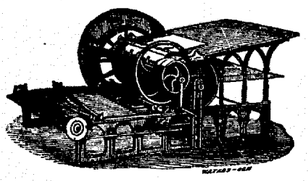
Lebanon Advertiser
STEAM
JOB PRINTING OFFICE.



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 ¼ column " " | | | | | 30.00 |
| For ½ 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 for 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.


## Professional Notices.


**WM. M. DERR,**
**Attorney-at-Law.**
OFFICE near the North West Corner of Market Street and the Lebanon Valley Railroad.
Lebanon, August 2, 1865.

*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.

**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*.

***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 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.

**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.

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.

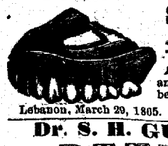
REMOVAL.
**S. T. McADAM,**
**ATTORNEY AT LAW.**
HAS REMOVED his office to Market Street, one door South of the American House, better known as Matthes' Hotel.
Lebanon, April 12, 1865.

**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.

**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.)

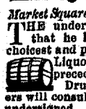
ROOMS—in C. Henry's new building, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Cumberland street, Lebanon, Pa.
☞ Ether and chloroform administered when desired.
Lebanon, June 14, 1865.—tf.

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

***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.

***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.



# Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 17—NO. 9. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1865. WHOLE NO. 843



NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY CHEAP
**DRY GOODS**
AT
**GOODYEAR & DIFFENBACH'S**
**Cheap Cash Store,**
IN
*(RABER'S BLOCK,)*
*Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa.*

CALL and see the largest and best selected stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, and at the lowest price. Cheaper than the cheapest, so cheap as to astonish the world. Call and see for yourselves.

All Shades of 6-4 all wool delains,
do 3-4 all wool delains,
do 5-4 all wool shepard plaids,
do 5-4 silk poplins,
do 5-4 paul de chevris,
do 5-4 mohairs,
do 5-4 alpaccs,
do 5-4 Manchester delains,
do 5-4 Pacific delains,
do 3-4 Lancaster delains,
Dress goods of all descriptions.
Ladies' coats, circulars and basques,
do fancy and black silks.
A full line calico at all prices.
do bleached muslin, at all prices,
do unbleached do do
Best assortment of Thibets, Broachs, and all kind of Summer shades.
All kinds and prices ofTicking, Tannels, Balmorals Hosiery, Hoop Skirts, Umbrellas, &c., &c.

**Gentlemen Wear.**

A full line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATTINETS, VESTINGS, Jeans, Cottonades, all prices and very cheap.
Best Stock of MOURNING GOODS in the country, as we pay particular attention to this Department.

6-4 Black all wool delaines, very cheap.
3-4 do do do do
5-4 do canton cloth do
5-4 do Persian cloth do
5-4 do alpacca do
5-4 do bombazines do
do crape veils do
do zone veils do
hosiery, gloves, &c., do

**Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Molassas,**
Spices, &c., all at LOW PRICES.
☞ Call one and all, and look through our Large and well Selected Stock of Goods, and get the prices, as it is no trouble to show Goods. Our Motto is
*"Small Profits, and Quick Sales, and Good Value."*
GOODYEAR & DIFFENBACH.
Lebanon, May 3, 1865.

**FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT,**
KNOWN AS
**"COLD SPRING,"**
IS NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION AND accommodation of guests.
Improvements have been made recently to the
**Cold Spring House,**
which, added to the naturally beautiful scenery surrounding it, renders it one of the pleasantest places in the country.
Those desiring relief from the oppressive heat incident to cities and towns will profit by a visit to this resort.
**THIS DELIGHTFUL WATERING PLACE**
Is pleasantly located on the line of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna railroad, 26 miles northeast of Harrisburg.
The wagon roads leading to the "Spring" are in excellent condition. C. RODEARMEL,
June 7, 1865-1m*. Harrisburg, Box 170.

