Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 15---NO. 23. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1863. WHOLE NO. 753

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.

A. T. WEIDLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office North West Corner of Water and Market Streets,
LEBANON, Pa.
Lebanon, Nov. 18, 1863.—1y.*

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 Cumbberland 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.

BASSLER BOYER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office with A. R. BOUGHTER, Esq., Cumberland Street, opposite the Court House, Lebanon, Pa. [Oct. 28, 1863.]

ARMY AND NAVY
PENSION, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND BOUNTY LAND AGENCY.
BASSLER BOYER,
Attorney-at-Law.
THE undersigned, having been licensed to prosecute claims, and having been engaged in the Bounty and Pension business, offers his services to all those who are thereto entitled, in accordance with the various acts of Congress. All such should call or address at once, and make their applications through
BASSLER BOYER, Attorney at-Law,
OFFICE with A. R. BOUGHTER, Esq.,
Cumberland street, opposite the Court House,
October, 28, 1863. Lebanon, Pa.

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, NEW-YORK.
One door above Washington,
O. Weigley. }
R. Dewalt. }

REFERENCES:
Robb & Ascough, New York; Allen & Brother, do W. W. Selfridge, Esq., do; Jones & Shepard, do; Slauson, Labach & 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.

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.

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.

New Xpress 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 50. 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 these 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 prove a Preventive of *Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.*

THEY CONTAIN
No Alcohol or Burning 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 pounds 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 beer 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 personal 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 30 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 find the death of the drunkard. By their use the appetite is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor 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 Bitter we publish the following receipt. Get *One Bottle of 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 rejoin 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 fears—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 E.
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.
HEBMAN KOCH, Co H 72d New York.
NATHANIEL B THOMAS, Co F 95th Penn.
ANDREW J KIMBALL, Co A 5d 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 intermeddling 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.

Miscellaneous.

THE AMBER RING.

It was a cold winter night! I sat by the fire of a German inn; not far from me was Carl Von Arnheim.—We were both members of the German University. The fire blazed fitfully, wreathing itself in glowing spirals around the huge logs that were slowly being consumed. I was about to go off in a doze, when, suddenly, Carl recalled me to my senses by asking,—

'Do you know that the Baron Von ——— and his lovely daughter are in town?'

I replied in the affirmative.

As I gazed on his face as it slowly settled to its dark, weird aspect, I was ready to give credence to those stories bruited about among the students, of some strange, supernatural gifts with which Carl Von Arnheim was endowed. I had often met him; and, from the first acquaintance, he had somehow attached himself to me.

On being asked why, by some one, he replied that his and my own destinies were united; that I would be necessary to him some time in the future.

The persons to whom he alluded, in his question, to me were known to both of us. Baron Von ——— was a frank, free-hearted German, nobleman. His daughter, Rena, as she was called, was the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Not only that her beauty attracted me—for we were secretly engaged—but it had evidently touched the heart of the sombre, pale-faced, German student, Carl Von Arnheim. I do not know whether the thought of my being attached to Rena ever troubled him.—He seemed confident, and feared no rival.

But as I watched him that night, he had a strange look of fierce determination on his face. Presently he turned towards me and fixed his eyes on mine; it was impossible to avoid the glance; a lurid light seemed playing in the very depths of his eyes; I could not move or speak. Another moment, and his hands were moving like me, and I knew that Carl was a mesmerist, and that I was under his control. Soon I lost all consciousness, and then I awoke to what appeared a new state of existence.—I sat sitting, still looking at what was myself; but from which, in some manner, I was separated.

I had often read of the quality of our existence; I never comprehended its meaning so clearly before. Here was I living down on a living and breathing body, from which the soul, the Ego of the metaphysicians, was absent.

Carl still continued to gaze fixedly at my body; then, though he spoke not, I knew that he was addressing me. There was no word uttered; but still the horrible purport of his meaning was conveyed to me, the more distinctly as we were conversing spirit with spirit, knowing, by his diabolical art, that I had won the love of the lady Rena, he was conjuring my soul from its body, which his own soul was tenter, while I was to dwell the inhabitant of his body. I could not struggle; I could only submit.

