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.
Nov. 18, 1863—1yr

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 Langenheim'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.—1y

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 of Kurmany'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 Rice'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.

DENTISTRY.
HAVING returned from Philadelphia, I would say to the good people of Lebanon and vicinity, that I have taken rooms at Mrs. Rapp's (one door East of Dr. C. B. Gloninger's), where I can be found, at all hours as the say, to wait upon those who may want my professional services.
Particular attention paid to the *treatment* and *filling* of *TEETH*. All operations done in the most *improved* and *scientific* manner.
☞ PRICES as low as elsewhere for the same class of work.
Chloroform and Ether administered to patients when desired.
Thankful for past favors, I would solicit the patronage of those wishing the services of a Dentist.
GEORGE CLARK, D. D. S.
Lebanon, Pa., April 27, 1864.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTing between C. C. LOWER and H. W. RANK, in the Wholesale Tobacco business under the firm of LOWER & RANK, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the late firm will be settled by either of the partners at No. 146 North Third St.
Philadelphia, July 1, 1864.
H. W. RANK, of the late firm of Lower & Rank, will continue the business as heretofore, at same place. H. W. RANK.
Philadelphia July 13, 1864.—6.

"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, the most desirable of which is the double lock, and double knot; each stitch alike on both sides of the fabric.
There is no other machine which will sew from the finest cambric to leather, with the same needle, and a range of work as the "Florence."
It will Braid, Tuck, Quilt, Cord, Hem, and Bind; Gather, and do all kinds of stitching required by Tailoresses and Manufacturers.
The most inexperienced and 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. MASON,
Agent for 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.

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

Removal of Farrel's Marble Yard.
JOHN FARREL has removed his Marble Yard to the North-east Corner of Centre and Cumberland streets, in this borough, about 3 squares east from the Court House, with increased facilities for carrying on the business, in Italian and American Marble, Lime-stone, Sandstone, &c. He invites the public in want of anything in his line, to call and examine his stock. Mr. John Witmeyer, living near by, will attend to Mr. Farrel's business during his absence.
Lebanon, July 27, 1864 [3m.

New Boot and Shoe Store!
THE undersigned announces to the public that they have removed their New Boot and Shoe Store to *Cumberland Street*, Lebanon, in John Grieff's building, one door west of the Confectionery Store, where they intend keeping constantly on hand a general assortment of Ladies, Gentlemens', Misses, Boys and Children's
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., &c.
all of which will be made up in style and quality to be surpassed by any other workmen in the country. No effort shall be spared to please and satisfy all who may favor them with their orders, and their charges will be as reasonable as possible, compatible with a fair remuneration.
They also keep a large stock of
HOME MADE WORK,
which is warranted to be as represented.
The public are invited to call and examine their stock previous to purchasing.
☞ *Repairing done on short notice and at reasonable rates.*
ANDREW MOORE.
SAMUEL S. SHIRK
Lebanon, May 4, 1864.

Wheeler & Wilson's.
Sewing Machines.
THE Subscriber would respectfully inform her friends and the public in general, that she has, in connection with her MILLINERY business, taken the agency for
Wheeler & Wilson's unsurpassed Double-Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines,
which have taken the premium at the Great London Fair, and a hundred others. It is adapted for all kinds of Family Sewing and Tailoring. Three different numbers of the Machine will always be kept on hand, which can be examined at her store, and she will give instructions in the manner of using it.
The *Millinery Business, in all its branches*, will be continued at her Store, in Cumberland street.
MARIE L. SELTZER.
Lebanon, July 20 1864.—3m.

IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS.
IRON IN THE BLOOD.
IT is well known to the medical profession that IRON is the Vital Principle or Life Element of the Blood. This is derived either from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested, or if, from *any cause whatever*, the necessary quantity of iron is not taken into the circulation, or becomes reduced, the whole system suffers. The bad blood will irritate the heart, will clog up the lungs, will stupefy the brain, will obstruct the liver, and will send its baleful influence to every part of the system and every one will suffer in whatever organs may be predisposed to disease.
The great value of
IRON AS A MEDICINE
is well known and acknowledged by all medical men. The difficulty has been to obtain such a preparation of it as will enter the circulation and assimilate at once with the blood. This point, says Dr. Hayes, Massachusetts State Chemist, has been attained in the Peruvian Syrup, by combination in a way before unknown.
The Peruvian Syrup
Is a protected solution of the PROTOXIDE OF IRON. A NEW DISCOVERY IN MEDICINE, that Strikes at the Root of the Disease by supplying the blood with its Vital Principle or Life Element—Iron.
The Peruvian Syrup
Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Loss of Energy, Low Spirits.
The Peruvian Syrup
Infuses strength, vigor, and new life into the system, and builds up an "Iron Constitution."
The Peruvian Syrup
Cures Chronic Diarrhœa, Scrofula, Boils, Scurvy, Loss of Constitutional Vigor.
The Peruvian Syrup
Cures Nervous Affections, Female Complaints, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder.
The Peruvian Syrup
Is a Specific for all diseases originating in a BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, or accompanied by Debility or a Low State of the System.
Pamphlets containing certificates of cures and recommendations from some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen, and others, will be sent free to any address.
We select a few of the names to show the character of the testimonials.
JOHN E. WILLIAMS, ESQ.
President of the Metropolitan Bank, New York.
REV. ABEL STEVENS,
Late Editor Christian Advocate and Journal.
REV. P. CHURCH,
Editor New York Chronicle.

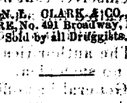
Rev. John Pierpont,	Lewis Johnson, M. D.,
Rev. Warren Burton,	Roswell Kinney, M. D.
Rev. Arthur B. Fuller,	S. R. Kendall, M. D.
Rev. Gordon Robbins,	W. R. Chisholm, M. D.,
Rev. Sylvanus Cobb,	Francis Dana, M. D.,
Rev. T. Starr King,	J. Antonio Sanches, M. D.,
Rev. Ephraim Nute, Jr.,	Abraham Wendell, M. D.,
Rev. Joseph H. Clinch,	A. A. Hayes, M. D.,
Rev. Henry Upham,	J. R. Chilton, M. D.,
Rev. E. C. Bradley,	H. R. Kidney, M. D.,
Rev. John W. Olmsted,	Jeremiah Stone, M. D.

Prepared by N. L. CLARK & CO., exclusively for J. P. DINSMORE, No. 491 Broadway, New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

Redding's Russia Salve.
Heals Old Sores!
Redding's Russia Salve
Cures Burns, Scalds, Cuts!
Redding's Russia Salve
Cures Wounds, Bruises, Sprains!
Redding's Russia Salve
Cured Boils, Ulcers, Cancers.
Redding's Russia Salve
Cures Salt Rheum, Piles, Erysipelas.
Redding's Russia Salve
Cures Ringworms, Corns, &c., &c.
NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.
Only 25 cents a box.
FOR SALE BY
J. P. DINSMORE, No. 491 Broadway, New York;
S. W. FOWLE & CO., No. 18 Tremont St., Boston,
And by all Druggists and Country Storekeepers.
June 29, 1864.—1y. eow.

JOHN DILLER
HAS just received at his Grocery Store, Cumberland St., one door West of Market, a lot of Fresh Fruits in Cans, including Peaches, Grapes, Green Corn, Tomatoes, Jellies.
Pickles
Picalelli, Cauliflower, Ketchup, Pepper Sauce
Cheese.
English, Limburger, Sap-Sago.
Fish
Sardines, Salmon, Mackerel, Herring, Codfish.
Fruit.
Raisins, Currents, Prunes, Dried Apples and Peaches, Cranberries, Apples, Hominy, Tapioca, Barley, Peas, &c.
Also, 50 barrels of New York Apples.
☞ Highest price given in CASH for Eggs, Butter, Dried Apples and Peaches, Beans, Onions, &c.
Full patronage is solicited.
JOHN DILLER.
Lebanon, Dec. 23, 1863.

