

Job Printing: OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING CARDS, NOTICES, AND PROGRAMS.

This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB PRINTING, which will be increased as the demand requires. It can now turn out PRINTING of every description, in a neat and expeditious manner, and on very reasonable terms.

Business Cards, Handbills, Circulars, Labels, Bill Headers, Blanks, Programs, Bills of Fare, Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

For Rent. A NEW two-story BRICK HOUSE and LOT OF GROUND, on Frank Road, Lebanon, Pa.

A fine Business Room FOR RENT. The business room in S. J. Stine's new building, two doors east of Bank Block, near the Court House.

For Rent. DWELLING HOUSE with three rooms, with bath, garden, &c., for rent. Apply to J. LAUDERMILCH.

For Rent. BUSINESS ROOM for the residence of a family, two miles and other places printed and bound.

Private Sale. A NEARLY NEW TWO-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with Summer-kitchen, is offered at a low price at private sale.

Brick Dwelling House FOR RENT. A well-ventilated office for rent, two-story brick building, on Liberty street.

For Sale or Rent. 2 NEW TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSES on the corner of Chestnut and Walnut streets.

Private Sale. THE Subscriber offers at private sale all that certain lots of land, situated in the town of Lebanon.

Out-Lots at Private Sale! Situated in Long Lane, near the borough line, in Cumberland county.

WALNUT STREET. CHEAP and FINE STOCK OF WALL PAPERS, Window Shades, Curtains, &c.

Private Sale. THE subscriber offers at private sale his new two-story brick DWELLING HOUSE, situated in Bismarck street.

Private Sale. THE subscriber offers at private sale his valuable Tract of Land, containing 22 Acres and 25 Acres of BIRCHLAND.

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Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 12—NO. 1.

LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 574.

Lebanon Mutual Insurance Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature of Pa. CHARTER FEBRUARY 11, 1851. OFFICE AT JONESTOWN, LEBANON COUNTY.

Capital Stock \$50,000! This company is organized, and ready to make insurance on all kinds of property.

Directors: JOHN BUNNEN, Esq., Geo. F. MILLER, D. M. KEBURN, J. M. BROWN, J. M. BROWN, J. M. BROWN.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Anville, LEBANON COUNTY, PENN'A.

This company was incorporated, March, 1859, and has a full capital of \$50,000.

Directors: Christian Beckman, William R. Smith, John W. Smith, John W. Smith, John W. Smith.

John W. Smith, Agent for FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 41 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. CAPITAL STOCK, \$500,000.

Office of FORTY-FIVE, LEBANON, PA. This company is organized, and ready to make insurance on all kinds of property.

H. H. REBEL'S BOOK STORE. Is located on Corner of Cumberland street and Doe Alley.

HE solicits a share of public patronage, offering an extensive stock of books, stationery, &c.

WALNUT STREET. CHEAP and FINE STOCK OF WALL PAPERS, Window Shades, Curtains, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED having in connection with his business, a large stock of Wall Papers, &c.

Paper Hangings, Borders, Decorations, Panelling, Fire Board Prints, Window Curtains, &c.

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Head Quarters! GEORGE & PYLE

ARE NOW RECEIVING FROM NEW YORK AND EASTERN MANUFACTURERS.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

OUR MOTTO IS "LOW PRICES WIN."

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, MEN and BOYS WEAR, MILLINERY GOODS,

WHITE GOODS, CLOTHS & CASSIMERES, CROCKERY, GROCERIES,

CARPENTERS & OIL CLOTHS. The largest assortment ever offered in Lebanon, except at a small profit.

OUR GOODS ARE BOUGHT FOR CASH. We find it better policy to sell a large amount of goods at a small profit.

CALL & EXAMINE OUR GOODS, AND COMPARE PRICES. GEORGE & PYLE.

50 pieces Black and Fancy Dress Goods, 50 do. Men's (very cheap), 1000 New Style Ladies Collars.

FOR LADIES—DRESS GOODS of all descriptions, sold at astonishing low prices.

FOR GENTLEMEN—A large assortment of all kinds of Goods for Men and Boys wear for sale very low.

