Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 15—NO. 26. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1863. WHOLE NO. 756

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 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.

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. Melly
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.

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. G. Curry & Co., Bankers, Erie, Pa.; Hon. John Stiles, Allentown, Pa. [Jan. 14, 1863.

Hiram W. Rank,
FORMERLY of Jonestown, Lebanon county, would respectfully inform his friends, and the public, that he has connected himself with Mr. Lower, in the TOBACCO, SNUFF AND SEGAR BUSINESS, No. 146 North Third street, Phila., where he will be glad to receive customers, and will sell at rates that will prove satisfactory.
Philadelphia, May 20, 1863.

TO MY FRIENDS AND CLIENTS.
AS I shall necessarily be absent from the County during the session of Congress, I have made arrangements with JOHN W. RYON, Esq., of Pottsville, to take charge of my legal business. My office will be kept open as heretofore and those of my friends and clients having legal business may depend upon its receiving prompt and efficient attention. Mr. Ryon is a gentleman of extensive legal learning and long experience at the bar. I have full confidence in his ability, integrity and industry, and I therefore cheerfully commend the interests of my clients and friends to his care and attention. Mr. F. W. CONRAD will also remain in my office.
Respectfully, MYER STROUSE.
Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 2, 1863—3m.

L. R. DEEG'S
LIQUOR STORE,
Market Square, opposite the Market House, Lebanon, Pa.
THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has received an extensive stock of the choicest and purest Liquors of all descriptions. These Liquors he is invariably disposed to sell at unprecedentedly low prices.
☞ *Druggists, Farmers, Hotel Keepers, and others will consult their own interests by buying of the undersigned.* L. R. DEEG.
Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

☞ NOTICE—PHILAD'A. AND READING RAIL ROAD COMPANY.
READING, Nov. 28th 1863.
The public is respectfully informed that on and after MONDAY, DECEMBER 14th, all Passengers who do not purchase their tickets before entering the Cars, will be charged 25 cents extra on each ticket purchased on the train, for which they will obtain from the Conductor a Check Receipt. This Receipt will be received and 25 cents paid therefor, in cash, upon its presentation at any Ticket Office of the Company.
G. A. NICHOLS,
General Sup't.
December 9, 1863.—2m.

PERSONAL.
ONE of the largest NURSERY FIRMS, in South Eastern Pennsylvania, wish to secure the permanent services of a competent SALE AGENT in LEBANON COUNTY. They wish a reliable enterprising man, who will devote his whole time to selling Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Plants, &c. For further information apply at the Office of this paper.
Dec. 9, 1863—4t.

Notice.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the account of Daniel Walter, assignee of JACOB KERN and Catharine his wife, by Deed of voluntary assignment dated the — day of April, 1862, has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Lebanon county, and that the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said County on the *first Monday of January next*, for confirmation and allowance when and where all persons may attend if they think proper.
HENRY SIEGRIST, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Dec. 2, 1863.

Notice.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the account of Charles H. Melly, assignee under a voluntary deed of assignment for the benefit of creditors of GEORGE REINOEHL and wife, of the Borough of Lebanon, County of Lebanon, Pa., has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Lebanon county, and that the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, on the *first Monday of January next*, for confirmation and allowance, when and where all persons may attend if they think proper.
HENRY SIEGRIST, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Dec. 2, '63.

Notice.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the account of Joseph Reinsel and Joseph Arnold, assignees of WILLIAM E. ARNOLD and wife, of the Borough of Lebanon, County of Lebanon, Pa., under a voluntary deed of assignment for the benefit of Creditors, has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Lebanon county, and that the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county on the *first Monday of January next*, for confirmation and allowance, when and where all persons may attend if they think proper.
HENRY SIEGRIST, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Dec. 2, '63.

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 suffer in despair.

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, in 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. Wishing suffering from great debility continued doubtfully. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident increase 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 and march.

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 F.
J. B. FASEWELL, Co B 3d Vermont.
HENRY E. 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 108th 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.

