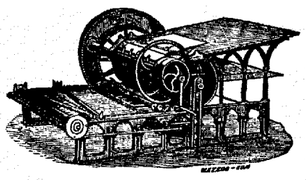
# Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 16—NO. 48. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1865. WHOLE NO. 830



Lebanon Advertiser
STEAM
JOB PRINTING OFFICE.



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."

**Rates of Advertising.**

| Size. | 1t. | 3t. | 3m. | 6m. | 1y. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Square, 12 lines, | $ .50 | $1.00 | $3.00 | $5.00 | $ 8.00 |
| 2 " 24 lines, | 1.00 | 2.00 | 5.00 | 8.00 | 12.00 |
| 3 " 36 lines, | 1.50 | 3.00 | 7.00 | 10.00 | 15.00 |
| For Executor's and Administrator's Notices, | | | | | 2.00 |
| For Assignee, Auditor and similar Notices, | | | | | 1.50 |
| For yearly Cards, not exceeding 6 lines, | | | | | 3.00 |
| For column advertisement, 1 year, | | | | | 50.00 |
| For ½ column " " | | | | | 30.00 |
| For ¼ column " " | | | | | 18.00 |
| For Announcing candidates for office, in advance, | | | | | 2.00 |
| For Announcing sale, unaccompanied by adv't. | | | | | 1.00 |
| For Local Notices, Society resolutions, &c., 8 cts per line. | | | | | |
| For Bishops or Special Notices, 80 cents per line per year. | | | | | |

Yearly advertisements for Merchants and Business men as agreed upon.

*** Subscription price of the LEBANON ADVERTISER One Dollar and a Half a Year.
Address, WM. M. BRESLIN, Lebanon, Pa.

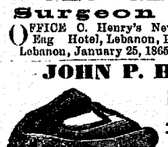
*DENTISTRY.*

C B. Wagner,

INSERTS Artificial Teeth on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite, at from $5 to $40. Teeth filled at 75 cents and upwards. Residence and Office, Cumberland street, East Lebanon, opposite Benson's Hotel. where he has been practising the last eight years.
Lebanon, April 5, 1865.

GEORGE CLARK,
Surgeon Dentist,
OFFICE C. Henry's New Building, opposite the Eag Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.
Lebanon, January 25, 1865.

JOHN P. BOWMAN,



Surgeon Dentist.
☞ ROOMS over Mr. Adam Rise's Hat Store, Cumberland St., Lebanon, Pa.
Lebanon, March 29, 1865.

REMOVAL.
S. T. McADAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAS REMOVED his office to Market Street, one door South of the American House, better known as Mattlies' Hotel.
Lebanon, April 12, 1865.

JOSIAH FUNCK,
Attorney-At-Law.
OFFICE, next door to the First National Bank, (late Deposit Bank,) Cumberland street, Lebanon, Pa.
March 29, 1865.

J. HOFFMAN.
(*Late Capt. in the 142d Pa. Vol.,*)
Bounty, Back pay
AND
Pension agent.
OFFICE WITH HON. J. W. KILLINGER, LEBANON, PA.
Lebanon, March 16, 1865.—tf.

*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. [Jun. 6, '64.

JOHN BENSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE with A. R. Boughter, Esq., Cumberland Street, nearly opposite the Court House.
Lebanon, February 8, 1865.

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.

*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 Capt. John Weidman, dec'd.
Lebanon, Sept. 9, 1863.

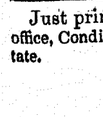
HENRY J. LIGHT,
Justice of the Peace.
THE subscriber, having been elected Justice of the Peace, would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to attend to the duties of his office, as well as the writing of Deeds, Bonds, Agreements, and all business pertaining to a Scrivener, at his residence in North Lebanon Township, about two miles from Lebanon, near the Tunnel, on the Union Forge Road.
HENRY J. LIGHT.
N. Lebanon township, May 3, 1865.—3m.

REMOVAL.
A. STANLEY ULRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his office to the building, one door east of Lauderwilch's Store, opposite the Washington House Lebanon, Pa.
BOUNTY and PENSION claims promptly attended to. [April 8, '63.—3m.