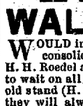
**Shaw & Clark's**
**IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.**
**USEFUL IN EVERY FAMILY!**
LADIES TAKE NOTICE!!
PATENTED IN THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY.
FOR durability and convenience they cannot be equalled, and the style of finish make them a beautiful Ornament for the Sitting room or Parlor.

| | |
|---|---|
| Large Machines, Gold Leaf Finish | $25 00 |
| Small Machines, do | 20 00 |
| Table and Treadle, Walnut Top, extra | 10 00 |
| Hemmer, No. 5 | 3 00 |
| Hemmer, No. 6 | 1 50 |
| Extra Needles, each | 10 |

These machines can be used with or without a stand, work equally well with the hand as with the foot, and are not liable to get out of order.
☞ *Our terms are Cash on Delivery of Machines.*
EDWARD F. LENNERT, Sub Agent.
Sample machines can be seen, orders left, and punctually attended to at the Agency in Plank Road Street, next door North of Moravian Church.
Orders by mail must contain one red stamp for return postage. Rev. WM. L. LENNERT,
Lebanon, July 19, 1865.—3m Authorized Agent.

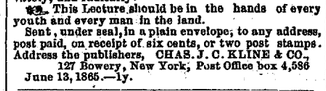
**BOOKS & STATIONERY**
**A NEW FIRM.**
**WALTZ & HOUCK**
WOULD inform the Public, that having bought and consolidated the Book and Stationery Stores of H. H. Roedel and George Waltz, they are now prepared to wait on all who will favor them with a call, at the old stand (H. H. Roedel's) in Cumberland street, where they will always have on hand a large and well selected supply of School, Blank and Sunday School Books, and as an inducement they offer their Miscellaneous books at greatly reduced prices.
The New York and Philadelphia Daily and Weekly Papers, and Magazines, can be had and subscribed for, on reasonable terms, by calling at their store.
Anything wanting in their line will be cheerfully attended to with promptness and dispatch
Lebanon, May 4, 1864.

**Manhood:**
**HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.**
JUST published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure, (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea, or seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.



☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.
The celebrated author in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address the publishers, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office box 4,586
June 13, 1865.—1y.

**A. Steigerwalt's**
**CABNEIT WARE ROOMS AND CHAIR MANUFACTORY.**
Lately occupied by OWEN LAUBACH,
*Market street, 3d door north of the L. Valley Railroad*
LEBANON, PA.
Largest Manufactory and Best Assortment of Furniture and Chairs in the County



THE undersigned would most respectfully ask the public to bear in mind that he has still on hand at his Rooms the cheapest, largest and best assortment of the most fashionable and handsome stock of FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.
Persons in need of anything in his line, would best call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. He warrants all his stock to be of a superior quality to any in the market in the county, as it is all of his own make. Prices will also be lower than at any other place, either in the borough or county of Lebanon.
He will also have on hand an extensive assortment of Cushioned Spring, Cane Bottomed and WINDSOR CHAIRS.
All orders promptly attended to, and specdily executed, at the very lowest prices.
All persons purchasing Furniture from him will be accommodated by having it delivered to them to any part of the county, *Free of Charge*, and without the least injury, as he has procured one of the best *Cushioned Furniture Wagons*, especially for that purpose.
☞ READY MADE COFFINS will be kept on hand and COFFINS will be made to order at short notice and FUNERALS attended.
April 17, 1865.

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—5t.

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


## Choice Poetry.

### I WAIT FOR THEE.

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea:
The cloth is spread—the lamp is bright,
The white cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done,
The clock ticks listeningly,
The blinds are shut—the curtains drawn,
The warm chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come, come, love, home, his deep, fond eye
Looks around him wistfully,
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome step was nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome voice,
And turns his glance on mine,
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain,
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here,
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast
That well known step doth come,
The bolt is drawn the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last,
A thousand welcomes home!

## Miscellaneous.

### FORTUNE'S CASTLE.

Two men—one industrious, the other lazy—went one morning together into the country. Suddenly they saw before them a splendid castle, built on the side of a mountain, a long way off; it glistened in the sun, so that it was a pleasure to look at it.

"Let us go there," the industrious one said.

"I wish we were there already," the lazy one remarked.

"You can do so this day," a clear voice was saying behind them, "for you are a couple of active young fellows.

On looking round to see whence the voice came they perceived a handsome lady, standing on a globe, which rolled rapidly past them in the direction of the castle.

