Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 16—NO. 33. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBUARY 8, 1865. WHOLE NO. 815

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 as very reasonable terms. Such as

Pamphlets, Checks,
Business Cards, Handbills,
Circulars, Labels,
Bill Headings, Blanks,
Programmes, Bills of Fare,
Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

☞ BLANKS 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.

JOHN BENSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE with A. R. Boughter, Esq., Cumberland Street, nearly opposite the Court House.

Lebanon, February 8, 1865.

GEORGE CLARK,
Surgeon Dentist,

OFFICE C. Henry's New Building, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.

Lebanon, Sudsisy 29, 1865.

Office Removal.
Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

OFFICE removed to his residence, next door South of Hollinger's Hotel, where all calls BY DAY OR NIGHT, will be punctually answered.

Lebanon, December 28, 1864—1t.

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.

A. T. WEIDLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office North West corner 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 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.

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 Mrs. 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.

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.

L. R. DEEG'S
LIQUOR STORE,
Market Square, opposite the Market House, Lebanon, Pa.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has received an extensive stock of the choicest and purest Liquors of all descriptions. These Liquors his is invariably disposed to sell at unprecedentedly low prices.

☞ Druggists, Farmers, Hotel Keepers, and others will consult their own interests by buying of the undersigned.

L. R. DEEG.

Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

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.—tf.

FOR SALE.

A Valuable LOT OF GROUND, in the Borough of Lebanon, containing about SEVEN ACRES, adjoining the Lebanon Valley and North Lebanon Railroads and a public road leading from the Reist and Dauphin Turnpike to the Union Canal, and extending the latter about ¼ of a mile. The Quittapahilla and Brandywine creeks are adjacent to this lot.

JOHN W. SNYDER.

Lebanon, Jan. 18, 1865.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will Sell at private sale, his desirable HOUSE and LOT OF GROUND, in East street, East Lebanon. The House is a new two story BRICK with Kitchen attached, all well built and well arranged with all necessary conveniences. Also Cistern, Bath House, Smoke House, all kinds of Fruit Trees, &c., on the premises. Good and indisputable title given. For further information apply to

JAMES N. ROGERS, Tinsmith.

Lebanon, Dec. 7, 1864.—4m.

Turnpike Election.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Election by the Stockholders in the President, Managers and Company of the Berks and Dauphin Turnpike road, will be held at the Public House of J. L. Bennethum, in Myerstown, Lebanon county, Pa., on

Monday, the 6th day of March next,

between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 4 o'clock, P. M., of that day, for the purpose of electing one President, eight Managers, one Treasurer, and such other officers as may be necessary to conduct the affairs of the said Company during the ensuing year.

At the same time the Annual Statement of the Treasurer will be laid before the Stockholders as usual.

By order of the Board.

HENRY MYLL, President.

JACOB RAEDLE, Treasurer.

January 25, 1865.

"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 for 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.

JOHN L. SAYLOR,
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.

☞ All Clergymen will be furnished with said Machine at wholesale prices.

☞ Circulars and Samples of Sewing, call on the Agent, who will be pleased at any time to show the Machine and explain its advantages over all others.

Annville, Feb. 19, 1863.—3m.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Subscriber will offer at Private Sale a TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE and LOT OF GROUND, (being lot No. 1 in Uhler's addition of Lebanon) located on the Old Forge Road in the North-Western part of said borough.

For particulars apply to

JOSEPH H. UHLER.

Lebanon, February 22, 1864.

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HATS.

