Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 16—NO. 6. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1864. WHOLE NO. 788

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.

H. T. BIBIGHAUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE in Stichter's Building, Cumberland Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Lebanon.
Lebanon, June 15, 1864.—tf.

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 6, 1864.–1y.

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.

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 ornor of Water and Market Streets,
LEBANON, Pa.
Lebanon, Nov 18, 1863.—1y.*

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.

JACOB WEIDLE, jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE, north-west corner Market and Water Sts., Lebanon, Pa.
[Lebanon, January 13, 1864.—1y*]

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.

Removal.

THE undersigned has moved his office to George's Corner, (entrance on Walnut St., opposite the Court House,) where he continues to give his whole attention to Surveying and Scrivening. Is always in his office on Saturdays, and at all other times unless when called away by business. Having lately been appointed a Notary Public, he has authority of take acknowledgments the same as Justices of the Peace.
Particular attention given to writing Wills and making out distributions.
ISAAC HOFFER.
Lebanon, March 23, 1864.—3m.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the Estate of JACOB MUSHLER, dec'd., late of Swatara township, Lebanon county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the borough of Lebanon, county and state aforesaid. All persons, therefore, having claims against said Estate will present them, duly authenticated, and those indebted will please make payment.
JACOB WEIDLE, Executor.
Lebanon, May 11, 1864.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that the QUOTA of MEN called for by the President of the United States from Lebanon county, has been filled to the present time. There will probably be a small excess, which will be distributed to the several sub-districts of the County. No further credits of Veterans or New Recruits for this County are wanted, and no further County Bounties will be paid.
THOMAS LESHER,
PETER FORNEY,
JACOB BRUBACHER, } *Commissioners of Lebanon County*
Attest:—CYRUS SHIRK, Clerk.
Lebanon, June 23, 1864.

Estate of Adam Ritcher, dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters Testamentary, on the estate of ADAM RITCHER, dec'd., late of the borough of Lebanon, Lebanon county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned of the borough, county and state aforesaid. Therefore all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims will present them without delay.
CATHARINE RITCHER, Executrix.
Lebanon, June 15, 1864.

"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, or on Wm. G. Ward, at Lebanon.
Annville, June 22, 1864.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

A. H. RICHEY, Merchant Tailor, respectfully announces to the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity that he has just returned from the city with a fine assortment of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
all of which he will sell or make up to order at prices to suit the times, at his No. 1 Tailoring Establishment in Keim's New Block, 4 doors South of the Buck Hotel, South Walnut street.
All work entrusted to his care, will be manufactured in a workmanlike manner as to fashion and durability.
Goods purchased elsewhere will be cheerfully made up to order on the usual moderate terms.
Having had years of experience in the Tailoring and Dry-Goods business, and being inclined to turn to the advantage of his customers, all the advantages resulting from said acquirements, he feels satisfied that it will be responded to by a very liberal share of the public patronage.
Friends call once to please me after that please yourselves.
July 8, 1863.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of PHILIP HUBER, dec'd., late of North Lebanon township, Lebanon county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the borough of Lebanon, county and State aforesaid. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment and those having claims will present them without delay, to JOSEPH HUBER, Adm'r.
N. Lebanon tp., April 13, 1864.

Matrimonial.

If you wish to marry, address the undersigned, who will send you, "without money and without price," valuable information that will enable you to marry happy and speedily, no matter how old, how ugly or how poor. This is a reliable affair. The information will cost you nothing; and if you wish to marry, I will cheerfully assist you. All letters strictly confidential. The desired information sent by return mail, and no questions asked. Address
SARAH B. LAMBERT,
Greenpoint, Kings Co., N. Y.
June 8, 1864.—4t.

IMPORTANT NEWS!
TO ALL WHOM IT DOES CONCERN!
ON LAST SATURDAY THE
QUOTA

Was filled for Lebanon county, and at the same time the Cheap Cash and Produce Store of
GOODYEAR & DIFFENBACH'S
(RABER'S BLOCK,)
Cumberland Street, Lebanon Pa.