"She is well off," said Lazy; "she does not need to stir a step, and yet moves onward," and with these words he sat down on the grass. Industrious, however, lost no time in reflection; he rose after the lady, caught hold of her wide mantle, and said, "Who art thou?"

"I am Fortune," the lady replied, "and that castle is mine. Follow me! and if you arrive there before midnight, I will receive you kindly; but if you arrive only a second after midnight, my house will be closed against you."

With these words she drew her cloak from the young man's grasp, and rolled along at such speed that she was soon lost to sight. Industrious returned to his comrade, told him what had happened, and said, "I am off.—Will you come with me?"

The other replied, "What! are you mad? Yes, I would, if I had a horse to carry me."

"Good by!" his friend said, and commenced his journey.

Lazy thought to himself, "Walk away old boy; chance is often favorable to a man in his sleep, on his back," and looked, though somewhat wistfully, at the glittering castle.

All at once he felt something snuffling round his ear, and on slowly turning round he saw a splendid white horse shaking its mane and neighing with delight as it inhaled the fresh morning breeze.

"Did I not say so?" the man thought; there is nothing like trusting to luck. Come here, my horse, we will be good friends."

With these words he leaped into the saddle, the horse shot off like the wind. He soon caught up with his companion, whom he laughed at for using shank's mare. But Industrious would not let himself be put out, but walked actively and surely along his road. On a woody eminence the horse came to a sudden halt at midday. "That is right," his rider said, "you are a sensible animal. Slow and sure—that is true wisdom. The castle won't run away from us, but our appetite may if we go too long without food."

Then he dismounted, looked out a soft, shady spot near a stone, lay down on the moss, stemmed his feet against a tree, and enjoyed his dinner; for fortunately he had sausage in his pocket and a draught left in his wicker bottle. And when his stomach was full; and sleep overcame him at full length, he fell off to sleep.

What a sleep it was! he had never had such beautiful dreams! he fancied that he was already in the castle, reclining on silken pillows, and everything he wished for was brought him without his having occasion to move a finger. At last he fancied a band was playing a well-known air—and on that he woke up.

He rubbed his eyes, and saw that the sun was fast sinking behind the castle, and threw its parting beams in his face. But upon the valley before him echoed the voice of his comrade, who was singing the tune which had just sounded in his ears. "Goodness! gracious!" Lazy said, "it is time to be starting. But where's my horse?"

Not a horse was to be seen for miles around, but an old gray donkey was grazing on the side of the hill.—He shouted, he enticed, he whistled, but it was of no use, the horse strayed away, and the donkey would not come. So he was at last obliged to walk to the donkey and mount it.

The donkey made no objection, but trotted on with him, though of course Lazy did not like it so well as the horse which had gone so quickly, and had been far more agreeable to ride.

It soon began to grow dark, and heavy clouds collected. The lights too, were flaming in the castle, as could be clearly seen. Then Lazy's troubles began. The donkey crawled on more slowly than ever, and all at once came to a dead halt in the midst of a pitchy dark forest. No kindness no patting, no tugging at the rein availed; and when the donkey's master began using his fists and heels, the animal made a short job of it; head down and back up, and my rider lay full length on the hard ground.

It was anything but a silken pillow, especially for a man whose arms and legs ached from the incessant use.—And before him glistened the windows of the castle, as if inviting him in. What splendid beds there must be there!

This thought alone restored to the shaken man sufficient strength to get up. But what was he to do now—walk? That was impossible, for he could hardly stand—all his limbs ached so. Perhaps his gallant gray had thought better of it in the interval. For more than a quarter of an hour he wandered among the trees; here his head ran against a stump, there his face was torn by the thorns or he stumbled over roots and stones but the very thing he could not find was the donkey. Still he could not think of lying down again, for every now and then a howling echoed through the forest, as if of hungry wolves.

At once he stumbled on something soft; it was not his donkey, still he felt something like a saddle. He was just going to swing himself into it, when he noticed that he was going to mount a cold, clammy animal.—He shuddered, but at this moment a clock struck in the distance. It was high time to be off; he could reach the castle in an hour, so he leaped into the saddle.