In this way he was to win the lady Rena, and I was to lose her forever.—Again I lost consciousness; and when I came to myself I found the transmutation complete, and Carl had departed. I was sitting alone by the fire of the German inn, in the body of Carl Von Arnheim.

I rose to leave. The little innkeeper stepped up briskly and handed me his bill.

'The gentleman, your friend, said that you would settle this little account,' said the Herr Von Arnheim,' said he, handing me a slip of paper.

Bewildered I was to be Carl Von Arnheim, and he was to be myself. I paid the bill, and then I departed.

As I came out in the cold, frosty air, the terrible truth dawned upon my mind for the first time in its awful reality. What was I to do? Where I to go? Would it not be worth madness to try and retain the form of Rena in my present disguise? Could I attempt that, Carl Von Arnheim, in his new personality, would destroy me, by declaring me a madman. And Rena would believe him. I staggered under the weight of misery. All night I roamed the streets, caring not whither. When morning came some of the students passed by.

'There goes that queer, unfathomable genius, Carl Von Arnheim,' I heard them say.

'What in the world has he been doing?'

'Reading the stars, perhaps, all night.'

No one took notice of my haggard aspect, as I went like Carl to look pale and haggard. I turned a corner, and there a sight met my eyes before which I recoiled with horror. I saw Carl as myself swiftly past, in the sleigh of Baron ———. The latter was driving, and Carl was sitting beside the lady Rena, talking earnestly. When she saw me he threw a malicious triumphant glance. The sleigh and they passed past, and I staggered and fell; then knew no more.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in Carl's room. I recognized it, for I had been there once or twice before, at the invitation of a physician and one of the students were standing beside the bed where I lay. I opened my lips and thanked them for their kindness.

Again the horrid reality of my condition burst upon me, and I nearly fainted again. Rallying my strength I told them to leave me as I wished to be alone. The physician gave them a sign, and all went out. I lay for some moments longer, trying to reflect upon my situation. At length I rose up and paced the room.

A desire for vengeance had seized upon me. A thousand schemes suggested themselves to me, by which I could obtain satisfaction; but none of them seemed to content my morbid imagination. I looked about the room. In one corner I spied a large, iron-bound chest, which Carl was always particular never to open in my presence. A thought struck me.—Why might not this chest contain secrets which it would be of importance for me to know? But how to get into it? I hesitated a moment. Carl must have carried the key which unlocked it in his pocket. I felt for the key; sure enough, there was a large one there. I took it out and tried the lock. It yielded, and I opened the chest.

There was nothing in it, except some chemicals, several old, wrinkled, and yellow parchments, and, in a small box by itself, an amber ring.—I had a presentiment that, with these means, I was to work my deliverance. I examined the manuscripts; large rolls they were, filled with diagrams and words in the Latin language. Being familiar with the latter I was at no loss to understand their meaning.

What! Had the days of magic returned? Here were directions for calling the powers of darkness to the aid of humanity; the hidden mysteries of nature revealed and examined; and dissertations of a metaphysical character on the mind of man, and its unknown affinities with the world of spirits. All was apparently written long ago; it might be centuries. I sat all day studying the mysterious writings. Night came; and, after obtaining a little nourishment for the body, that was mine for the time being, I lit a lamp, and, locking the door, still continued to pore upon these wonderful manuscripts, that were revealing to me, with every line read, strange secrets, which would make my power over mankind irresistible.

All that was demanded for the possessor of this secret knowledge was a peculiar organization. With the body of Carl Von Armheim I, of course, had obtained his temperament and facility to use these new powers. I determined to make myself master of them; and, then, let the villain look to himself. He had forfeited all his power by taking upon him my organization, so great had been his love for the beautiful Lady Rena.

Little did he think that I would act with my inheritance as I intended. My heart beat high with hope. Already I seemed to grasp revenge. With that amber ring, and the knowledge of its wonderful properties made known to me by these old manuscripts, I would bring him down, down to the very lowest pit of misery.

Over the way was the mansion of the baron, the father of Rena. It was lit up with a thousand brilliant lights. I heard the sound of music and dancing. As I looked from my window I saw passing by the opposite window and inside the gorgeous drawing-room, Rena and Carl, arm in arm. I did not staggger that time at the sight of them. I smiled with secret exultation. Going to my table I unrolled a manuscript and read,—

'The odic fluid is generated by wearing the Amber Ring on the third finger of the left hand; and, by the odic fluid, matter and mind are united. When the odyle is withdrawn from the body the mind is free and can be commanded.'

