was agitated, but appeared very happy to learn that his soldiers were innocent, and very much satisfied, above all, with the decided and straight forward manner in which his Surgeon in chief had made him know the truth. Then he suddenly stopped, and with emotion took the hand of Larrey, addressing to that man, so courageous and just, these words: "Adieu, Monsieur Larrey, henceforth near him a man like you; they will carry my orders to you." Baron Larrey received that night the portrait of the Emperor enriched with diamonds, and a pension of 3,000 francs from the State.—*Memoirs of Baron Larrey.*

A Short Prayer.

BOSTON, Jan. 14, 1862

MESSRS EDITORS:—I enclose a form of petition to Congress that the people here are extensively signing, somewhat to annoyance of Abolitionists, who seem to think no one has a right to speak his mind to Congress but themselves. This is purely a *business* document, emanating from those who feel that there interests are suffering for want of attention—who feel a pride in the credit of the country on the one hand, and who have claims on the Treasury on the other. It cannot probably be said of it by Mr. Sumner, as of a former petition sent from here, contrary to his views, that the signers could not have had time to read it.—Yours, respectfully.

MASSACHUSETTS, January, 1862.

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, pray you to drop the Negro question, and attend to the business of the Country.

It would be well to start the same petition in Lebanon.

☞ Among the stories told of General Nelson, one of the best of the federal commanders in Kentucky, is the following:

"While visiting the guard of a neighboring regiment, a few days since, he noticed the absence of the officer in command, and demanded his presence, whereupon a very unmilitary-like figure, enveloped in a shawl, appeared.

"General Nelson—Beg your pardon, sir, I want the officer of the guard.

"Officer—I am officer of the guard, sir.

"General Nelson—Take off that shawl, sir.

(The mysterious stranger divests himself of the shawl.)

Now, sir, where is your sword?

"Officer—In my tent.

"General Nelson—Put it on, sir. Stand up now. Take the position of a soldier, and salute your superior officer. Very well done, sir—quite correct. Now deliver your sword to my adjutant general, and report yourself under arrest, sir!"

Negro troops in Canada.

The following is a Canadian war advertisement:

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!—TO THE COLORED POPULATION.—All the colored Male Inhabitants of Dunville and the surrounding country desirous of joining Her Majesty's Loyal Volunteer Militia can do so by calling at my office, where the service roll is now lying for signatures. When completed the company will be officered.

S. AMSDEN,
Capt. Com'g Vol. R. O.

Dunnville, Dec. 28, 1861.

We are glad to see that the colored people are moving, and it is likely that in a few days they will complete a strong military organization. The colored company at Halifax is very efficient, and one of the best there.—*Montreal Gazette.*

So it would seem that the colored population of Canada are to become, practically, the allies of Jeff. Davis and their masters, against their benevolent friends on this side, who run them to Canada upon the Underground Railroad!