Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 15—NO. 39. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1864. WHOLE NO. 769.

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.

JACOB WEIDLE, jr., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE, north-west corner Market and Water Sts., Lebanon, Pa.
[Lebanon, January 13, 1864.—1y*]

BASSLER BOYER, Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICE removed to Cumberland street, one door East of the Lebanon Valley Bank, opposite the Buck Hotel, Lebanon, Pa. [Jan. 6, '64.

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 removed to Cumberland St., one door East of the Lebanon Valley Bank, opposite the Buck Hotel, Lebanon, Pa. [Jan. 6, '64.

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. Lineaweaver, 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.

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, [illegible] and those of my friends and [illegible] open as heretofore 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.

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

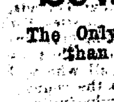
Dr. Samuel S. Meily
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity. OFFICE at the residence of Mrs. L. Buch, two doors West of Office of Dr. Samuel Behm, dec'd, in Cumberland street.
Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

Dr. P. B. MISH.
HAVING located in Lebanon, offers his professional services to the public. Office in Market St., in the building formerly occupied by his father.
Lebanon, Dec. 16, 1863.

PENSIONS.
DR. GEO. P. LINEAWEAVER, having been appointed by the Commissioner of Pensions, at Washington, Examining Surgeon for Pensions, is prepared to attend to all applicants for Pension at his office, in Market street, next door to the Post Office.
Lebanon, March 25th, 1863.—6t*

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, dealing in the Confectionary business, in the Borough of Lebanon, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The Books will be at the old stand for settlement.
JOSEPH LOWRY,
HENRY NAIIM.
Leb., Feb. 10, 1864.]
The business will be continued by the undersigned,
JOSEPH LOWRY.

Livery Stable.



THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced a LIVERY STABLE at his Hotel, in Market Street, Lebanon. He will always endeavor to furnish good horses and vehicles, at moderate prices, to all desiring the same.
JOHN MATTHES.
Lebanon, October 21, 1863.—6m.

"FLORENCE" Sewing Machine.
The Only Machine capable of making More than One Kind of a Stitch; and the Only One having the REVERSIBLE FEED.
The feed may be reversed at any point desired, without stopping, which is a great advantage in fastening the ends of seams.
It makes four different stitches, lock, knot, double lock and double knot; each stitch perfect and alike on both sides of the fabric.
There is no other Machine which will do so large a range of work as the "Florence."
It will Braid, Tuck, Quilt, Cord, Hem, Fell, Bind, Gather, and do all kinds of Stitching required by families and Manufacturers.
The most inexperienced find no difficulty in using it.
Every Machine is warranted to give entire satisfaction, and to do all that is claimed for it.
The Florence must be seen to be Appreciated.
J. F. MATZ,
Agent of Lebanon county, Annville, Pa.
Persons wishing to see the Machine in operation can do so by calling on the Agent at Annville.
Annville, March 9, 1864.—3t.

A NEW SUPPLY OF WALL PAPER.
THE subscriber has just received from New York and Philadelphia, a large stock of WALL PAPER, FIREBOARD PRINTS, BORDERS, DICTIONARIES, WINDOW SHADES, &c., of the very latest style, now manufactured for the Spring trade. As the above Goods were all purchased at the very lowest cash prices, he is enable to sell them at nearly the old prices, before the great rise in paper took place.
Of WINDOW SHADES, he has a large and splendid Stock, plain, fancy, buff, green and gilt, &c. PAPER SHADES, neat pattern, plain, green, blue and gilt.—Also, the latest and simplest style of Fixtures.
He has also a general assortment of BOOKS AND STATIONERY on hand, all of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.
His Store is in Walnut street, Lebanon, between the Court House and the County Jail.
JOHN L. BECKER.
Lebanon, March 9, '64.

$25! Employment! $75!
AGENTS WANTED!
WE will pay from $25 to $75 per month, and all expenses, to active Agents, or give a commission. Particulars sent free. Address ERIE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, R. JAMES, General Agent, Milan, Ohio.
May 13, 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 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 GERMAN 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 names 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 dread 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.
I. 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.

Miscellaneous.

A NIGHT ON THE DUBLIN ROAD,
OR, THE
IRISH AMAZON

BY J. GOLDRICK.