Then followed farther directions ending with,—

'Thus the Amber Ring, to him who knoweth its proper use, is, to a certain extent, all powerful.'

**** **** **** **** ****

Days passed. By the aid of the ring I kept myself informed of the movements of Carl. He was to be married in three days, which would be the day before Christmas. The ceremony was to take place in the evening.

My time was short, yet long enough for what I had to do. Day and night I studied and worked. My experiments were, with a few exceptions, successful. By the day before Christmas I was prepared. I had perfected myself in my art. I had no more need now of the manuscripts; no more need of the Amber Ring. I, therefore, for reasons of my own, burnt the whole, the manuscripts first, and then threw the Amber Ring into the blazing fire. A pale light started up; the whole room shook and gleamed as if of phosphorescent materiel. Then all was silent. I went to the window again and looked over the way. Could I have been mistaken? It seemed to me that I saw, in the uncertain light of the moon, Carl Von Arnheim raising his hands to Heaven, with a look betokening the greatest fear. It was but for a moment and then he was gone.

My vengeance should be a retribution. One hour before the time appointed for the marriage I was at the inn, of which I spoke at the beginning of this story. I began the incantation which I knew would bring Carl, whether he wished or not, to my presence. Soon he came. There was a wild look in his eyes, and he seemed overcome with terror. I made him sit where he had sat weeks before. Then, useing the same mesmeric means he had used then, reduced him to a state of insensibility. I, then, taking from my pocket a vial, containing a virulent poison, which I knew would take deadly effect in the space of half an hour, swallowed the contents. Then commanding the spirit of Carl to resume its original body I re entered my own. Then springing up, I shouted triumphantly, for my vengeance was complete; the soul of Carl Von Arnheim had gone into its former body whence it was soon to be forever by the deadly poison I had entranced into his system.

As I sprang from my seat the surroundings, somehow seemed to be changed. I was still in the same room of the inn, and there before me sat Carl fast asleep. The little keeper of the inn was bustling about as usual, and before me seemed lying the veritable box I had seen burning a month before. I shook Carl.

"What do you want?" said he, looking up.

What do I want?" said I, half reflectively. "I believe I've been asleep, and had a very queer sort of dream; all about magic and mesmerism. This isn't Christmas eve, is it?"

"Christmas eve!" he echoed. "Why, Christmas won't be here for a month."

"Let us go," said I.

FIVE TIMES A WIDOW.

The Boston Atlas translates the following story from a late French paper:

There has recently arrived in Paris a young English lady, already the widow of her fifth husband.

This remarkable chance, this uncommon series of widowhoods is the more extraordinary that the lady in question has not reached her twenty-fifth year. The history of her several marriages is so strange as a whole and in its particulars, that we should hardly dare to relate them.

The saloons of the English, and almost the only ones that remain open in this season of general desertion, dispute for the honor of this young widow, and from them we derive the following narrative of her conjugal adventures.

Mrs. —— was not quite sixteen years of age when she contracted her first marriage at Gretna Green.

This matrimonial locality is sufficient evidence that it was a purely sentimental union. Two rivals disputed for her young affections; one was favored by her family, the other by herself; the latter of course was the successful one.

In order to set aside all obstacles our two young people had recourse to an elopement, and put in requisition the famous blacksmith who unites enamored English couples at a moment's warning, and without asking the consent of the relatives.

The nuptial benediction had just been pronounced when the unsuccessful rival appeared. He had followed the fugitives with all the speed his gold could obtain from the postillions; but the fugitives had a night's start of him, and the rival was only able to arrive just soon enough to be two hours too late.

"You had a useless chase, my dear sir,' said the bridegroom, happy and proud of his success. 'For we are already married.'

'It may be so,' said the other; 'but I have at least come in time to be revenged.'

In accepting this challenge the bridegroom requested that the meeting be postponed to the next day; but his jealous rival would not consent to this gratification. They must repair at once to the spot with the first seconds they could meet. The duel was fought with pistols, and the bridegroom, struck by a ball in the forehead, fell, never to rise again.

