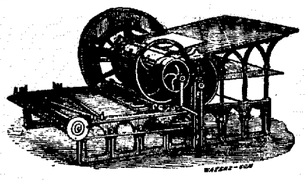
Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 17—NO. 2. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1865. WHOLE NO. 836

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.

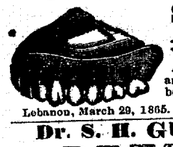
Size.	1t.	3t.	3m.	6m.	1y.
1 Square, 12 lines,	$ .50	$1.00	$3.00	$5.00	$ 8.00
2 " 24 lines,	1.00	2.00	5.00	8.00	12.00
3 " 36 lines,	1.50	3.00	7.00	10.00	15.00
For Executor's and Administrator's Notices,					2.00
For Assignee, Auditor and similar Notices,					1.50
For yearly Cards, not exceeding 6 lines,					8.00
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.

Dr. GEORGE GLEIM, Jr., OFFICE in Cumberland street, Lebanon, Pa., in the rooms lately occupied by LEVI KLINE, Esq., deceased. [June 28, 1865.

JOHN P. BOWMAN,

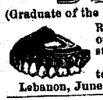


Surgeon Dentist

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

Dr. S. H. GUILFORD, DENTIST.

(Graduate of the Penn'a College of Dental Surgery.)



ROOMS—in C. Henry's new building, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Cumberland street, Lebanon, Pa.
☞ Ether and chloro form administered when desired.
Lebanon, June 14, 1865.—tf.

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.

M. CAMPBELL, Attorney at Law. OFFICE, 2d Floor, under Funck's Hall, Cumberland St., Lebanon, Pa.
¶ Will also attend promptly to the collection of all War Claims.
¶ References—Gov. A. G. CURTIN, Harrisburg, Pa.; R. E. WRIGHT, State Reporter, Allentown; M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attys., Bellefonte, Pa.; BLAIR & DEAN, Attys. Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Lebanon, June 21, 1865.—1y*.

JOHN RENSON, 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.

GRANT WEIDMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE, in Cumbberland 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.

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.

REMOVAL.

S. T. McADAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. HAS REMOVED his office to Market Street, one door South of the American House, better known as Matthes' 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 15, 1865.—tf.

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 Landermilch'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.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Systems, new and reliable treatment. Also the BRIDAL CHAMBER, an Essay of Warning and Instruction, sent in sealed envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
June 21, 1865.

Wistar's Balsam OF WILD CHERRY.

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and every affection of

THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

So general has the use of this remedy become, and so popular is it everywhere, that it is unnecessary to recount its virtues. Its works ask for it, and find utterance in the abundant and voluntary testimony of the many who from long suffering and settled disease have by its use been restored to pristine vigor and health. We can present a mass of evidence in proof of our assertions, that

CANNOT BE DISCREDITED.

The Rev. Jacob Sechler, Well known and much respected among the German population in this country, makes the following statement for the benefit of the afflicted.

HANOVER, PA., Feb 16, 1859.

Dear Sirs:—Having realized in my family important benefits from the use of your valuable preparation—WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY—it affords me pleasure to recommend it to the public. Some eight years ago one of my daughters seemed to be in a decline, and little hopes of her recovery were entertained I then procured a bottle of your excellent Balsam, and before she had taken the whole of the contents of the bottle there was a great improvement in her health. I have in my individual case, made frequently use of your valuable medicine, and have always been benefited by it.

JACOB SECHLER.

From Jesse Smith, Esq., President of the Morris County Bank, Morristown, New-Jersey.

"Having used Dr WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for about fifteen years, and having realized its beneficial results in my family, it affords me great pleasure in recommending it to the public as a valuable remedy in cases of weak lungs, colds, coughs, &c, and a remedy which I consider to be entirely innocent, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate in health.

From Hon. John E. Smith, a Distinguished Lawyer in Westminster, Maryland.

I have on several occasions used Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for severe colds, and always with decided benefit. I know of no preparation that is more efficacious or more deserving of general use.

The Balsam has also been used with excellent effect by J. B. ELLIOTT, Merchant, Hall's Cross Roads, Md

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS," on the wrapper.