It was a cold drizzly day in the latter end of the month of November (said my friend C——) that ill luck found me on my way to Dublin, in quest of a roving situation. I was at that time about twenty-one years of age, smart, ambitious, and tolerably well posted on the general topics then distracting public attention in Ireland namely, Catholic emancipation, and the policy of equal rights to all loyal subjects, irrespective of their nationality or creed. I carried letters of recommendation from two members of Parliament in my own country, to a nobleman in the city, soliciting his influence with some of the high custom-house officers to obtain for me the appointment of gauger in the west of Ireland, a situation for which I was considered fully qualified, notwithstanding my youth and apparent inexperience in the rough duties of an exciseman's life. Besides a limited sum for traveling expenses, I held a check on the bank of Ireland for ten pounds, the gift of a lady friend, a relative to the nobleman to whom I carried letters of recommendation.

As I was always light-hearted, smart on foot, and a good economist, I determined to ride Shank's mare, and save the coach hire, that is, I resolved to perform the journey on foot, and have a pleasant time on the road with my guinea. I did not choose, however, to follow the broad road, too much cut up by coaches, drays and carriages; besides I thought it would be mortifying to my pride if any of my old chums should chance to be on board the mail coach and see me, the ambitious young gauger, wading knee-deep in mud, like a County Mayo spalpeen, going to cut down the English harvest. No, I must not I thought, take the coach road, I would travel by a way less public.—Being informed, on the morning of the day in question, that the old road over the hill was shorter by three or four miles than the new lines, and that being only traveled by horsemen and foot passengers, it was of course cleaner and more pleasant to travel. There were plenty of [illegible] from a shower, besides two or three shebin taverns, where a man could get a horn to heat his blood or quicken his speed, if he were not fool enough to be "tempted." At this time of life, I could easily leave three and a half miles of dry road behind me per hour, and continue this rate of traveling for half a day or more, carrying my appointments on the top of my sleelagh, if limited means render it necessary to do so.

I took the old road, as directed by a huge old beggar man, who, of all mortals in Ireland, I thought, should know by roads the best. At first the way appeared pleasant enough, but after walking a couple of miles things began to change for the worse. The road was rough, lonely and exceedingly desolate looking, with but few cabins and those of the meanest and most wretched aspect. I continued to walk at a brisk rate for over an hour and a half, and during that time could see only three or four of those miserable hovels. It was then about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and raining hard, with a strong cold wind blowing from the southwest. I was wet through and wished from my heart to see one of those grog holes I had been told of in the morning, but such a blessing could not be seen. It was indeed 'a hard road to travel,' as the song says. At three o'clock the rain began to fall in torrents, and I was compelled to seek shelter in a rude crib, that fortunately hove in sight just as I was on the point of giving up the ghost in hopeless despair.

I entered, almost doubled, (for the door was not above four feet in height,) saying my "God save all here," the usual salutation in the vernacular tongue, and looking about for some stool or bench to sit on.

"Wet day, sir," spoke something in the shape of an old woman, bent over the smouldering embers of what might once have been called a good turf fire.

"True for you ma'am," I replied, shaking the rain off my weather-beaten beaver, and rubbing the fur with the cuff of my coat.

"Sit up to the fire, young man, you must feel cold," said the same stooping effigy, pulling a three legged stool close to where she was hunchered.

I took the proffered seat and thanked her.

"Biddy, throw me a clod or two," she said, addressing a gaunt, ill-favored specimen of the feminine gender, perched on the hob stone, with one hand grasping a long, black wooden crook, suspended from an opening in the roof called the chimney, and with the other stroking the sleek fur of a large yellow tom-cat, sitting on her knee. After being twice bidden she obeyed, furnishing the fuel, which I assisted to place in position, and soon I had the enjoyment of a tolerably warm fire.

"How far may I be from the Dublin road, ma'am?" I asked the crone, setting my hat on, and preparing to make my exit.

"It is how far you are from the cross roads, you are after axing?" she demanded, turning up one of the thinnest and most cadaverous faces I ever beheld to mine.

"That's what I want to know ma'am, if you please," I answered.

After fumbling in the ashes with a piece of stick for a minute, as if in mental calculation on some abtruse problem, she replied: "The cross roads are about as far the one way as the other; make miles of that, if you know how."