*L. R. DEEG'S*
LIQUOR STORE,
*Market Square, opposite the Market House, Lebanon, Pa.*
THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has received an extensive stock of the choicest and purest liquors of all descriptions. These Liquors he is invariably disposed to sell at unprecedentedly low prices.

Druggists, Farmers, Hotel Keepers, and others will consult their own interests by buying of the undersigned.
L. R. DEEG.
☞ Also, for sale, MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.
Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

COOPERING.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the COOPERING Business at his residence on Plank Road street, about a square south of the First Reformed Church. Tubs, Stands, Barrels, Hogsheads, Casks, or anything in his line made or REPAIRED at short notice and on reasonable terms. He solicits the patronage of the public, feeling confident that his work will compare favorably in workmanship and price with any other.



JOSEPH H. GASSERT.
Lebanon, April 5, 1865.

Just printed and for sale at this office, Conditions for the Sale of Real Estate.

BROWNING'S
EXCELSIOR COFFEE.
Whilst trying Coffee of all the various brands.
Remember "BROWNING'S EXCELSIOR"—at the head it stands.
True, it's not like others that are "SOLD EVERYWHERE."
A little stretch, we all do know, good goods will easily bear,
(But a stretch like this—"sold everywhere"—is very apt to tear.)
Now, I can safely say, without any hesitation,
There's none like "BROWNING'S EXCELSIOR" in this enlightened nation.
Skilled chemists have not found a Coffee from any store,
Possessing the same ingredients as "Browning's Excelsior."
Nor is there any one, in or out of the Coffee trade,
Who knows the articles from which "Browning's Excelsior's" made.
I'm told its made from barley, rye, wheat, beans, and peas;
Name a thousand other things—but the RIGHT ONE if you please.
But with the Coffee men I will not hold contention
For the many, many things they say—too numerous to mention.
Whilst they're engaged in running round from store to store
To learn the current wholesale price of "Browning's Excelsior,"
Some who know my Coffee gives perfect satisfaction,
Have formed a plan by which they hope to cause a quick reaction.
The case—'tis with a few; no doubt 'twill be more—
To name their Coffee after mine, (BROWNING'S EXCELSIOR."
Some say their's the only brand that will stand a ready test.
Now, try a little of them all—see which you like the best.
Three year's have passed away since I first sold a store;
Never have I in your paper advertised before;
Nor would I now, or ever consent to publish more,
If like some used by "everybody," "sold everywhere," in "every store."
A trade like this I do not wish; the orders I could not fill;
The factory all Jersey's land would take—leave not a foot to till.
My trade is not so very large; still I think I have my share;
But, reader you may rest assured, 'tis NOT "SOLD EVERYWHERE."
*Manufactured and for Sale by the writer,*
George L. Browning,
*No. 20 Market Street, Camden, N. J.*
This coffee is not composed of poisonous drugs, it contains nothing deleterious; many persons use this Coffee that cannot use the pure coffee; it takes but one and a half ounces to make a quart of good strong coffee, that being just one-half the quantity it takes of Java Coffee, and always less than half the price.
RETAIL DEALERS may purchase it in less quantities than ten gross at my prices from the Wholesale Grocers.
☞ Orders by mail from Wholesale Dealers promptly attended to.
Feb. 22, 1865.—3m.

LEBANON TOBACCO FACTORY
THE undersigned are about locating in Lebanon, what is essentially a
Missouri Tobacco Factory,
for the manufacture of Plug Tobacco. Our stock is Missouri leaf, made up by Missouri hands, and our machinery is of the latest and most efficient character. We shall determinedly adhere to the policy of making and selling only a
GOOD AND PURE ARTICLE OF TOBACCO,
and dealers, merchants and others, while they have the privilege of buying directly from the manufacturer, thus saving to themselves the intermediate profits heretofore paid the jobber, are saved the risk of getting adulterated or poisoned tobaccos as when buying unknown or irresponsible makes.
We shall be ready to fill orders by the 10th of March next.
☞ We can retail none—can sell to no purchaser less than 20 pounds.
Circulars and price list sent to any address on application.
☞ In a few weeks we shall be prepared to manufacture fine cut chewing and smoking tobaccos of various grades.
Lebanon, Feb. 22, 1865.—3m.

