Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 15—NO. 19. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1863. WHOLE NO. 749

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.

George Pfleger, jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Samuel Behm, deceased, and opposite to the Black Horse Hotel, Cumberland Street, Lebanon.
August 26, 1863.

GRANT WEIDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE, in Cumberland street, a few doors east of the Eagle Hotel, in the office late of his father Capt. John Weidman, dec'd.
Lebanon, Sept. 9, 1863.

REMOVAL.
A. STANLEY ULRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his office to the building, one door east of Laudermilch's Store, opposite the Washington House Lebanon, Pa.
BOUNTY and PENSION claims promptly attended to [April 8, '63.—3m.

REMOVAL.
S. T. McADAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAS REMOVED his office to Market Street, opposite the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow Rise's Hotel.
Lebanon, March 25, '63.

JOHN H. BOWMAN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY, has removed his OFFICE to the ROOM lately occupied by Dr. Geo. P. Linaweaver, in Cumberland Street, Lebanon, a few doors East of the Eagle Hotel, and two doors west of Gen. Weidman's Office.
Lebanon Dec. 17, 1862.

CYRUS P. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office in Walnut street, nearly opposite the Buck Hotel, and two doors south from Karmany's Hardware store.
Lebanon, April 9, 1862.-1y.

WM. M. DERR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Stichter's Building, Cumberland street, nearly opposite the Court House. [Lebanon, May 6, 1863.—tf.

Dr. Samuel S. Meily
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity. OFFICE at the residence of Mrs. L. Buch, two doors West of Office of Dr. Samuel Behm, dec'd, in Cumberland street.
Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

Dr. Abiah H. Light.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of the Borough of Lebanon and vicinity. Office in Walnut street, two doors north of the Lutheran Parsonage.
March 4, 1863.

WEIGLEY & DEWALT.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Tallow, Lard, Poultry, Game, Dried Fruits, Grain, Seed, &c.
No. 170 READE STREET,
One door above Washington, NEW-YORK.
O. Weigley. }
R. Dewalt. }

REFERENCES:
Robb & Ascough, New York; Allen & Brother, do W. W. Selfridge, Esq., do; Jones & Shepard, do; Slanson, Lobach & Farrington, do; Samuel G. Johnson, do; W. M. Breslin, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.; L. Betz, Canton, Ohio; W. C. Curry & Co., Bankers, Erie, Pa.; Hon. John Stiles, Allentown, Pa. [Jan. 14, 1863.

THE NEW BAKERY,
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon, that he has commenced the BAKING BUSINESS, in all its varieties, at his stand, on Cumberland street, Lebanon, nearly opposite the Buck Hotel, and will supply customers with the best BREAD, CAKES, &c., &c. Flour received from customers and returned to them in bread at short notice.
CONFECTIONERIES,
of all kinds, fresh and of the best quality, constantly on hand, and furnished at the lowest prices.
The public is invited to give me a trial.
Leb non, Nov. 9, 1859. F. H. EBUR.

Jacob E. L. Zimmerman's
FIRST CLASS HAIR-DRESSING AND HAIR-DYEING SALOON, Market street, near Cumberland, and opposite the Eagle Hotel. Being thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, he would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
Lebanon, July 2, 1862.
N. B.—The Saloon will be closed on Sunday.

SAMUEL REINOEHL. ADOLPHUS REINOEHL. CHAS. H. MEILY

A Friendly Invitation

To all desirous of purchasing
LUMBER & COAL
To the best advantage, at the old established and well-known
LUMBER YARD
OF
REINOEHLS & MEILY
At the UNION CANAL, on the East and West sides of Market Street, North Lebanon Borough.

