

Job Printing:

Advertisement for job printing services, listing various items like pamphlets, checks, and business cards.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 11—NO. 5. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1859. WHOLE NO. 526.

Lebanon Advertiser.

Advertisement for the Lebanon Advertiser newspaper, detailing its publication schedule and subscription rates.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR RENT

Advertisement for a house for rent, located on the corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

Store Room, &c. for Rent.

Advertisement for a store room and office space for rent, located on the second floor of a building on Chestnut street.

House to Rent.

Advertisement for a house to rent, located on the corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

Private Sale.

Advertisement for a private sale of a large lot of land, including a house and outbuildings.

FOR RENT

Advertisement for a house for rent, located on the corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

Reigart's Wine and Liquor Store.

Advertisement for Reigart's Wine and Liquor Store, located on the corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

Lebanon Deposit Bank.

Advertisement for the Lebanon Deposit Bank, detailing its capital and services.

GRAIN WANTED.

Advertisement for grain wanted, including wheat, rye, and oats.

Lebanon Mutual Insurance Company.

Advertisement for the Lebanon Mutual Insurance Company, detailing its capital and services.

Blinds, Blinds, Blinds!

Advertisement for blinds, including roller blinds and Venetian blinds.

Farmers Look to Your Interest.

Advertisement for a business opportunity for farmers, involving the sale of machinery.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Advertisement for watches and jewelry, located at the corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

Watches and Jewelry.

Advertisement for watches and jewelry, located at the corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

DRY-GOODS, GROCERY & CROCKERY.

Advertisement for a dry-goods, grocery, and crockery store, located on Chestnut street.

FARMERS' STORE.

Advertisement for a farmers' store, located on Chestnut street.

NEW GOODS.

Advertisement for new goods, including various types of cloth and fabric.

W. G. WARD.

Advertisement for W. G. Ward, a bookseller and stationer, located on Chestnut street.

Bookseller and Stationer.

Advertisement for a bookseller and stationer, located on Chestnut street.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Advertisement for a photography studio, located on Chestnut street.

Coal, Coal, Coal.

Advertisement for coal, including various grades and types.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.

Advertisement for stoves, including various models and brands.

Who Has Not Seen the New Sign Put up?

Advertisement for a new sign, located on Chestnut street.

Feed—Feed!

Advertisement for feed, including various types of animal feed.

Miscellaneous.

A SWEETHEART RACE.

Hardly any event creates a stronger sensation in a thinly settled New England village, especially among the young folks, than the arrival of a fresh and blooming Miss, who comes to make her abode in the neighborhood. When, therefore, Squire Johnson, the only lawyer in this place, and a very respectable man, of course, told Farmer Jones one afternoon that his wife's sister, a smart girl of eighteen, was coming in a few days to reside in the family, the news flew like wild fire through Pond village, and was the principal topic of conversation for a week. "Pond village is situated upon the margin of one of those numerous and beautiful sheets of water that gem the whole surface of New England like the bright stars in an evening sky, and received its appellation to distinguish it from two or three other villages in the same township, which could not boast of a similar location. When Farmer Jones came in to his supper about sunset, that afternoon, and took his seat at the table, the eyes of the whole family were upon him, for there was a peculiar working about his mouth and a knowing glance in his eyes that always told them when he had any news of interest to communicate. "But Farmer Jones' secretiveness was large, and his temperment not the most active, and he would probably have rolled the important secret as a sweet morsel under his tongue for a long time, had not Mrs. Jones, who was rather of an impatient and prying turn of mind, contrived to draw it from him. "Now, Mr. Jones," said she, as she handed him his cup of tea, "what is it you are going to say? Do out with it; for you've been chewing something in your mind ever since you came in the house. "It's my tobacco, I s'pose," said Mr. Jones, with another knowing glance of his eye. "Now, father, what's the use?" said Susan; "we all know you've something or other you want to say, and why can't you tell what 'tis." "La, who cares what 'tis," said Mrs. Jones; "if it was anything worth telling, we should have to wait for it, I dare say."