The Phoenix Pectoral
WILL CURE YOUR COUGH.

THE PHŒNIX PECTORAL
OR
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY AND SENEKA SNAKE ROOT,
WILL CURE THE DISEASES OF THE
THROAT AND LUNGS.
*such as colds, coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, hooping Cough, &c.*
ITS TIMELY USE WILL PREVENT
Pulmonary Consumption
AND EVEN WHERE THIS FEARFUL DISEASE has taken hold it will afford greater relief than any other medicine.
Miss Kate Vanderslice of Pottsville, says, "I was benefited more by using the Phoenix Pectoral than any other medicine I ever used."
Elias Oberheltzer, Lionville, Chester county, was cured of a cough of many years' standing by using the Phoenix Pectoral.
Joseph Lukens, of Hall street, Phoenixville, certifies that he was cured of a cough of two years standing, when all other medicines had failed, by the use of the Phoenix Pectoral.
Jacob Powers certifies that he has sold hundreds of bottles of the Phoenix Pectoral, and that all who used it bear testimony of its wonderful effects in curing coughs.
John Royer, editor of the *Independent Phœnix*, having used it, has no hesitation in pronouncing it a complete remedy for cough, hoarseness and irritation in the throat.
The West Chester *Jeffersonian* says:
"We have known Dr. Oberholtzer personally a number of years, and it gives us the greatest pleasure to recommend his medicines, inasmuch as the public rarely have the benefit of family medicines prepared by a physician of his acquirements and experience.
"Dr. Oberholtzer is a member of the Alumni of the Medical Department at the University of Pennsylvania, at which institution he graduated in 1854."
Pottstown, January 3d, 1865.
This certifies that I have used the Phoenix Pectoral in my family, and I recommend it to the public as the very best remedy for Coughs and Colds that I have ever tried. One of my children was taken with a cold accompanied with a Croupy Cough; so bad indeed that it could not talk or scarcely breathe. Having heard so much said about the Phoenix Pectoral I procured a bottle of it. The first dose relieved the difficulty of breathing and before the child had taken one-fourth of the bottle it was entirely well. Every family should have it in their house.
D. P. CROSBY.
Signed,
Mrs. Mary Butler, mother of Hon. Wm. Butler, President Judge of the Chester and Delaware Districts, says that she cannot do without the Phoenix Pectoral.
Dr. George B. Wood, Professor of the Practices of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, and one of the authors of the United States Dispensatory, says of the Seneka Snake Root: "Its action is especially directed to the lungs."
The proprietor of this medicine has so much confidence in its curative powers, from the testimony of hundreds who have used it, that the money will be refunded to any purchaser who is not satisfied with its effects.
It is so pleasant to take that children cry for it.
It costs only 25 cents—large bottles ONE DOLLAR.—It is intended for only one class of diseases, namely those of the LUNGS and THROAT.
Prepared only by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D., Phœnixville, Pa. Johnston Holloway & Cowden, No. 23, N. Sixth st. Philadelphia, and T. C. Wells & Co. No. 115 Franklin st., New York, General Wholesale Agents.
Sold wholesale and retail by J. L. Lemberger, Dr. Geo. Ross and D. S. Raber, Lebanon, and by nearly every druggist and storekeeper in Lebanon county.
N. B.—If your nearest druggist or storekeeper does not keep this medicine do not let him put you off with some other medicine, because he makes more money on it, but send at once to one of the Agents for it.
March 8, 1865.—6m.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE!
TASKER & CLARK,
Still continue to Manufacture those MANURES, which for the last seven or eight years have given such general satisfaction to those who have used them; we refer to the
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
made from finely ground Bones, Peruvian Guano, and other Fertilizing Ingredients,—and sold at the rate of $65 00 per ton of 2000 lbs. Also to the
MEAT and BONE COMPOST,
made from refuse Meat, Bone and other offal from the Slaughter House,—Price $40 00 per ton.
N. B. A superior article of BONE DUST, at market prices.
Address,
TASKER & CLARK,
S. W. Cor. EIGHTH & WASHINGTON Sts.,
March 8, 1865.—3 m. PHILADELPHIA.