Latest styles at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
Personal Property.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on

Thursday, February 23, 1865,

At the residence of the subscriber, in South Lebanon township, on the farm of Mrs. Dehaff, 2 miles from Lebanon, the following Personal Property, viz:—

Consisting HORSES, (three of them excellent mares) 3 two-year Old COLTS, 8 MILCH COWS, 3 BULLS, (one of them 2 years, one 2 years, and one 1 year) 5 head of YOUNG CATTLE, 8 good SHEEP, 7 SHOATS, 2 SOWS, 1 Broad wheeled and 1 narrow wheeled four horse Wagons, one 1 horse Wagon, good Rockaway, Sled, Wagon Body, 3 pair Hayladders, Horse Gears and Harness, (2 of them new,) Saddles and Bridles, new Buggy Harness, 4 Ploughs, Harrows, Shovel Harrow, Cultivator, Corn Plough, Corn Planter, Corn Sheller, Seed Drill, Threshing Machine and Horse Power, Wind Mill, Mower and Reaper, (Kirkpatrick patent,) Drag, Cow and Halter Chains, Scythes, Cradles—Also, a Coal Stove, large Table, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., when terms will be made known by

HENRY SPANG

GEO. B. HOUCK, Auctioneer.

January 25, 1865.

PUBLIC SALE

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on

Wednesday, February 22, 1865,

by the undersigned, in Heidelberg Township, Lebanon county, on the road leading from Shaefferstown to Fickinger's store and tavern, near Klinefeltersville, to wit:

3 HORSES, one 3 years and one 4 years old, 4 MILCH COWS, 3 HEIFERS, heavy with calf, 2 STEERS, 1 BULL, 3 head of Young Cattle, 8 SHEEP, 3 HOGS, 2 four Horse Plantation Wagons, 1 Body, 1 one Horse Wagon, 2 Plows, 3 Harrows, 2 Shovel Harrows, 1 Corn Plow, Corn Cultivator, Hay and Wood Ladders, Fanning Mill, Wheelbarrows, Horse Gears, Collars and Bridles, 1 patent Hay Rake, 1 Threashing and Sowing Machine, 1 Corn Sheller, Shovels, Forks, Rakes, Single and Double Trees, Traces, Log, Cow, Halter and Fifth Chains, 1 sett of Splitting Tools, Axes, Kitchen Dresser, Bedsteads, Potatoes by the Bushel, Cow Butter by the Crock, Hay by the Ton and a great many other articles to numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., when terms will be made known by

ABRAHAM LESHER.

ADAM NOLL, Auctioneer.

January 26, 1865.

PUBLIC SALE

WILL be sold at public sale, on

Saturday, the 4th day of March, 1865,

at Palmyra, Londonderry township, Lebanon county by the undersigned, the following property, viz:—

1 Elegant well trained HORSE, (entire boy,) 4 years old, 3 MILCH COWS, 2 fresh, and 1 HEIFER, 1 good, Breeding SOW, about 5 tons of good HAY, 1 two horse Wagon, as good as new, 1 Spring Wagon, 1 Rockaway, 1 Sleigh, 1 Wheelbarrow, Plow, Cultivator, Seed Drill, Harrows, Corn Plow, Hay Rake, Grindstone, Wind Mill, Hay Ladders, Straw Cutter, Scalding Trough, Scythes, Forks, Shovels, Cow Chains, &c., also, a sett of Planks for wagon, a double sett of Gears, (Yankee,) as good as new, 1 sett of fine Harness, and other harnesses, 2 fine leather Fly Nets, and other Farming implements. Also, 1 large COPPER KETTLE, 2 Stoves with pipe, 1 Double Rolling Knife, Table, Chest, Wood Chest, Secretary, Bureau, Rocking Chair, ½ dozen Chairs, Settee, Children's Bed and Bedstead, 8 Day Clock, a splendid Smooth bore RIFLE, Large Tub, and a variety of articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when conditions of sale will be made known by

SAMUEL SEGNER.

January 25, 1865.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
Personal Property.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on

Wednesday, Febuary 22, 1865,

On the premises of the subscriber in East Hanover township, near the Union Canal, about 3 miles from Harper's, 2 miles from Bellview and 2 miles and a half from New Market Forge, the following Personal property, viz:

3 Draught HORSES, 3 MILCH COWS, 5 Head of YOUNG CATTLE, 6 SHEEP, 1 three horse Wagon, 1 Rockaway with Harness, Wire Hay Rake, big Leg Sled, Fanning Mill, pair Hay Ladders, Shovel and Spike Harrow, Cultivator, Horse Gears Bridles, Collars, Halters, Crowbar, Grubbing Hoe, Picks, Shovels, Forks, 2 Log Chains, Cow Chains, Sing le and Double Trees, Grain Stone, Cradles, Lot Scantling, Boards and Planks, Potatoes by the bushel, Bed and Bedstead, Table, half dozen Chairs, Stove with Pipe, Chest, Big Meat Stand, Tubs, Cider Barrels, Bee Hive, 3 Saddles, and many other articles.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when terms will be made known by

ANDREW BECK.