It was not at all a bad seat, for it was very soft, and at the back was a tall support. The new animal also moved very surely, though even slower than the last. But for all that he dragged gradually nearer the castle, and was enabled to count the illuminated windows, when the moon emerged from the clouds and shone down brightly upon him.

Oh, wonder! what did he see then! The animal on which he was riding was neither horse nor donkey, but a gigantic snail, as large as a calf, and its shell had served as a support to his back. It was only natural that it could not get along more rapidly.—An icy shudder came over him, but it was of no use after all; he was only too glad to reach his journey's end in any way. At this moment the distant clock struck the first stroke of twelve, which announced with long intervals the midnight hour. At the same moment the snail emerged from the forest, and the splendid fairy-like palace of Fortune was close before him. Hitherto, Lazy had not moved a limb, but now he pressed his heels into the soft clammy sides of his steed. Not being used to such treatment it drew back into its shell, and let its rider slide down on the ground.

The clock sounded the second stroke!—Had Lazy but trusted to his feet he might have reached his destination ere the last sound had died away. But no; he stood there and exclaimed, in a pitiful voice, "An animal—an animal, no matter of what sort, to carry me to the castle!"

In the meanwhile nearly all the lights in the castle had been put out; the moon was once more hidden behind the clouds and all was dark.

The clock sounded the third stroke; then he heard something rustling by his side, which looked in the obscurity like a horse arrayed in armor, and it stood by his side. "That must be my horse," Lazy shouted; "it has been sent me at the right moment!" As quickly as he could he sprang on the animal's back; he had only a small hill yet to surmount, he could see the castle gates still open, and in the gateway stood his comrade, waving his hat to him in triumph.

Just as the fourth stroke sounded, the beast on which he was mounted began to move; at the fifth it went forward; at the sixth it stood still; at the seventh it began going backwards. In vain he attempted to throw himself off. In a transient ray of moonlight his caparisoned steed seemed to him a frightful monster with ten legs, while on the other side a tremendous pair of pincers held his arms securely. He shrieked for help—in vain!—every minute he got further from the castle, every minute the decisive moment drew nearer. The clock struck for the last time; he heard the gates banged to; he was eternally shut out of the castle of Fortune; and on regarding more closely the monster which had bore him backwards, lo! it was an enormous crab.

I cannot say what place he reached on this steed; nobody paid any further attention to him. His comrade however, was most kindly received by the lady of the castle, and magnificently entertained; she was also of service to him through life, and enabled him to do good to his fellow men and support those who were in want.

☞ What is the difference between a bedbug and a man sleeping with snakes under his bed? One creeps over the sleepers, and the other sleeps over the creepers.

### WOLVES IN BENGAL.

A STORY OF THEM.

When I was a very little boy, I was exceedingly partial to stories about wolves. "Now, mamma, a story!" was the coaxing request as we drew round the winter fire. "A story: well, let me see, what shall it be about? What was it about last night—oh, wolves, was it not?—What shall I tell you about this time? "Wolves, mamma!" was almost the invariable answer. Wolves and shipwrecks, shipwrecks and wolves, of these two subjects we could never hear enough. I wonder how my dear mother collected a sufficiency of facts about wolves, or if she now remembers the stories she used to relate. I know I entertained a very wholesome dread of wolves for many years of my early life; and a more intimate acquaintance with those creatures in after years has not tended to lessen my dislike to them. Stories about wolves may interest grown up people as well as children. They are, most undoubtedly, creatures of whom very many extraordinary stories may be told, and nothing that is told of them will astonish those who have had much opportunity of observing their habits.

In India no one concerns himself very much about wolves. There is a reward for killing them, which varies in amount in different districts. In the central provinces I think the reward is five rupees, the reward for a tiger being one hundred rupees—it was only fifty, but has been recently raised. In the Allahabad district the reward for a wolf is three rupees, for a tiger twenty-five. There are very few tigers in this district. The wolves are tolerably numerous in some parts of the Zillah, but I do not hear of their doing much serious mischief.

