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Books, Journals, Composites and other blanks, printed correctly and neatly on the best paper, constantly kept for sale at this office, at prices to suit the times.

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Address, Wm. M. BRESLIN, Lebanon, Pa.

REAL ESTATE.

A fine Business Room.

A fine business room in S. J. Stine's new building, two doors east of the Book Store, near the Court House.

Store Room, &c., for Rent.

LARGE STORE ROOM, BASEMENT, and TWO floors, in the new brick building lately erected by the subscriber, on Cumberland street, near the Court House, is offered for rent.

Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a fine lot of land in Long Lick, in the Borough of Long Lick, containing 100 acres.

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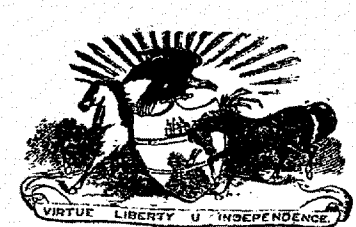
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Lebanon



Advertiser.

VOL. 11--NO. 23.

LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 544.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR RENT.

A BRICK HOUSE, with six rooms and a large lot of ground, on Plank Road.

FOR RENT.

A N ELEGANT BUSINESS ROOM, in the center of town, in the building of the undertaker.

FOR RENT.

THE undersigned offers for sale a large 3 STORY BRICK BUILDING, with a fine Store Room, back building, and a large Basement Room.

FOR RENT.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE 25 MILES from Philadelphia by Railroad in the State of New Jersey.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his fine THREE STORY HOTEL, situated at the Depot in the Lebanon Valley Railroad, in Lebanon.

SHOE BUSINESS AND FACTORIES can be carried on profitably at Hammon.

ALL WANTING FARMS IN A DELIGHTFUL climate, rich soil, and remote from town.

PERSONS WISHING TO CHANGE THEIR business to a rapidly increasing Country, a New Settlement in the State of New Jersey.

GRAPE GROWERS CAN CARRY ON their business most successfully at Hammon.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

CHESTNUT TIMBER LAND, situated in the Township of Big Dam, on the North side of the Blue Mountain, adjoining lands of Joseph Light, &c., &c., and containing 55 ACRES.

PHILA. & Reading Railroad.

Lebanon Valley Branch.

Two Daily Passenger Trains to Reading, and Harrisburg.

PASS LEBANON, going East to Reading at 6:00 A. M., and 3:31 P. M.

At Reading, going West to Harrisburg, at 7:24 P. M.

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A Thrilling Tale.

THRILLING CAVE ADVENTURE.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M.

My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying close to the foot of a perpendicular cliff of rock about one hundred feet high.

On its bare sides neither grass nor shrub, to be seen and scarce any inequality was visible, whereon the foot of the climber might find a resting-place. In fact, it was considered unscalable for a distance of two miles, when it sunk down gradually at either end to level of the plain.

Ascending the cliff, one beheld on its summit a wide plain, stretching off to the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, close under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and sad circumstance which had happened about a year before in our family.

My only brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out early one summer morning to shoot plover on the heights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff, from the eastern side, and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained any further information.

To speak of our family distress, and my own heart-grieving for well-beloved young brother, is not my purpose; but it was the only subject of my thoughts on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the work was hushed, and the stillness seemed tenfold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the cliff. I was now at its steepest part, and looking down its smooth sides, I thought how terrible a fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case his mangled body at least, would have been found.

I was recalled to myself by a strange sinking of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil had given way from the edge of the cliff upon whose utmost verge I stood, and that I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath me. I made one stumble forward, in a wild struggle to save myself, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears and then I lost all further sensation.

It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still existed. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position in which I became aware, at last, that I was lying. It was quite dark, and every portion of earth or stone that I touched was wet, and a smell of damp salt pervaded the close atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhausted salt mine, but soon remembered that I had been standing on the edge of the cliff. It was an impossibility. Then came the idea that I must have fallen to the bottom, and the loose earth and stones had fallen over me. That, too, soon found equally unlikely, and, after groping about some time on my hands and knees, (every movement one of intense agony,) I became sure that my prison was a cave of some extent.