THE subscribers take pleasure in informing the citizens of Lebanon, and surrounding counties, that they still continue the LUMBER AND COAL BUSINESS, at *their old and well known stand*, where they are daily receiving additional supplies of the
BEST AND WELL SEASONED LUMBER,
consisting of White and Yellow Pine BOARDS, PLANK and SCANTLING.
Hemlock BOARDS, PLANK and SCANTLING.
RAILS, POSTS, PALINGS and FENCING BOARDS.
ASH, from 1 to 4 inch; CHERRY, from ⅝ to 3 inch.
POPLAR, from ⅝ to 2 inch.
Poplar and Hardwood SCANTLING.
Oak and Maple BOARDS and PLANKS.
Roofing and Plastering LATHS.
SHINGLES! SHINGLES! SHINGLES!!!
Also, Pine and Hemlock SHINGLES.
COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
A large stock of the best quality of Stove, Broken, Egg and Limeburners' COAL; and also, the best Allegheny COAL for Blacksmiths.
☞ Thankful for the liberal manner in which they have heretofore been patronized, they would extend a cordial invitation for a continuance of favors, as they are confident that they now have the *largest, best and cheapest* stock of LUMBER on hand in the county, which will be sold at a reasonable per centage.
☞ Please call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
REINOEHLS & MEILY.
North Lebanon borough, May 7, 1862.

PRIVATE SALE
OF
BOROUGH PROPERTY.
THE subscriber offers for sale the *Lot of Ground* on Market street, Lebanon, ½ square south of Hill, west side, 33 feet front by 199 deep, formerly occupied by George Hess, sr. The improvements are a two story weather boarded DWELLING HOUSE and other improvements. For further information, and terms, apply to
GEORGE S. GASSER
Lebanon, Sept, 9, 1863.

READING RAIL ROAD!
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND North-West for PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, READING, POTTSVILLE, LEBANON, ALLENTOWN, EASTON, &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New-York, Reading, Pottsville, and all intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 2.00 P. M., passing Lebanon 9.13 A. M., and 3.08 P. M.
Now Express leaves Harrisburg at 2.15 A. M., passes Lebanon at 3.15 A. M., arriving at New York at 9.15 the same morning.
Fares from Harrisburg: To New-York $5 15; to Philadelphia $3 35 and $2 80. Baggage checked through.
Returning, leave New-York at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M. (PITTSBURG EXPRESS). Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M., passing Lebanon at 12.17 noon, 7.17 P. M. and Express at 1.00 A. M.
Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburgh without change.
Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 A. M., and 2.15 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.
Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.
An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.00 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 5 00 P. M.
☞ All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.
A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.
Commutation Tickets, with 26 Coupons at 25 per cent. between any points desired.
Mileage Tickets, good for 2000 miles, between all points at $46 35—for Families and Business Firms.
Season and School Tickets, at reduced rates to and from all points.
80 pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.
Passengers are requested to purchase their tickets before entering the cars, as higher Fares are charged if paid in cars.
G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
April 29, 1863.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.
DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philad'a Pa.
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice.
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

And will positively prevent *Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.*

THEY CONTAIN
No Alcohol or Bad Whiskey?
They WILL CURE the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable,) hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventurers, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs, and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles, and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters; which instead of curing, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in dispair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale, are not rivalled by any similar preparation.
The proprietors have thousands of Letters from the most eminent
CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS, and CITIZENS,
Testifying of their own personel knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.
DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMEN BITTERS.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them

J NEWTON BROWN.

PHILAD'A, JUNE, 23 1861.

Particular Notice.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and *will have* a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt. Get *One Bottle Hoofland's German Bitters* and mix with *Three Quarts of Good Brandy or Whiskey*, and the result will be a preparation that will *far excel* in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will *cost much less*. You will have all the virtues of *Hoofland's Bitters* in connection with a *good* article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

Attention Soldiers!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations and friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862.

Messrs. Jones & Evans.—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose name are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres.—Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I *did* force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dead Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, 2 Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have but taken two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to enjoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for 18 months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fear,—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life. Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A ACKLEY, Co C 11th Maine.
LEWIS CHEVALIER, 92d New York.
L E SPENCER, 1st Artillery, Battery F.
J B FASEWELL, Co B 3d Vermont.
HENRY B JEROME, Co B do.
HENRY T MACDONALD, Co C 6th Maine.
JOHN F WARD, Co E 5th Maine.
HERMAN KOCH, Co H 72d New York.
NATHANIEL B THOMAS, Co F 95th Penn.
ANDREW J KIMBALL, Co A 3d Vermont.
JOHN JENKINS, Co B 106th Penn.