"Do you mean, good woman, that I have as far more to go on this old road, as I came?" I asked, looking from one to the other of the women.

"You are but half way," she said "they call it six miles to the cross roads either way."

"This is the Half-way House, the tavern is over six miles from you, young gentleman," spoke the lady on the hob, with a bashful giggle and a few more swings of the long black crook.

"Thank you, Miss," I said, bowing politely. "Any public-houses on the way, before I reach the cross roads?"

"Not that I know of," was the reply, followed by another swing, and a fresh pull at the cat's tail.

"Good day, ladies," I said, bouncing to my feet, grasping my bag, and out with me in the heavy, down pour.

What a fix to be in, at 4 o'clock of a short November day, raining like sixty! On a lonely outlandish road; dripping wet, hungry, chilled with cold, and depressed in spirit. But reflections, were of no use—these six miles must be traveled, and that quickly, or I must be out all night.—Land of Goshen! how I did use my pivots! How I tripp'd it along.

The fast walking soon warmed me, from head to foot, and about 7 o'clock I had the felicity of seeing the broad, deep, muddy, mail-coach road, with its thoroughfare right before me.—Half an hour more took me to the tavern. It was a respectable two story building, reputed for its good accommodations, and the reasonableness of its charges. The proprietor was a small, middle aged military looking kind of personage; very polite to his customers, full of talk, honest, pretentious, rather noted for his rabid politics, and the hatred he bore to all, who sought, by constitutional means to redress the grievances under which they labored. He held the rank of Captain, in the yeomanry, when Napoleon was in his glory, and England menaced with a French invasion; and once a Captain a captain forever; he still retained the [illegible] as Captain Gab, of the Red Swan tavern. The Inn Keeper was in his sanctum of drams when I entered, bag in hand, not a very prepossessing looking customer, I must confess, for I was wet through, and puddled all over my lower extremities, with the deep yellow mud, of a Dublin mail coach road, evident sign to the experienced eye of a shrewd inn keeper, that I was not blessed with heavy pockets.

"A glass of malt and cigar, sir, if you please, I said, kicking my feet on the tiled floor, outside the counter, and settling my hat on three hairs, with wonderous consequence. The malt was filled out from a decanter on the counter, and disposed of in double quick time. The cigar was next furnished without speaking a word, and both promptly paid for in broad penny pieces.

"Terrible day, sir," I said, lighting my weed from a taper presented by the landlord. He nodded. "Shocking condition," I continued, looking at my nether habiliments. "Missed the coach at Kells—no vehicle available—business urgent, and got to take the road rough and smooth.—Can I have bedding, supper and breakfast?"

"Can't accommodate," was the laconic reply.

"Too bad," I said, "can you not contrive to find a place for a single man?"

"Don't keep beds for pickpockets or for the emissaries of Captain Rock," was the civil reply, sweeping my nine penny pieces with a sweep of his hand into the drawer of the counter, and looked at me with his left eye closed. "You'll find," he continued, "a more suitable place to accommodate you three or four miles further on. Goodnight, sir," and the graceless bigot, looked ominiously at a brace of brass-mounted military dogs, hanging within reach, as much as to say, "Maketracks or you'll smell powder."

I dashed the weed from my mouth, drew myself up stiff as a ramrod, looked him straight in the eye, and answered, with calm dignity, "You'll hear from me soon, Sir Innkeeper, and I hope I wisely apologize for this insult offered to a gentleman, and one too in the service of his King and country. Good night, Mr. Gab." And seizing my bag, I dashed from the sign of the Red Swan, like a sky rocket with eyes flashing fire and bosom heaving with rage.

How the puddles leap'd, splashing about my legs, as I slough'd it along, talking to myself, cursing bigotry, and vowing retaliation on the diminutive churl of the Red Swan.

About an hours hard walking brought me in view of the tavern referred to by the tory Captain. It was viewed in the dim light of the moon, a long, low, murderous looking barrack of a place—a kind of carman's inn. (God bless the mark) about twenty miles from Dublin, in a lonely part of the road with no house within half a mile of it. The dwelling part, barn, stable, cowhouse, and a large open shed, were all in one range, several rods in length, with deep sinkholes filled with mud, and stagnant rain water in front, between it and the road. So villainous was the aspect as I approached the door that I really imagined there was not a sound pane of glass in any of the four windows on the front side, through one of which appeared stuffed out an old coat, hat or pair of ragged corduroy breeches, any available dud to exclude the pelting rain and piercing cold of the night.