About Chunar, the government reward for a wolf is, I think, for a male, five rupees and a half, for a female, six rupees, and the cattle owners of the village, in which the creature is killed, generally give the shikarie another rupee. The rajah of Benares allows his woodmen to kill wolves, leopards, bears and hyenas, but must not kill a tiger. The rajah reserves these beasts for his own shooting. I remember in 1855, when railway works were in progress between Mirzapoor and Allahabad, during the hot weather, when the natives sleep out of doors, many children were crrried off by wolves, especially about the village of Uckowria. I don't think any of these wolves were destroyed at that time. They used to seize the children as they slept by their mother's sides, and dash off with them into the hill where it was impossible to follow them at night. Near this place I was once in camp, under the Lanitarium hill at Utsboojah, when a wolf seized a sheep which was tied by a stout cord to a tent peg close to where I was sitting; the wolf tore the peg up and bolted off with the sheep, cord and peg, and got away before I could seize a gun. This was at dusk. During the last two seasons the wolves have destroyed very many people in the vicinity of the railway between Allababad and Jubbulpoor.

They do not seem to be so dangerous near Allahabad as they are about sixty miles north of Jubbulpoor, near Moorwarra, on the Deccan road. I am afraid to say how many children, women, and even men have been killed within ten miles of this place during the last twelve months. Mr. Olpherts, the resident engineer, who lives at Moorwarra, tells me that he has heard of upwards of twenty-five deaths from wolves alone. They go about singly or in pairs, not in packs. Their mode of attack will be best illustrated by one or two instances which have come under our immediate notice. In the month of September last, some coolies, men and women, were at work breaking up stones, about three hundred yards from Mr. Olphert's house. Word was brought to that gentleman that a wolf had just killed a man and partly eaten him. Upon proceeding to the spot, it appeared that one of the men had left his gang and retired to a slight hollow in the ground, about fifty yards from where the work was in progress. The wolf had probably been watching the people for some time, and on seeing this man leave the gang had stopped him, and seized him by the throat.—The man could not cry out, and he must have struggled a good deal.—At all events the wolf killed him, and devoured the flesh of both thighs and the lower part of the stomach.—When the coolies became aware of the wolf's proceedings they rushed up, pelted him with stone, and shouted. The wolf showed his teeth and continued his horrid meal. When he had satisfied his hunger he cantered off; and then, not till then, did the stupid coolies run up to call the sahib. The wolf had gone into some low scrub jungle, which was beaten at once: but he slipped away without offering a chance of a shot at him.—Shortly afterwards a well grown coolie woman was killed in the immediate neighborhood.

Eventually Mr. Olpherts has succeeded in killing one of the wolves. He determined to give the brutes no rest, and follows or searches for them whenever he has leisure. But they are wary, indeed, and the open plains which they principally frequent, are of great area. As soon as the wolves are alarmed they gallop off miles.—At the village of Kundwarra a little girl was seized, only the other day, close to the houses, and very seriously bitten on the throat and thighs.—She was, however, rescued before the wolf had time to destroy her. Poison does not seem to be effective. Indeed, the head men of the village say the wolves now will not touch sheep or goats, but live on human beings. If you suggest traps, pitfalls, or other expedients, the villagers shrug their shoulders, and say they do not understand these contrivances, and what can they do? They make an offering to Davee, and beyond doing that they are helpless. This is not the case everywhere. In some districts the people are sharp enough at trapping.

Mr. Olpherts has tried many devices to get within shot, such as dressing himself up as a woman, and other well know stalking tricks, but we think that the greatest chance is to go alone and openly. The wolves regard two persons together as a warning to be off; they certainly do not move out of one man's way. We noticed this particularly the other evening. We had been the whole day out, visiting villages where the wolves had done most mischief, returning home just at sunset. As we were passing through a bit of scrub close to a village where an old woman had told us she often seen the wolves when she was picking wild berries, and where a little herd girl had been killed a few days before, I caught the glimpse of an old wolf's outline in the bushes; out came the binoculars, and sure enough there they were, two wolves lying down in an open patch of the shrub. We went on a little way so as to escape notice, and then dismounted from the elephant, we walked towards the spot where we had seen the creatures, each of us with a double rifle and about fifty yards apart. I saw the wolves before they saw me. The large one was sitting down as a dog would do when gnawing a bone, facing the breeze; the smaller wolf was about ten paces behind the larger one, in the same attitude. They were in the direct tract of the cattle and goats going to and fro to the pasture grounds, and quite ready to seize any single person who might come unexpectedly upon them. The larger wolf saw my friend; and he was alone, the beast crouched down flat, pressing its snout between its paws, and watching him most carefully. The other wolf saw me; and finding that, as I sat, I should probably notice it in time to avoid being caught, it quietly got up and hid behind a bush. I crouched and crept along, contrary to my usual habit when stalking, as I am rather stout, and I find creeping does not conduce to accuracy of aim. When the smaller wolf had hidden himself, he drew his comrade's attention to me. This was enough for No. 2, who was already aware of my companion's presence, and he was off with a bound—my rifle ball, I fear, just overtook his back. Only one wolf bolted, but I did not hear the "thud," and so concluded I missed him. I had, however, an excellent opportunity of watching the tactics of the villains, and I shall benefit by my experience.