Too weak to move farther, I lay down and endeavored to think of my position. It seemed a hopeless one. I was certainly in one of those caves formed in the salt rocks, and some time found by miners, running far below the earth's surface. I had no idea how far I had fallen: it might be but a few feet; it might be as many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage through which I had dropped, but remembering that I had a case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in dragging them out, though it was excruciating pain to my bruised limbs to move them.

Having no taper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light, during which one would last. I groped very carefully against the sole of my boot, then harder, then fiercer, but it would not ignite. Then I tried another, with no better success. They were too damp—everything was damp; the matches were useless.

With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it. With my failure in procuring a light, and the pain of my bruises, added to my terror and bewilderment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through all it became clear to me that instead of falling over, I had fallen through the cliff—strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so near to the edge without the external wall of the cliff caving in towards it. The space through which I had fallen must have been narrow, for my body was bruised, and the skin torn from my sides, and strips of my clothing; that I could feel. Oh! for a light to examine better into my miserable position; but after all, I did not feel without hope. I could not lose the idea that I was to hit upon some means or way of escape, if I only could get the matches to ignite, and show me the way out of the cave.

Worn out with pain and thought, I must have slept. I awoke with a

raging thirst, and, almost at the same time, I became sure that I heard the dropping of water. I dragged myself towards the sound, stretched out my hand, and drops from above fell upon it; eagerly I swallowed a few, which burned my throat; they were distilled briny salt as any impregnation of water could possibly be!

This disappointment crushed me terribly. I should die of thirst ere I had found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again, in vain; however they gave forth a light some time, but the heat of my breast would dry them—that was a hope. I had no idea of time, save that my watch had run down while I slept. I would it up again, knowing that when it again stopped eight-and-twenty hours would have gone by.

Again, on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and, as I continually approached and receded from the spot where the salt-water dropped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave was nearly round, and not many yards square.

Having discovered this, I became collected and resolute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to acknowledge to myself, that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen; but no ray of light betrayed that spot—earth and stones must have fallen in, and choking it up. Parching with thirst, and faint from bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention. Soon, more and more distinctly I recognized the noise of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and the voice of men; then a bell rung, and with a throbbing joy I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works. A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missed me? Alas! there was nothing to lead them to suspect the spot of my captivity. I thought of the strange disappearance of my young brother—this double bereavement comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock separated me from my fellow men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to think that my calls and shouts could be heard by them, yet could not forbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected on the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock. It could not be thick; I knew that, by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implements, save my knife, and that was a slender one, quite unequal to cutting a passage open through the damp salt-rock, which formed the partition. Suddenly remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox-shoe, on the wagon-road, during my Sunday walk. It was still in my pocket. With what joy I pulled it out, and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights, when I worked on in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes nearly hopeless. I could not find that I made any visible progress; the sounds were not nearer than at first, and I was growing hourly more exhausted from fatigue and burning thirst. The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parching my skin, and excoerated my throat; and often I had a horrible idea that I should go mad; but I worked on.

Had I wound up my watch five times, therefore it must have been the sixth day—deliverance as far as ever I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which seemed somewhat detached from the strata. (This I could only judge of by feeling.) If I succeeded, should much reduce the thickness of the barrier at that point; but I had to stop and rest before the final trial.

I again tried my matches. I had constantly done so hitherto, but without success, and but few remained; but now the third one that I tried gave forth a light smoke, then a light blue flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully and beheld plainly the cavern in which I was imprisoned. It was a small one and sparkling from the saline crystals, as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark object, on a projection of the shelving rock, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human figure. I lifted high the expiring match, and by its last ray, I saw a human face!

In a frenzy of impatience I tried the few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand; more carefully I drew it over the sand-paper; it burned only for an instant; but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead pale, but unchanged face of my poor, lost brother Henry!