NEW STYLES. 1864
HATS!
CAPS!
HATS! CAPS!
At the Cheapest Cash Store in Cumberland Street, between Market and the Court House, north side, has now on hand a splendid assortment of the New Style of HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, for 1864, to which the attention of the public is respectfully invited. Call at all hours, from the cheapest to the most costly. Remember the place.
Lebanon, May 4, 1864.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS BY
Philada. and Reading R. R.

IN accordance with the provisions of the New Internal Revenue Law, all Goods delivered at the above Rail road for shipment, must have a Two cents Stamp affixed to the Receipt demanded therefor, and Stamps to be at the expense of the Shipper.
For all Receipts taken by above Company, said Stamps will be furnished and paid for by the Company.
W. C. HOWMAN,
Lebanon, Aug 17, 1864.—2m. Freight Agent.

Kline's Patent Fruit Jar.
The Great Success.
THE most effectual Fruit Jar in the market. It is all glass, having no clamping nor screw device. For sale at GLEIMBERGER'S Drug Store, Market street, Lebanon.
☞ Call and get a circular giving more in forms tion.
Lebanon, June 1, 1864.—tf

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.

Notice.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the account of Jonathan Geesaman, assignee of HENRY LEHMAN and ELIZABETH, his wife of Heidelbergtownship, 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 Third Monday of November, next, for confirmation and allowance, when and where all persons interested may attend if they think proper.
HENRY SHEAFFER, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Oct 5, 1864.

Fashionable Tailoring.
REMOVAL!
MICHAEL HOFFMAN would respectfully inform the Citizens of Lebanon, that he has REMOVED the TAILORING business to Cumberland Street, two doors East of Market Street, and opposite the Eagle Hotel, where all persons who wish garments made up in the most fashionable style and best manner, are invited to call.
TO TAILORS!—Just received and for sale the N. York and Philadelphia Report of Spring & Summer Fashions. Tailors wishing the Fashions, should let the subscriber know of the fact, so that he can make his arrangements accordingly.
MICHAEL HOFFMAN.
Lebanon, May 4, 1864

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Prothonotary's Office, Oct 5, 1864.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 16—NO. 17. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1864. WHOLE NO. 799

Miscellaneous.

THE OCEAN RACE:
—OR—
A RUNAWAY DAUGHTER.

BY A YELLOW MARINER.

Washed upon sixty days moored there, in the inner roads of Buenos Ayres, at first taking out our Boston cargo at the rate of two launch loads per day, and then taking in our hides, horns and wool sacks, and some other products, as we could get them, till at last we chocked off, for home, and no one belonging to the Boston clipper barque, *Mimosa*, from Captain John Kinsell down to Portuguese Joe, who was going to work his way home with us but breathed easier and thought "thank fortune we're off;" or very near it," as the last load of hides came off alongside, one Saturday afternoon in the beginning of our third month's stay in Buenos Ayrean waters.

Captain Remick was on shore that afternoon, the stevedores and all our shore gang were below with five of the crew, so that there remained only myself, perched in the gangway, to take the count, our second mate, a wide awake young Dane, and three men with him to receive and pass the hides down the hatch.

The little craft was about half discharged, when the *padron*, a shrewd Spaniard, climbed up alongside of me and thrusting a small billet into my hand, observed that he had four trunks which the captain had sent off by him.

"Whose trunks are they, padron?" I inquired, sliding the note into my pocket till I had leisure to read it.

"Oh, they belong to a passenger who is going to Boston with you, Senor Piloto," replied the padron, leaping down into the lighter and going at the hides again.

In less than an hour the hides were all tallied in, and then Pedro passed up on deck four very respectable sized trunks, two of which I judged from the manner the men handled them were unusually heavy.