Miscellaneous.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Way Hans Made a Fortune.

There was once a poor mechanic who had two sons. One was a very good, amiable, industrious boy, named Hans; but he was by no means so smart as his brother Helmerich, and therefore was not half as much loved by his silly father, although Hemelrich was an ill-tempered, wicked fellow.

Now it happened that one poor everything was so much dearer than usual, that the poor man's purse was almost empty. "What in the world am I to do?" said he. 'We must live. My customers have been very attentive to me; politeness requires that I should go and see them in return; and who knows but, thinking of the hardness of the times, they may pay some of their bills?'

So said, so done. Early the next morning he set out, and knocked at many a stately door; but he was not long in finding that the richest men were not always the best paymasters, for no one had money to pay bills, or even time to look over them. In the evening the poor man came home weary and discouraged, and betaking himself to the public house, threw himself on the bench before the door. He had not even the heart to talk with those about him, and therefore soon found himself all alone. He did not want to go home, for he could not bear to look at the sad face of his wife, who was too much annoyed at being obliged to give up a new petticoat on which she had set her heart to be a very pleasant companion.—While he sat there busied with his own thoughts, he could not help hearing what was going on among the guests within.

A stranger who had just arrived from the capital was telling that the king's beautiful daughter had been spell-bound by a wicked magician, and must remain in bondage all her life, unless some one could be found to perform three acts that would counteract the magician's charms. The distressed king had offered great rewards to any one who would free her. He should have the lady for his wife, and any quantity of rich treasure beside.

To all this the poor workman listened—first with half an ear, then with a whole one, and at last with two. 'Why,' said he to himself, 'should not my son Hemelrich try as any other? He is a little wild, I know; but he has plenty of brains. What is to prevent him from getting the lady and her money? I'll see too it. I'm sure even the king might be proud of him.'

Forgetting his troubles and the unkindness of his customers, he ran quickly home and made known the affair to his wife. She agreed with him perfectly.

'If,' said she, 'it had been that booby Hans, I should say No at once; but so bright and active a fellow as Helmerich cannot help but to succeed, and I'm sure both the lady and her father will admire him.'

Early the next morning he called Helmerich, and desired him to borrow a horse and such weapons as a gentleman would require, and start at once upon the journey.—Relying upon his great reputation for brains and good looks, he felt as sure of his success as his father did, and promised his parents that as soon as he was married he would take them to ride in a coach and six, and try to give his stupid brother a lift in the world, too.

Proudly he set out on his way, and amused himself by tormenting everything he met. Little birds sat on the bushes singing praises to God in their own way; he switched them down with his riding whip. Then he came to an ant-hill, just finished. He made his horse go over it and paw it up; and when the poor little insects, in their fright, ran up upon him and horse, too, he crushed and killed every one he could see. Next he came to a beautiful clear pond, where some ducks were swimming There were twelve. He drove them to the shore, and killed eleven, but the twelfth escaped. Then he came to a bee hive. He switched and slashed round the hive until the terrified insects flew out to see what was the matter, and then flashed a charge of gunpowder among them killing or stunning the whole swarm. It seemed to delight him to hurt or destroy all living things, not that he wanted them for food, but for the wicked pleasure of seeing them suffer and struggle.

Just as the sun was setting Helmerich reached the castle in which the princess was shut up, and knocked lustily at the closed gate. There was no answer. He knocked again. Presently a small round window was opened, and out of it was thrust the head and face of an old woman all covered with cobwebs. She asked what he wanted.

'I have come to free the princess,' he replied, conceitedly, 'so let me in quickly!'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' said the lady. 'Well, there's no hurry my son. To-morrow will be another day. I will be ready for you at nine o'clock,' and she shut the window.

The next day at nine o'clock Helmerich presented himself again, and sure enough there was the old woman waiting for him.—She gave him a keg full of flaxseed saying: 'I shall be back in an hour; meanwhile thread these seeds together, and have it done when I return.'