## Choice Poetry.

### NOT SATISFIED.

The eye is not satisfied;
It may rest on a form of perfect grace,
Or watch each change of the fairest face;
It may fathom the tenderness that lies
In the loving depths of the dearest eyes:
Yet the eye is not satisfied!

The lip is not satisfied;
You may feed it every day and hour,
With the honey-dew of love's sweet flower;
With kisses that fall like the summer rain,
And yet it is hungry and thirsts again;
The lip is not satisfied!

The heart is not satisfied
For more than the world can give it pleads;
It has infinite wants and infinite needs;
And its every beat is an awful cry,
For love that never can change nor die;
The heart is not satisfied!

## Miscellaneous.

### PAUL JONES.

Paul Jones was the first man that ever hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a ship of war. When the revolutionary war broke out he was living in Philadelphia in extreme poverty.—Indeed he was almost penniless and had scarcely a friend in the colonies. He was born on the southern coast of Scotland, where he lived till he was twelve years old, and then, having a passion for the sea, he served a regular apprenticeship of seven years on board a ship trading to America. He learned his business thoroughly as great men always do. There never lived a better sailor than Paul Jones, and he knew the British coast as familiarly as a newsboy knows Nassau. After following the sea until he was twenty-one years old, he settled as a merchant in the West Indies, where he acquired a little property, and had good prospects of making a fortune. But in 1774, when he was but twenty four years of age, he was obliged, for some reason he would never tell, to suddenly leave the island of Tobago, and he sailed for Philadelphia with just fifty pounds in his pocket; and that was all the money he ever received from his property in Tobago. There is said to be a woman at the bottom of every mischief. This, as our readers well know, is a slander on the fair sex. But the intimate friends of Paul Jones always suspected that property in the West Indies. He was always noted for his chivalric and respectful devotion to the ladies.

In Philadelphia he lived a year and eight months on his fifty pounds, since commerce was nearly suspended by the refusal of the colonists to consume British manufactures, and he could get no berth on ships or shore. Just as he was getting to his last guinea, living almost on bread and water, Congress resolved to have a navy. Then he came forward and made know his situation and past history to a member of Congress, who saw the stuff he was made of, took his cause in earnest, and got him a lieutenant's commission in the navy of the United States. Let us say however that Paul Jones was not a needy adventurer. He was wholly devoted to the cause of his adopted country. He understood the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country and embraced the right side of the dispute with all his heart and mind.

His success on the sea was wonderful. In one short cruise on the American coast he took sixteen prizes, of which he burnt eight that were not worth saving, and sent in eight. He did not refuse battle even with the King's ships, one of which he captured that had on board a company of troops and ten thousand suits of clothes, which were worth to Congress just then their weight in silver. In about eight months he made a fortune in prize money, and had absolutely swept the coast clear of all British vessels sailing without a powerful convoy.

Congress wrs prompt in rewarding him. July 14, 1776, when he was not yet thirty years old, he was appointed to command the "Rangers," the best vessel of our infant navy, ranking as a sloop of war. At the mast head of this immortal ship the Stars and Stripes, were first flung to the breeze; it was on this ship that the ensign of the Union first received a salute from the guns of a friendly nation. This occurred in the French harbor of Brest in February, 1778, just one week after Dr. Franklin had signed the treaty of alliance with France.