I had not heard from Captain Remick that we were to have a passenger home, and I was wondering who it could be, when the lighter shoved off, and the padron, leaning over the stern of his little craft, whispered to me to say nothing, pointing towards the trunk at the same time with a peculiar wink that set me to wondering what he could mean, and left me to wonder.

Then the lighter shoved off, and I turned to the hatch, and ordered the men to knock off work, and get their supper, and then to turn in, as we should get under way at daylight next morning, and I had the deck to myself, and the night watch to keep.

The men had scarcely got below, when I heard a voice from the lighter, which was now alongside, hailing the ship, and looking over the gangway, I saw a female figure, closely muffled in a cloak, standing in the lighter, and looking up at me.

"Is the Senor Capitan on board?" she inquired, in a voice that I thought I had heard before.

"No, he is on shore, but will be on board in a few minutes," I replied.

"Then I will wait for him," she said, and stepped on board, followed by a man bearing a small trunk, which he deposited on the deck, and then returned to the lighter, and shoved off towards the Beca.

After a while, I happened to think of the note in my pocket, and drawing it forth, I read that which set me to wondering ten times more than ever. It was from the daughter of a rich Buenos Ayrean Spaniard, whom I had often met in the city, and ran as follows:

"PILOTO DE MIMOSA:—Senor:—To your keeping I entrust my wardrobe, jewels, and a large amount in gold, until I see you to-morrow, either on the Plaza de Augosto, or near the willow forest, beyond San Martinas.

"yours in confidence,
"JUSTINA ELLEORE ORTEGAS."

Now I know very well that Dona Ellcore had not seen Captain Remick, or made any bargain with the consignee to go home in the barque, and so after puzzling my brain for nearly an hour trying to study out some probable reason why the little Buenos Ayrean beauty should single me out as her master of the wardrobe, I at last came to the sage conclusion that all my guessing was but so much lost time, and so with the steward's help I lugged the trunks below and locked them up in a spare state room, intending to say nothing to the captain should he come off that evening, until after my interview with Dona Elleore, to which she had invited me on the next day.

But Captain Remick did not come off that night, so I had my secret, what there was of it, all to myself; and Sunday morning after breakfast, I left the barque in my best go-ashore out-fit, instructing Mr. Roberts, the second mate, to keep a look-out along the beach during the afternoon, and if he saw any persons making signals with their handkerchiefs, one red and the other yellow, to run in with the boat, landing about midway of the willow woods, and some three miles to the westward of the city, coming ashore about an hour after dark.

My reasons for these instructions I didn't quite comprehend myself, but somehow I had a suspicion that somebody would want to go off with me to the boat, and I guessed that whoever it might be, they would not care to go off publicly from the boat landing.

"But they don't allow boats to land anywhere along the beach, sir," objected Mr. Roberts.

"I know they don't, but there's no soldiers near, and you come in there. We can be off again before they catch us."

"Ay, ay, sir. I'll keep a bright look-out, and if you make the signals before dark, I'll come in."

For a whole hour after gaining the shore I traversed the plaza, watching all the time for Dona Elleore, but as there were only a few mulatto girls and wenches in sight, I concluded I must be too early, and started off for the willow forest, beginning about a mile from the city, and skirting the shore for more than a league to the westward, growing so dense that in many places it is impenetrable even to pedestrians. I determined to wonder about the forest for three or four hours, when if I didn't meet the Spanish maiden there, I would return to the plaza and wait her arrival.

But there was no necessity for me to return to the city, for before I had been thirty minutes in the forest, I met Dona Elleore coming along one of the labyrinthian walks near the beach, and fifteen minutes had passed I was in possession of the secret.

For more than a year, Dona Elleore had been secretly engaged to a young American jeweller who had recently sailed for Boston on the purpose of settling up some business relative to his father's estate, and it had been arranged between him and Elleore, that on his return they would be married either with her father's consent or without it, and as Don Sebastian had an utter horror of poor people, and most of all a poor son-in-law, the inference was, that if Carlos Chapman, the Boston Yankee, and Dona Elleore Ortegas, daughter of the richest man in the Argentine capital, were married at all, it would be without Don Sebastian's consent.