So Mrs. —— became a widow two hours after the celebration of her first marriage. This adventure made such a talk and led to so many scandalous rumors, that a second marriage could only allay them. Besides the young widow had known so little of married life that she very naturally desired to continue the chapter from the interesting point where it was unfortunately broken off.

This time, in order to efface as much as possible the consequences of her first fault, for which she had been so severely punished, Mrs.—— submitted to the wish of her parents in the choice of her second husband.

They made for her a reasonable choice, selecting a man of mature years and offering every possible guarantee. He was an old retired merchant, possessing a large fortune honorably acquired. This was probably not the happiness dreamed of by a soul so poetical and so enamored; but Mrs. —— adapted herself to her new situation, and had not yet encountered those hollow deceptions and bitter deceits of life before her husband found it necessary to attend to some business which required his presence on the continent. He left alone, and in crossing the channel the steamboat was overtaken by a tempest and dashed upon the rocks of the coast. This shipwreck made Mrs. —— a widow for the second time.

In her misfortune she naturally looked about, for consolation, which is anything but difficult to procure for young widow who united to her own personal attractions a very considerable fortune. Among those attentive to her she favored a young and showy youth, full of grace and wit, who seemed to her to unite all that would best console her for the loss of her husband. As soon as the necessary delays were over, the reign of the third husband commenced under the most favorable auspices.

Nothing at the commencement seemed likely to mar the happiness of the union; but soon, even while devoted to his wife, the husband began to display vices beneath his graceful exterior. Gaming was his ruling passion, and he gave himself up to it with so much ardor, that in a short time he had dissipated the rest of his own patrimony and the whole fortune of his wife. Then, no longer able to endure his shame and remorse he shot himself.

Three successive calamities would have deprived Mrs. —— of courage to make a new conjugal trial, had not her pecuniary matters made it necessary to marry again. Completely ruined by her third husband, and with no inheritance to look forward to, marriage was the only resource by which she could escape the embarrassments and misery of want.—There was no time to be lost; she must make the most of her advantages, turn to good account her youth and her attractions, and secure the best chance that offered. Our widow therefore bestirred herself; Heaven, as if to recompense for her trials, sent her a husband of the first class, a young, rich and handsome baronet, quite famous on the turf. He had no passion for cards, but on the other hand, he gave himself up with unrestrained ardor to horse-racing, and in his exercise he made use of his purse and his own person, staking large sums in bets, and risking himself with his horses for the prize in steeple-chases.

Fortune had not thus far affected his finances; his profits and losses were nearly balanced; but he was less successful as a rider that he was with his bets. His own person was less fortunate than his purse. When he rode himself, he was more often thrown off his horse than able to alight of his own accord. So far from being discouraged, these falls rather stimulated to endeavor; and this noble perseverance had already cost him several teeth, as well as an arm and some ribs broken.

His family and friends hoped that marriage would make him a little more prudent; and for a short time he abstained from appearing on the turf, in order to devote himself entirely to his wife; but as soon as he got used to this peaceful felicity his former passion returned, and he thought he could unite the pleasures of hymen and the race-course. Several of the best riders in England had engaged in a contest at the Newmarket races; he joined them, mounted his fleetest horse, darted forward in the race, and fell; this time so disastrously, that he was left dead on the spot.

The unfortunate sportsman had appointed his wife sole heiress of all his property, but his will contained certain errors of form which made it of doubtful effect. One of the relations of the deceased disputed the will; the cause was brought before the tribunals, and being ably managed against her was threatening Mrs. —— with new ruin, when her adversary himself proposed to stop the suit and unite their interests by marriage; this was the most prudent course; the lovely widow adopted it, and changing her name for the fifth time, became the wife of a rich land proprietor, who passed for the most intrepid fox hunter in Northumberland. The marriage had not been concluded six months before the fifth husband, while hunting, was imprudent enough to leap a ditch with a loaded musket in his hand, which was accidentally discharged, when he received the contents in his breast. His death was instantaneous.