I was again in darkness, with the dead body and my frenzied thoughts. After a time I resumed fiercely my labor at the rock. A few blows loosened it; a few more and the large mass rolled inwards, and from a fissure in the rock which lay behind it, came in a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad, or I would not have had sufficient strength to effect my purpose.

By the aid of my ox-shoe I soon increased the hole, till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that

fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me till I spoke. The body of poor Henry was preserved by the salt, and was also partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell. I never entirely recovered from the effect of the salt, which left my eyes and nose constantly red, and rendered my flesh ever after similar to corned pork.

N. B.—There are many dull minds, in which the wonderful is always connected with the fictitious, and many such of my acquaintance have maintained that the scene of my adventure was the cellar of a neighboring distillery, often visited by all the family, embellished by a heated fancy or an incipient delirium. To such the best answer is—no answer.

Great Gale on the English Coast.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

MOLRE BAY, Thursday evening, Oct. 27.—It is my very painful duty to record the total wreck of the steamship Royal Charter, Capt. Taylor, which took place at from 3 to 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, at Molre, a rugged portion of the Anglesea coast, and about midway between Almwich and Puffin Island.

The ill-fated vessel sailed from Melbourne on the 26th of August, having on board 885 passengers, of whom 63 occupied the saloon, and a crew, including officers, of 112 persons.

While the ship was passing Queens-town, on Monday morning, 13 of the passengers landed in a pilot boat. On Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Royal Charter spoke the steam-tug United Kingdom, which, instead of returning to port with riggers, who had been assisted in the working of a ship to Cardiff, transferred 11 of the riggers to the Royal Charter, Captain Taylor, having kindly agreed to take them to Liverpool; so that there were on board at the time of the wreck 498 souls, and of these only 39 were saved.

The loss of life on this sad occasion was 459 persons. The Royal Charter had on board a large amount of specie on freight, the exact amount of which cannot be ascertained, as all the ship's papers have been lost, but it was variously estimated by the surviving passengers and crew at from £500,000 to £800,000. One of the saloon passengers, who was drowned, was stated to have had in his possession gold to the value of £10,000. She had only a moderate cargo, principally of wool and skins. From the time of leaving Port Phillip Heads till the arrival off the Irish coast the passage was in the highest degree favorable; she was once in danger, and then from an iceberg. After passing Queens-town the wind veered round to E. N. E., blowing strong. On Tuesday night blew a gale, and continued to increase in violence, till at length, on the morning of the fatal disaster, it blew a perfect hurricane.

Arriving off Point Lynas at 6 P. M. on Tuesday evening, signals rockets were for several hours thrown up, in the hope of attracting a pilot, but none made their appearance. Captain Taylor, finding that his ship was making leeway, and gradually drifting towards the shore, let go both the anchors, but such was the violence of the wind and the heavy cross sea prevailing that the chains parted. Notwithstanding that the engines were worked at their full power, the captain was unable to work to windward, and the unfortunate vessel struck the rocks stern first, in four fathoms water. Up to this period (about 8 A. M.) not the slightest alarm was evinced among the passengers, a large portion of whom were women and children; the most perfect discipline and order prevailed. The masts and rigging were cut adrift, but caused no relief, as the ship continued to thump on the sharp pointed rocks with fearful rapidity.

Shortly after she struck, the ship was thrown broadside on, perfectly upright upon the shelving stony beach the head and stern lying due east and west, the former not being more than twenty yards from a projecting rock. At this juncture, one of the crew, a Portuguese, named Joseph Rogers, nobly volunteered to struggle through the heavy surf and convey a rope on shore. Though it was not believed by any one that danger was imminent, the Captain gave the order, and Rogers ably fulfilled his duty. A strong hawser was then passed and secured on shore, and to this was rigged a "boatswain's chair." At five o'clock the ship labored and bumped to such an extent that the ladies and children exhibited the greatest anxiety and fear; they crowded together in the after part of the saloon, and the Rev. Mr. Hodges, of East Retford, a clergyman of the Church of England, offered up a prayer; but his exhortations were interrupted by the violent thumping of the vessel on the rocks, and the heavy sea which came dashing into the cabin.