The door was lying half open, and I entered, a single tallow candle was burning on the counter, dimly revealing the interior. It was a groggery of the most unblessed aspect, with but little inducement to put up the night in. But "any port in a storm," says the mariner, and I was resolved to use it in such an emergency.

The host was behind his counter, a huge, black-whiskered, uncouth kind of person, wearing a gray frieze coat, slouched felt hat, and no neck tie.—His features were coarse and repulsive, while the twinkle of his small gray snake-like eye, as he looked at me from under the turned down brim of his old hat, had something in it, sinister and murderous.

"Can I have a bed here, for the night?" I asked, not much caring whether I could or not.

"Are you alone, boy?" he demanded, regarding me attentively.

"Alone," I answered haughtily, not quite satisfied with his calling me boy.

"How far do you travel, youngster," again he demanded, leaning over the counter to inspect my walking gear.

"Near thirty miles," I replied, commenced to unbutton my overcoat and shake the rain off my hat.

"Your name, with submission," he continued, coming out from behind the counter, and assisting to divest me of my coat.

I told him though, I did not like the familiarity, he was beginning to assume.

"A traveling quack-doctor," I answered humorously; "do your family need any prescriptions?"

"Don't know, but they may, boy," was the reply, letting go the bag, and catching hold of my right hand to examine the texture. I laughed.

"You pretend to tell fortunes," I said, "what luck do you make out for me?"

"You don't get your grub by hard working, I see," he said, grinning horribly from ear to ear. "Excuse me youngster, I like to talk to a promising gossoon like you." [illegible] hand from his grasp, and looking him straight in the face, with a proud curl of the lip, and a haughty, disdainful air. He drew back a little, shut one of his murderous peepers, and grinning again continued:

"You're going to the city, are you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, with stiff affected accent, and an indifferent swag of the head.

"Do you know anybody there?"

"Hundreds," I answered, growing tired with this hateful catechizing.

"Where do you hang your hat, on Sundays? you have a good Catholic nose of your own I see."

"I'm a Catholic," I said, and that was no lie, for Protestants maintain that their religion is the true Catholic, or universal faith of the Bible and primitive church.

"Go regularly to your duty?"

"Stop, sir," I cried, assuming an air of gravity, and shaking off his hands, "Ask no more questions, I am cold, wet, hungry and peevish.—Show me some place where I can see fire, and don't any longer make a fool of yourself."

"Come along," he said, leading the way into a long, narrow, back room, meanly furnished, but with a good turf fire burning on the hearth, around which sat six or seven swabbish looking fellows, drinking, smoking, and playing cards.

I did not quite like the appearance of this place, nor the company I had got amongst, and wished from my heart I had been again on the road, bad as the night was. But, there was no use in betraying fear, and I sat down among them, intending to make myself agreeable.

"Let me put your bag away, boy," said the Innkeeper, as I took my seat at the fire.

"Not for a little," I replied, "I want to change my shoes and get some other things out of it by and by."

The ill-favored man exchanged glances from under his slouched hat, with the other barbarians about the fire, and all laughed at the idea of a man changing his shoes when he should be thinking of his bed.

After a few minutes a sifting cross examination recommenced. I saw plainly that I was doomed to some dreadful fate, and was contemplating how I could effect my escape, leaving bag, overcoat, and all in their hands, when a carriage was heard driving to the door, and soon after, a succession of quick, heavy raps, as if from the but end of a carriage whip on the counter, brought the landlord in double quick to the outside of the room. After a few words spoken between him and the new arrival, the door opened, and a tall, commanding feminine figure, in heavy traveling costume, entered the room where I was seated amidst my rude companions. She wore a man's overcoat, close buttoned to the chin; a man's hat pressed down over her forehead; a long black veil carelessly hanging to one side. She carried in her left hand a heavy coachman's whip, while in the other she held a long bright silver-mounted duelling pistol the companion of which she carried conspicuously stuck in her belt.