Such are the events which constitute the conjugal career of Mrs. —— and it is in consequence of these catastrophes that she is a widow for the fifth time in the very morning of her life. But after thus having gained, or rather lost, in the lottery of widowhood, she persists in pursuing a chance which has so far been so obstinately against her. The perseverance of this widow may be explained on various grounds. In the first place, having in each instance been married so short a time, she has had knowledge only of the bright days of marraige—the honey-moon, and has seen only the bright side: She has never seen the reverse side of the medal; she has never experienced the disappointments of destroyed illusions; her husbands have never caused her disappointment except by their death; even the gamester himself was so amiable and kind, that in spite of all his faults he was bitterly regretted. And then as people have become confused by the many different names which Mrs. —— has borne, they have named her Mrs. Bluebeard, in cruel reference to her conjugal misfortunes.

It is very natural that she should wish to rid herself of this surname by triumphing over her fate! But her five widowhoods have somewhat cooled the ardor of her English admirers. Even the boldest experience a sort of superstitious terror: they fear they may meet the fate of their predecessors. Mrs. —— has realized how much courage is necessary for any to venture to marry her, and she has therefore come to Paris. This is certainly complimentary to the Parisians, and she will not be disappointed.

As we have said, Mrs. —— is not twenty-five years old, is exquisitely handsome, and her last husband left her by a will in which no flaw can be detected, an income of £120,000 a year. This is certainly enough to shut one's eyes to the chimerical dangers of the past. Mrs. —— would easily find a Paris man who, in spite of the apparent fatality, would esteem himself very happy to become her sixth husband.

CROMWELL'S EXAMPLE.

Oliver Cromwell, among his many remarkable traits of character, seems to have possessed a full share of that rather uncommon article, "common sense." An old maxim says that if you would be certain to have a thing done right, do it yourself; and Cromwell seems to have been a man very little given to leaving things to chance. Thus a curious extract from the Earl of Orrery's State Letters, shows how Cromwell himself, disguised as a simple trooper, intercepted one of the messengers of the king, and possessed himself of a very important letter. Most commanders would have employed some trusty officer, of a low grade, for such an enterprise; but Cromwell did not want any failure in the matter, and therefore undertook the job in his own person, attended by one of his chief men. The whole account is so curious and interesting, that we quote it as follows:—

While Cromwell was meditating how he could best "come in" with Charles, one of his spies—of the king's bedchamber—informed him that his final doom was decreed; and that what it was might be found out by intercepting a letter sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head that night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle; but some persons at Dover did. Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, taking with them a trusty fellow, went to the inn in Holborn; and this man watched at the wicket, while the troopers continued drinking beer till about ten o'clock, when the sentinel at the gate gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Up they got, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, they, with drawn swords, declared they were to search all who went in and out there; but, as he looked like an honest man they would only search his saddle. Upon this they ungirt the saddle and carried it into the stall where they had been drinking, and left the horseman with the sentinel; then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, they found the letter, and gave back the saddle to the man, who, not knowing what he had done, went away to Dover. They then opened the letter; in which the king told the queen that he thought he should close with the Scots. Cromwell and Ireton then took horse and went to Windsor; and, finding they were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, they immediately from that time forward *resolved his ruin.*

ANCIENT ESTATES.

When estates are not entailed in England, such is the influence of example and custom, that they are often handed down from father to son for long generations. Corroborative of this, we find the following facts in a recent number of an English periodical:—

The interesting and often-quoted statement made some time since by Lord Palmerston, respecting the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in his own neighborhood in the new forest, relates, as is well known, to the family of Purkis, the lime burner, who picked up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester to receive the last sad rites. But we can place upon record a case of still longer descent of a small property among persons in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have never risen above the condition of yeomen; while, we believe, they have never fallen below it. At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of the parish of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the name of Wopshot, whose ancestors have lived, without a break, upon the same spot, ever since the reign of Alfred the Great, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wopshot.—There are several families among our untitled gentry—the county aristocracy, who can trace their names and possessions in a direct male descent back to the Saxon times; but below that rank we are not aware of a more striking instance of permanence among change than the past history of the Wopshots.

There is something very pleasant in this long continuance of an estate, in the same family—but we are afraid that it is often the result of considerable injustice to the younger sons and daughters. The claims of the latter to a fair and equal portion of father's property, must of course be sacrificed to the dignity of the estate and of the family name. Is it not paying, as Dr. Franklin would say, rather "too dear for the whistle?"—Probably the younger children generally would decide that it was.

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