

Job Printing:

ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PA. This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will be increased as the season demands.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 13—NO. 41. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1861. WHOLE NO. 614.

Lebanon Advertiser. A FAMILY PAPER, FORTY-TWO AND COUNTRY. IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Table with financial entries: BOROUGH ACCOUNT, JOS. KAROH, Treasurer, in account with Lebanon Borough from March 5, 1860 to March 9, 1861.

For Rent. FINE STORE ROOM, in Walnut street, Lebanon, Pa. Apply to JOHN GASSEN.

Private Sale. THE Subscriber offers for sale at all certain farm or tract of land, situate partly in Pinegrove township...

Valuable Borough Property at Private Sale. Real Estate, situate on Liberty street, in the Borough of Lebanon, viz.

Blanket Shawls. CLOTH, WOOLEN CLOTHING of all colors, dyed fast to black or blue, color preserved.

Administration Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration on the Estate of LARAZARUS BROWN, late of Lebanon County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned...

Auditor's Notice. STATE OF JOSEPH ZIMMERMAN, Decd.—The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Lebanon County, State of Pennsylvania, to distribute the balance of the Estate of JOSEPH ZIMMERMAN, late of Lebanon County, Pa., deceased, who was the Trustee appointed by said Court...

Lebanon Female Seminary. JULIA ROSS, Mission Superintendent. GEORGE L. DREW, Principal.

Merchandise Tailoring. S. RAMSEY has removed to the Corner of Commercial and Elm Streets, in Lebanon, Pa. where he will keep a first-class assortment of Cloth, Tailors, and ready-made clothing...

Books and Stationery Emporium. TEACHERS' HEADQUARTERS! GEORGE WALKER'S SPELLING BOOK REMOVED.

Choice Poetry.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT. More than building showy mansions, More than dress or fine array...

More than lofty swelling tithes, More than fashions' luring glare, More than Mammon's gilded hoards...

More than thoughtless self-compare, More than Mammon's gilded hoards, More than fashions' luring glare...

Miscellaneous. MARRSHAL BOSQUET. There died recently in Paris a gallant soldier, a Marshal of France...

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He went through a mock trial, and was acquitted. In the Italian war, recently, he served with distinction.

Stretched on a sick bed, the once dashing officer must have indulged in sad reflections. They say he prayed, and prayed for death.

SCENE AT THE PATENT OFFICE. A DOWN EASTER IN SEARCH OF A BERTH.—The Washington States and Union relates the following amusing incident.

As the time for the new administration approaches, the crowds who throng to Washington increase. Those who make them are not altogether disinterested.

Curious ways some of them have of finding out where best to drive the stakes—that's so; what post would best suit their genius.

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the throat as it went down. Heroic more toothpicks and talking, while he prepared two swords, about an inch wide and twenty long...

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Distressing Case of Hydrophobia. —The Binghamton Republican says: "We have just heard from one of our citizens who returned from Arrarat, Pa., about twelve miles south of Susquehanna Depot, of a singular and distressing case of hydrophobia."

About two years ago, Miss Sarah Low, daughter of Lewis Low, a respectable farmer, started to visit a neighbor across the fields a short distance, and after going a little way, was furiously attacked by a large dog, (afterwards ascertained to be mad), who tore nearly all the clothes off her; but, reaching a stone fence, Miss Low succeeded in getting over it, and the dog, in attempting to follow, pulled down a large stone, which, falling on his foot, held him fast, and Miss L. escaped, as she supposed, at the time, without being bitten.

A few months ago Miss Low was married to Mr. Albert Townsend, and on Sunday, the 3d inst., while herself and husband were riding in a carriage to her father's house, Mrs. T. exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia. Mr. T. hurried on to their destination, and during the night Mrs. T. was attacked with spasms, which were so violent that it required several men to restrain her—she attempted during the spasms, to bite any one within her reach. She continued in the same way until the time our informant left (Friday morning last) and it was supposed that she could not survive much longer. It is believed by her friends that when attacked by the mad dog two years ago, there must have been some portion of the skin not observed at the time, through which some virus from the mad dog penetrated the system.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS. Here is something which should be cut out, preserved, and carefully read once a week:— Never wish for the dishes your mother prepared for you when a boy. There is nothing of which a wife is more jealous than a mother-in-law's cookery; besides, there is scarcely a doubt that the very dishes so much longed for, would fail to please you now.

When a boy everything was relished with a boyish zest, but now, over your mother noted for cookery of the old-fashioned dishes, if you have become accustomed to the more modern styles, would be found faulty. But suppose she was, and is now, a perfect house keeper in all respects, is it kind or gentlemanly to put your mother, with her years of experience, in competition with your young and inexperienced wife? You must bear and forbear, as very likely your father did before you, or you will never have a housekeeper in your wife.

Do you not remember, if you have been married a few years, if you have found your dinner spoiled, wife out of tune, and yourself seriously annoyed, when you could, without injury to business, or even trespassing on the laws of courtesy, have been punctual to the moment? And again, when for important reasons you desire the dinner prompt, you have found it far from ready, have you not found fault, and been reproached with such want of regularity yourself as to make it impossible to keep up a proper system in the family?