Somehow the old don had an inkling of their designs, and two days before I met Elleore there in the forest, he had bade her prepare to wed Don Jose Donceacalles, a rich old miser, four times her age, as ill-natured as a bear and as ugly as a baboon, within ten days.

Now Dona Elleore had sworn that she would not marry Don Jose, and made a dozen vows to the Virgin, that she would marry Don Carlos, and a woman generally holds all such vows sacred, there was little doubt but that she would keep hers.

"And now, sir," she said after having told her story, "as Don Carlos will not return for six or eight months, I must go to Boston and marry him there. There is plenty of gold—all my own, in those trunks on board your vessel, to keep us till my father forgets his anger and forgives as which he will soon do, or he is no true Spaniard. And now, senor, can you conceal me on board your barque till you go to sea."

"I fear that will be a difficult matter, lady," I replied. "You see we are close in here, where people are visiting us every day, and then she is a small, single decked craft, so that there are few by-corners about her to hide in. But I'll tell you, Dona Elleore. There is a ship in the outer roads, bound for Boston, to sail early to-morrow morning; and as she has three cabin passengers, two of whom are ladies, it will be much more pleasant."

"Do you know the captain, sir?"

"I do, senorita, well. He is a gentleman, and will—"

"Take me with him?"

"Yes, you may rest assured of that."

"But how am I to go on board? I found an opportunity yesterday of sending my trunks off to you; but I dared not venture myself, nor dare I attempt to go off from the boat landing this afternoon."

"Make yourself perfectly easy about that lady. I will see that you are on board the ship before nine o'clock this night, provided you choose to place yourself under my protection."

My offer was accepted with thanks and after promenading the forest's paths till some time past noon, we went out on to the beach, where I made the signal to Mr. Roberts, and watching the barque until I saw him lower the ensign and run it up again in token that my signal was recognized, I sat down in the shade with Dona Elleore, with whom the time passed very pleasantly till dark, when Mr. Roberts pulled into the beach, took us on board the boat, and in twenty minutes we were skimming the waves with our fancy blue boat, before a fine steady breeze from the land, bound for the outer road, and the ship *B. Aymar*.

Captain Nichols was on board, and being made acquainted with the circumstances of Elleore's flight, promised her his protection, declaring that Don Rosas, himself, with every blanketed *gaucha* south of the Rio de la Plata, should never take her out of his ship, till he landed her in Boston.

I was just about to shove off on my return to the *Mimosa* when Captain Nichols bade me, in case any should make inquiries of me on the next morning, to inform them she was safe in the *B. Aymar* as he should get underweigh two hours before daylight, and there would be no fear of his being followed.

We got home to the bark about midnight, and the next morning as I went ashore to bring off some stores, I encountered Don Sebastin at the boat landing, raving like a madman about his runaway daughter, making a thousand inquiries of one and another of the crowd gathered about him, and avowing his suspicion that she had gone off to one of the English men of war in the outer roads.

"No, she has not, Don Sebastin," I said, "She is on board an American ship bound for Boston, and half way down to the English bank before this time."

"How do you know that, senor?" he fairly screamed.

"Because the captain told me so himself, and I saw her go on board."

"What ship, was it, Signor Piloto?"

"The *B. Aymar*, Captain Nichols."

"Hurrah for Nichols!" shouted five or six American captains among the crowd. "It takes Nichols to help a craft off to the wind'ard, particularly if she happens to be under the dimity flag."

"Gone to North America to marry, Kouss! when if I Lodida't meet that beggarly lyar on board here! Never! By the cross, if there's a craft in these waters that can outsail that ladrone, and money can buy, charter or—"

"CUTHBERT, SIR," said Don Sebastin," said Captain Remick, stepping forward.