P. HOUCK, Auctioneer.

January 25, 1865.

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, at the house of the subscriber in Bethel Township, Berks County, at Newcomer's Mill, on

Thursday, the 23d day of February, '65

the following Personal Property, viz:—

Four HORSES, one reputed to work single or double, one 6 years old, Harness for five horses, as good as new, 4 COWS, 2 HEAD of SHEEP, 3 SHOATS, 2 four Horse Wagons, one very heavy suited for five horses, 1 Wagon suited for two or three horses, 1 Buckster Wagon, strong enough for three horses, Sled, Plough, Harrows, Cultivator, Patent Hay Rake, Corn Plough, Hay Ladders, Wood Ladders, Wagon Boxes, Fanning Mills, Hand Cart, Jackscrews, Crow Bars, Barrels, 2 coal Stoves with Pipe, 1 Set of Yankee Harness, Halter and Halter Chains, Log and Fifth Chains, Traces and other chains, Hay and Dung Forks, Grain Cradles, Scythes, Rakes, a lot of Mill Picks, Bushel Measure, Half Bushel Measure, Desk and Drawer Stand, a lot of Cord Wood, and many other articles to numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when conditions will be made known by the subscriber

JONATHAN P. SMITH.

HENRY BROOST, Auctioneer.

February 1, 1865.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
Personal Property.

WILL be sold at public sale, on

Tuesday, February 14th, 1865,

at the residence of the subscriber, in North Lebanon township, Lebanon county, on the road leading from Lebanon to Weidelerstown, 3½ miles from Lebanon, ½ a mile from Kimmerling's church, and 1½ miles from Gosheri's tavern, the following personal property, viz:—

One good BREEDING MARE, 2 COLTS, 1 three years old, the other 1 year old, 4 milch COWS, 1 fresh, 1 HEIFER, 10 SHEEP, 4 HOGS, 1 Breeding SOW, 1 one or two horse Wagon, Spring Wagon, sett of Hay Ladders, 1 two horse Sleigh, Plow, spike and shovel Harrows, Windmill, Straw Bench, Rakes, Hay Forks, Dung Hook, cow and halter Chains, 2 setts of Horse Gears, 1 sett of Wagon Harness, Bushel and Scuffles, Hay by the ton, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M. when terms will be made known by

ANTHONY HOLDERREAD.

B. REZNER, Auctioneer.

January 11, 1865.

Notice.

THE undersigned having sold out their business to Mr. Henry Shenk, notify all who are indebted to them to pay their accounts to Mr. Shenk, and all who have claims against them to present them at their store, No. 424 Market Street, Philadelphia.

REIZENSTEIN & BROS.

Lebanon, February 1, 1865.—3t*

Lebanon Car Iron Works & Rolling Mill Company.

THE Subscribers to the Stock of the Lebanon Car Iron Works and Rolling Mill Company are requested to meet at the Court House, Lebanon, on Wednesday, the 22d day of February, 1865, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of organization.

GEORGE SHRINER,
ARM BOGERT,
COL. GLONINGER,
JOHN SEILY,
C. H. WORTH,
Committee.

February 1, 1865.

DR. JOB'S NERVINE PILLS. Sure Relief. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per Box, and Agents for the Store.

Choice Poetry.

To Go or Not to Go.