WAS filled with a choice Assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, just purchased at NEW YORK AUCTIONS, which for Variety, Beauty and Cheapness cannot be excelled this side of the Atlantic, and at prices that will astonish the World. For truth of which

Call and See for Yourseles.

Ladies' Dress Goods.

Full Line of French Glaco Mosambuiques,
" " " American Mosambuiques,
" " " colored Alpacca, all shades,
" " " colored all wool Delains, all shades,
" " " French Poplins, all shades,
" " " French Bareges, all shades,
" " " French Tissues, all shades,
" " " Foulard Challies,
" " " Manchester Delains,
" " " Lawns, &c., &c.

A full Line of DRESS GOODS of every description and the largest assortment in the county.
Full Line of LADIES CLOTH, all shades, such as Tan, Drab, Lavender, Light Grey, Black, &c.
Full Line of Best oil Boiled Black SILKS.
Full Line of Fancy Silks, Brown, &c., purchased before the recent advance.
Full assortment of CALICO at all prices.
" " " Bleached MUSLIN.
" " " Unbleached "

THE CHEPEST IN THE COUNTY.

MOURNING GOODS.

Our Mourning Department is complete, comprising a
Full Line of Black, all wool Delains, 6-4 wide,
" " " " all wool Delains, 3-4 "
" " " " Canton Cloths, 5-4 "
" " " " Persian Cashmere, 6-4 "
" " " " Black Silk Grenadiens,
" " " " Bombazines,
" " " " Black Crape Veils,
" " " " " Love Veils,
" " " " " Hosiery,
" " " " " Gloves.
In fact anything in Mourning and Second Mourning Goods.

Gentlemen Wear.

A full line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CANTONADES and VESTINGS, all kinds and prices, which will be sold Cheap.

Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Molassas,

Spices, &c., all at LOW PRICES.
☞ Call one and all, and look through our Large and well selected Stock of Goods, and get the prices, as it is no trouble to show Goods. Our Motto is
"Small Profits, and Quick Sales, and Good Value."
GOODYEAR & DIFFENBACH.

Free Exhibition.
Geo. L. Atkins,

DESIROUS OF EXTENDING HIS
BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,
has determined to carry out the motto,
"QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."
He has just received a large Stock of Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Carpet Bags. ☞ Particular attention paid to Customer's Work.
Lebanon, March 23, 1864.

TAKE NOTICE.

BUILDERS will do well by calling on J. H. BRESSLER Agent, as he is prepared to do all kinds of TIN-ROOFING, SPOUTING and JOB WORK generally, at the very lowest prices. He also has on hand a large and good assortment of all kinds of TIN WARE, and all of the most improved Gas Burning COOK STOVES and PARLOR STOVES. Also, all the different and latest improved RANGES AND HEATERS, of all kinds. He also keeps constantly on hand a large stock of all kinds of ROOFING, SLATE, which he offers at less price than they can be bought of any other slatemen in the county.
☞ WARE-ROOMS—One door South of the "Buck Hotel," Walnut Street, Lebanon, Pa.
Lebanon, May 4, 1864.

New Spring Stock.

THE LATEST STYLES AT CHEAP CASH PRICES!
Reizenstein & Bro.,

HAVE just received at their CHEAP CLOTHING STORE,
On Cumberland Street, Lebanon,
from their own manufactory in Philadelphia, a large stock of
New Ready-made Clothing,
of all kinds, for MEN and BOYS.
☞ Old Customers, and new ones, are invited to call and examine this stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we feel confident we can suit the tastes of all.
REIZENSTEIN & BRO.,
Opposite the Court House.
Lebanon, April 13, 1864.—3m.

Barlow's Indigo Blue.