Beware of Counterfeits!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZ. FOR $4 00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
NO. 631 ARCH ST,
Jones & Evans.
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ FOR SALE by DR. GEO. ROSS, opposite the Court House LEBANON, PA., and by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.
[May 27, 1863.—1y.

REMOVAL.
TAILORING.
LORENZO H. ROHRER, would respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity that he has removed his Tailoring Establishment, a few doors east of Laudermilch's store, and nearly opposite the Washington House, on Cumberland St., where he will make up clothing in the most fashionable styles in the best manner; good fits, guaranteed to all. Thankful for the very liberal patronage extended to him thus far he hopes to merit and continue the same.
Lebanon, April 8, 1863.—1y.

Choice Poetry.

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green;
And his name it is not charming,
It is only common Bill,
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

Oh, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
And it seemed so very silly,
That I almost fell asleep;
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.

He told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the fellow
Tumbled down upon his knees?
While the tears the fellow wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night to see me,
But he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away;
At first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I would not choose him,
But the very deuce is in it,
For he says if I refuse him,
He could not live a minute;
Now you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says you must not kill,
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.

Miscellaneous.

THE MANIAC DOCTOR.

It must be confessed that it is very provoking thing to receive a letter on Christmas morning, calling you two hundred miles away on "immediate and important business." Yes, it is a very provoking thing indeed—at least, so I found it, both in anticipation and in very deed; but there was no help for it. Snooks, my lawyer, wrote and told me that if on the 25th, I was not at C——, I should probably lose—never mind what, but something which induced me to pack my portmanteau in all haste, send for a Handsom, and drive for the X. Y. Z. station. When I arrived there I found I was too late for the train I had wished to catch, and that the next one did not start for three quarters of an hour. Inwardly cursing my ill fortune, I went to the waiting room, and endeavored to make myself as comfortable as I could; but, despite all my attempts, I think I never knew time to pass so slowly in all my life, except a certain twenty minutes about which I am going to tell.

Although, as I said, the time went very slowly nevertheless it did go; and, in process of time, I found myself snugly ensconced in a first class carriage, which had but one occupant besides myself, a cheerful looking little old man, with gray hair and a strange, restless look about the eyes. Directly I got into the carriage he addressed me in a familiar way:

'A merry Christmas to you.'

'The same to you,' said I, rather gruffly, as I was not in the best of humor, and did not feel inclined to be cheerful and neighborly.

'Why, bless me, sir!' said the little old man, renewing the attack, 'you have not any thing wherewith to keep yourself warm on this cold winter's day; allow me to offer you one of my traveling wrappers. I always take care to be well provided with such things when I go on a journey.'—And my companion took from his side a rolled up rug, unfolded it, and, taking a small mahogany box from the folds, threw the rug to me.

'Thank you, sir,' said I, feeling in spite of myself a shade more cheerful.

'Oh, no thanks—no thanks; I do it for my own benefit, not yours, I assure you.'

'How do you make that out?'

'Why, I like to have a comfortable face opposite me; and, besides, the grand experiment, you know.'

'What grand experiment?' I said, somewhat startled by the man's excited manner.

'Oh' nothing, nothing,' said he, coloring violently, 'only—that is to say—exactly, are you a Freemason?'

'No, sir.'

'Not a Freemason? Why, bless me! you ought most certainly to become one.'

'Why so?'

'Because you would then know that they have got a sort of—that is to say—in fact, a secret.'

'I know that already.'

'Really? I declare you are the most extraordinary man I ever met. Well, I've got a secret, too, and that my grand experiment.'

'As it's a secret, I suppose you will not tell me what it is?'

'Oh, yes, I will though, but—perhaps I had better not; never mind, I'll tell you; it is simply this, to discover what are the different feelings of different persons on different occasions.'

'I should hardly call that an experiment.'