FOR SALE BY
J. P. DINSMORE, No. 491 Broadway, New York.
S. W. FOWLE & CO., Proprietors, Boston.
And by al Druggists.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

Forty Years' Experience

Has fully established the superiority of

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

Over all other healing preparations.

It cures all kinds of SORES, CUTS, SCALDS, BURNS, BOILS, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, STIES, PILES, CORNS, SORE LIPS, SORE EYES, &c. &c. REMOVING THE PAIN AT ONCE, AND REDUCING THE MOST ANGRY LOOKING SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATION AS IF BY MAGIC. 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.
June 22, 1864.—1y eow.

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, Whooping 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 Vanderelice of Pottsville, says, "I was benefited more by using the Phoenix Pectoral than any other medicine I ever used."

Elias Oberholtzer, 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 Tribune*, 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 o 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.

Signed, D. P. CROSBY.

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 Senekas' 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., Phoenixville, 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 it makes more money on it, but send at once to one of the Agents for it.

March 8, 1865.—6m.

Blanks for Bounty and Invalid Pension Claims just printed and for sale at the ADVERTISER Office.

Miscellaneous.

THE WRONG MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Are people to blame me for what is unavoidable? That is a question I should be remarkably happy to have solved to my own satisfaction and the satisfaction of others. Once I had no doubt on the subject; but now, judging from what has happened to me in the past few days, I must confess my opinion is somewhat shaken.

It was entirely foreign from my intention to create a sensation, or enact a deception, when I packed my carpet bag last week, and donned my best suit preparatory to setting forth on a visit to my Aunt Nabby Bleeker.

Aunt Nabby resides in the northeast corner of Maine, in a town which I will denominate Pineville.

I hope the reader will excuse me for alluding to my personal appearance. I have a military air, and perhaps my dress may be a little more martial than exactly befits a non resistant. But the ladies assure me that blue is becoming, and who will gainsay the ladies?

I have been strongly advised to enlist, but I am totally unfit for the service. The smell of gunpowder makes me faint, and I never fired a gun but once in my life, and I was confined to my bed for a fortnight afterward. Not exactly from the effects of the fright, but because the confounded fire arm resented my awkward handling, and kicked me so severely that my right eye was in mourning for months, and my nose was knocked out of the perpendicular into the slantindicular.

I arrived in Pineville rather late one Friday night, and as it was ten miles further on to my Arnt Nabby's rustic cottage—towns have some extent of territory in Maine—I put up at the Washington House—a one horse affair in the straggling village of Pineville.

I registered my name—P. Sheridan—on the hotel book. My christian name is Philometheus, but owing to the oddity of the title, and the ominous length, I rarely write it in full.

I got some supper, and retired immediately to my room. I had just fallen asleep, and was dreaming serenely of kissing Matty Baker, my sweetheart for the time, when I was aroused by a great commotion under my window.

"Out of—"We must—him!"

"Trot him out!" "Three cheers for the gallant Phil!" rent the air.

I concluded some great character had arrived in town, and in my anxiety to behold the curiosity with the rest, I forgot my yellow flannel night cap, and sparse toilet, and springing out of bed I threw up my window and leaned out.

Just as I had got my eyes fixed on the swaying crowd below, there was a rap at my door.

"Come in!" cried I fearing to answer personally to the summons lest I should miss my chance of seeing the celebrity.

The landlord and landlady came in but the lady retreated instantly, and remained giggling outside the door.

"Dear sir," said the landlord, "you must go down. They won't go off till they see ye."

"They? who are *they?*" asked I.

"The people around here," said he. "It haint often such an extinguished character comes here, and taint no use to try to put 'em off!"

"I'm obliged to them—much obliged to them," said I, "but really—"

"Taint no use," said he doggedly, "you must go down, or the Washington House will go down. The're sure to do it!"

"Oh, well," said I—"in that case I will go down, surely"—and I began to dress. In a hurry I knocked over the candle, and was obliged to complete my adornment in the dark. I got into my pantaloons with the hind part in front, but there was no time to remedy the error, as the vociferous calls of the landlord for me to hurry assured me.

I flew down the stairs two at a time—stepped on my cuopondore, went half way down, and was precipitated to the next floor, where I was brought up in the arms of a plump chambermaid, who was evidently waiting on purpose to catch me.