"You have, captain! Will you take me as a passenger on your craft sir?"

"If you can get ready, and are willing to pay me well—yes."

"I am ready, now, captain, and as for the pay, you shall have five times the usual fare, if you overhaul that pirate—I'll—I'll—"

"Never mind any more promises, senor!" The five hundred will do—And now I am off within an hour after I get on board, and I shall go off in about that time."

"Good, senor captain. I will be ready," and the almost frantic Spaniard set off on a run towards his residence to prepare for the voyage, while I went off to the shipchandler's after my stores, leaving a group of some fifty persons at the boat landing, all laughing at the slip Dona Elleore had given her father, and the old cripple, designed by him for her husband.

At noon that day, the *Mimosa* was underweigh, standing off down the river before a strong breeze at west-south-west, which by the time we were off Point India, had increased to a gale, and long before sundown it was blowing a tremendous pampero, while the superb clipper barque, with every inch of canvas, save her close reefed main topsail, furled, rug as extra gaskets could make it, went driving on dead before the screaming hurricane, with a flight almost as rapid as that of the swift-winged gull, and her decks as dry as the plumage of the swooping albatros.

For three whole days and nights the tornedo lasted, when it died away and for eighteen days we had a succession of head winds, calms, and light baffling winds, during the whole of which time not a solitary sail had been made, and it seemed that we were alone on the bosom of the mighty South Atlantic.

Captain Remick fretted and whistled for fair winds, and Don Sebastian raved like a madman; but all their impatience availed nothing, and so we worked along towards the equator as best we could, till we were seven degrees south, when we took the south east trades strong, and once more the *Mimosa* was under all sail with weather topmasts and top gallant, at a speed that gave a row of twelves down the second column of her log slate for three days in succession, when the wind began to veer round towards the northeast, and by the time we were in eight degrees north, we could head up no better than north-north west and braced hard up against the back stays at that.

All the fore part of the third night after passing the equator, we had it rainy with squalls, so that two or three times all the light sails were furled, but along towards midnight it began to get steady, and at eight bells in the morning watch, we had both top-gallant sails and flying jib on her, although it was almost too much sail to carry in such a breeze.

When daylight came, it was so thick that we could discern nothing at the distance of half a mile from us; but just as the bell struck seven, the mist rolled away to leeward, and there on our lee bow, perhaps a point and scarcely a mile ahead, we beheld the *B. Aymar* going very leisurely along with top-gallant sails and mizzen topsails furled, and in less than five minutes, numbers 1, 2, 4, Holyhead signals, reading "make sails," were flying at our fore royal mast-head, and in fifteen minutes thereafter, the ship was staggering along quite as fast as ourselves, with top-gallant sails fore and aft and fore and main royals set.

"That's the pirate," yelled the excited Spaniard, as he took a long steady squint at her through the spy-glass. "'Tis the *Aymar*, sure I can read her name, and there stands my daughter beside the pirate captain.—We must overtake them, captain! I will kill him! You must make her go faster, sir!"

"But my dear sir!" argued Captain Remick, "we can put on no more sail with—"

"Yes, yes, you can, captain! There—up there is two more," and the old don pointed aloft to our furled royals.

"We shall carry our top-gallant sails over the side if we put those royals on her, Don Sebastin?"

"Never mind, sir, I shall pay for all—everything; and you must set those sails up there," screamed the more than half insane old man, dashing a handful of gold coin down on to the deck.

"Very well, sir; I shall take you at your word, and whatever we lose by your stubbornness, you will have to make good."

"Yes, yes, I shall—only don't talk! set every sail and—"

"Hoist away the royals!" I shouted, at a nod from the captain, and as the bell struck eight, the two yards went up simultaneously to the sheave holes, and under the additional pressure of canvas, the long slender top-gallant masts were buckling and swaying about like a willow wand.

