

Job Printing:
This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will increase the patronage demands. It can now turn out PRINTING, of every description, in a neat and expeditious manner, and on very reasonable terms.

Lebanon Advertiser



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A FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, IN PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY WM. M. BEESLEY, 24 Story of Franklin's New Building, Corner of Third and Fifth Streets a Year.

VOL. 11--NO. 6. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1859. WHOLE NO. 527.

FOR RENT
ROOMS--A second and fourth on the third story of which 2 rooms can be used as a small office, and a large basement, with a small room and cellar, on the second story, for a school, are offered for rent. Apply to JOHN C. REISSER, Lebanon, January 26, 1859.

A fine business Room.
A fine business room in J. S. Stine's new building, two doors east of the Bank Hotel, near the Court House. Inquire of J. S. STINE, Lebanon, Feb. 2, 1859.

House to Rent.
ONE of the new two-story brick houses on the corner of Third and Fifth streets, Lebanon, Pa. Apply immediately to GEO. W. KLINE, Lebanon, Feb. 19, 1859.

Private Sale.
THE subscriber offers at private sale all that certain farm or tract of land, situated partly in Pinegrove township, Schuylkill county, and partly in Lehigh township, Lehigh county, bounded by Andrew Eckert, Philip Leubach, and others.

FOR RENT.
A BRICK HOUSE, with six rooms and a cellar, on the corner of Third and Fifth streets, Lebanon, Pa. Apply to JACOB REIDEL, Lebanon, May 18, 1859.

Reigart's Wine and Liquor Store.
OWNER of Market Street, Lebanon, Pa., in the room formerly occupied by Jacob Wedde, Esq., where he still continues to keep an assortment of the finest WINES and LIQUORS that can be got.

Lebanon Deposit Bank.
Cumberland street, one door east of REISSER'S Hotel. WILL pay the following RATES OF INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

GRAIN WANTED.
50,000 Bushels Wheat.
50,000 Do. Rye.
50,000 Do. Oats.
50,000 Do. Corn.

NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT.
TO ALL WANTING FARMS.
A RARE OPPORTUNITY IN A DELICIOUS AND HEALTHY CLIMATE.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.
Selling cheaper than any other place in the State. THE subscriber is determined to sell Stoves from 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than any other place.

Who Has not Seen the New Sign Put up?
BY STELL WAGNER & BRO., at their Store, No. 15 North Second Street, Lebanon, Pa.

Farmers Look to Your Interest.
A. MAJOR & BRO.
WOULD call attention to the fact that the Farmington Iron Works, near Lehigh, Pa., have just received a large quantity of cast iron.

AMERICAN WATCHES.
JUST received from the AMERICAN WATCHES, at the Eagle Jewelry Store of JAMES H. KELLY, Lebanon, Nov. 1, 1858.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
CUMBERLAND ST., next door to Dr. Lineaewaver's.

CLOCKS.
Thirty Day, Eight Day, Just Received. J. J. BLAIR'S Jewelry Store, Lebanon Pa.

OCEAN TELEGRAPH.
CALL & SEE THE NEW STOCK. Dry-Goods, Grocery & Crockery.

FARMER'S STORE.
LEONARD ZIMMERMAN informs his friends and the public that he has received a new stock of Goods for the Winter Trade.

Feed--Feed!
PERSONS in want of Feed for Cows or Pigs, can obtain it at the lowest price at the Feed Store of H. W. HARTMAN, Lebanon, Feb. 2, 1859.

W. G. WARD, Bookseller and Stationer, MARKET SQUARE, LEBANON.

WARD'S BOOKSTORE.
WARD'S BOOKSTORE, No. 15 North Second Street, Lebanon, Pa., has just received a large quantity of new books.

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Choice Poetry.
THE IRISH POTATO.
We find the following clever parody on Woodworth's celebrated 'Old Oaken Bucket,' in a recent number of the (old) Spirit of the Times.

THE IRISH POTATO.
A memory awakes a thought of the plant; Its sickly verdure yew and beautiful bloom, In pleasing recollection my memory haunts.

THE IRISH POTATO.
That delectable plant I would prefer while I'm able, For often at noon when returned from the field, I found it superior to all on the table.

THE IRISH POTATO.
The best flavored edible potato could yield, With what eager appetite sharpened by labor, All these are none of the old-fashioned flavor.

A COOL APOLOGY.
A young lady caught her intended kissing a female friend. He then apologizes. His explanation is decidedly cool.

A COOL APOLOGY.
I saw a sort of maiden northern light, I shot up my cheek and tremble in my eyes; I like such things. I like to see the wind Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies.