Before I could resist, she planted a sounding smack on my blonde moustache—and cried delightfully to her companions—

"There! I've kissed him first!"

I mentally rejoiced that Matty Baker was not present, and resolved that she should never know anything about it. Matty is red haired, and folks pretend to say that she has a temper.

I freed myself from my saluting female, and advanced to the door.

My appearance was greeted by yells and shouts, and cheers, perfectly deafening. Men, women and children to the number of several score, were congregated in front of the hotel, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and hurrahing.

"There he comes! that's him? three times three for the conquering Sheridan!"

"I'm obliged to you gentlemen and ladies—greatly obliged to you," said I modestly making my best bow.

"He comes!" cried the crowd swaying frantically about, and swinging their handkerchiefs more lustily.—And I, not wishing to be behind hand in the enthusiasim, pulled out, my handkerchiand swung, it crying at the top of lungs.

"Yes, he comes, he comes! Hurrah!"

"What martial air," exclaimed an ancient fele, surveying me through her glass "he resembles the Duke of Wellington."

"I won' if he's married?" said a red chee girl in a cloud of yellow curls and pink ringlets.

"No, darling," said I "but I want to."

"Such costume," said the ancient lady. "my blue, and such an original cut the—the—coverings of the lower omities."

"Lormassy!" exclaimed an old lady in poke bonnet, fixing her eyes on my penders which hung down in front to see his shoulder straps. "I've h our David tell a sight about m things."

"Yes, they look an amazing lot like erry gallerses!" whispered another, to whom the remark was addressed.

"Sir," said low faced gentleman advancing to side, "I wish to mention to something which I have heard s you. I deem it my duty as past the Pineville meeting house, to uke sin, always. I have heard marked that you are profane amo soldiers."

"I do not rehend you," said I.

"Ah, then ll be clearer. I have heard that yere addicted to the habit of usi profane language, and I beg leave resent to you this tract on the profanity, hoping you will per and profit by it.

"Thank y said I, "you mean well doubtle I must say I don't exactly see int."

"What is pinion of Sherman?" asked a bru ttle dandy, swinging his ratta removing his cigar from his mo ng enough to propound the qu.

"Sherman ump!" said I with enthusiasm.

"Ah, me, my tract distributing friend, ys cards as well as swears."

"What doink of the negro race?" ask ark complexioned man.

"I think mell stronger than the deuce," I, beginning to lose my patience

"Merciful!" exclaimed the sallow-faced he is pro-slavery."

"Sir," sai landlord—who had been in ear versation with a half dozen r the last five minuses—"the omen folks won't be satisfied t kissing of ye!—They want t said that they've kissed Sher

"Law od, st he is," said one of my fo friends. "He's as red as key gobbler."

Thot of being kissed by some pretty girls was decidedly ab—I felt delicious over it—bu vinegar visaged old wome rank from the ordeal. But I rally a gallant man, and re that I could wash my face ally—I consented.

"Co come all!" said I.

They. They flung their arms my neck, and surrounded mery hand. I felt like a pickle. I smel musk, onions, y, snuff, jockey club, hard ogne, doughnuts, boiled mutton mon, mustard seed, cardamo and every other odor under.

Kis grand invention, but there choice in it I think.

At had all kissed me but one was standing a little apart preparations. I noticed her mighty trembling. She was an ogre, and the look of dogg nination on her wizened fa ced me that I need hope from her mercy.

"I d taste anything, with, my te she exclaimed in an undo instantly out came a full set and she rushed toward grew giddy with the prospe turning I fled before he billows before a hurricane.

I ought for the figure I cut. Object was to get out of her through the entry—down back stairs, knocking over ttler and the cook who we ing together on the steps the yard, where I left the rt of my coat tails in the pos of a covetous dog—and ove into the open country. A time I could hear the steps pursuer close behind me.

"You ," cried she, "but I'll catch ye n't be said all the wimmen ville kissed General Sheridan I'll do it or die."

Good ! so I had been taken fo al Sheridan. No wonder th had turned out *en masse* t me.

And sti d on. The snow was deep very nearly blown and I sunk and deeper at every step. friend gained on me and jus ll headlong into a concealed , she grasped me by the co d before I could clear mys had done the deed!