"This won't do sir," whispered the captain to me, after we had gone on thus for nearly an hour. "This fashion of carrying sail will tear everything all to pieces. We must manage to lose that fore top gallant mast and flying jib boom, and then perhaps this crazy-headed Spaniard will be satisfied!"

"We can easily do that, sir," and I pointed to the weather fore top-gallant and royal braces.

The captain understood the motion and slackened them until the two yards were nearly fore and aft, while I went quietly forward, and reaching over the bows cut the lanyard of the weather flying jib guy, when almost in an instant the taper spruce spar went short in the wind, and a moment later, over to leeward went the top-gallant mast, coming down with all its hamper of sails, yards and rigging upon the forecastle.

"Shall I carry the lower masts out of her?" inquired Captain Remick of the frightened old Spaniard.

"No, *Caramba!* no senor, don't break any more sails and masts!" and down into the cabin hurried the old don, quite satisfied with our wrecking exhibition, and very soon we had the barque going along comfortably under double reefed topsails, while the *Aymar* under the same canvass led us just about the same distance until night, when it came on thick and squally, so we lost her.—But the next morning there she was again, the same distance ahead; and thus it went on for more than a week when somehow we passed her a little after sunset, and on the following morning she was hull down astern.

After awhile, we lost our company keeper altogether, and then all Don Sebastian's wishes were centered upon reaching Boston before his daughter, and taking legal measures to prevent her marriage, which the captain informed him he could do, Elleore being an infant in law, although a woman in South America.

During the twenty remaining days of our passage, we fell in with, and spoke vessels almost every day; but nothing did we see or hear of the *B. Aymar*, till we came to at Rowe's Wharf in Boston, and there she was, in ahead of us just in time for Elleore to find her lover by the pilotage of Captain Nicholas,—get married so fast that nothing, but death or a Connecticut Legislature could ever undo the matrimonial noose, the *Mimosa* hauled into her berth, Don Sebastian was introduced to his Yankee son-in-law by his runaway daughter.

The proud old don pouted and sulked a little at first, and then laughed heartily at the joke, took his children into high favor, spent four or five months with them in travelling in the United States, and then sailed with them for Buenos Ayres, very well

The Advertiser:

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY,
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In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county 5 cents per quarter, or 20 cents a year.
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ANOTHER DRAFT.—There is no doubt but there will be both a State and National draft again immediately after the fall elections. Men are badly needed if this war is to be indefinitely prosecuted. Missouri and Arkansas and Tennessee and Kentucky are overrun with hordes of rebels, and there are no soldiers to send against them. If the negro is to be free it will require years to accomplish the task and more drafts will be unavoidable. If the Union is to be restored by a constitutional compromise not only will no more troops be needed but the poor soldiers at the front will be enabled to stack their arms forever and return to the bosoms of their families. And oh, what a jubilee would that be for the poor soldier! Vote, then for McClellan, and in less than a month after his inauguration the Union will be restored and every soldier can return to his happy home.

THE NEXT DRAFT.—The people should remember that Governor Curtin has been authorized to Draft fifteen regiments, ostensibly for State defence, but, in reality, leaving it discretionary with Secretary Stanton to decide whether their defence of the State shall be made upon the soil of Pennsylvania and Maryland, or on the banks of the Rapidan, in front of Petersburg, at Atlanta or Mobile. It will be borne in mind that in this draft NOSUBSTITUTES will be received, and that those who have paid $300 commutation or furnished a substitute for the Federal army will not be exempted. In the event of Lincoln's election, this draft will be speedily and mercilessly enforced.—It is only deferred now lest it should prejudice the success of the Abolition ticket. Vote for McClellan and avoid the further terrors of conscription.

THE POTTSVILLE OUTRAGE.

The veteran soldier who was struck down, cut and mangled with sabres by the Lincolnites is *dead!* He had served three years, but was killed by noisy abolition rioters who had never seen service, and that too without any cause. They rode upon a democratic meeting, cutting right and left among men, women and children!—Will voters sustain such outrages.—In Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St Louis and other places, similar outrageous conduct has been resorted to by the miserable advocates of the Washington despotism. Remember them in November.