When alone the other day, Mr. Olpherts succeeded in getting a wolf to stalk him, which is evidently the better course to adopt. The wolf crept forward and crouched behind a bush, eyeing the man most watchfully; but, unfortunately, master wolf was at the wrong end of the gun, and a bullet through his shoulder put a stop to his man eating forever. I induced a wolf to do the very same to me early in December last. I was riding on a camel to camp, my man behind me, with a light double rifle in his lap. I caught sight of a wolf in the long grass.—Pretending not to see the animal, I quietly walked the camel toward some bushes and slipped off, my man lying along on the camel's back so as to escape observation. I got into a little hullah, and the wolf crept towards me, nose in air. I let it come to about one hundred yards, and then put up my head. It stopped and sat down on its haunches; a lucky shot between the eyes stretched it at length, without a howl. Its mate jumped up, and got the second bullet somewhere in the loins; it fell but got up again, and away into the jungle.

When a shikarie or sharp native finds that he is an object of attention to one or more wolves, if he is unarmed he generally takes off puggrie, and waves it round his head as he would a club; this is sufficient to intimidate the cowardly brutes. The wolves which have been killing so many people are small gaunt creatures, not much heavier than a good English setter dog; they are all eyes, ears and teeth, and more crafty than the sharpest fox in Leicestershire.—They can hide anywhere, and have the most wonderful power of communicating their ideas to their fellow wolves.

My shikarie thinks we are shocking block-heads for taking any trouble about destroying the wolves—he utterly despises them; and as to the loss of life they cause, why, like a true Indoo, so long as he is not the victim it concers him not at all. "Get a goat, sahib," he says, "and tie it up at night and watch it; or else put it conveniently for a pitfall, and just pear the goat's ear, and rub a little pepper into the wound to make it cry out all night." He does not know what cruelty is—never heard of such a thing!

If a wolf kills a child that he cannot remove and cannot devour all alone, he will bury the remains, as a dog does a bone.

A wolf was just at the entrance of a native hut not long since at night. The man of the house was sleeping outside, the wife within the door.—He asked the woman to pass over to them their little child. The woman, half asleep, held out the child, which was taken from her hand—not by the father, but by the wolf. The child gave no cry until it was some little distance from the house. It was carried off, poor little thing, in spite of the shouts of its awakened parents.

The power of the wolf's jaw and cutting teeth must be very great, the pieces which it seems to snap out of the body on which it feeds are so large and cut so cleanly. If two wolves seize an unfortunate native, the first grip is always on the throat, springing from behind. This prevents any shouting. The second wolf at once attacks the stomach, at which he tears and rends in such a way as soon to destroy all chance of escape for the wretched victim.

Each large open plain hereabouts is inhabited by a pair of wolves, who certainly do more mischief than all the tigers, and are infinitely more troublesome to destroy. I hope, however, that perseverance may at last be rewarded with success, such as will considerably lessen the number of those hidious brutes.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*From the Philadelphia Press.*

### TO THE UNION MEN OF THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

A long and successful career in crime emboldens the guilty. A recent illustration of this law of human nature impels me to violate my life-long rule of conduct, and for once to notice a political slanderer. I do not, however, address you for the purpose of repelling his innuendoes or falsehoods. My life has been passed among you, and if its record, familiar to you all, does not repel them, I have lived in vain. My purpose is simply to pierce the mail of ill-gotten gold in which the slanderer has clothed himself, and give you a glimpse at the loathsome object it protects.