Helmerich thought the old lady was making a fool of him, and would not even look at the seeds. He walked up and down seeking some way of getting into the castle, and when she came back, the keg was as full as ever.

'That's not right,' said she.—'That's not right.' Then taking from her pocket twelve golden spoons, threw them one by one into a broad lake before the castle.—'There,' said she, 'fish them up against I return, I'll be back in an hour.' Helmerich laughed, but paid no more heed to what she said than he had to the flax seed. When the old woman came back and saw how matters stood, she shook her head angrily, and exclaimed:

'Not right! not right!'

Then she took his hand, and led him up the great castle stair case to a vast saloon, where sat three veiled females. 'Choose,' said she, 'but be careful, I'll be back in an hour, then tell me which of these you will have.' Helmerich amused himself by looking at the elegant furniture, but gave no heed to the figure before him until the old woman got back and asked him what he thought of the princess. Now he had no idea that either was but he had no time to consider, so he made a rough guess, and said, 'that one on the right!' In an moment their veils were drawn. In the middle sat the beautiful princess, and the figure on the right was a fierce dragon, that fell upon the lazy and conceited fellow and destroyed him in a moment.

So long time passed after the departure of Helmerich, nothing being heard of the coach and six, that the poor mechanic began to be quite depressed. He thought it very hard that his son could not make a great man of himself. If it had been Hans, now, he should not have been at all surprised, for he was always plodding no matter how dirty it made his hands, and making all of himself by feeding all hungry cats and birds in the county. If it had been he, he should have felt at all surprised; but Helmerich was certainly clever enough to do anything, and handsome enough to make any woman fall in love with him.

Hans had his own thoughts upon the subject too, it would seem, and one bright morning asked his father's consent to try what he could do. But the old man would not listen to such a thing. 'Why, you must be a greater fool than I thought you!' said he. 'When the smart and active Helmerich has failed, what can you expect to do?' He was too dutiful a son to go without his father's consent, but his heart was set on it, and he begged so often and so long that at last the old man told him to be off, if he would, for he was tired of hearing him.'

With this permission he started, but as he had not get neither horse nor weapon he took a stout oaken stick and set off.

On foot he had not took him three days, to reach the journey that his brother had accomplished in one; but he was not in a hurry. At night he slept on the earth so moss under the spreading trees, and ate as sweetly as ever he had under his father's roof; the birds did not think of being afraid of him, but sang him to sleep with their lively songs. As he went on, he saw an ant hill which the industrious creatures had newly rebuilt; but instead of destroying it he went to work to help them by bringing heaps of gravel and putting it close to the nest; neither did he injure even a single one, when, in their fright seeing him, they ran up his pantaloons and over his arms; but in their terror they did bite him prettyhard.

At the lake he found a new flock of ducks, and he drove them to the shore and gave them part of a loaf he had put in his pocket when he set out, for fear being hungry on the way. On the bee hive he picked as many wild flowers as he could possibly carry for he was very fond of them, and then he approached the bee hive he threw them all around it, to the great delight of the little inmates. So he went on until reached the royal castle, and knocked modestly at the door. It was opened by the little woman with the cobweb covered face, who demanded his business.

'If it would not be too presumptuous,' replied Has, 'for a working man's son, I also would like to try to set the young lady free.'

'The chance is open to all, my son,' replied the old woman kindly. 'Gentle or simple, all have the same right. But you seem to be a modest deserving fellow, and I would not like to see you in trouble. I beg you to consider well before you decide to make the attempt, for if you do not succeed in the three trials appointed, remember—it will cost you your life.'

'Very well, mother,' said Hans.—'There is nobody that will take my loss much to heart unless I succeed in making a great man of myself, then I should have plenty of friends. So please tell me what I am to do.'

'Well, then, take this keg and string the flax seeds that are in it. I shall be back in an hour, so be brisk,' and she went off.

'Hans was not a bit lazy, if he was quiet; he stooped down to the keg and worked diligently for full three quarters of an hour, but the seeds were not half strung. He was just thinking of giving up, when the whole colony of ants came crawling up to him. 'One good turn deserves another,' said the queen ant, who headed the procession, 'you worked for us,' and giving the command, each one seized a seed and ran the needle through it, and the work was done before the old waman showed herself.