DEALERS and Customers of the above *Celebrated Wash Blue*, will please take notice, that the *Labels* are altered to read
Indigo Blue,
PUT UP AT
Alfred Wiltberger's DRUG STORE,
No. 233 North SECOND Street, PHILAD'A.
The quality of this Blue will be the same in every respect.
It is warranted to color more water than twice the same quantity of Indigo, and to go much further than any other Wash Blue in the market. It dissolves perfectly clear and does not settle on the clothes as most of the other makes do. One Box dissolved in a half pint of water, will make as good a Liquid Blue as any that is made, at one third the cost.
As it is retailed at the same price as the Imitations and Inferior articles, housekeepers will find it very much to their advantage to ask for that put up at Wiltberger's.
☞ All Blue put up after this date with Barlow's name on it is an Imitation.
The New Label does not require a Stamp.
—For Sale by Storekeepers generally.
Feb. 24, '64.—6m. if.

READING RAILROAD.
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.
New York Express leaves Harrisburg at 6.30 A. M., arriving at New York at 1.45 the same day.
A special Accommodation Passenger Train leaves READING at 7.15 A. M., and returns from Harrisburg at 5 P. M.
Fares from Harrisburg: To New-York $5 15; to Philadelphia $3 35 and $2 80. Baggage checked through.
Returning, leave New-York at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M., (PITTSBURG EXPRESS arriving at Harrisburg at 2 A. M.) Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.
Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburgh without change.
Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 5.50 A. M., and 2.10 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.
Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.
An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.00 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 5 00 P. M.
☞ All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.
A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.
COMMUTATION, MILEAGE, SEASON, and EXCURSION TICKETS at reduced rates to and from all points.
80 pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.
G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
May 25, 1864.

Notice.

THIS is to notify all Carpenters and Cabinet makers that no bills for coffins will be paid by the Directors of the Poor for poor persons dying within a circle of five miles of the Poor House; as all such persons will be furnished with Coffins free of expense on application to the Steward at the Poor House.
JOHN E. BOWMAN,
ELIAS WALBORN,
GEO. ZIMMERMAN, } Directors of the Poor.
May 27, 1863.

Miscellaneous.

A RIDE WITH A MADMAN.

AN OLD DRIVER'S STORY.

Not many years ago, I was seated in a tavern in the interior of the State of New York, and conversing with an old man of about sixty, who as I conjectured, had seen something of this world, as he had been a teamster most all his life, or ever since he was big enough to hold a line and manage a horse; and as the time passed slowly, and it was only about eight o'clock in the evening, I addressed him thus:

"Come Louton, can you not relate something that will help pass the time away?"

"Well, I don't know," he drawled out as he took his pipe out of his mouth, and settled himself back in his chair, "I was frightened once, I tell you, sir; and I don't believe I shall ever forget it."

"How long ago was it?" I asked as the means of leading the old man into the story.

"Well, I guess it was about forty years ago. I've driven lots of strange men in my time. I've had charge of a team since I was knee high to a grasshopper; but I never met with so ugly a customer as I did the time I am speaking of. He came one night to the tavern I was driving for and wanted to go to M———, a place about fifteen miles from there. It was a cold night, the snow lay hard and thick on the road, and the wind was rushing down the north. I had put the horse up, and was just eating my supper when the boss called me, and said that I would have to take that man to M———.

"You'd better believe I wished the man in Texas, and told the boss it was no kind of weather to take the cattle out for such a long spell o'riding, and over such roads too! The man growled at me for a lazy brute, and mumaled something about taking it out of me. But all of a sudden he changed his mind, and concluded to stay all night, so he called for brandy and filling the tumbler quite full of the raw liquor, drank it off as a temperance man would a glass of water, and then looking round cautiously for somebody who wasn't behind, went slowly up to bed.

"I went back to the kitchen very well pleased to think I'd bluffed the fellow off, and, finishing my supper, I went to bed.

"I very soon got to sleep, and dreamed that the man who wanted to go to M——— was choking me to death, when I was awoke by the boss calling me.

"Get up, Tom, and put the brown mare to the covered wagon: and look sharp for it's pretty late.