The papers of Friday announce that Simon Cameron, of Dauphin county, was serenaded by his friends on the preceding evening at the Girard House in this city, and availed himself of the occasion to villify my colleagues and myself, "the Congressmen of Philadelphia," in a speech to the assemblage.

I was but a youth when I first heard the name of Simon Cameron, and it was as the perpetrator of a great crime. He had been made the agent of the Government to carry a large amount, due them, to the Winnebago Indians, and had taken advantage of their ignorance and helplessness to enrich himself. Those of you who had then attained to manhood, though you may not, after the lapse of so many years, revive the burning indignation with which you regarded the infamous swindler of the poor Indians, will doubtless remember that instead of paying them the specie which the Government confided to him for that purpose, he retained it and gave them the notes of the Middletown Bank, of which he was an owner. At their encampment in the remote wilderness these notes were utterly worthless. The Indians could not use them for any purpose there, nor carry them to Middletown for redemption. But what was that to Simon Cameron? Was not their loss his gain, and was he not so much the richer by every note that failed to come home for redemption, though they did suffer and starve? And those of you who are not old enough it remember all this, now know why this bold, bad man is sometimes spoken of by your seniors as the "great Winnebago," and sometimes as "Old Kickapoo."

For more than thirty years I have watched the tortuous career of this man, and have never seen a reason to abandon my first impression of his character. Whether acting with the Democratic, the Know Nothing, or the Republican party—for he has in turn disgraced them all—he has never been false to his criminal instincts. He has endeavored to turn them all to profitable account. His ambition is sordid and panders to his avarice, and he measures honors by the perquisites they expose to his grasp. He has no confidence in the people, and is aware that they distrust him. His speech of Thursday evening was not characteristic of him, for he is prone to the use of instruments. His habit is to point the stiletto, but to employ another hand to drive it home. Though an active participant in the politics of his country and State for more than half a century, during which long period he has pursued the profits of office, of jobs, of contracts, with eager and ceaseless assiduity, he has never dared to permit his name to be presented to the people of his county or State as a candidate for an elective office. He crawls to the feet of the appointing power. He cares not who may be King, so that he may 'still be Vicar of Bray;' and to that end he chaffers with and corrupts weak and needy members of Conventions and the Legislature of both parties

I need not recite the disgraceful facts attending his several canvasses for the United States Senate. Their nauseous odor lingers in your nostrils to this hour. In the first he *bought* the votes of three Democratic members, and in the last bid twenty thousand dollars for the one vote which would have elected him. This last transaction was so flagrant that the Legislature was compelled to take cognizance of it, and, if justice be not lame as well as blind, the law and honor of our State will yet be vindicated.

The evil report of his deeds pervades the country as a reproach to our State. Yes, unhappily for Pennsylvania and her great interests, the buzzard-winged fame of Simon Cameron is national. By months of abject solicitation and corrupt bargaining he procures a mass of letters, certificates and recantations, that imposed him upon President Lincoln as the representative man of the Keystone State. That was an evil hour for Pennsylvania. You all remember how he organized the Navy Agency in this city, and feel the ineffable reproach he thus brought on our Navy Yard and commercial and other business men. In the course of his imprudent and ill-judged harangue he said: "In the olden time a member of Congress from Philadelphia would have had sufficient influence to have carried his point (the establishment of a Naval Station at League Island) without a dissenting voice." Is that the assertion of a sober man? and did he who made it forget that our Congressmen in the olden time in proposing to locate a Government workshop at Philadelphia, had not the terrible reputation of Simon Cameron, the Fagan of the Harrisburg lobby and ex-Secretary of War to contend with, and, therefore, had some chance for success? My colleagues and I were less happy than they in this respect.

As I have said, he begged and bargained for the influence which induced Mr. Lincoln to invite him to a seat in his Cabinet. It was now fondly hoped, by those who had not sounded the depths of his depravity, that, being old and rich, he would take advantage of so distinguished an opportunity to prove that he could be honest, and could administer a trust without turning it to his own profit, or handing the fund over to his creatures, to be used on joint account. How sadly these hopes were disappointed