Hereupon Mrs. Jones assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, as the surest way of conquering what she was pleased to call Mr. Jones' obstinacy, which by the way was a very improper term to apply in the case; for it was only the working of secretiveness, without the least particle of obstinacy attached to it. There was a pause of two or three minutes in the conversation, till Mr. Jones passed his cup to be filled a second time, when, with a couple of preparatory ahems, he began to let out the secret. "We are to have a new neighbor here in a few days," said Mr. Jones, stopping short when he uttered this much, and sipping his tea and filling his mouth with food. Mrs. Jones, who was perfect in her tactics, said not a word, but attended to the affairs of her table as though she had not noticed what was said. The farmer's secretiveness had at last worked itself out, and he began again. "Squire Johnson's wife's sister is coming here in a few days, and is going to live with 'em."

"The news being thus fairly divulged left free scope for conversation. "Well, wonder if she is a proud, stuck-up piece," think Mrs. Jones. "I shouldn't," think she would be, said Susan, "for there ain't a more sociable woman in the neighborhood than Mrs. Johnson. So if she is at all like her sister I think we shall like her." "I wonder how old she is?" said Stephen, who was just venturing toward the close of his twenty-first year. "The squire called her eighteen," said Mr. Jones, giving a wink to his wife, as much as to say, that's about the right age for Stephen. "I wonder if she is handsome," said Susan, who was somewhat vain of her own looks, and having been a sort of reigning belle in Pond village for some time, she felt a little alarmed at the idea of a rival. "I dare be bound she is handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Mrs. Johnson, for when'll you find a handsomer woman than Mrs. Johnson, go the town through?"

After supper Stephen went down to Mr. Robinson's store, and told the news to young Charlie Robinson, and all the young fellows who were gathered there for a game at quoits and ring at wrestling. And Susan went directly over to Mr. Bean's and told Patty and Patty went around to widow Davis's and told Sally, and before nine o'clock the matter was pretty well understood in about every house in the village. "But how in the world are you going to sail?" said Mrs. Brown, "for there isn't a breath of wind; and I don't see any sail-boat, neither." "Oh, the less wind we have the better, when we sail here," said Charlie Robinson, "and there is our sail-boat," pointing to a flat-bottomed scow-boat some twenty feet long by ten wide. "We don't use no sails," said Jack Bean, "sometimes, when the wind is fair, we put a bush to help pull along a little, and when 'tain't no work." The party were soon embarked on board the scow, and a couple of oars were set in motion, and they glided

door steps till the whole ceremony of alighting, greeting, and entering the house was over. Old Mrs. Bean stood with her head out of the window, her iron-bowed spectacles resting upon the top of her forehead; her shriveled hand placed across her eyebrows to defend her red eyes from the rays of the setting sun, and her skinny chin protruding about three inches in advance of a couple of stubs of teeth, which her open mouth exposed fairly to view. "Seems to me they are dreadful low," said old Mrs. Bean, as she saw Mrs. Johnson descend the steps and welcome her sister with a kiss. "La, me, if there isn't the squire kissing her!" said Patty; "well, I declare 't would, wait till I got in the house, I'll die if I wouldn't. It looks so vulgar to be kissing afore folks, and out of doors too; I should think Squire Johnson would be ashamed of himself."

"Well I shouldn't," said young John Bean, who came up that moment, and who had passed the chase just as the young lady alighted from it. "I shouldn't be ashamed to kiss such a pretty gal as that, any how; I'd kiss her wherever I could catch her, if it was in the meetin'-house." "Why, is she handsome, Jack?" said Patty. "Yes, she's got the prettiest little pucker mouth I've seen these six months. Her cheeks are red, and her eyes shine like new buttons." "Well," replied Patty, "if she'll only take the shine of Susan Jones when she goes to meetin', Sunday, I shan't care."

While these observations were going on at old Mr. Bean's, Charles Robinson and a group of young fellows with him were standing in front of Robinson's store, a little further down the road, and watching the scene that was passing at Squire Johnson's. They witnessed the whole with becoming decorum, now and then making a remark upon the fine horse and the handsome chaise, till they saw the tall squire bend his head down and give the young lady a kiss, when they all burst into a loud laugh. In a moment being conscious that their laugh must be heard and noticed at the squire's, they in order to do away the impression it must necessarily make, at once turned their heads another way, and Charles Robinson, who was quick at an expedient, knocked off the hat of the lad who was standing next to him, and then they all laughed louder than before. "Here comes Jack Bean," said Charles, "now we shall hear something about her, for Jack was coming by the squire's when she got out of the chaise. How does she look, Jack?" "Handsome as a picture," said Jack. "Haint seen a prettier gal since last Thanksgiving day, when Jane Ford was here to visit Susan Jones." "Black eyes or blue?" said Charles. "Blue," said Jack, "but all fired bright."