"Where's she going to, sir?" I asked.

"To M——— with that man who's just got up, and says he must get there before morning, as his wife is dying."

"I never found it harder to turn out in my life, and I grumbled a good deal, and cursed some, at the idea of leaving a warm bed to drive miles, and the weather cold enough to freeze your nose off. I didn't like the getting up, I didn't like the cold, and I didn't like the man I had to drive. I thought it mighty curious that he should remember in the middle of the night, when everybody wes abed and asleep, that his wife was dying. It was a rum go anyway I thought, didn't hurry myself much, for I was thinking so hard.

"As I went out of the back door to the stable, I heard some one walking up and down the front stoop, and every now and then stamping his foot as if he wanted to be off right away. Thinks I, old fellow, you'll have to wait for me this time. It took me some time to harness up.

"I guess you don't want to come, my man, said the stranger. It isn't pleasant, is it, to be driven out of a comfortable bed to travel a lonely road, to be frozen to death, or worse, in the middle of the night? Eh?"

"That's so," said I; "but if you can stand it, I can, so jump in"

"Here, landlord," said the stranger, "give us a quart bottle of brandy, to keep the cold out, and take for it and the wagon out of this X."

"He handed the boss a note, who brought the liquor and the change to the man. The boss said good night and shut the door, and the man got into the wagon, sat down alongside of me, and said:

"Now, boy, drive like ———, for I wouldn't have him catch me for a thousand dollars."

"He turned his head round as though he was looking for somebody, and said:

"Hurry up, boy, hurry up."

"I started off at a pretty good rate, but it was awful bad going, and for some distance it was up hill, and so steep that I couldn't go much over a walk. I began to talk to my passenger, and for a few minutes he talked quite lively like; but he grew silent and sullen, and kept continually fidgeting in his seat and looking round to the right and left and behind him. In about half an hour he took the cork from the bottle and took a long drink of the brandy.

"From that moment he seemed to grow more fidgety than ever. His excitement increased, and the great strong man shivered all over, but whether from cold or fear, I did not know then, but now I think it was fear. He kept muttering to himself, and looking out the side of his eye at me in a manner that I didn't like at all, but I pretended not to notice it. I was watching very closely everything he did; I kept one eye upon the road and the other upon him, and yet I almost jumped out of my seat when he said to me:"

"Did you see him? Look! Is he far off?"

"See him! who?" I said.

"What's that to you, d—n you?—Mind your business or I'll wring your neck, and drive faster, or I'll throw you out and drive myself."

"There's no doubt I was frightened, more than ever in my life. I tried to pacify him; urged on the mare and spoke to him, but he would not answer me a word. He took another pull at the brandy bottle, and then began to laugh low to himself, and I heard every now and then when he muttered to himself—

"I don't want to kill him—but if I find he's betraying me, I'll have his life! I'll watch the scoundrel—I'll watch close!"

"I tell you sir, I began to get as fidgety as the man himself. I felt sure he was a madman, and I was afraid of my life. I didn't know what to do. It was near one o'clock, and there was little chance of meeting any travelers on the road."

"He drank again, and then turned right around in his seat and looked steadily behind. He stood in that position several minutes, still muttering to himself. At last with a start that made the wagon tremble, said:"

"There—there! I saw him dodge behind that big tree—I tell you he's after me close—drive on—drive faster, curse you. I believe you are in the league with him; but, by the Lord, if he catches me, you're in my clutches, and I'll tear your heart out and throw it in his face. Drive on—drive faster," he shouted, you sneaking son of the devil!

"Cold as I was, the sweat burst out all over me. I could hardly hold the reins, but whipped the mare into a faster trot, hoping to keep him quiet, or at least to pacify him. Another half hour was past and I could see that one of his fits was coming again, by the movements of his hands and by the quick but stealthy looks he every now and then cast behind him."

"I think we have gained upon him,' he said; 'give me the reins.' If we keep up this pace we shall leave him behind altogether. He's on foot you know,' he runs like a deer. So give me the reins."