SEND HOME NO MORE FURNITURE, BUT SEND SILVER
Mr. Lincoln Complimenting Paine.

The Cairo correspondent of the Chicago *Times* says:

"The monstrous and diabolical iniquities that are being brought to light by the investigation committee, of the conduct of General Paine while at Paducah, outrun all belief. Many of these facts have found their way into the public prints, and many, very many, have not. I am informed by one who read the letter, that the committee have in their possession a letter from Mrs. Paine to her husband, begging him not to send home any more furniture, as she had no place to put it, but to send all the silver he could get; that was not so bulky, and she could store it.

"If General Paine, or his son, could hear of citizens having money on hand, they would send a nigger orderly, and—inform them that they were "assessed" one hundred or three thousand dollars, (according to how much they had,) and they must send it by the bearer. This money, without exception, went into this intense patriot's pocket, and General Meredith cannot find where a cent of these robberies was ever credited to the Government. The Hon. L. Anderson, Lincoln's bayonet member of Congress, was a full partner, and he has fled to avoid giving evidence before the investigating committee.—General Paine and his son are also refugees, and the latest reports are that they have left the country with their ill gotten gains.

"It is known here that Lincoln, just before Paine was removed by General Burbridge, wrote a long letter to Paine, congratulating him in the highest terms, warmly approving all he had done, and emphatically pronouncing him the right man in the right place. Abolitionists here are now trying to excuse him by the plea that he is insane; yet, when he was carrying on his cold-blooded murders and robberies, they shouted with delight, and urged on the bloody and infamous scoundrel. They sang peans over the murder and robbery of Democrats, and now the plea of insanity for their dear leader comes with a bad grace from them. There is no use mincing words for there no longer exists a doubt but that the earnest desire among the leading Abolitionists is to murder all the Democrats and then steal their property. This is their programme, and the people can prepare themselves for it, if Lincoln is successful in November next.

WHAT WILL CEASE AFTER MARCH.
Mr. Seward's little bell will cease.
Mr. Lincoln's jokes will cease.
Mr. Stanton's prison certificates will cease.
Mr. Welles' long nap in the Navy Department will cease.
Conscription will cease.
A great host of fraudulent contractors and corrupt office holders and Government spies and military satraps will cease.

The Shadow of Coming Events.—A telegraphic despatch announces that at the election just held in Nevada Territory, for the adoption of a State Constitution, and also for the choice of a delegate to Congress, the Democratic ticket was elected by some 1, 200 majority. A. C. Bradford, Democrat, is the successful candidate.—This is clearly indicative of a sure Democratic triumph in California and Oregon.

Indeed, we have information, by very recent letters, that leaves us no more doubt of those two States coming to swell the triumph of Democracy than we have of New Jersey or Pennsylvania. The despatch from Nevada is unquestionably reliable.

Taxes are greater now in the United States than in any country of the world, and they have been assessed most oppressively. Tea, coffee, sugar, and all the necessaries of life, have had the heaviest taxes upon them; labor is taxed, salaries are taxed, the farmer—the husbandman who tills the soil, and who makes worthless earth produce valuable crops, thereby enriching the nation, must pay for a license to exercise his calling. When shall this stop? Only when we have Union, reconciliation, friendship and peace!

☞ 'Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I thing we had better be going, for it is time honest folks were at home.'—'Well yes,' was the answer, 'I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account.'

THE Abolitionists have left the people nothing but rags to spend, and under their benign management of things we will soon have nothing but rags to wear.

A revenue cutter, near New Bedford, firing at a wreck, sent a shell at a private house on shore. The ball burst within ten inches of the proprietor's caput.

THE California authorities have not yet been able to find an oath that will make a Chinaman tell the truth. You must change the Chinaman and not the law.

It is said the dramatist Ben Johnson could repeat from memory not only all the books he had written, but also all that he had read.