GROCERIES—All kinds of Groceries and Provisions constantly on hand and for sale cheap.

HAMS, Dried-Beef, Shoulders, Pick, No. 1 Mackerel in barrels, quarter and half barrels; English Cakes, &c., for sale cheap.

POTATOES—For sale cheap, by L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

PARASOLS and Umbrellas, for sale cheap, by L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

SHAWLS—A cheap lot of Shawls just received and for sale, by L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

CARPETS—Just received and for sale cheap, by L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

5000 GENTLEMEN'S Paper Collars sold at City Price—ready to go for twenty-five cents) by L. K. LAUDERMILCH.

WANTED! ALL kinds of PRODUCE, such as Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow, &c., for sale at the highest market prices.

New Goods! New Goods! CHEAP STORE OF RAUCH & LIGHT.

At the Corner of Cumberland Street and Plant Road, LEBANON, PA.

MESSRS. RAUCH & LIGHT, take pleasure in informing their friends and the public generally that they have on hand a large and carefully selected assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c.

to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public. They have all been selected with the greatest care from the largest Importers in the world.

GROCERIES. A large stock of cheap Spices, Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, and all kinds of Spices. Also, a large assortment of QUEENSWARE.

among which are the current patterns, together with almost an endless variety of Goods in their lines of business, which will be sold very cheap for cash, or on credit. Produce taken in exchange. April 15, 1860. RAUCH & LIGHT.

NEW STORE! THE subscribers respectfully inform the citizens of Lebanon and surrounding country, that they have opened an Entirely New DRY GOODS, GROCERY, and QUEENSWARE STORE.

IN KENDALL'S NEW BRICK BUILDING, between the Black Horse and Washington Streets, Cumberland Street, (South Side).

They would inform the public that they are determined and bound to sell Low. Their Stock of Goods is very large, and kept at the best. CASH TERMS. They would invite the Public to give them a trial, feeling confident that they can give them a trial, feeling confident that they can give them a trial.

Choice Poetry.

OUR CHILDHOOD. 'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen To the soft wind's gentle swell, And think of the music Of our childhood home so well!

There are many dreams of gladness That cling about the past— And from the fountains of memory Old thoughts come throbbing fast—

Those bright and lovely days When we were so fond of bliss, Too glorious and too heavenly For such a world as this!

Who smiles were like the sunshine In the spring time of the year— Like the fragrant glow of April They followed every tear.

And yet—the thought is saddening To me on such a day— And that all the beautiful Age passing fast away!

And can we but think of these In the soft and gentle spring, When the trees and flowers are new, And the soft airs are blowing!

For we know that winter comes, And the glorious beauty round us, Is blighting but to die!

Miscellaneous. THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of honorable scars a few.

When I was seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time within three years. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston.

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"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was an ineffable greeny to get gaddled in this way. To be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fools, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to the care of my baby. People after a while grow accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly. But O, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier and heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children, day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I'd rather mow through I never tried it!

How ever, to my story. Toward night, my baby waked; and waked fretful and hungry, suppose. She began to cry—long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look again, curious to see this master nurse would do. "I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, I nearly turned it up side down; no use. Baby properly despiced my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder, till at last I seemed to hold nothing in my arms but an immense squall. A man could stand it no more, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance.

As I passed through the car, some of the young ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the older ones looked out of the windows, and the men eyed me with a knowing sort of leer, that had not my arms been occupied, they would have had a bit straight out from the shoulders. One motherly looking person whom I approached hopefully, transfixed me with a stony, virtuous sort of glare that made me quake in my shoes, as if I had committed the unpardonable offense. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife and a colored girl with them, who held a babe in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I shivered with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented, "row I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were contending a ferri for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son; though I did hear him growl through his white beard, 'Confounded spooney!'"