A COOL APOLOGY.
I like with things, as I have said, but then I would not like to see them. I would like to see the Proprietor of carbolic acid or loose hurricanes, Or coming plunging in celestial sea.

MELVILLE'S HOUSEKEEPING.
What a pity it is that people are obliged to eat and drink this hot weather, and that the abominable practice entails upon somebody the necessity of cooking!

MELVILLE'S HOUSEKEEPING.
George Melville was a young lawyer in the little village of Thirlov, and his clients with their fees, being among the things which were yet to come, he was obliged to commence business on a somewhat limited scale.

MELVILLE'S HOUSEKEEPING.
But if Martha Melville didn't know how to make coffee, she was of tolerable perception; and after a time spent in reflection, she started up and commenced washing the dishes.

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The meal over, and George went to his business, and Martha drew from the afflicted Martha the whole story of her troubles, and a kind sympathetic

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eyes to witness their tele-a-tele. Secondly, because George could not afford the expense of a 'help.'

Well, one Monday morning, about a week after the removal to their new house, Martha found her ladder, (which had been simply supplied with cooked edibles--through her fond mother's care,) nearly empty.

There was bread to bake, coffee to concoct, table to set, floor to sweep, and her toilet to make, for Martha could not think of appearing at the breakfast table without her usual peignoir and tulle head-dress.

One pound of flour, sweet milk enough to knead, two table-spoonful of cream of tartar, and a little salt.

Very good; that was but little to do, so Martha forthwith mixed the required ingredients with the exception of the salt.

George, you like it strong, do you not? 'Yes, love.'

Well, the receipt says--a common-sized coffee-cup full for two persons, but this is an economical cook-book, you know, it isn't likely that's enough to be good. I'll double the quantity, to make sure.

George's hopeful smile vanished, and his brow darkened with the first sip. (No man's love ever withstood bad coffee.)

Stronger than dyestuff! My dear Martha, why did you make it so strong?

You said you liked it so, dear George! Martha's fortitude was beginning to give way in turn.

There, love, don't cry! It'll do very well, I dare say, with plenty of cream! and George made a desperate effort to swallow a mouthful, which had the effect of bringing water in copious quantities to his eyes and nose.

The deuce! he muttered, under his breath, as in trying to get his pocket handkerchief he upset his coffee, cup, saucer and all, into his lap; and the scalding fluid trickling leisurely to the floor, must have proved anything but pleasant sensation.

My dear, you have told me how much to put in; I only used what you said--a gill or so.

Well, never mind, dearest! You'll do better, next time, I dare say. How about the coffee?

George Melville was a young lawyer in the little village of Thirlov, and his clients with their fees, being among the things which were yet to come, he was obliged to commence business on a somewhat limited scale.

Finally, she concluded to put the best face on the matter, and admit the visitor. It proved to be Mrs. Highley, the storekeeper's wife--who, after entertaining poor Martha for an hour with the trials she had with her servants, took her leave; hoping Mrs. Melville would call soon--she enjoyed her conversation so very much.

Half-past eleven struck, as Martha returned to the kitchen, and dinner was not even 'laid out.' She racked her brain for a favorable suggestion. That said organ seemed to be unusually refractory, for not an idea regarding steak or potatoes would come, so Martha resolved on a very plain dinner--parsnips.

The market man had left them that morning, and George had expressed himself extremely fond of them--Well, how were they to be cooked? The 'Housewife' was silent upon the subject, and Martha decided upon a thoroughly original method--frying them in sweet butter!

George's ill humor had vanished, and the kiss he gave his flushed little wife smacked of hearty affection.

Well, chicken, what's for dinner? A capital little housewife you are going to make me, ain't you? Punctual to a minute. Parsnips, by Jove!

Who showed you how to cook 'em? and George laded out a liberal allowance--his scanty breakfast had made an appetite for him.

It is strange Williams should have palmed off old parsnips for fresh ones. I ought as a shark-skin! Are you sure you boiled them enough, Martha?

That's the right way, isn't it? Martha's face was getting troubled.

Well, no; I believe boiling is the proper method. It is impossible to get them as they are. Pass the sweet-corn! I shall be obliged to make a homoeopathic dinner to day, my dear love.

The lawsuit between Brown and Smith, was progressing finely, and consequently George's mercantile temperament of good nature had materially risen. Notwithstanding, it was a cheerless dinner; Martha was mortified and George dissatisfied.