She was above the medium height, of rather corpulent build, blonde complexion, perhaps about thirty years of age, with elastic step, musical voice, which she used with an authoritative and commanding air.—The innkeeper followed close at her heels, to await her commands with evident uneasiness depicted on his ugly countenance. The whole group of rowdies were equally confounded, and shrunk like cowards from the presence of that singular woman.

I stood up, and made an easy, and respectful bow, which she deigned slightly to return. After looking peeringly into the eyes of all my companions, without uttering a word, she did me the honor of a similar scrutiny. I could not help smiling. It was a weakness of mine whenever I met the fixed stare of a pretty woman. She smiled in return, and asked in a sweet, low voice: "Do you belong to this house?" "No, ma'am," I answered, shaking my head. "Are you of this party?" she asked again. "Never saw one of them before, and hope I never shall again. I am a stranger, ma'am, and bound for the city on urgent business. The storm drove me to take shelter here for the night, and I shall leave, God willing, if my life be spared till I see the full dawn of day, to-morrow morning."

Consulting her gold watch, and presenting it to me for inspection, she said: "It's ten minutes, you see, to eleven. I'm going to the city, have a fleet span of grays, and commodious phæton. I must of necessity be there at three o'clock. If you accept of a drive I shall be glad of your company, for I'm alone."

Then sinking her voice to a whisper, she continued:

"I called here to see if the notorious leader of this banditti were in but he is not. So much the worse; the scroundrel is, I fear, strongly posted in his old haunt, just as I expected. Well—will you accept of my invitation? There is no time to lose."

"You do me an honor, madam," I said, "but I must confess that at this late hour, and under the circumstances, I'm not, as you see, in a condition to appear in company with a lady of your rank."

"Nonsense," she replied, smiling, "what have you got here?"

"Nothing, ma'am," I answered, "but a light carpet bag"—taking hold of it in my hand, and pulling out a shilling to give the landlord.

"It's all right, your honor," said [illegible] individual, too glad to get rid of [illegible] We left the house and found the lady's phæton standing at the door, the span of grays pawing the road impatiently to be off with their fair mistress.

The rain had by this time ceased, but the wind, which had veered round to the southeast, was blowing in fitful gusts, rendering it necessary to fix on our hats tightly to keep them from blowing off our heads. The moon then near her full, was at her southing, and plunged madly through the heavens, dashing the heavy black clouds before her as if she had been a thing of life. Things looked weird and desolate all around. No thoroughfare then on the road, the way was quite clear, as we could see ahead.—The deep ruts and little puddles sparkled in the light of the moon as she emerged from behind some thick bank of clouds. It was difficult to hear what was spoken, from the blowing of the wind, unless one spoke as if to some dead person, and therefore little was said after we got under way, for near half an hour. The whip was unsparingly applied by the Amazon, and the grays dashed off at an incredible rate, causing the gutters to fly from the wheels like lightning. I never had been on this road before, and knew nothing of the way or direction we were going.

We came to a thick clump of trees and were apparently entering into some gentleman's domain, when she drew up to a stand still, and looked peeringly around her, stooping her head the better to see in among the bushes. We had now a little shelter; but the noise of the wind blowing overhead among the lofty trees resembled that of the ocean in a storm.

"What is it, ma'am?" I ventured to ask with some misgiving that all was not right, and that, after all, it might have been safer with me in the den of black whiskers, than in the elegant carriage of this fine lady.

She made no reply for half a minute, then putting her mouth so close to mine that she nearly touched me, she said in a low whisper, "Robbers! I'm waylaid."

"Heavens!" was my exclamation. "Where are they, ma'am?" and I stood up in the phæton to look around.

"Sit down," she cried, taking me by the arm, and forcing me back to a sitting posture.

"Are you courageous?" she asked, bringing her face so near mine that I might have kissed her.

"Could face the devil, ma'am," was my reply, stamping my foot on the floor of the carriage.

"Accustomed to the use of arms?" she next asked.

"Got a military education," I said, with assumed pomposity—laying my right hand on my left side, as if an officer's sword hung there.

"Glad to hear that," was her reply. "Here, take this," handing me a cocked pistol, and bidding me use it only at her word of command. "Be careful," she remarked; "it is a hair trigger and will go off at the slighest touch."