"Tall or short?" said Stephen Jones who was rather short himself, and therefore felt a particular interest on that point. "Rather short," said Jack, "but straight and round as a young colt." "Do you know what her name is?" said Charles. "They called her Lucy when she got out of the chaise," said Jack, "and as Mrs. Johnson's name was Brown before she was married, I s'pose her name must be Lucy Brown." "Just such a name as I like," said Charles Robinson; "Lucy Brown sounds well. Now suppose, in order to get acquainted with her, we all hands take a sail to-morrow night, about this time, on the pond, and invite her to go with us." "Agreed," said Stephen Jones. "Agreed," said Jack Bean. "The question then arose who should carry the invitation to her, and the young men being rather bashful on that score, it was finally settled that Susan Jones should bear the invitation, and accompany her to the boat, where they should all be in waiting to receive her.

The next day was a very long day at least to most of the young men of Pond village; and promptly an hour before sunset most of them were assembled, with half a score of their sisters and female cousins, by a little time, she felt a little alarmed at the idea of a rival. "I dare be bound she is handsome," said Mrs. Jones, "if she's sister to Mrs. Johnson, for when'll you find a handsomer woman than Mrs. Johnson, go the town through?"

slowly and pleasantly over as lovely a sheet of water as ever glowed in the sunset ray. In one hour's time the whole party felt perfectly acquainted with Miss Lucy Brown. She had talked in the most lively and fascinating manner; she had told stories and sung songs. Among others, she had given Moore's boat song with the sweetest possible effect; and by the time they returned to the landing, it would hardly be too much to say that half the young men in the party were decidedly in love with her.

A stern regard to the truth requires a remark to be made here not altogether favorable to Susan Jones, which is the more to be regretted as she was in the main an excellent hearted girl, and highly esteemed by the whole village. It was observed that as the company grew more and more pleased with Miss Lucy Brown, Susan Jones was less and less animated, till at last she became quite reserved and apparently sad. She, however, on landing, accompanied her home to Squire Johnson's door, and cordially bid her good night.

The casual glimpses which the young men of Pond village had of Miss Brown during the remainder of the week, as she occasionally stood at the door or looked out at the window, and once or twice when she walked out with Susan Jones, and the fair view they all had of her at meeting on the Sabbath, served but to increase their admiration, and to render her more and more an object of attraction. She was regarded by all as a prize, and several of them were already planning what steps it was best to take in order to win her. The two most prominent candidates however, for Miss Brown's favor, were Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. Their position and standing among the young men of the village seemed to put all others in the background. Charles, whose father was wealthy, had every advantage which money could procure. But Stephen, though poor, had decidedly the advantage in personal recommendations. He had more talent, was more sprightly, and more pleasing in his address. From the evening of the sail on the pond they both watched every movement of Miss Brown with the most intense anxiety; and, as nothing can deceive a lover, each had, with an interest no less intense, watched every movement of the other. They had ceased to speak to each other about her, and if her name was mentioned in their presence, both were always observed to color.

The second week after her arrival, through the influence of Squire Johnson, the district school was offered to Miss Brown, on the other side of the pond, which offer was accepted and she went immediately to take charge of it. This announcement at first threw something of a damper upon the spirits of the young people of Pond village. But when it was understood that the school would continue but a few weeks, and being but a mile and a half distant, Miss Brown would come home every Saturday afternoon and spend the Sabbath, it was not very difficult to be reconciled to the temporary arrangement. The week wore away heavily, especially to Charles Robinson and Stephen Jones. They counted the days impatiently till Saturday, they counted the long and lagging hours to noon. They had both made up their minds that it would be dangerous to wait any longer, and they had both resolved not to let another Sabbath pass without making direct proposal to Miss Brown.

Stephen Jones was too early a riser for Charles Robinson, and, in any enterprise where both were concerned was pretty sure to take the lead, except where money could carry the palm, and then, of course, it was always borne away by Charles. As Miss Lucy had been absent the most of the week, and was to be at home that afternoon, Charles Robinson had made an arrangement with his mother and sister to have a little tea-party in the evening, for the purpose of inviting Miss Brown; and then, of course, he should walk home with her in the evening; and then, of course, would be a good opportunity to break the ice, and make known his feelings and wishes. Stephen Jones, however, was more prompt in his movements. He had got wind of the proposed tea-party, although himself and sisters for obvious reasons had not been invited, and he resolved not to risk the arrival of Miss Brown and her visit to Mr. Robinson's before he should see her. She would dismiss her school at noon and come the distance of a mile and a half round the pond home. His mind was at once made up. He would go round and meet her at the school house, and accompany her on her walk. There, in that winding road around those delightful waters, with the tall and shady trees overhead, and the wild grapevines twining round their trunks and climbing to the branches, while wild birds were singing through the woods, and the wild ducks playing in the cove along the shore, surely there, if anywhere in the world, could a man bring his mind up to the point of speaking of love.