"No master,' I said, 'it ain't no use. I know the mare's ways and can get more out of her than you can. I'll put her through!"

"So I gave her the whip and started her a little, but I saw he wasn't satisfied. His wild manner made me feel a little queer too, for not only was I afraid of him, but I was terrified at the man who was following us. So I found myself constantly looking behind, and every time with increasing fear. This began to attract his attention and made him still more wild and fidgety in his manner, and he kept saying:"

"He is looking for his accomplice—I'll have to do it—I'll have to do it!"

"We had now come to a pretty steep hill, and the mare was going up slowly, for the road was awful bad. The man was more excited than ever. He stood up and looked back, and sat down, then looked back again, and shouted, 'Faster, faster, we're losing ground.' I was in a perfect agony of terror—I dreaded the unseen man behind more than he did—he was like the ghost I had heard of when I was a child, and I could have screamed out with fear. He was watching me all the time with a horrible scowl upon his face. I'm sure he mistook my mortal fear for anxiety to wait for that man who was pursuing us like a bloodhound, to come up.

"We were almost up the hill, and I had whipped the mare into a pretty smart trot when, just as we got on the top of the hill he said in a horrible whisper that made me cold all over—

"There—there he is again! I knew he was playing into his hands. It must do—he shall not catch me!"

"He was now perfectly wild with excitement, and when he took up the brandy-bottle once more, I felt that my time was come.

"With a yell of rage which caused the mare to rear from fright, he turned towards me, but the fear of the moment had caused me to remember that I had an old pistol in my pocket, and in an instant I drew it and pointed it at the madman. It was unloaded, I knew, but I thought it might frightened him, and I said to him as quietly as I could.

"If you raise your hand to me, I'll shoot you dead. I don't know the man who is following us. You sit down and take the reins, drive like thunder and I'll keep watch.

"He sat down mechanically, took up the reins, which were lying entangled about my feet, and only said:

"That's right, you look out; look in the shadows, d——him, that's where he hides and runs along. You look out—if I can only reach home I can give him the slip.,

"The mare was now thoroughly frightoned, and the incessant shouts of the crazy man every moment added to her fear. She flew rather than galloped, and now another terror came upon me. Half a mile further on, after we had passed a bridge, there was a sharp and sudden descent in the road so steep that if attempted to go down at this mad speed I was sure we should all be dashed to pieces. This immediate danger made me forget all other fears. I told him to pull in the mare, to drive slower for it was not safe! But he was mad, mad—quite mad, and only urged the frightened animal to greated exertions. I did not know what to do. I cried and prayed and implored, but it was all of no use! We were close upon the bridge, and I was, I believe, as mad as the man that was driving. All the combined fears came upon me at once, and as I turned around I fancied I saw the figure of a man close beside us. Bewildered with terror I screamed out:

"Oh Lord! there he is! close to the wheels!"

"With a shout of terror more fearful than my own, he pulled up the mare so suddenly that it threw her back on her haunches and pitched me head foremost into the road. On dashed the mare, the wheels of the wagon passed over me, and as I turned over, in great pain, I saw by the moonlight the man climb up the rail of the bridge and jump into the river.

"I fainted away and knew nothing more until I was revived by a farming man. My right leg was broken, and I suffered horribly from the jolting of the cart. I was six weeks in bed, and heard nothing more about the man. We got the mare back all right, but there was very little of the wagon to be found. The doctor said that the man was suffering from "delirous trimmings," caused by drinking too much brandy."

"What will you take?" I asked, as he finished.

"Nothing, sir. I used to drink before that accidant happened; but since then, I have not let a drop of liquor pass my lips and do not intend to. Although it broke my leg, I think it has done me more good than it has hurt. And, if you will take an old man's advice, leave liquor alone."

I profited by that, and went to bed, only to dream about madmen.

A Story about Seals.