Days passed on much the same--failures, accidents and blunders innumerable occurred each day. Blisters, burns, scratches and bumps disfigured the fair surface of her hands and arms, and at the close of the first month's experience Martha was ready to renounce everything for six weeks' repose and quiet, unhaunted by visions of dirty dishes and cluttered rooms.

George tried all he could to help her, but notwithstanding the purity of his intentions, he was a 'blind leader of the blind,' and she was rather glad when the outer door closed upon him. Sympathizing neighbors would have lent their aid, had she not been too proud to permit them; and so she groped on in ignorance. Her greatest fear was company.

The warm weather had now arrived, and likely enough one of her dear friends would come out to see how she liked the experiment of love in a cottage, with no Biddy to do the work. She actually shuddered at the thought.

One day in June, hot and burning, while poor Martha was trying her best to make George's shirt bosom look passable, she heard the rattle of the frightful vehicle as it drew up to the gate. She dropped the smoothing-iron and peered through the blind.

A nice prim lady of the middle age, descended, followed by an armament of band-boxes and umbrellas! Martha turned faint with horror!

Well, child, you are young and can learn; I will teach you if you will only let me--my dear girl, every one must have their learning. Now don't cry about it?

But, dear aunt, George don't like me as he used to--I slobbered the young wife, with her face hidden on aunt Margaret's shoulder.

Nonsense, Martha! Your husband is a man, and men love good cooking--and knowing this, it's natural that they should love the cook, too. George is only a little mortified, and, perhaps, a little hungry, also.

Oh, but I cannot bear to think that George--my George, whom I thought so perfect; should allow his appetite to influence his affections.

Oh, dear, there's nothing but deceit in this world! and poor Martha sobbed the louder. Aunt Margaret smiled.

A little sentimental--a little too sentimental, Martha. This world is a matter of fact, where folks eat, sleep and grow fat. No woman can render her husband completely happy unless she thoroughly understands housekeeping.

Under the instruction of this excellent woman, Martha became, in time, a famous housewife; and now, while she has a half dozen servants at her own bidding, she is qualified to keep the reins of domestic government in her own hands.

It was surprising to see how George's lost affection came back with the return of delicious cooking and saffron regents, and Martha was glad when company came, that she might show them what a treasure of a wife George Melville had won.

Every night George said to himself, 'God bless aunt Margaret.'

In conclusion, we will briefly say that in the case of Smith versus Brown--Mr. Brown, through the eloquence of his attorney, Esquire Melville, won the suit, and in consequence Esquire M.'s reputation rose like the mercury in dog days.

An English paper, the Stamford Mercury, narrates the following singular incident.

An extraordinary instance of somnambulism occurred in Stamford, shortly after midnight, on Monday last. About one o'clock, Sergeant HARRISON, while on duty at the lock-up, observed a person clothed in white walking towards St. Paul's.

Supposing it to be some one who had assumed a disguise, for the purpose of playing a joke, he walked up to the individual, whom he found to be the wife of Mr. J. OLIVER, cabinet maker, having nothing on but her night dress. She was walking about with her eyes wide open, apparently awake, but in reality in a state of perfect somnambulism.

She was taken to her home, which was close at hand, and her husband was aroused, by whom she was placed in bed. It appears that she got up, walked down stairs, unlocked the front door, and went into the street, without either disturbing her husband or arousing herself, nor was she conscious of what had taken place when she awoke in the morning.

But the most remarkable feature in the case is that, although she had been unable to walk without crutches or assistance for the last year or two, she was, when discovered, walking as well as any other person, and without either the support of the wall or a crutch.

BETTER TO FIGHT THAN RUN. That which thou has to do, do it with all thy might, said a clergyman to his son one morning.

So I did this morning, said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

Ah! what is it darling? and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

Why, I walloped Jack Edwards, said the young hopeful, 'till he yelled like blazes. You should just have heard him holler, dad!

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded with--

You should not have done that my child!

Then he'd a walloped me, replied the young hopeful.

Better, said the sire, 'for you to have fed from the wrath to come.'

Yes, but, replied the hopeful, by way of a final clincher, 'Jack can run twice as fast as I can.'

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.

CONTENTMENT WITH OUR LOT. To work our own contentment, we should labor not so much to increase our substance as to moderate our desires.

True Peace. A son at peace with God cannot be greatly disturbed by the world, for his pleasures in God and His blessings from God--Jackson.

SIN AND MERCY. He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it, and he that felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it.--Charmock.

Why is the Ohio River like a drunkard? Because it takes in 'Monongahela,' goes past 'Wheeling,' gets 'Licking' at Cincinnati, and 'Falls' at Louisville.

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