He saw Stephen and noticed his dress, and the direction he was going, and he at once smoked the whole business. His first impulse was to rush upon him, and demand that he should return back. But when he recollected Stephen, two or three years before, he had a little frost of it, and he instinctively stood still, while Stephen passed on without seeing him. It flashed upon his mind at once that the question must now be reduced to a game of speed. If he could by any means gain the school-house first, he would feel a good deal of uneasiness for the consequence. Stephen was walking very leisurely, and unconscious that he was in any danger of a competitor on the course, and it was important that his suspicions should not be excited. Charles therefore remained perfectly quiet till Stephen had got a little out of hearing, and then threw down his bushes and flowers and ran to the wharf below the store with his utmost speed. He had one advantage over Stephen. He was ready at a moment's warning to start on an expedition of this kind, for Sunday clothes were an every day affair with him.

These was a light canoe belonging to his father lying at the wharf, and a couple of stout boys were there fishing. Charles hailed them, and told them if they would row him across the pond as quick as they possibly could, he would give them a quarter of a dollar a piece. This, in their view, was a splendid offer for services, and they jumped on board with alacrity and manned the oars. Charles took a paddle and stood in the stern to steer the boat, and help propel her ahead. The distance by water was a little less than by land, and although Stephen had considerably the start of him, he believed he should be able to reach the school-house first, especially if Stephen should not see him and quicken his pace. In one minute after he arrived at the wharf, the boat was under full way. The boys laid down to the oars with right good will, and he put all his good strength upon the paddle. They were shooting over the water twice as fast as a man could walk, and Charles already felt sure of the victory. But when they had gone about half a mile, they came in the range of a little opening in the trees on the shore, where the road was exposed to view, and there at that critical moment, was Stephen pursuing his easy walk. Charles' heart was in his mouth. Still it was possible Stephen might not see them, for he had not yet looked around.

Last the sound of the oars might attract his attention, Charles had instantly, on coming in sight, ordered the boys to stop rowing, and he grasped his paddle with breathless anxiety and waited for Stephen again to disappear. But just as he was upon the point of passing behind some trees, Stephen turned his head and looked round. He stopped short, turned square round, and stood for the space of a minute looked steadily at the boat. Then lifting his hand, and shaking his fist resolutely at Charles, as much as to say I understand you, he started into a quick run. "Now, boys," said Charles, "buckle up your oars for your lives, and if you can get to the shore so I can reach the school-house before Stephen does, I'll give you a half of a dollar a piece."

This of course added new life to the boys, and increased their speed to the water. Their little canoe flew over the boat almost like a bird, carrying a white bone in her mouth, and leaving a long ripple on the glassy wave behind her. Charles' hands trembled, but still he did good execution with his paddle. Although Stephen upon the run was a very different thing from Stephen at a slow walk, Charles still had strong hopes of winning the race and gaining his point. He several times caught glimpses of Stephen through the trees, and as well as he could judge, the boat had a little the best of it. But when they came out into the last opening, where for a little way they had a fair view of each other—Charles thought Stephen ran faster than ever; and although he was considerably nearer the school house than Stephen was, he still trembled for the result. They were now within fifty rods of the shore, and Charles appealed again to the boys' love of money. "Now," said he, "we have not a minute to spare. If we gain the point, I'll give you a dollar a piece."

The boys strained every nerve, and Charles' paddle made the water fly like the tail of a wounded shark, Charles urged them again to spring with all their might, and one of the boys making a desperate plunge upon his oar, snapped it in two. The first pull of the other oar headed the boat from land. Charles saw at once that the delay must be fatal, if he depended on the boat to carry him ashore. The water was but three feet deep, and the bottom was sandy. He sprang from the boat, and rushed toward the shore as fast as he was able to press through the water. He flew up the bank, and along the road, till he reached the house. The door was open, but he could see no one within. Several children were at play round the door, who, having seen Charles approach, stared at him. "Where's the school-ma'am?" said Charles hastily, to one of the largest boys. "Why," said the boy, pointing his eyes still wider, "is any of the folks dead?"