The scene in the saloon was of the most heart-rending description; children and parents, husbands and wives, were clinging to each other in affectionate embrace. Captain Withers and Captain Taylor came down and tried to allay their fears by assuring them that there was no immediate danger. Scarcely had their words been uttered before a succession of tremendous waves swung her about on the rocks, and she divided amidst ships, engulfing all on board. Shortly afterwards she also parted at the forehatch, throwing a large number of persons into the sea. Many

were killed by the breaking up of the ship. Several of the crew saved themselves by means of the hawser to the shore, while the remainder were hurled upon the rocks by the waves; all the officers perished. Capt. Taylor was the last man seen alive on board. He had lashed his body to a spar and was drowned. Mr. Stevens, the chief officer, was killed by some of the falling rigging. Several of the more fortunate passengers received severe injuries while struggling for life. With the exception of a portion of the midship bulkhead, which appears a few feet above the water, there is scarcely a vestige of the Royal Charter remaining. The bulwark chest, which was substantially built of iron and secured to the framing of the ship, is supposed to have been shattered, from the fact of a gold-box having been picked up with the address of a leading banking firm upon it.

About 250 sovereigns and a quantity of notes having been picked up among the rocks.

At least thirty bodies which have been cast ashore are lying in the adjacent church; most of them frightfully mutilated. William Hughes, the vessel's apprentice, states that when the vessel parted, he was in the waist, and was precipitated among the machinery, which was hurled to and fro by the action of the waves.

He had given himself up for lost, when a wave lifted him clear of the ship and landed him in an unconscious state. The survivors, during their stay at the scene of the wreck, were very kindly treated. Two ladies made themselves conspicuous by their attention to the sufferers.

It is stated that all the boats were in perfect readiness for lowering had circumstances permitted.

TRACING A PEDIGREE.

Some men are boastful of their ancestors, while others are entirely devoid of all pride of birth, and have no more respect for this genealogical table of their forefathers than have for Poor Richard's Almanac. The late John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to assert his belief that he was descended from the celebrated Indian princess, Pocahontas, but it was not known that he ever established his claim to that distinction.

Many years ago there lived in a neighboring State a young gentleman who took it in his head that, like John Randolph, he was of Indian descent, though, unlike John, he did not know exactly the tribe to which his forefathers belonged. The idea was perfect monomania with him, notwithstanding the efforts made by his friends to convince him of the folly of his pretensions, to say nothing of the absurdity of them, even if they could be established. The favorite notion, however, could not be eradicated from his mind, and he promised his friends that he would one day convince them that he was right in his claim.

Having heard that a deputation of Indians were at Washington, on a visit to their great Father, he promptly repaired to that city and arranged with the gentlemen having them in charge, his friends in the city were surprised to receive an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the Red Men, before whom he proposed to verify his favorite pretension. The party met as requested, and found the Indians sitting on the floor smoking their pipes and manifesting but little appreciation of the honor of the visit.

Having arranged his friends at a respectful distance from the aged chief, who still regarded the visitors with stolid indifference, the young man stepped boldly from the centre, and presuming that it would require some show of energy to arouse the chiefs from their apparent apathy, he placed his hand on his breast, and said with great fearlessness.

"Me—Indian—long time ago."

The chief, who was not skilled in English took his pipe from his mouth, but evinced no emotion whatever.

The speaker then thinking that a more violent gesture and a louder tone of voice would be necessary, struck his hand upon his breast and exclaimed in a louder tone.

"Yes—Me—Indian—long time ago!"

Without moving a muscle of his face, the old chief slowly arose from his sitting posture and turned his eagle eye on the speaker. His friends say that the chief evidently understood, or at least appeared to understand the meaning of the speech addressed to him, and they gazed intently on the solemn proceeding. The man bore the searching glance of the Indian without emotion. All felt that the awful moment had come!