A while ago, thirty or forty years may be, there was a man of Skufo who wished to get by night from that island across the firth to Sando, so he got into his boat as the weather was good and rowed himself over. When he was almost across he came to a bit of a sandy holm that was there not far from the land, and he saw in the moonlight, for it was at the full, a lot of people on the holm. Well! it struck him as strange because no one lived on the holm and no one lives there now, but he thought he would just see what they were doing. He was a bold young fellow whose heart never failed him, and besides he had a head on his shoulders. As he pulled his boat up he saw ever so many sealskins lying on the shore, and as he went he picked up one, and held it in his hand scarcely knowing why.—As soon as he got near to the folk he saw they were all women and some of them good-looking too, but just as he was going to speak to them they all ran off down to the beach. He was not slow in following them, but they were faster than he was, maybe he was tired by the long row. But as he looked after them he could scarce believe his eyes when he saw them each throw a sealskin over their shoulders, and lo! in a thrice they were turned into seals and dashed and splashed into the water—all but one, the best-looking of all, who stood there weeping on the shore because she could not get her sealskin.—When he reached her she begged and prayed so prettily and in such good Faroese for her sealskin that he had half a mind to give it her, but the more he looked at her the more he liked her, so he thought of it was he tied the sealskin tight about his body, and put the lassie into his boat and rowed back home with her. Yes! all the way back, for he wanted to show his bride to his mother. Well, she lived there with them for a little while for all the world like another woman, and when they wanted to have her baptized she said she had been baptized by their own parson in the sea. So they had her confirmed instead, and the end of it was to make a long story short the man married her, and she lived very happily with him.—They had children, three or four, and folk began to forget altogether the strange way in which she had come among them. At last it happened one day, maybe just about this time of the year, the man was in his barley-field which had ripened nicely that year for a wonder, and he was reaping it, and his wife was in the house close down at the water's edge in Skufo, as all our houses are, and the bairns were playing about, running in and out of the barn. At last one of them lifted up the lid of an old chest that was there and dived into it with its little hand, and pulled out an old moth-eaten bit of fur. Off it ran to its mammy to show her what it had got—"See mother what I have found in the barn." But it was the wife's sealskin, and as soon as she saw it all her love of the sea came back on her, and she ran down with it to the beach, but before she went she gave each bairn a kiss. Just then the husband was coming home to dinner, and when he saw his wife running down like a mad thing to the water he ran after her, for he thought one of the children must have tumbled into the water. But however fast he ran his wife ran faster still, and he only got to the strand in time to see her throw the old sealskin over her shoulders and jump into the sea and become a seal. Then he saw how it all was, and called after her and upbraided her for leaving her husband and children to go back to the seals, of whom he saw two swimming off with her. But they say a man never can get the last word with his wife and so it was even then, for as she swam off she turned her head round on her shoulders and looked at him with her bright black eye, and said, "Ah! but I had a seal husband in the sea before you stole my sealskin and carried me off, and here he is, and here he has been ever since, waiting for me till I could find my sealskin, and now I am going home with him to my first family and you will never see me again, but do be kind to my children on land for my sake."—"There, that is my story," adds Magnus, "and that is why I say seals are strange creatures, and that they can talk just as well as we if they only choose."

Extraordinary Cure.

A Gipsy Woman Coaxes Five Lizards from a Man's Stomach.

A correspondent of the Halifax (N. S.) *Sun*, writing from Bathurst, details an extraordinay circumstance. A farmer near the town, (which is in Gloucester county,) named Jas. Mulock, was for three years and a half confined to his bed through extreme emaciation. Medical assistance was in vain, and he lingered and lingered, until a gipsy woman offered to cure him for $100. The offer was accepted, and a younger brother of the invalid, named Charles, thus describes her mode of treatment:

"We went with her to camp; immediately after entering we had some bread and bam, Jim and I both eating heartily. After dinner the gipsy said she wished to speak with me alone. I went into the woods, back from the camp, when she at once asked me if I was willing that Jim should be handcuffed and his feet bound, and to submit altogether to her. I said I was not. "Then," said she, "It's no use wasting words about the matter; if you don't do so, he'll never be cured." I asked her to explain herself; she said she would not. I at last consented, thinking to myself there can be nothing wrong while I am here. At tea we had some salt pork fried, and good bread. Next morning, on waking after a very watchful night, for I never closed my eyes, I found Jim tied up. He seemed rather put out, but the gipsy told him at once that she had done so because he was to suffer a good deal of pain before being cured. I assented to this. He said he was willing to go through with it, since he had begun. We had breakfast, salt pork and bread; I fed Jim, and we laughed at the farce as we considered it. I had no faith at all in her. After breakfast I talked with the gipsy, and asked her what she meant; told her I was no child, and must either know her plans or I would unloose Jim, and go home again. She then told me that she knew that Jim had some living reptile in him, and that the only way to cure him was to feed him with salt food for a day or two, and then stop him from drinking altogether, when the animal would come out to seek water. She had cured others, but I must expect to see him suffer awful pain and torture when his water was stopped, but it would only be for twenty-four or thirty hours. I went to Jim, told him all, and asked him if he was willing to undergo it. Says he, "Charley, that woman has it; I'll stand it." Well, that day passed—salt pork and bread, and Jim a very limited supply of water; the next day the same, till after dinner, when the water was completely stopped. Now commenced the work. He begged and prayed for water; he howled till he was hoarse; the woman then gave him a drink of what I considered water, but which she told me after was salt pork-fat melted, with water on the top; he drank it in a few mouthsful, and in a few minutes more he was worse than ever. He begged me to shoot him, to drown him, to do anything with him, only not leave him in that state; toward evening he became quite out of his mind; water and springs was all he raved about. He lay that way for some time, almost until morning, when he got into a high fever. I got alarmed, and told the gipsy I thought it had gone far enough; that Jim was too weak to stand it. She told me I could do as I liked, but if I would leave him two hours longer I would see whether she or the doctors were right. She likewise told me that if loosed he would kill himself drinking at the first water we met. I tried her. In about an hour after, she asked me to drag him to the spring a few rods a way from the camp. We got him beside it. She laid his head with his lips almost touching the water; she took up a birch panikin, and commenced lifting up water and letting it fall just before his lips. He was all this time quiet as if he was dead; sometimes only he gave a slight shiver, his mouth wide open, and his eyelids opened and shut; the white of the eye only was seen. After about ten minutes, she said to me, "Now whose right? But keep quiet." I leaned over and saw a large green lizard peeping out of his mouth; it did not seem as if it wanted to come out, but drew itself in again. "It will come out again," says the gipsy. While she was speaking two lizards glided out of his mouth into the water. The gipsy quietly killed one with a small stick and I killed the other. We waited again for five minutes, when three came out, but not together. These we killed, although one almost escaped from the water to his mouth ere it was completely despatched. We then waited nearly an hour longer, but no more made their appearance. The gipsy then said: "There's no more," and proceeded to pour water on Jim's forehead. She did so twenty minutes. She then gave him about a spoonful of water to drink; it actually hissed in his mouth. She kept him confined that day and half the next before she let him free, gradually increasing his allowance of water."

Such is the story told by Mr. Charles Mulock, and although I am not personally acquainted with the gentleman, I am informed that he is one of the last men in the country to tell a wilful untruth. One fact however, is clear—his brother has completely recovered his health, and not only his health, but his flesh, and now weighs 160 pounds, his former weight being only 73 pounes. The lizards are of a bottle-green color, about five inches long, red eyes, and forked tongues. There is a peculiarity about them different from the ordinary lizard tribe, there being only two feet and sloping from thence in a wedge into a tail. Two of them have been preserved in spirits and forwarded to Prof. Agassiz, of Harvard University. One is preserved in spirits and is kept in Mr. Ferguson's office, and the other two were forwarded to Prof. Jack, who has written to a legal gentleman here to say that those are the only specimens he ever met with, with the exception of one found in the Museum of the University of Munich, that is called the *Lacerta homo* in the language of the schools; and the Munich specimen was supposed to be the only one extant, although it is well known to the ancients. "The description given by Pythagoras," says he, "I have read with your specimens before me, and I have yet failed to discover in any respect the slightest difference in their formation or color." He thinks that Mr. Mulock must have received them in an embryotic state by some of those mysterious secrets that are found in every path of science. A species, he says, corresponding to it, is unknown to live on land, and all naturalists have agreed that it requires the local action of the human stomach to produce it.