A new and brilliant scene now opened in the career of this heroic sailor. Closing the ports of the "Rangers," and removing every other trace of her warlike character he sailed boldly into the channel and made his way to that part of the coast upon which he was born, and to the town from which he had sailed ten years before, every wharf and lane of which he knew. It was White-Haven, a place of several thousand inhabitants, and the harbor of which contained 300 vessels, fastened close together. At daybreak, with two boats and thirty-one men he landed on a wharf of the town, provided with a lantern and two barrels. He went alone to a fort defending the town, and finding it deserted climbed over the wall, and spiked every gun, without alarming the garrison, who were all asleep in the guard-house near by. Then he surrounded the guard house, and took every man prisoner. Next he sprang into the only remaining fort, and spiked its guns. All this was the work of ten minutes, was accomplished without noise and without resistance. The ships being then at his mercy, he made a bonfire in the storage of one of them which blazed up through the hatch-way while Jones and his men stood by, pistol in hand, to keep off the people, whom the flames had alarmed, and who came running down to the shore in hundreds. To the forts! was the cry. But the forts were harmless.—When the fire had made such headway that the destruction of the whole fleet seemed certain, Captain Jones gave the order to embark. He was the last to take his place in the boat. He moved off leisurely from the shore and regained his ship without the loss of a man. The people however, succeeded in confining the fire to two or three ships. But the whole coast was panic stricken. Every able bodied man joined the companies of patrol men. It was many a month before the inhabitants of that shore went to sleep at night without a certain dread of Paul Jones.

The next day he landed near the castle of the Earl of Selkirk, intending to take the Earl prisoner, and keep him as hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners in England, whom the king affected to regard as felons, and who were confined in common jails. The Earl was absent from home. The crew demanded liberty to plunder the castle, in retaliation for the ravages of British captains on the coast of America. Captain Jones could not deny the justice of their demand; yet, abhorring the principle of plundering private houses, and especially one inhabited by a lady, he permitted the men to take the silver plate only, forbidding the slightest approach to violence or disrespect. The silver plate he himself bought when the plunder was sold, and sent it back to the countess of Selkirk, with a polite letter of explanation and apology. The haughty Earl refused to receive it; but captain Jones after a long correspondence, won his heart, and the silver was replaced in the closet of Selkirk Castle, eleven years after it had been taken from it. Such was the persevering chivalric generosity of Captain Jones.

The day after his visit to Lady Selkirk was that of his great fight with the British man of war, the "Drake." He was running with the fixed intention to fight her there he saw her standing out to see in quest of him. They met. The fight was short and furious. In an hour and four minutes the "Drake" struck, having lost her captain, first lieutenant, and forty men. The "Ranger's" loss was nine.

The victory electrified Europe.—The audacity, the valor, and success of Paul Jones were the admiration of the world. Old Dr. Franklin, who had planned the enterprise, and had sent out to America for a captain to come and execute it, was enchanted. In Paul Jones' subsequent troubles, he always had a staunch friend and protector in Franklin. A very successful man generally has enemies.—Paul Jones experienced the truth of this remark. Nevertheless after much delay and some mortifications, Dr. Franklin succeeded in getting him another ship, the ever famous "Bon Homme Richard," thus named by Capt. Jones in honor of the venerable editor of Poor Richard's Almnac. She was a large, slow, rotten old ship, and manned by three hundred and eighty sailors and landsmen of all nations, French, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Malays, Maltese, and a sprinkling of Americans. It was in this ship the indomitable Jones fought the "Serapis," a new British ship of fourty-four guns, one of the stoutest vessels in the English navy. This was perhaps the most desperate and bloody contest that ever took place between single ships. It was fought in the evening of September 23, 1778, so near the Yorkshire coast that the battle was witnessed by hundreds of spectators on the shore. Capt. Jones perceiving the superior strength of the enemy, saw that his only chance was to come to close quarters, early in the fight, got alongside and lashed his ship to the side of the "Seraphis." By this time however, the "Bon Homme Richard" had received eighteen shots below the water line, had four feet of water in her hold had four guns and all the rest disabled but three, had lost a hundred men in killed and wounded and was on fire. Almost any other man would have given up, for the "Seraphis" was still uninjured. Captain Jones however, fought on with an energy and resolution undiminished.