'Wouldn't you now? Curious, that yes, very curious, for, to tell you the truth, I don't myself know whether I am justified in calling it an experiment. But enough of that matter for the present. May I ask where you are going to?'

'To C——.'

'Have you any friends there?'

'None, I am sorry to say. I am called there on some disagreeable thought important business.'

'Then may I have the pleasure of your company to dinner when you arrive there?'

'Thank you; I shall have the greatest pleasure in accepting your kind invitation.'

'By the by, do you know how many times we stop before we reach C——?'

'Only twice, as this is an express train. Once at M——, at 2 o'clock, and second at F——, at 5 o'clock.'

'And when are we due at C——?'

'At half past six, I believe.'

'Thank you.'

Thus, for a time, our conversation ended, but we often renewed it again, and I began to regard my companion as a clever, kindhearted, though rather eccentric old man.

Some time after we had passed M—— my eccentric friend composed himself for a sleep, and was soon snoring, and it was not long before I followed his example. My dreams were troubled. First of all I dreamed I was being hung; then that I was being handcuffed; and last of all, that a great weight was upon me, and that something was pressing heavily upon my chest. I then woke with a start, to find myself bound hand and foot, with a rope passed round my neck, and fastened to the umbrella rack behind; in such a manner that if I struggled in the least I should inevitably choke myself; and my fellow traveller was standing over me, with one knee on my chest.

'What are you doing?' said I; but my sentence was cut short by a gag, which my eccentric friend thrust into my mouth and tied behind my head. He then stood away to look at his handiwork, with eyes glaring like those of a wild beast, and his whole frame trembling with excitement.

'Now,' he said, with a wild laugh; 'now I shall be able to try my grand experiment! Now I shall be able to find whether the heart can be extracted while a man is alive without killing him! Twice I have failed, but the stars have told me that a third time I shall not fail. O! fame, glory, immortality, I have you in my grasp! What, pitiful fool! do you turn pale and tremble? If you die, you will die a glorious martyr to science; and if you live, you and I will share the glory of this grand discovery!"

From this ridiculous rhodomontade, I perceived that my pleasant, eccentric traveling companion was a raving maniac. What was I to do? I could not move hand or foot, or even speak, and the madman was arranging on the seat in front of me a collection of bright steel instruments, which he took from the mahogany box which I have mentioned before. Was there any help for me? I tried to remember how long it was after we left M—— before I went asleep, as I thought if we got to F—— the maniac would be discovered, and I should be relieved from the horrible death which now seemed imminent; but as I had been dozing some time before I went regularly off to sleep, I found that I could not in the least remember what time had passed.

After some time spent in preparing his instruments, my persecutor began to prepare me by unbuttoning my waistcoat and baring my breast. At length everything seemed to be to his satisfaction, and he took up a sharp keen bladed knife. I shall never forget my sensations when I saw that little glittering instrument, so soon to be dyed with my blood. I felt a cold shudder run through my body, and I longed to close my eyes, but they seemed to keep open by a horrible facination. After trying the edge of the knife, and preparing a cloth, and giving one final look to his instruments, my eccentric friend pressed his finger close above my heart, and said:

'This is how I am going to manage it, my friend: I am going to cut a circle in the flesh, above the heart, with this knife; it will not hurt much as I shall only just cut through the skin, and the knife is exceedingly sharp. I shall then proceed to dig deeper with this instrument, and finally extract the heart with this.'

The reader may imagine my sensations during this bold, bloody recital, for I am utterly unable to describe them; but when the sharp steel first pierced my flesh, and I felt the warm blood flowing out, my past life seemed to pass before my mind in a moment of time, only to make my desire of still living, and the horrors of an ignominious death, tenfold greater.

Slowly the sharp knife ploughed in my flesh, making my blood freeze in my veins, and my eyeballs burn and seem ready to burst from their sockets, and now I felt my reason gradually leaving me; the strain upon my nerves was too much—I felt they must give way; but I considered that if they did my only hope would be gone; for if I moved I should be choked with the rope around my neck.