This is, he says, the only explanation that can be offered that is not unphilosophical; his parellel is clear and striking. He says, "the pine forest is cut down, its own species seldom appears on the same soil, but birch, poplar, and small shrubbery succeed; these again in their turn destroyed are succeeded by the whortle bramble, and raspberry," and argues that a certain developed germ is necessary to produce such an effect; that in this way only the lizard was produced, contrary to the opinion of various ancient writers and common vulgar belief, that they are received into the system of drinking water or some other natural cause of that description. He has likewise sent to the same gentleman a series of questions to propound to the gipsy: where the other cases occurred; were they similar in formation to those? &c., &c., he having been put in possession of all the facts when the specimens were sent him.

A RICH STORY.

The following we clip from an exchange. It is old but good, and will bear reading again:

Do any of you know old Bill Lower? He moved from Springfield to some point in Minnesota. Bill is tough, smart as a whip, keen as a brier, but then, like all us fellers, Bill loves to see the bottom of his tumbler at all times. Well, once there was a Methodist revival in town. Bill was there—and a little too full of his kind of spirit to hold much of the other kind. But he sat still. At last the sermon was ended, and the minister came down from his proclamation stand and said:

"Now I want all who love the Lord, to come foward and be prayed for."

"No one moved. In a minute he repeated:

"Brethern and sinners. I want all who love the Lord, or wish to love Him, to come forward on the bench."

No one moved. Then he looked mad, and spoke out rather quick.

"If there is a man in this house who is a friend to the Lord, I want him to come forward—if he has no friends, we will quit."

Just then old Bill arose, hitched up his trowsers, and in a peculiar, half sober voice, sang out:

"Hold on thar! I'm, I'm, I'm a friend of the Lord, 'or any other man,' who haint no more friends than He 'pears to 'ave in this section."

☞ The London Omnibus Company, says an exchange, have recently made a report on the feeding of horses, which disclosos some interesting facts. It seems that the company use no less than 6000 horses; 3000 of this number have for their food bruised oats and cut hay and straw, and the other 3000 get whole oats and hay. The allowance accorded to the first was —bruised oats, 16 lbs; cut hay, 7½ lbs.; cut straw, 2 lbs. The allowance accorded to the second—unbruised oats 19 lbs; uncut hay, 13 lbs. The bruised oats, cut hay and straw amounted to 26 lbs., and the unbruised oats, &c., to 32 lbs. The horse which had bruised oats, with cut hay and straw, consumed 27 lbs. per day, and it appears it could do the same work as well, and was kept in as good condition as the horse which received 32 lbs. per day.

Here was a saving of six pounds per day on the feeding of each horse receiving bruised oats, cut hay, and cut straw. The advantage of bruised oats and cut straw over unbruised oats uncut hay, is estimated at five cents per day on each horse amounting to $300 per day for the company's 6000 horses. It is by no means an unim-

The Advertiser:

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By WM. M. BRESLIN,
2d Story of Funck's New Building, Cumberland St
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year
☞ ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. ☞
☞ HANDBILLS Printed at an hours notice.
RATES OF POSTAGE.
In Lebanon County, postage free
In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county 5 cents per quarter, or 20 cents a year.
Out of this State, 6½ cts. per quarter, or 26 cts. a year if the postage is not paid in advance, rates are double.