With his three guns, all aimed by himself, he kept thundering away at the foe, while a force of sharp shooters aloft swept the decks of the "Sephais" with musketry. Such was the vigor of this fire of musketry, that at length, no man was seen on the enemy's deck. Then the men of "Bon Homme Richard" formed a line along the main yard, and passed hand granades to the men at the end, who dropped them down into the hold of the "Seraphis," doing tremendous execution. For three hours the battle raged. The "Bon Homme Richard's" pump was afire, and then a new danger threatened her. She had gone into action with five hundred prisoners in her steerage, and when the pump was shot away, the officer in charge of the prisoners, supposing the ship sinking, released them. At the same moment a boarding party from the "Seraphis" sprung up the sides of the "Bon Homme Richard." This was the crisis of the battle.—Capt. Jones never faltered. The boarders were gallantly repulsed; the prisoners were driven below and the fight was renewed. At half past ten in the evening, the British ship being on fire in many places, her captain struck his colors. The "Bon Homme Richard," was so completely knocked to pieces, that she could not be kept afloat. She sunk the next day, and Captain Jones went into port in the captured ship, with seven hundred prisoners.

This great victory passed his fame to the highest point. The king of France gave him a magnificent diamand, hilted sword, and Congres voted him a gold medal. After the war was over, the Empress of Russia invited him to join her navy with rank of Rear Admiral. He accepted the post, but the jealousy and intrigues of the Russian naval officers disgusted him to such a degree that he resigned and returned to Paris. The last years of his life were passed in obscurity. He died at Paris in 1792.

Paul Jones was a short thick set man, of great strength and endurance. He had a keen, bright eye, with a look of wildness in it. His voice was soft and gentle. In his dress and equipage of his boat and ship, he was something of a dandy.—In bravery and tenacity of purpose he has never been surpassed, but in the intercourse of private life he was one of the most amiable and polite of men.

### Haunted House in Pittsburg.

A PHANTOM WOMAN IN THE CASE.

THE GHOST OF THE SQUAW OUTDONE!

From a four column article in the Pittsburg *Chronicle*, giving a history of the visit of *manes* to a sombre old house in Pennsylvania Avenue, we condense the following:

The house is quite an old one, built nobody in the neighborhood remembers when, and is constructed upon an old-fashioned plan. Everything about the building is constructed in the most substantial and plain manner, and in such a way that the introduction of machinery, traps, or secret passages would be simply impossible, unless there be enough space in them for a cat to crawl up and down. Thus much for the house, and now for its occupants.

Mr. H——came to Pittsburg from an eastern city in March last, and effected arrangements for going into business here as an agent for a well known New York firm, Messrs. C. A. M., of Murray street. Finding it necessary that he should have his family here with him, he rented the house which we have described, for their accommodation. Mr. H. returned to the East, and on the third of April came again to Pittsburg, bringing with him this time his wife and two children, the eldest a young lady of apparently about seventeen years of age, and the other a boy, aged about twelve. On Thursday, 6th inst., they moved into their house, and by the evening of that day, had it in a sort of habitable condition—true, the first night was rather "camping out," but the usual allowances made at such a time and the consolation of being in their own house, rendered them cheerful, and the little irregularities of the occasion were regarded as rather pleasant adventures. Twice in the evening, Mr. H. had occasion to go down to the cellar, and, he states, each time he experienced a strange and unusual sensation as of somebody being at his elbow. On Friday evening, (7th inst.,) Mr. H. while lying upon a sofa in the front room on the second floor, distinctly saw a female figure, standing near one of the windows, as if looking out into the street. He was wide awake at the time; his first impression was that it was his wife, and he spoke to her, but at the sound of his voice, she disappeared and almost at the same instant, he heard his wife's voice calling to him from the foot of the stairs. For a moment, he says, he was "greatly surprised." Thinking that his wife or daughter might be alarmed by it, he closed the shutters, drew down the blinds, and went down stairs. Here he was met by his wife with the announcement that she had met a strange man, in the store room. He sought for the strange man, but found no one, and was surprised to find that all the doors, from which a person could have escaped, were carefully locked on the inside. Joking with his wife about her having been "frightened by her own shadow" he affected to think nothing more of the matter, and the evening passed away without any further alarm. The matter was not, however, off Mr. H's mind and in the morning he inquired of a neighbor, who had lived in the house last before him. The neighbor replied that no one had for some time, not since he had lived in the vicinity at all events, and "it was said that the house was haunted." Half amused and more than half incredulous still, Mr. H. mentioned the facts to a friend, Mr. M., a merchant doing business on Wood street, but was something surprised to find his friend received the statement with much seriousness. In fact, as was very soon developed, Mr. M. was an enthusiastic believer in spiritualism, and plunged *con amore* into an investigation of the matter. That evening (Saturday 8th inst.,) Mr. M. came and, with Mr. H., entered the upper room in which the latter had been first surprised. Taking the precaution of closing the shutters and blinds, locking the only door to the apartment and wheeling a sofa against it, they extinguished the light and seated themselves side by side upon the sofa. They had been thus seated but a few moments when each felt hands touching them, here, there, everywhere, but where they expected the touch, as they sat with outstretched arms endeavoring to grasp the unseen hands. Although each knew the other to be above deception, they agreed, as a farther precaution against a joke, that they should hold each others hands. Hand in hand they sat, still feeling the strange light touches for several minutes, and then they could hear a rustling and a faint but keen crackling sound in all parts of the room,—one leaf of a large table, standing nearly in the centre of the room, was lifted and let fall heavily against the legs of the table, and when Mr. H. put out his foot toward it, the leaf was a second time brought down, striking his extended toes with considerable violence.