Slowly the sharp steel, impelled by a steady hand, continued its deadly course; and now the circle was nearly accomplished, when I felt the speed of the train was being gradually diminished. A ray of hope illuminated my breast. I looked into my companion's eyes to see if he too noticed that we were nearing F——; but he was too intent on his horrible work.

At length he leaned back, and said—'There, now, only about an inch more, and I shall commence the deep cutting.'

On! about an inch! And the station was yet some way off. Only about an inch! My life hung upon the merest thread.

It was not long that the experimenter admired his diabolical work—he soon fell to it again, but I saw the light of F—— station flash past the window of the carriage; I saw a strange arm seize my tormentor; I heard a loud and appalling cry like that of a baffled wild beast, and I became insensible.

For weeks after this I lay between life and death in a brain fever, brought on by the intense excitement and fear of those twenty minutes.

I afterwards learned that my pleasant companion had been a doctor and surgeon, but that when he was a young man, and just married, having performed an operation to extract a cancer from his wife, of which she afterwards died, he went out of his mind, and had ever since been attempting to escape, in order that he might perform the dreadful experiment which so nearly resulted in my death.

ATREMUS WARD TO PRINCE OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES.—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marriage to the Princeis Alaexandtry, & meint to writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had time to write letters to folks. Excoos me. Numeris changes has tooken place since we set in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales. In my country we've got a war, while in your country, in conjunction with Cap'n Sems of the Alabarmy, manotanes a nootral position.

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not! Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifisses, you bet.

I have already given two cousins to the war, and I stand reddy to sacrifis my wife's brother ruther'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able bodid relation has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, and it may as well be the war as anybody else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use ter try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft friend Wales, no doubt. It caused sumsquirmin, but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Philips, who is a American citizen of African scent scaped, but so did Vallandiggum, who is Conservative, and who was recently sent South, tho he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogus if Abe had sposed for a minit that the Tortooguses would keep him. We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted. One young man who was drawed, claimed to be exempt becouse he was the son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able bodied dead men were drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundred dollars apiece for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin up this draft bizness right smart. I hope he makes good wages. I think most of the conscripts in this place will go. A few will go to Canady stoppin' on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

But to returo to our subjeck.—With our recent grate triumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them is waters no Father need tee 'shamed of—twig the wittikism?) and the cheerin' look of things in other places, I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N. H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Ain't you got the State House new, and what more do you want?

Butt all this is fuarin to the purpuss of this note, after all. My objeck in now addressin' you is to give you some advice, friend Wales about managin your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years' experience in.

You had a good weddin'. The papers hav a good deal to say about vikins' in connecshin therewith.—Not knowin' what that air, and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was very much flustrated; but I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin' uses, Baldinville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, and cheap, too. You can git half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars and biled pertators thrown in.

As I sed, I manage my wife without any particular trouble. When I fust commenced trainin' her I instituted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abanding'd.—You'd better do similar.—Your wife may objeck to gittin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin' but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodis. I regret to observe that I didn't commence early enuff. I wouldn't hav you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a rather cold mornin' when I fust proposed the ideo to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustained a good character.—She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a venerable age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners.—And may no rood hand pluck a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any pictur of the old lady because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers but as she wasn't a brigadier gin'ral particlerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, anyhow.

There's varis ways of managin a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan some time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to both of you. And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecunoory pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cabinet ossifer does, and I understan' my bizness a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St. George & the Dragon.

'Ever be happy.'
A. WARD.

Printing Without Ink.—A gentleman, a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically threating the pulp during the process of manufacturing printing paper, in such a manner that when the paper is pressed against the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfect black ink impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the disregarding of ink and rollers; and by revolutionizing printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day.—Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing rollers obviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld, at his request, until further letters patent shall be obtained.—*London Typographical Advertiser.*

A GOOD STORY.