The following capital parody is found in a Southern Journal:

To go or not to go—that is the question,
Whether it pays best to suffer pestering
By idle curiosity seekers all around you,
Or to take up arms against a host of Yankees,
And by opposing get killed—to die, to sleep,
(Git some sleep in the meantime, I mean)
To rest, by all our country wishes blest,
And live forever—(that's a consummation
Just what I'm after.) To march, to fight—
To fight! Perchance to die; aye, there's the rub,
For while I'm asleep who'd take care of Mary
And the babes—when Bill is in the lower ground,
Who'd feed 'em, hey? There's the argument
I have for them that make life a great
For who would bear the lag to mill,
Plow Dobbin, cut the weed, dig taters,
Kill the Yankees do all sorts of jobs,
If I'm not enough to get a Yankee
Bullet on the brain? Who'd cry for me?
Would patriotism pay my debts, when dead?
But oh! the dread of something after death;
That undiscovered fellow who'd court Mary,
And do my huggin'—that's agony,
And makes me want to stay at home,
Specially as I ain't mad with nobody.
Shells and bullets make cowards of us all,
And skin'd my skin if sortin' steeds,
And pomp and circumstances clear,
Are to be compared with feather bed
And Mary by my side.

Miscellaneous.

"STUMPY BROWN."

JUSTICE SLOW BUT SURE.

About forty years since there lived in the town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a short, sharp featured, wiry little man, who apparently had no occupation, but professed to be a farm-laborer, and really got his living principally by poaching. His proper name was Richard Brown, but the townsfolk of Woodbridge, from some fancy or other, probably on account of his short stature, had changed the Richard into Stumpy, and by that name he was always known. Every one was afraid of Stumpy Brown; he lived in the out-skirts of the town, on the Martlesome road, and rarely troubled himself to converse much with his neighbors. When he did it was generally to dispose of a hare, or game of some description, which he nearly always had in stock. His dress, in addition to the knee-breeches of the period, and the usually bright-colored vest, was a long brown coat of very shabby appearance, and a loose felt hat, which he wore over his forehead, whilst his cold, gray eyes glanced malignantly from under its brim. No one could say any harm of Brown, beyond that he was a surly, ill-conditioned sort of fellow, who shunned his neighbors, and was a known poacher, but yet there were suspicions and rumors abroad about him, which, if true would have brought him to the gallows. Some few years before the time of which I speak three murders had occurred at various intervals in the neighborhood of Woodbridge, which, considering the nature and size of the town, was a very startling circumstance. Of none of these was the perpetrator known. An officer of a regiment quartered in Woodbridge had been drinking in the Red Lion public house on the Martlesome road; he had been seen and recognized here; on the following morning he was found in a ditch near by, his throat cut, and his pockets empty.—The captain of a Norwegian trading vessel, then lying in the port, after he had been missing for ten days, was found in a putrescent condition at the bottom of the river, tied up in a sack, without the least clue as to where or by whom he had been murdered. Lastly, a farmer of the name of Aighton, whose property was in the neighborhood, was known to have gone into Woodbridge on the market day; he did not return home in the evening, but on the following morning his body was found in a barn by the side of the road behind the town, which it was necessary for him to traverse on his way back. His head had been battered in, apparently by some blunt instrument, and his pockets rifled. More attention appears to have been excited by this murder than in the two former cases. The officer and the captain were strangers in the town, and with regard to the Norwegian skipper's case, it was the general opinion that some of the vessel's crew were connected with the matter. But in this instance, the victim was no stranger. Farmer Aighton well known and respected in Woodbridge, and had been seen and spoken to by many of his friends on the very day of his assassination.—The inquest was held as in the two other cases, but no evidence was adduced as to the author of the crime. Justice appears to have been tardy in those times, at any rate in that quarter of the world; now-a-days it would indeed astonish us should three undiscovered murders spread their dark shadows of suspicion and fear over a single small town within the course of ten years.