She had c. The landlord had followe hind and I offered him ten to get me to my aunt Nabby ight.

He accep ribe, and just before day-bre k at the feet of my respecte e.

I laid abe eck afterward—too much d to stir, but I saw a copy Pineville Eagle and in it the paragraph:

"GROSS I .—A low-lived wretch passing himself off as General Phil Sheridan, arrived in our village, and put up at the Washington House on Friday evening. There was quite a demonstration among our citizens before the imposter was discovered.—The bogus general has gone to parts unknown. It is supposed he was some drunken lunatic, from his conduct."

I make no comments, but judge my sensations.

A GHOST STORY.

To those who read this story, I would say, that however badly told it may be, it is the *truth*; a simple statement of facts, unaided by fancy or imagination. I was never calmer, more collected, or wider awake in my life than when the occurrence I am about to relate took place; and although it terrified and appalled me, I fancy that it would have produced that effect upon persons with stronger nerves than mine. A few words by way of explanation will be necessary.

Previous to my marriage, which took place nearly three years ago, I was much annoyed by the persistent attentions of Robert Lisle. He was a violent, self-willed, headstrong boy, whose many good and generous qualities were obscured by ungovernable passions. The only child of a rich widower, he had been indulged until any opposition to his wishes made him perfectly furious. Had I accepted his suite, he would most probably have tired of me; but my rejection and the knowledge that I was betrothed to another, enraged him, and made him more determined in his purpose. I was poor, and therefore his father had not approved of the match, although he would have consented to it, to please his son; but although mortified, he was scarcely rejoiced at my refusal, and, exerting his authority for once, finally succeeded in sending Robert away, greatly to my relief.

Not long afterward I was married and, with my husband, went on a visit to his relatives, who resided at some distance. We were gone three months.

On my return, one of the first persons whom I recognized was Robert Lisle. He was reeling down the street, intoxicated and half senseless, in the uniform of a private soldier.—He had returned home a few days previous to my return, and, hearing of my marriage, in a fit of rage and intoxication he had enlisted. He had been intoxicated ever since resisting him to reason. With characteristic obstinacy, he persisted the more strongly in his purpose the more he was opposed to it, and the utmost his father could do, was to obtain a lieutenancy for him and let him go to war.

He went, leaving the poor old man nearly broken hearted. For myself, I was both glad and grieved at his departure; glad to be relieved from his presence, for I dreaded him, and grieved to have been the cause of so much trouble.

A year passed away; a year of quiet, uneventful happiness to me; of what terrible suspense, agony and dispair to thousands of others, let those tell whose homes and hearts have been left desolate by this horrible war. At the end of the year a change came, a great joy and a great sorrow. My baby, my precious little comforter, was born; and a few weeks afterwards my husband, a young surgeon struggling upwards in his profession, received a highly advantageous offer from the military authorities, which he felt that he had no right to decline, although it involved our separation for a time, as he could not take me with him. So that when I had entirely recovered my strength, he went away, and I was left alone with my baby and my sorrow. It is true he was in no actual danger, but it was our first separation, and it was hard to bear. I did not go home, although he proposed it, thinking I should feel less lonely. I preferred to remain in the little cottage on the outskirts of the town, which we had occupied since our marriage.

Some time after my husband's departure, Robert Lisle came home on a furlough, his first visit home since his enlistment. He was much changed. The stern discipline of a soldier's life seemed to have tamed even his wild spirit. He was quiet in manner, never drank, and indeed, seemed so steady in every respect, that his father's delight was equalled by his sorrow at losing him again so soon.—He made no attempt to renew his acquaintance with me, further than by a quiet bow when we met, as we did, once or twice, in the street. He was a captain, having been promoted, it is but just to say, for his gallant conduct in some engagement, and not from any influence of his friends.—He remained at home but a few weeks, and then rejoined his regiment, somewhere in Virginia.

And now comes a part of my story which, were it not broad noonday, and people passing my window, I fear I should not have nerve enough to write for the recollection of it sickens me with terror.