"You little rascal, I say, where's the school-ma'am?" "She's just went down that road," said the boy, "two or three minutes ago." "Was she alone?" said Charles. "She started alone," said the boy, and as man met her out there a little ways, and turned about and went with her. Charles felt that his cake was all dough again, and that he might as well give it up for a bad job, and go home. Stephen Jones and Lucy Brown walked very leisurely home through the woods, and Charles and the boys went very leisurely in the boat across the pond. They even stopped by the way; and caught a mess of fish, since the boys had thrown their lines into the boat when they started. And when they had reached the wharf, Charles in order to show that he had been a fishing, took a large string of fish in his hand and carried them up to the house. Miss Lucy Brown on her way home through the woods, had undoubtedly been informed of the proposed tea-party for the evening, to which she was to be invited, and to which Stephen Jones, and Susan Jones were not invited; and when Miss Lucy's invitation came he sent back word that she was engaged.

THE TIGERS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The present war in Europe brings into notice a new corps known as the Turcos. They are natives of Northern Africa, children of the desert, fearful to look upon, with their swarthy skins, tiger-like eyes, thin faces and spare forms, rapid in movement as the whirl-wind, and as bold as the lion. We subjoin the following graphic account of their operations at the combat of Turbigo which is found in letter to the Steele, written the 5th inst. The writer says: "I know not whether the Turcos had forgotten their cartridges or threw them in the river as useless incumbrances, but they rushed towards the cannon without firing a gun. An officer who never witnessed such an extraordinary sight as the sound of the bugle the Turcos sprang in all directions, threw themselves on the ground, and advanced by bounds more like tigers than men, and at every leap raised shrill cry, which drowned the sound of artillery. They had scarcely advanced half way when the artillery men seeing what they imagined to be black monsters approaching under a fire of grape, detached their horses and rode off. The Turcos, furious at part of their prey escaping they redoubled their ardor, and fell like lightning on the guns. They killed the gunners; massacred those within reach of their bayonets, and returned at double quick time with the seven guns, which they had taken. The Emperor was present at this feat of arms, which forms the pendant of that of Poestoro. Strange to say they had only ten killed and a few wounded. Another correspondent thus writes of their conduct after the victory. When the Austrians ran and the strife was over, the spectacle was not less strange. The frantic conquerors rolled upon the earth, and under the inspiration of some African war-song, they danced a most frantic war dance, amidst bursts of laughter and frightful cries that they started even their companions in arms. Some of them had forced their prisoners to sit beside them and upon these poor prisoners at first they glared, as the lion glares upon its prey and then with a species of fascination, as if they pitied the poor creatures, now without the means of defence. In other parts of the field they lay down upon the ground, exhausted with fatigue, recovering their strength."

DEAD-HEADED THROUGH.

Conductor Tucker, on the Boston and Maine Roads, likes a joke as well as the next man. Not long since, a pennyless, seedy individual got into the cars at Boston, and when called upon for his ticket, replied that he had none. He was informed that he must get off at the next station. On the arrival at the station his speed was somewhat accelerated from the cars by the assistance of the conductor's boot applied to the back part of his stomach. On arrival of the next train he hested himself as before, and when waited upon for his ticket, the same answer was given, followed by the same results. The two stations were passed and our traveler found himself waiting the approach of another train, to continue his journey. This being Conductor Tucker's train he embarked on board, and being asked for his ticket, replied as before, when he was told to get off at the next station. When the train stopped, he walked to the platform, quietly elevating his coat tails to the conductor. On being asked by the conductor the cause of such an insulting procedure, the traveler informed him that the other two conductors had left the impression of their boots upon his cassimer, and he supposed that he wanted to. The joke was relished so well, that on being informed that he was en route for Portland with no money to purchase a ticket, he was dead-headed through the remainder of his journey.—Newburyport Herald.

THOUGH HE MEANT NURSING.

Jimmy O'Brial lately applied for work at the residence of a well-to-do farmer near Stittsville, where he was engaged with a dinner. Jimmy having done justice to the meal and himself, the squire wanted to know what Jimmy could do about the farm. "Almost anything you'd set me a-bout sir." "Well, Jimmy, if you can do that,