Although no evidence has been brought before the authorities, tending to inculpate any individual with the murder of Aighton, yet the finger of suspicion, as directed by the good people of Woodbridge, pointed to Stumpy Brown. He was known to have poached on the farmer's grounds and had been prosecuted by him, and threatened with a second summons. Stumpy was a sour-mouthed fellow, and had been heard to say that he would "do for" any person who interfered with what he considered his privileges, and in consequence of this, many farmers and neighbors had refrained from prosecuting Brown, absolutely through fear. Hence it was thought not improbable that Stumpy Brown had murdered farmer Aighton to prevent his executing his threat of a second summons. Time passed on, and the people forgot their suspicions concerning Brown. When I was a boy in the town, about forty years since, Stumpy was regarded by the more sensible folks as a character, a queer sulky old fellow, but no credit was given to the rumors of his being a murderer. I was apprenticed to a doctor in the town, and being fond of fishing or shooting whenever I could steal the time, managed to make the acquaintance of old Brown, who always knew where a hare was, or an old pike. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and many a summer's evening have I spent with him fishing in the river. One evening I remember well walking with him at the back of the town. I never gave the least credence to the reports about Stumpy, and therefore had no hesitation in referring to the murder.

"Ah," said I, pointing to a part of the road "that's where they murdered Aighton, wasn't it?"

Brown started a little, and said, "I wish, sir, you wouldn't talk on them sort of things that arn't pleasant. I never heard much about it, never heerd much. I suppose that be the place, as they say so, but my opinion is that that's farther along, not that I should know about it."

I often heard him muttering to himself and once found him staring into Kyson dock in a very intent manner. I startled him by my appearance, and he said, "that's deep down their, sir, very deep. That would easy drown a man, specially if he were tied up." And then he laughed.

I recall these circumstances now, but at the time I thought nothing of them. Towards the end of the year 1820, the small-pox broke out in Woodbridge with great violence, as it did in many towns of East Auglia at that period. All the help and care that could be obtained were required for the hundreds of patients who were daily carried off by this terrible disease. My master and I had the greater part of the work to do. A pest house was established, and the individuals appointed to take charge of it, to receive the patients and superintend the nursing, were Stumpy Brown and his wife. Old Mrs. Brown, whom I have not yet mentioned, had been wedded to Stumpy for forty years, and I always [illegible] When the pest broke out, Stumpy and his wife were getting old folks, the marks of sixty winters were being upon them. I, however, found Brown an excellent assistant at the pest-house, as he seemed to possess a very great amount of sang froid in dealing with dead bodies, which is a valuable quality. Although, as we before said, among the educated of the towns-people no more was thought of the rumor that Brown had murdered Aighton, yet the lower classes still feared him. Mrs. Brown had all along shared the same dislike as her husband. It was said that she had the "evil eye," that she was a witch, and various other disagreeable things. When, therefore, the doctor placed my old acquaintance Brown and his wife in charge of the pest-house, it was not wonderful that many of the poor were afraid of going there, and tried hard to be allowed to remain in their own homes. A Mrs. Fitch, whose husband was smitten with the disease, and was to be sent to the pest-house, begged hard that he should not go. "He knows, sir, that of Brown that 'ood hang 'im," she said, "and that's sartin he'll never come out alive." But of course no heed could be paid to this, and Fitch went. In two days he became much worse, and said he should like to see the clergymen before he died. The doctor passed with me on our regular round, and I despatched Brown for the curate of the parish. Fitch would last another day, we both thought, and, leaving him with Mrs. Brown, went into the next ward. When the clergyman came Fitch was dead.

I went up to study in London after the epidemic had passed away, and forgot Stumpy Brown and Woodbridge until the following facts were narrated to me about seven years afterwards.

It appeared that a man of the name of Green was charged at Woodbridge with burglary. This man I knew was an old companion of Brown's, and seemed always to have a sort of very mysterious connection with him. When awaiting his trial, he wrote to Brown, that unless he came and swore to an "alibi" for him, he would "let him (Brown) known." Brown did not come forward, and accordingly when in prison, Green turned king's evidence, and implicated old Stumpy in the murder of Farmer Aighton. It was nearly thirty years since the murder occurred, and Brown was now a feeble old man. Whether it was on account of his old age, and the time which had elapsed since the murder, or whether in default of evidence, I cannot say, but Brown who was tried at Bury assizes, was convicted of aggravated manslaughter only, and sentenced to penal servitude for the remainder of his days. The ship in which he was to have gone to Botany was one of the last convicts ships which left England. It was wrecked in the channel off Boulogne, and all on board were drowned. Then one of the mysterious murders was explained in the person of my old acquaintance, and expiated.