She took the other from her belt, laid it across her lap, gathered up the reins, and, after again carefully looking through the bushes on both sides of the road, put the horses in easy motion and rolled on.

We had not gone more than ten or twelve rods when, at a hollow place in the road, with a large tree overhanging half the way, two men emerged from behind the hedge, one laying hold on the bridle of the horses on the right side of the phaton, while the other levelled a pistol at my head saying,

"Stir a limb and you die."

"Your money, Mrs. Dasher," demanded the other robber at the rein with a voice like thunder. "You carry five hundred pounds in gold and bank notes. I know all about it. Delay half a minute—the word was not finished, when the man covering my head leaped into the air, shot through the brain by the unerring aim of my fair companion. A cut of the whip on the right hand grey, and off the phaeton dashed, trampling the other villian under the horses' feet and the wheels of the flying vehicle.

Two shots from behind the hedge were fired at the carriage without effect, while the wood resounded with the hell hound cries of perhaps a dozen more of the banditti.

But we were safe, nor did we rein up till we had left the wood four or five miles behind us.

When we were eight or ten miles from the city, and in a populous part of the country, she became more communicative, and told me her story in a few words. She was the widow lady of a rich merchant in the city, had large money transactions in the country, and was returning with £1500 in gold and Bank of Ireland notes, as was known to the robbers. One of her man servants, she said, knew all this, and was an accomplice with the banditti. The house she met me in was their rendezvous, and their she expected to find the villian, but was disappointed. She gave me her name and address, but charged me to keep the affair of that night a profound secret.

Of course I promised, and kept my word till I left Ireland.

After driving me to a fashionable hotel, she alighted, introduced me to the clerk, then in his office, and after being in private conference with that functionary, shook me by the hand, giving me something folded nicely in a piece of paper, which she bid me look at when I went to my room.—Then mounting her carriage she drove off, waving me a last adieu as she turned a sharp corner.

After some little refreshment, I [illegible] gold breast pin, with a ten pound note on the Bank of Ireland.

Next day the clerk refused to take any pay, saying, "that was all settled by the lady."

The bulletin of next evening contained an account of the shooting of a noted highway robber, ten miles from the city, long the terror of the road, by some unknown person. This was hailed as good news, and soon the matter dropped without further investigation.

I met the nobleman to whom I had the letters of recommendation, obtained the appointment of Gauger, held the office for nine years, but never since heard anything of the fair widow, Mrs. Dasher, my Amazon friend on the Dublin road.

The Advertiser:

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CULTURE OF ONIONS—A HINT TO FARMERS.—The extraordinary rise in the price of Onions, caused by the great demand in our camps and army hospitals for this most valuable of all common vegetable anti-scourbuties, had doubtless sufficiently indicated to intelligent farmers that the onion crop will be one of the most profitable which they can cultivate this season. In order to assist them in this most promising work, we copy the following hint from the communication of a farmer to one of our western exchanges:

"The prevailing opinion is that to grow good onions, the sets grown the previous year should be planted. This is an error. Better onions and larger crops can be grown from seed than from sets. The seed should be first sown in a hot bed as thick as they can stand. As soon as the seed is up open the beds to the air and water freely.—In April prepare your ground and plant the sets from the hot-bed, singly, one by one, three inches asunder, in rows ten inches apart. If the ground is very good and they are well cultivated, you may have eight hundred bushels from an acre."

We were told an anecdote of an officer recently which is worth preserving. The gentleman is a violent Republican, and both before and since going into the army has opposed, with all the zeal and ability of which he is possessed, the Crittenden compromise. At the battle of Chickamauga, when our routed wing was falling back in great disorder, and the masses of the enemy pushing forward with a shower of shell, and grape, canister and musketry, this gentleman, who was in the midst of the deadly torrent, and who stutters somewhat in his speech, turned, to a fellow soldier and said: "G-g-g-george, if G-g-g-governor Crittenden were to r-r-r-rise up now f-f-from his grave, and offer me the C-c-crittenden compromise—compromise by —— I would take it."—*Louisville Democrat.*

A myrtle among nettles is still a myrtle.

When the shepherd is angry with the sheep, he sends them a blind guide.

Be very lowly, humble in spirit; for man is a worm, and his ambition vanity.

A rum suggestion—calling a man ginerous.