On Wednesday evening re-assembled, our little party now larger by one than on the first evening, a young doctor having brought with him a friend, Mr. B., who already gained both reputation and a good income, by two or three inventions of his, which have been very successful.—Knowing Mr. B. as a gentleman of good general education, a good chemist and thoroughly acquainted with all the principles of mechanics, we were glad to see him, hoping that his knowledge and shrewdness might explain what so seriously puzzled us. Nearly half an hour elapsed without sound or sign, when suddenly a grand chord was upon the piano keys, seeming of A flat, C, E flat and A flat, as one of the educational gentlemen whispered, from which light fingers seem to stray among the upper notes, sprinkling little showers of melody, and then the strange performance closed abruptly, with the striking of an octave in E flat.

The gas was lighted, Mr. B. probably more puzzled than he ever was before, hurried to examine the piano, to find it closed and locked at first.—Subsequently, persons were touched by invisible hands, and one gentleman avered that a certain sign of a secret order, which may be given in that it was given by no human being in the room. When the circle was about closing, a faint light from some unknown and unimaginable source filled the room, and a shadowy form, as of a woman's figure, could be seen standing by the piano, with averted head. The light was sufficient for all in the room to see that all of our own number were in their places, and the strange thing there beside the piano, so ill defined and yet so positive, that our hearts seemed to cease to beat as we gazed upon it—though with us, was not of us.

The young physician, brave materialist, wished to add the evidence of the sense of touch to that of his other senses; it seemed, for he was the first to recover from the shock and spring forward to seize the phantom, thought is not so rapid as the darkness which spread its pall over us as we sat breathless, while his arms clasped empty air and he fell to the floor. The light was hurriedly struck and the young doctor was found senseless. Half an hour elapsed ere he was recovered and then his nerves were so shattered that he was led slowly and painfully to his home, and on the next evening we missed him from our circle.

On Thursday evening we again met at the house. At length the light was extinguished and soon the same shadowy form which was seen on Wednesday evening re-appeared. This time, however, the head was not averted, but a full front view was obtained. In the dim light she seemed to be a young woman of a tall figure and possessed of rare beauty. Her eyes flashed with a brilliancy which seemed almost the light of insanity, and her features pale as marble, were writhed with an agonized expression of mental suffering which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Her hands were clenched before her as if she were wringing them. This time she stood a little way from the piano and nearly in front of a large mirror.—those before her gazed, speechless, horror-stricken, and spell bound, suddenly in the mirror beside her head appeared another face, one more horrible in demoniac malignity and revolting fiendish hideousness than anything the imagination of poet or painter has ever conceived.