Mrs. Brown did not long survive her husband. At the last hour she said to the doctor, "I should like to speak to some one before I go." The clergyman was sent for, but when he came the old woman raised herself in her bed and said, "It's no use in your coming here, that's no good you can do me. I'm the magistrate's wife." After this she relapsed for some time, and with her last energy she said, "I have got summit to tell yer afore I die. Stumpy's gone, and so shall I be soon, so that don't matter. You know the officer as was murdered and robbed close by the Bartlesome Lion? I and Stumpy did that." (A pause.) Yer know the captain was found in a sack? I and Stumpy put him in. We dragged him first, and then took his money and [illegible] Fitch saw Stumpy put 'im in the river, but he dursn't tell, 'cause Stumpy said he'd do the same for him if he did. When he sent for the clergyman when Fitch was a dying, Stumpy says to me, says he, "he's a going to blab; you best stop 'im." I knowed what he meant, and so I stuck the pillow on his face after you were gone. He went off quite easy and natural like, and he hadn't long to live anyways. That's all about Fitch. (Another pause.) Stumpy killed owld Aighton, 'cause he prosecuted 'im, and that warn't like he would stand that. Stumpy's drowned, so yer can't hang, and I aint far off dying. I can die more quiet-like now I have loosed my mind. That's getting the cold now, I feel as if that were a kind "o'smothering-me. Oh, Lord!" And thus the old woman died. No great publicity was given to Mrs. Brown's confession, and to many the Woodbridge murders are still a mystery.

REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

The following account of some singular phenomena of recent date, and in a remote part of the world, is taken from a volume entitled "Savage Africa," etc., by W. Winwood Reade, chap. thirty-first. The scene is Macarthy Island, an English military post on the river Gambia, on the west coast of Africa:

At the commencement of the rainy season in 1860, Mr Beale, a staff assistant surgeon, was seized with malarious fever. The Dover arrived soon after, bringing a Mr. Campbell to relieve him. Mr. Beale was taken with the captain on deck, went below, and expired almost immediately.

Mr. Trestrail, his colleague, sat down to write out the case. It is still preserved in the medical report book at the surgeon's quarters. Toward the end the handwriting changes, becomes uneven, and sometimes scarcely legible. A few hours afterward Trestrail was a corpse. The two surgeons were buried together.

Mr. Campbell wrote out a report of Trestrail's case. He slept alone in the quarters in the same bed in which the others had died.

Mr. Savage is a trader on the island. A few days afterward Campbell came to him and asked him to give him a bed. Savage complied with his request.

"Don't you like your quarters?" he said.

"No," replied Campbell. "I have seen Beale. And," he added, "I shall never see my poor wife and children any more."

Dr. Campbell soon died. No importance was attached to his words, "I have seen Beale." It was supposed to be merely a dream of which he had spoken. The words themselves would have been quite forgotton had it not been for that which afterward occurred.

The commandant's quarters, a detached building, stands about fifteen yards from the surgeons' quarters, also a detached building. A sentry is stationed over each. Capt. Wilcox and Dr. Bradshaw were sitting one evening in the piazza of the commandant's quarters, when they heard a shriek from the other building, and a soldier, lived with fright, and without his musket, rushed into the piazza.—Captain Wilcox, supposing him drunk put him under arrest.

The next morning, being examined, he declared that while on guard at the surgeons' quarters, a gentleman dressed in black had come toward him. He had never seen him before. He challenged him and got no answer. The gentlemen continued till he was close to him. The sentry threatened to run him through if he did not answer the challenge.—Getting no answer, he thrust, and saw the bayonet pass through the body. The figure gibbered at him and turned away. It was then that he had shrieked, dropped his musket and ran away. Examined by Dr. Bradshaw, he described the figure closely; the face, height and dress tallied precisely with those of Dr. Beale, whom the sentry had never seen.