'That is good! that is good!' said she, when she came and saw what was done. 'Now for this job,' and she tossed the twelve spoons into the deep lake. 'Fish these all up by the time I get back, just an hour hence.'

Hans fished diligently till he got tired, and then plunged in himself and dived to the bottom over an over again for nearly the whole hour, but all in vain. In despair he sat down on the shore, when twelve ducks came swimming up, each carrying in his beak a little golden spoon. 'One good turn deserves another,' said the old drake who led the party, 'you fed us,' and dropping the spoon on the wet grass at his feet, off they swam again.

When the old woman got back, she looked delighted. 'That's good! that's *good*,' said she, nodding her head in approbation. 'But now, my son, the hardest is yet to come; be cautious!' Taking his hand she led him to the three veiled figures in the castle saloon, and bade him make up his mind, while she was gone, which was the princess. She would return in an hour.

Just as she went out a swarm of bees came in at the window, and began to buzz around them; but Hans observed that they soon left the two outer ones and settled upon the other. He at once concluded that the two must be dragons, for they smelt horribly of sulphur and pitch that they were fed with; while he knew that the princess was so fond of honey that her lips were always covered with it. As soon, therefore, as the old woman came back he told her that it was the 'middle one.'

No sooner had he spoken the words than the dragons spread their wings and melted away into thin air, and the old woman, wiping the cobwebs from her face stood before him young and fair, the guardian of human life. 'My son,' said she, 'you have found the secret; kindness and diligence are the talismans that insure man's success. The treasure he seeks can be won only by toil and patience, for behold! before these powerful weapons, the dragons that guarded it, the dark and misty but fearful forms of doubt and disappointment, vanish into air. Without them the brilliant and beautiful Helmerich failed; pride and presumption were powerless to carve his way before him; with them, simplicity and honesty have won the prize, and the son of the poor laborer has become rich and powerful, and takes his father to ride in a coach and six.'

Hans brought up his own children carefully, and to this day they live in peace and prosperity, honest in their dealings, truthful in their speech, diligent and industrious even in the smallest tasks, and kind and gentle to every creature into which God has breathed the breath of life.

Five Deaths at a Time.—A Frenchman resolved to get rid of life, went a little before high tide, to a post set by the seaside. He had provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bundle of matches and a vial of poison. Ascending the ladder, he tied one end of the rope to the post, and the other end around his neck, then he took the poison, set his clothes on fire, put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, and kicked away the ladder. In kicking down the ladder, he snapped the pistol so that the ball missed his head, and cut the rope by which he was suspended; he fell into the sea, thus extinguishing the flames of his clothes, and the sea water, which he involuntarily swallowed, counteracted the poison; thus, in spite of his precautions, he remained unhanged, unshot, unpoisoned, unburned and undrowned.

IMPORTANT TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—In answer to the many inquiries we have received from men who were in the nine months service and others who have been discharged, we would state that all men who were in the service on the third of March 1863, are exempt from the operations of the coming draft. All such persons, by producing their discharge papers to the Board of Enrollment, can have their names stricken off the list of enrolled persons.

A THANKSGIVING FROLIC.

BEAU HACKETT JOINS A RADICAL CIRCUS.

Did you ever go up to Thanksgiving?
I swaney what lots of good living.—New Song.
[*From the Chicago Post.*]

EDITOR POST:—In different countries the inhabitants observe Thanksgiving in different ways and with different degrees of reverence. In Madagascar they never have a Thanksgiving; in New Jersey they always do. In New England the best families, or those who have plenty of means, stuff a turkey on Thanksgiving day, and then stuff themselves. New England made herself sick on a Thanksgiving dinner twenty years ago, and has not got over it yet. Chicago has suffered from the incipiency of her unwellness up to its worst stage, which has constantly manifested its presence by violent diaphragmal convulsions, and the emptying of its population in our midst by a process similar to that which would be produced in the human system by an overdose of *ipecacuana or lobelia*.

In Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, Thanksgiving is welcomed with a *log rolling or a house raising*; in Pennsylvania with a quilting party; in Mississippi a horse race is the only palpable demonstration, and in Arkansas a few good sociable citizens get together and hang a man. In none of the States is the pleasure that may be derived from this holiday totally neglected. I never celebrated a Thanksgiving day in Arkansas; but I celebrated one in Chicago a day or two ago, where no positive peculiarity characterizes the day, except the matter of free lunches. All manner of people may find enjoyment here on Thanksgiving days fitting their inclinations, but after all free lunches are in the ascendency. We have free lunches in saloons, and hotels, and private houses; free lunches on ground floors and top floors; free lunches on the sidewalks, free lunches everywhere,

The man of interminable municipal possessions whose smile is auriferous (no allusion to jaundice,) and whose voice is like silver or copper (no allusion to a distillery, may be invited to a magnificent Thanksgiving dinner in a brown fronted palace on the avenue, but he sits down to a free lunch; it's nothing else. Free lunches are great, they are mighty; they are gorgeous (A play on the word gorgeous is played out.) Free lunches are good for a sick man; he can eat them when (in reduced circumstances) he can't eat anything else. 'Free press, free speech and free lunches" is a motto good enough for me, or any other man. I attended a Thanksgiving free lunch on the brown fronted avenue, select. They had prairie chickens, port wine and napkins on the table. Prairie chickens and napkins always effect me.

Knowing my weakness, I went in moderately at first, but towards the twelfth round, fired with ambition and inspired by a generous rivalry, which was waged by a dozen competitors on my right and left, I struck from the shoulder and went for the small glasses with such astonishing and soothing rapidity that the appearance of their evolutions from the table to my mouth reminded me strikingly of a juggler's performance with brass balls. The result was that in the thirteenth round I felt bad. The host got the best of the fight; the port disappeared and "he brought the claret." A charming young lady with an overpowering address, asked me if I was sick at the stomach. I told the overpowering young lady I was sick at the head. Thereupon she said I ought to go somewhere and laugh it off. I remember distinctly having asked her if she alluded to the head or the sick.

I had occasion to remark to a male friend of mine, of the masculine persuasion (he gender), that I thought a laugh would do me good, and asked him to tickle me in the ribs, which he declined doing, saying that we had better promenade awhile and search for some innocent amusement.

We promenaded.

Arm in arm with my fellow-being, who had as much prairie chicken aboard as I had, except four wings, nine legs, and twelve glasses, we encountered a man who proclaimed himself treasurer of a circus. He was one of the Robbinson & Howes' circus, the government of which is as follows: Equestrian manager, Frank Howes; treasurer, Loyd Howes; director, Another Howes; outside man, Junius Brutus Howes; inside man, Themistocles Howes; clown, Persicles Howes; property man, H. Greeley Howes, and others of the same family.—It may seem strange to the public that there should be so many of one name connected with one institution; but let me say to the public, for whom I have great respect, that the success of a public entertainment is always governed by the Howeses.

We promenaded, me and my friend and me, and I think his proposition for a promenade was occasioned by the peculiar inclination of my head at certain moments, and fear for the safety of his mirrors and tapestry.

The treasurer of the circus, I think, is an honest man, but the management compel him to wear pantaloons without pockets for a reason unknown to me. It is probably owing to the fact, being so well used to pockets, he sometimes forgets that he has a treasury box—couldn't say positively.

We entered, me and my promenader and he, without much difficulty, except in the way of paying for tickets.