The next evening Mr. B. brought along several bells and a large glass plate. The plate he laid upon the table in one corner of the room and on it he ranged the bells. The company then took seats and the lights were extinguished. During the darkness which followed, the piano was again played upon and the bells were carried through the air and sounded rapidly while flying. Swiftly they passed and re-passed our heads, at times lighting on the table before us; and others ringing close to our ears, but never striking any one so as to cause pain, and always eluding every attempt to grasp them. The sitting of this evening was quite short, and there was no appearance of the phantom of the night before. As we sat as if transfixed by the gaze of the phantom, which had now more of deep sadness than of terror. Mr. H. recovering himself, suddenly flashed forth a dark lantern. In this brighter light, the phantom vanished, and on the instant of the glare, two of the bells which were in the air, fell to the floor and were dashed to pieces. Before they fell one was seen nearly over the figure of the phantom woman, through the air, and suddenly it came down as if dropped by an unseen hand.

The gas was quickly re-lighted, and the circle broken up. None cared to endure more of such terror—they had enough for one evening. The ladies were greatly frightened, and the gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. B., declared they would never enter the house again. As the circle broke up it was observed that Miss H. seemed to wake from slumber, and that she had not the same feeling of terror, after what had passed, as was felt by all the rest present. She was, however, greatly exhausted. The young doctor discovered that she had been in a sort of semi-trance state throughout this, and in all probability the other evenings, and the spiritualist, Mr. M., made a long explanation, which we not fully understanding do not care to repeat, of the theory of spirits drawing particles from the bodies of their mediums while the latter were in a trance state, employing also their nervous and magnetic power to enable them to act upon the material things and senses of earth. Further experiments were made. Hideous cries were heard close to their faces. Horrid skeletons walked at their sides, and indescribable terrors closed the scene.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### CARRY O'LANUS AT THE OIL REGIONS.

I have reached the land of oil, having taken a safer route than the Erie.

Pennsylvanie is a good sized State, and it takes some time to get there.

When you do get here you wish you hadn't come.

There is plenty of oil—and that is all except lots of people.

I am for "Snake Run," the most likely place for oil.

They call these places runs, because everybody who is after oil runs here.

Every man you meet is a president director or engineer of a petroleum company.

The natives, who are white people, and resemble [illegible] land every morning.

If you know anybody who has got a few vacant lots that he wants to sell, tell him to bring them out here.

The folks are so busy looking for oil they haven't time to build houses, and everybody is afraid to put up a house for fear he might cover an oil well.

Consequently the hotels are a little crowded.

The Muggins Hotel, where I put up, is much so.

Muggins, the proprietor, is the most accommodating man you ever saw. A city railroad conductor isn't a circumstance to him.

He has only got six beds in the house, but he is always ready to take in everybody.

He took me in.

Also two hundred more petroleum pilgrims.

The sleeping accommodations are various. We go to bed in platoons.

When the first platoon get asleep they are carefully taken out of bed and hung over a close line. The second platoon go through the same process, until everybody is provided for.

Preferring to sleep alone, I slept on the mantle piece with the coal scuttle for a pillow.

As I observed land is precious out here.

I bought a lot ten inches by four, for ten hundred thousand dollars, and commenced operations.

The next thing is to commence boring.

You want a sharp bore. A public lecturer won't do, neither will a skating gimlet.

I took a brace and bit and went in.

Got down about seven thousand feet into the bowels of the land, when I came to an impediment.

Found that I had struck the pre-Adamite rock of the ossified strata of the Silurian formation.

This is geology, and you perhaps won't understand it, but I will explain it all in the paper to the Historical Society I am about writing.

Got a candle and went down to see about it.

I found a big Megatherium, about six hundred feet long, and nine wide, in a capital state of preservation.

I got him out and will send him along by express.

Went on boring through forty feet of sandstone.

Here encountered a strange smell of sulphur, which alarmed the native who sold me the land, and to ease his conscience gave back half the money, and wanted me to stop boring.

Told him I was bound to keep on until I struck ile, or come out on the other side of creation.

Bored on. Went through about sixty thousand feet more, when suddenly the brace and bit went in, and there was a grand report like that made by Butler's powder boat that didn't blow up Fort Fisher.

Things were slightly confused for awhile. A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I went up with it. I guess I must have come down again, as the next idea I had was finding