It was the night of the ninth of August. Robert Lisle had been gone some weeks, and I had entirely forgotten him; at least the thought of him never once crossed my mind on that evening. I had put my baby to sleep, and laid her on the bed; and then, not being sleepy myself, I went back into the sitting-room, and sat down in the moonlight by the open window. I sat there until I was startled from my reverie by hearing the town clock strike ten. I arose, lowered and fastened the window, and taking a lamp went through the house to see if all the doors and windows were properly fastened, as had been my habit ever since my husband's departure. There was no danger, I suppose, but as there was only myself and a servant girl in the house, it was more satisfactory to know that everything is secure.—Having completed my survey, I returned to the sitting room and fastened the door of that, which led into the hall; then I went into the bedroom and placed the lamp on a small table by the bed. I had commenced to undress, by loosening and combing out my hair, when the thought struck me that I had not wound up a clock which stood on the mantel in the sitting-room, and I returned for the purpose of doing so. As I passed through the door a cold shudder ran over me, and I was seized with vague terror, which I was angry with myself for feeling. I went to the mantel and began to wind up the clock, when the cold shudder shook me again so strongly that the key of the clock dropped from my hand. Involuntarily I looked backward, over my shoulder, and there, great God! between me and the open door, the light of the lamp streaming full upon me, stood Robert Lisle! Even in the moment of wild terror my mind seemed to grasp, how, I know not, every detail of his appearance. He wore a dark blue uniform coat, much soiled and disordered. His head was bare his hair looked as if blown back by the wind. His face was ghastly pale, and seemed to wear a look of mingled rage and defiance. He did not move, and, for an instant, I did not stir from my place; I stood perfectly paralized. Then, shrieking, wildly for help, I sprang to the door, which I sought with frantic haste to unfasten. Doing this, I cast a terrified glance backwards, and, to my utter astonishment, perceived that he was gone. I thought of my child, and, seized with a new fear, rushed wildly into the bedroom. Lisle was not there; nothing was disturbed. My baby was awake, however, awakened by my screams, probably. The sight of her innocent face seemed to give me courage. Catching her up, and hastily wrapping her in a shawl, I fled from the house as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me. My mother lived not far away, and fortunately I reached her house without meeting any one. My knocks soon brought her to the door, terrified then, and glad to see me. I told my story, but when I told my story, she laughed at me, and declared that I had been dreaming; a theory in which she persisted, in spite of all that I could say to the contrary.

Now, although I knew I had not dreamed it, I never doubted but that it was the living Robert Lisle that I had seen, until, about ten days later, a letter from my husband filled me with a new horror, and my mother with dismay. I give the part relating to my story in his own words.—"I am sorry to say that Robert Lisle is killed. He was not killed in action, but after the battle, through his own recklessness and want of self-control. You have probably read in the papers how dreadfully our men, especially Crawford's Brigade to which he belonged, were cut up and scattered. After the last charge of that gallant and ill-fated brigade, perceiving that the rout was hopeless, Lisle and about 15 of his company, who were all that remained together, took refuge in a a patch of wood, intending to wait a favorable moment to join Pope's division, which was momentarily expected on the field. This they found it impossible to do, and but that the night had closed in, would inevitably have been taken prisoners. As it was, they kept hidded in the woods, listening to the gradually increasing sounds of the battle, which ceased at last, but left them no better chance of escape for numerous parties of the enemy were moving about the field between them and our lines. At length, about ten o'clock, Robert's impatience could no longer be restrained, and calling to his men to follow him he made a dash across the open space towards our lines, the camp fires of which they could see in the distance.—There was a clear brilliant moonlight and they had not gone far when they were seen by a mounted party of rebels, who dashed after them, calling upon them to surrender. The rest would have done so, for it was folly to resist, but Robert's blood was up, and for reply, he turned and discharged his pistol at the leader. The next moment he fell, shot dead. The rest of the men were taken prisoners excepting two, who contrived to make their escape in the confusion. I have these particulars from them."

This battle was fought on the 9th of August, shortly after ten o'clock Robert was killed. I leave the reader to make such explanation as he or she pleases. For myself, if I did not *know* that it was no dream, I would most gladly persuade myself that it was one.

A class was reciting a lesson on metaphysics—the chapter on *motives* operating on the humane will—when a mackeral vender went by shouting, "Mackrel, fine fresh mackrel!" Suddenly, disturbed by the noise, the master inquired of the class what motives the man had for making such a noise. No answer being made, he said-they must be deaf as *had docks* and flat as *flounders*, not to perceive that it was a *sell-fish* motive.