The clown made a joke as I went in, and I said to my promenader if I couldn't beat that I would quit. And says he, "suppose you try your hand at it;" and I replied that I didn't make jokes with my hands. The manager of equerry (I don't know what that means) heard me, and he glided around, and said he, "I don't like my clown much, and if you will take his place I'll pay you big." I accepted; the contract was signed, sealed and delivered. I arose and wended my way melancholily into the dressing room (or the undressing room; the men were all undressing when I went in). I was introduced all around, to the tumblers, and somersaulters, and equestrians, and clowns. I sneered when I came to the latter, thinking how soon I should lay them in the shade. I wanted to play clown just five minutes. There was a volley of whispering and snickering kept up several minutes after I entered, but I thought nothing of it.

Finally, says one of the clowns (his name was Castello), said he, "Beau Hackett, do you pad?"

I glanced at my godlike but slender proportions and replied, "Not vastly."

"Well," said, he, turning away, contemptuously," "You ought to."

Immediately upon the utterance of his last remark, the juvenile vulgarly called a property boy, laughed immoderately, and an application of boot leather was found absolutely necessary to reduce him to a state of decent quietude.

One of the tumblers said to me (I met several tumblers, but only one pitcher, and he was the man appointed to pitch boisterous people out at the door) said he: Beau Hackett can you stand on your head? I replied in the negative, but told him I could stand on somebody else's head if that would answer his purpose.

I observed a man in the last stage of placidity lying stark, still on the ground, while another man was rubbing a horse shoe over his head. I inquired the cause and was told that the proceeding was intended to make him so that he would not mind having his brains kicked out.

The manager asked me how I thought I would look in tights. I said I had been in one every day for five years, and the public had pronounced me passable.—Thereupon I incased myself in a set of fleshings, and the manager offered to introduce me to the equine department.—The first man I met was a mule, three feet high. May I eat hay as long as I live: may I be compelled to eat hash at a common boarding house till the crack of doom grows big enough for an elephant to go through, if the manager didn't tell me that that mule's name was Beau Hackett. I looked at his teeth and endeavored to inform myself whether I had been named for the mule or the mule for me, but could gain no enlightenment. It tickled me to hear it stated that he was an educated mule. I wanted to cultivate acquaintance, but the feeling was not reciprocal.

One of the knowing ones after calling me a "guy," and other happy appellations, said he would "make me up," and commenced spreading paint on my face with a brush broom. I squared myself, manœuvred the flexors and tensors of my right arm, and I think I made him up in a manner that would have won the fancy of a connoisseur. He uttered a shrill cough as I planted my digits before the whole congregation to take a hand. In two minutes there were a dozen tumblers on my shoulders; sixteen trapeze men on my thorax, and a wee boy doing La Perche Equipoise on the top of my head. They rolled me through the stable, and Beau Hackett, Jr., elevating his hinder half in the atmosphere, like a juvenile taking his first lessons in a handspring, brought his two heels suddenly in contact with my cranium. I did not stop to argue the question with my illustrious namesake, but if ever he picked as fine a head in the circus here, I'll hiss him. Mark that.

I found my way out through a cylinder escapement, with a black eye and a sore head, and such epithets attached to me as "nixe weeden," "sherry his nibs," and a hundred other phrases that nobody but a circus man knows anything about.

I wanted to send a pair of pantaloons to my brother in the army once, and an express agent wouldn't send them because they were inexpressibles. The public will excuse me if I fail to express my opinion of circusses on the same principle. I am opposed to them morally and physically, especially the latterly. Henceforth they will find no sympathy, no balm of Gilead in my bosom. They may name their mules in honor of me if they want to, and their horses too, and pigs, and pups, and everything else, but they can never rope me in to play clown again.—I've got enough.

I am, slightly,
BEAU HACKETT.

☞ A Republican paper wants to know "what relation do the Democrats really suppose Lincoln bears to the government?" Well we should say about the same relation that a clown bears to a circus.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says "popular government is on trial." Yes on trial before court-martial, with the *habeas corpus* suspended. What chance will it have for its life in such a trial?

A TUB of "pickled feet," chopped of from the fair legs of celestial beauties, has been sent from China to the Surgeons Museum.

THERE is a lake in Minnesota called Minnetonka which must be very clear and very deep for a strange genius, in describing it, says, by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

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