Drs. Bradshaw and Hind slept in the building in separate rooms. They heard noises, the cause of which they did not know, but to which they paid little attention at the time.

Drs. Macarthy and Fox came up. They heard nothing. Dr. Macarthy remained there a month, and during that time had a severe fever. He went to Bathurst, and returned in company with Dr. Duggan. Both of them were in good health at the time. Neither of them had heard the ghost story. They slept each in an out room, (there were three in suite) and Dr. Duggan's servant, a boy of sixteen, in the centre one.

Dr. Macarthy—from whom I had these particulars—now heard peculiar noises in the night. In the piazza outside there was a table on which they placed their tea things after they had done with them. He would hear the cups and saucers clashed together, and the plates, as it seemed to him, dashed forcibly to the ground. Several times he went out in the morning expecting to find everything broken, but in no instance had the position of the things been altered in the least. He ascribed these noises to some mischievous fellow who climbed into the piazza unobserved by the sentry below.

He heard also noises in the middle room, and heavy pieces of furniture were moved about. And often all night long he would be annoyed by a pattering sound on the floor round his bed. He thought at first that these were bats which had fallen on the floor and were unable to rise. But he could never find them in the morning. Then he supposed that they were mice.

One night, instead of going to bed, he kept his candle alight, and sat on a chair, with a stick across his knee, waiting for these mice to come out. He heard a sound at the further end of the room. It was like a man walking cautiously on tiptoe. The sound came toward him, but he could see nothing. He strained his eyes, but could see nothing. Then the footsteps passed close to him, yet he could see nothing.

Doctors are essentially materialists. Dr. Macharthy knew that the strangest sights and sounds can spring from a disordered stomach or a checked secretion. But when he mentioned his hallucination to Dr. Duggan, and Duggan replied that he had been troubled in the same manner, they became perplexed. Still it did not occur to them that these sounds were supernatural. The mind of man is averse to believe that which it cannot grasp.

In the course of conversation they happened to speak to Savage about it. He replied as if it was a common-place matter. "Oh, don't you know the house is haunted?" and related the affair of the sentry.

On returning to their quarters, Dr. Duggan observed that his boy was looking ill, and asked him what was the matter. The boy said he did not know, but perhaps it was his sleeping in the open air. On being asked what he meant the boy replied, with some reluctance, that he had gone to sleep on the flat roof of the house, because a tall man in white used to come and wake him up, so that he could get no rest. This boy I afterward examined myself. He told me that it came and pulled him by the ear, and said,

"Wake, wake."

When he awoke he could see something white moving off in a manner which he said was not walking, nor flying, but something different from what he had ever seen. I offered him five shillings, (which to him would be a large sum) if he would sleep there that night, even offering to keep him company. He looked frightened and refused.

Drs. Macarthy and Duggan after that slept in the same room. And now, which is very extraordinary, these two men, materialists by education, lying broad awake, with a light burning in the room, would both hear those noises, and would call each other's attention to them at the time; the heavy bodies hoved in the centre of the room, the plates rattled on the piazza, and the light tip-toe footsteps passing between both their beds.

A SINGULAR STORY.

A few weeks since a man, only some five and thirty, or thirty eight years old, went into the cafe Anglaise, Paris, and said to the mistress: "I with you would retain No. 13 for me this evening. Lay plates for eight, and have dinner on the table at seven o'clock precisely. I leave the selection of the dinner to you. Give us a dinner of four dollars a head, wine included. Here is a bank note for $40; four times eight are thirty-two; the change, eight dollars, is for the waiters.