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A LONG GRACE AT BREAKFAST

Edward Irving sometimes taxed the patience of his host and a large company of invited guests, by consuming fifteen or twenty minutes in invoking the Divine blessing. By the time he ended, the devotional frames of the company were as cold as the dishes on the table. But their sufferings were light, compared with those of a circle of Scotch ministers, from the Synod of Cleishmaclaver, on their way to the General Assembly of the Scotch Kirk. They were well punished for their forgetfulness. A humorous contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, tells the story in a recent number.

The brethren had started by coach at an early hour, and had traveled some twenty miles before they reached the inn where breakfast was prepared for them. The keen air of our northern hills sharpens the appetite; and when the brethren drove up to the inn, they were almost famished with hunger. "Now, gentlemen, just ten minutes for breakfast," says the coachman, as he entered the landlady's snug little parlor, to have his own. Ten minutes. The time was short, so they must make the most of it. They rushed into the room where the breakfast was spread, and there, basking his ample person before the fire stood a portly dressed gentleman, dressed somewhat like a dignitary of the Church of England. Their appetite was keener than their curiosity, so they scarcely looked at the stranger, but concentrated all their attention on the viands.

Half way in the air, before the morsel had reached their lips, their hands were arrested by a sudden cry of "stop!" It was the supposed dean or bishop. "Good heavens, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "have you so far forgotten your sacred profession, as to partake of food without invoking a blessing?" The brethren looked like school-boys detected in some flagrant fault; but before they had time to remonstrate or explain, the same voice exclaimed, in a tone which enforced obedience, "let us pray."—They instinctively sprang to their feet, and assumed the attitude of decorous devotion while the stranger offered up a prayer which they themselves admitted was superior in action and expression, to those of Dr. Drawitout himself. He had only one fault; he did not know when to stop. The minutes rolled rapidly away, but the stream of fervent supplication flowed on without a break. They had a terrible struggle, the brethren with the other; but when a hand approached it drew back before the stern glance of the stranger, which seemed to comprehend them all.

The sufferings of Tantalus were nothing to the sufferings of the reputation, from the Synod of Cleishmaclaver; but all things must come to an end. "Time is up, gentlemen," said the coachman, opening the door, and wiping his mouth with the air of one who had enjoyed his breakfast.—The appearance of the coachman, and the sound of his familiar voice, broke the spell; but there was no time to be lost. The horses were shaking their heads and pawing the ground, in their impatience to start; so they had to take their seats, and turn breakfast and dinner into one.—"Was that the Bishop of D——?" said one of the famished brethren.—"That the Bishop of D——?" said the coachman, contemptuously; "why that was Lord P., the maddest wag in the kingdom." The brethren said nothing, but "chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," until they reached the next halting-place, where they got something more substantial to chew. Somehow the story oozed out and the trick played on the members of Cleishmaclaver called forth many a hearty laugh at the Lord High Commissioner's levees, and seriously affected the gravity of the Moderator himself.

DRESSING UP J. DAVIS.

Never was mortal so dressed up as Jefferson Davis has been by the despatches and letters announcing his capture. The accounts vary materially. But never mind. Here they are, in brief:

1. Davis was captured while running towards the woods dressed in his wife's gown and petticoats, and calf-skin boots—a revolver in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. (His wife being a little woman, and Jeff. being rather tall, her dress would not have fitted him well. But no matter; the story is just as good.)

2. He was caught with his family in a tent, asleep.

3. His tent was surrounded, when his wife asked for protection till she could dress. This was granted.—She then came out with Jeff. dressed in petticoats and wrapper or lady's frock, with a hood upon his head and a pail upon his arm—his wife saying, "please, gentlemen, let my old grandmother pass—she wants to go to the spring for some water." A soldier, lifting the hood and catching hold of Davis's whiskers, said "how are you, grandma?" and added, "this is Jeff. Davis."

As you pay your money you take your choice.—*Hartford Times.*

☞ Presentations are getting common. The captain of a canal boat out West, has just been presented with a service—of five years in the penitentiary, in consideration of the distinguished ability with which he plundered a passenger and then kicked him overboard.