In the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine, was the following good story of Illinois soldiers and an Illinois Colonel—the latter Col. Oglesby, well known to fame:

'Well, one day his fife and drum majors went out into the woods to practice a new tune. Attracted no doubt by the melody, a fine, fat shoat of musical proclivities came near—alas! for the safety of ish own bacon too near—for our base drummer, 'by a change of base,' made a base attack on his front; while the fifer by a bold and rapid flank movement charged in the rear. 'Twas soon over; a few well directed volleys of clubs and other persuasives were applied and piggy went dead again a martyr to his love for music! But how to get the deceased porker to camp? 'That's what's the matter now. After considerable discussion, an idea struck the drummer [not so as to hurt him:] 'We'll put him in the drum, just the thing by hokey,' said the fifer. One head was taken out, the hog stowed in, and our heroes started for camp, their drum between them. In the meantime the regiment were out for dress parade, and the Colonel somewhat perplexed at the absence of his principal musicians, no sooner saw the gents than in a voice of reprimand, he ordered them to take their place with the music. The drum bearers halted, looked at each other, then at the Colonel, but said never a word. The Col. repeated his order in a style so emphatic that it could not be misunderstood. The dealers in pork felt a crisis had arrived, and that an explanation had become 'a military necessity.'—So the drummer going up close to the Col made him acquainted with the state of affairs, winding up with 'we 'low, Col. onel, to bring the best quarter over to your mess.' 'Sick, eh?'—thundered the Colonel, 'why didn't you say so at first? Go to your quarters!—of course! Battalion, right face!' The Colonel had fresh pork for supper.

☞ HOW TURKISH PRINCESSES ARE MARRIED.—The marraiges of the princesses, on whose expense, as the "Hatti Humayoun of 1863 stated," no saving could be effected, deserves special notice. If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles of his court. If a young man specially pleases her, he is given the rank of lieutenant general, nothing lower is ever selected. The chosen man receives in addition a magnificent, fully furnished palace and sixty thousand piasters a month pocket money; and in addition his father in-law defrays all the housekeeping expenses. The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married he is obliged to get a divorce; he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to a princess; and, moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The Sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is his bounden duty to bow reverentially, kiss the Sultan's feet, and stammer a few words about the high honor, the unexpected happiness, &c. He then proceeds with the chamberlain who bears the imperial hat, to the Sublime Porte. A military band proceeds him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the staircaise the bridegroom is received by the grand vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the hatt is read aloud.—This ceremony corresponds to the betrothal.

☞ If a man is murdered by his own hired men should the coroner find a verdict of killed by his own hands?

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For the Advertiser:

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

To the editor of the Advertiser:

McCLELLAN—that name which causes the Abolitionists so much anxiety and alarm, is enshrined in the heart of every true patriot and lover of his country. His adversaries have labored incessantly to bring into disrepute his excellent character; they have made use of every opportunity to assail his soldierly qualities; they have even accused him of being a traitor cooperating with the rebels, and by this malignant partizanship at last effected his removal from the command of the gallant army of the Potomac. They thought that they could diminish the confidence which the soldiers and people reposed in his military ability and purity of motives, by falsely misrepresenting his intentions, but subsequent events have proved conclusively that he is the man—the only man to lead the Potomac army successfully against the military genius of Gen. Lee, and today the name of "Little Mac" wields a power greater than that of any man in the North. So impressed are the people with his usefulness that an effort is already being made to bring him before the public as a candidate for the Presidency in 1864. The qualified voters of the United States will then have an opportunity of attesting their appreciation of his services by electing him to that responsible position. No man is more deserving the homage of the people than he, and we have no hesitancy in declaring that had the Administration listened to his wise counsels not a vestige of this unhappy rebellion would now remain; as it is the defiant rebels present as bold a front to our army as they ever did, and from appearances the rebellion is no nearer at an end than when they first raised the infamous standard of secession and disunion. We say further, had the earnest protestations of Gen. McClellan from Harrison's Landing to Gen. Halleck, been respected, the terrible misfortunes of the second Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville would never have found a place in the history of this war. He told Gen. Halleck that the removal of his army from the Peninsula would result in nothing but disaster, and how truly were his predictions verified. He has been charged by the Administration as being responsible for the losses we sustained on the Peninsula, and of not capturing Richmond, when