At a quarter before seven he returned; he was shown into No. 13. He asked for a pen, ink, and paper. After he received them he tore a sheet of paper into eight several parts wrote something on each of them, and placed one of them on each plate. When the clock struck seven, he said to the waiter: "I will wait till half-past seven." At the appointed time he took his seat at the table and said to the astounded waiter: "Serve the dinner just the same as if all my guests were present." The waiter obeyed; and placed a dish of soup on each plate, managing while doing so to read the name on the plates. He found nothing on the bits of paper but re, me, fa, so, la, si, do. When he went back to the kitchen, he told the odd guest he had in No. 13. The rumor reached the ear of the master of the house; he at once suspected something was wrong. "How is the gentleman dressed?" he asked the waiter. "He is dressed in black." When he went into the room he took off his overcoat and placed it on the piano, where it still remains. "Bring me his coat. It doubtless contains letters or visiting cards, and we shall find out what sort of a guest we have. Act cautiously, and be quick." The waiter soon returned with the overcoat. Master and servant instantly searched the pockets; they found neither letters nor visiting cards; but they discovered two small pocket pistols which were capped and loaded. The master drew the charges left the caps on the nipples, replaced them in the pocket, and made the servant carry the overcoat back to the private room. As he was eating dessert the waiter asked him—I mean this strange guest—if he would take coffee. "Yes," "How many cups?" "Eight, of course." The eight cups were filled. "Now leave me; when I want you I will ring the bell."—The waiter retired, shut the door, and put his eye to the key hole to see what was going to take place.

As soon as the guest was alone he heaved a deep sigh, rose, went to the piano, opened it, played an air from one of Verdi's operas, and tried to sing it—in vain. His voice was completely gone. His hands fell into his lap, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. He murmured: "All is over! 'Tis hopeless! my voice is broken! I shall never again be able to obtain another engagement. My career is at an end! I am a dead man." Then he added, with an hysterical laugh: "Gads! wasn't it a devilish ingenious notion I had to give a farewell dinner to my notes—a parting banquet to those poor notes which, last year, were so pure in my throat. Artists alone can conceive and execute such ideas. Ah! poor fellow, the game is up with you; nothing is left you but to die." He put his hand in the pocket of his overcoat, took out the two pistols, placed the muzzle of each in each of his ears, and pulled the triggers.—The caps exploded, and the poor fellow fell senseless on the carpet.

The keeper of the restaurant, who was hard by, ran into the room, and aided by his servants, lifted up the would be suicide. The usual restoratives were applied, and when consciousness returned it was found impossible to convince the guest that he was still alive. He had gone crazy. He raved: Now that I am a dead man I don't care who knows who I was when I was alive. Mme. George Sand has told my history in one of her novels. My name is Alphen Gerbier—Albany is my stage name. I was on the eve of singing a magnificent engagement with the manager of the Italian Opera, when that rascal Fraschini cut me out. I fell sick and lost my voice. Fortunately my pistols did not snap. I did not miss the vital organs, and I am dead. Carry me to Pere la Chaise, if you please." The master of the house sent for the police, and the ill-starred wretch was immediately carried to a lunatic asylum.

SLEEP—ITS IMPORTANCE.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this leads to insanity.

Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also, that those who are starved to death first become insane; the brain is not nourished, and then can not sleep. Crazy persons are poor sleepers, while good sleepers seldom become crazy. The practical inferences are these:

1st. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.

2d. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate.

3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning at a stated hour, and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Phrenological Journal.*

THE BONNET.—The bonnet is said to have been first brought from Italy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The materials then employed were cloth of gold, crimson satin and other rich stuffs, and the form of something between the round Italian hat and the French hood. The large Leghorn flat was the first head covering which took the true bonnet form; and all bonnets and capotes, up to the present day, have been modifications of the original model. It had first a perpendicular crown, with a large brim standing out high and wide around the face, and covered with immense bows of ribbon, intermingled with artificial flowers. From that time variations have appeared in its shape every two or three seasons, and it has gradually become less and less—at one time close and narrow in the brim, at another wide and open, more or less trimed, according to the caprice of the mode, but always having a decided peculiarity of form opposed to the hat shape. But neither this nor any other style or shape can, it is thought, approach, in sweet becomingness, to the charming cottage bonnet, of straw, which all recollect, but which is now extinct.

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, 6¼ cts. per quarter, or 25 cts. a year if the postage is not paid in advance, rates are double