"I advertised far and wide to no purpose. 'But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household, that I had no other steps to take. We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned, year after year, I found her each time grown healthier and prettier, and she each time manifested an affection for me, charmingly legitimate—for was she not 'My baby'?" As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for actual service. After that I led a wandering and adventurous life for years, "by flood and field." "My baby" wrote me, at first, often. Her first letters were curious specimens—half written, half printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charmingly personal. "I do so and so—I think so and so—I love so and so." But years changed her calligraphy, and alas! the feelings of her letters. Now, in her charming girlish characters, stood, "Your mother does so and so, or your sister thinks and loves," etc. My mother wrote: "We can't call Perdida your 'baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and you, were you to see her, could scarce imagine that our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am too old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious, but she has somehow learned about her finding and, it is a bitter knowledge, to the proud, little heart. It may be 'tis the makes her melt into us." Will you never come to see us any more?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state-room next to mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage. He had been absent from his country many years.

"When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to revisit the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruellest circumstances, and I could never see again the spot that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted in spite of myself, "is not your child dead?" "Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know! Did she not die before you left America?" "No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had rather than lived lost to me, exposed to a fate I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. More—trusting! It seems to me she has been kept pure, and

glanced suspiciously at me and my burden. "We are full, sir. Not a room to be had."

I sent for the proprietor, and again my name wailed for me. What is it to have a family in the land? "But where in the world, Mr. Edward," he demanded, "did you get that child?"

I told the story. He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged of her to take the child and care for it during the night. "I put my hand in my pocket—I gave her a ridiculous large bribe, but I was young and green. She took the child."

"But shure an ye're not the young gentleman that ud he ather leaving yer baby? Holy Virgin, my carter ud be ruined intirely!"

I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off, but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another instant.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven so often over the same road.

"How you're grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you I'm thinking, specially with the baby in your arms. Seems to me you are getting to be a family man a leetle too early."

"I have taken and took my seat. But as we began to near my home, I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate, I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth. My sister started down the steps to me, then stopped. I stepped up to the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin, Ella, on whom I had always from round jacket days, been sweet in a sneaking sort of way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is this a place?"

He broke down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. As I stood by with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented, row I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were contending a ferri for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son; though I did hear him growl through his white beard, 'Confounded spooney!'"

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A FAMILY PAPER PORTWORTH AND COUNTY, PA. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY. By W. M. BRESLIN. 24 Story of Pink's new Building, Cumberland at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rate. The friends of the establishment, and the public generally, are respectfully solicited to send in their orders. SPECIALS. Printed and Published by W. M. BRESLIN.

Lebanon County, postage free. In Pennsylvania, postage free. Out of this State, 50 cts. per quarter, or 20 cts. a year. If the postage is not paid in advance, rates are doubled.

I was excited—I compared the remembrance of the miniature of "my baby" sleeve chain with the figure before me. I made an exclamation. He told me of the child's birth, the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from the child's nurse of its death, and of her speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—as he supposed forever. In Europe, years afterward, he had not a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written him; but further than that, he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master. The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her child in my arms, and the face was the changed, aged one of Perdida's miniature. Not many days thereafter, I restored to my friend his so early lost child, and gave up "my baby" to her rightful father.

"Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty cousin afore mentioned? She had not had patience to wait, that I might; a husband and several olive branches precluded that. How then? I saw 'my baby' a stately, radiantly beautiful woman. She called me Major—she treated me in the most pleasant and formal way—the utmost favor she bestowed upon me, was the slightest possible touch of the fingers, as she bade good night or good morning, and I saw her hourly in her idealizing father's arms, lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. There was a dearer light in the reserve with which I was treated—the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or addressed her, had for me an inexpressible sweetness that I would not have bartered for aught on earth short of what I eventually obtained. What! you'd not mean that you, a scarred-off veteran of between thirty and forty; dared—Didn't I? Hum! And this was the way of it. In my military capacity, I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her in the cars. The happy old gentleman at a little distance read diligently, I said—

"Perdida! you have traveled this route before with me; do you recall any part of this scenery?" "She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly. I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, unpacifiable baby I carried on that day, and the way that poor cadet, humanity was ridiculed!"

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her haughty head.

"And the worst feature in the case is, that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deed is its own reward, to a certain degree, of course; but in this case, every feeling of my soul, every fibre of my heart demands something more. Perdida! my darling these seventeen years I have lost you to your father, but I cannot bear it. Be generous. Here, here, where I found my baby