My dear wife, if you are a pattern husband, whose example it would be well for many to copy. If your wife has no servants, or not sufficient to do the work of the family, her time is as precious as yours, and the moments waiting for you, must be made up by extra exertion throughout the day, or taken from the hours necessary for repose at night. You little think of this, or your practice would be different.

A TICKLISH SITUATION. The Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle, of the 19th of January, relates the following story: While Atzel was on a prospecting tour last week, in the neighborhood of Garland's ranch on "Old Woman's Gulch," he observed a noise as if of miners working within, and proceeded to pay them a visit.

When he had ventured through the dense darkness one hundred and fifty feet, at once his feet gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom of a shaft thirty feet deep, breaking two of his ribs and otherwise injuring him. On recovering his senses he found he had a companion; a large California slunk had met with a like misfortune, apparently some ten days before. His slunkship had become desperate, through hunger, thirst and confinement, and attacked him with all the ferocity of a tiger, bit him severely on the face and hands, he being too feeble to protect himself. In this condition he remained some thirty hours, when, luckily, two miners passed that way, heard his faint cries, and rescued him from his perilous situation, made doubly so from the fact that this tunnel is situated in a very lonely, obscure place, no one scarcely ever passing except Mr. Garland, in the spring time, viewing his fence. Mr. Atzel said he thought his case a hopeless one, at first, but after praying two hours he took courage and commenced hallooing and fighting the slunk, which he kept up to the moment of his rescue.

A NUT TO CRACK.—A certain aged and respectable female in the apple-trade purchased stock at separate times as follows: 30 apples at 2 for 10.—amounting to 150. 30 " " at 3 for 10.—" " 90. Total: 60 apples, 5 for 20.—amounting to 240. Believing the rate in each case to be the same (5 for 20) she is at a loss to know why the first 60 cost 1 cent more than the last. Who can tell her?

The annual city and township election at Burlington, New Jersey, on Tuesday, resulted in the election of the entire Democratic ticket by an average majority of about one hundred.

Embarrassing.

It is strange what odd mistakes happen sometimes when ladies are going shopping. A nice, precise old bachelor, the very pink of politeness and essence of dignified propriety, is the owner of the principal dry goods' emporium of one of our large inland villages. He regards the ladies as "fearful and wonderful"—is a little afraid of them, to confess the truth, and, as the saying goes, wouldn't touch one of them with a ten foot pole.

The only semblance that he tolerates is in the shape of "dummies," of which he has two or three, for the appropriate display of faces, shawls, bonnets and dresses. Coming out of an inner room the other day, in great haste, he saw, as he imagined, one of these figures standing directly in the way, and very unceremoniously picked it up, found the waist and swung it to one side. Conceive his feelings, when a voice from under the bonnet squeaked out "Here! where are you going? I'll tell my husband!"

Unfortunate! It was a fair customer, and not a lady figure, whom he had treated so unceremoniously. "Excuse me, madam, I thought you were a dummy," gasped the luckless mortal, retreating breathlessly towards his room, as the only practical refuge. Imagine his horror—imagine the lady's trepidation—imagine the irrepressible giggling of the feminine shoppers who had witnessed the whole scene! Altogether, it was rather a disagreeable predicament for an old bachelor to get into.

A SNAKE STORY.—There is the greatest covard about snakes up in Calhoun county, says a Southern exchange, that lives in America. He came from the East last spring, and bought a farm, and for the first six months in the country he hardly slept two hours a night. He had a fine patch of oats on his farm, but he was afraid to cradle it. One day he concluded to take a look to see if there were any snakes in the patch; so he got his old horse, and after leading him through the gap, and laying up the fence to keep the hogs out; he took an old scythe snath in his hand, to fight with in case of an attack, mounted the horse, and struck out into the oats, holding up both legs as high as possible. He hadn't gone far when he saw a whaling him snake slipping along the oats after him. A way he went, found and round the patch, and away went the snake right along with him; sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, sometimes before and sometimes behind. He could not get out of the lot because the fence was up, and as the snake kept constantly with him; there was no chance but to leave the old horse, go and try to keep out of its way. He went it that way till every stalk of oats was tramped down, and until the horse was just about dead, when he discovered that he'd been running from the shadow of his own scythe snath.

NEXT THING TO AN ANGEL UPON EARTH. A gentleman walking thro' Knightsbridge on Sunday overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:— Woman. "Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel! I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring." What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born, I wish myself dead again."

Man. "Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman. "Why, don't I tell you I am as miserable as a rat?" Man. "Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer, I'll be blasted if I know what's in it. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel ere upon hearth!"—English Paper.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS. Steele wrote excellently on temperance, when he was sober. Sallust, who declaimed so eloquently against the licentiousness of the age, was himself an habitual debauche. Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but his gloomy verses give one the blues, but his was a brisk, lively man. "The Comforts of Human Life," by B. Heron, was written in prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room, where the author was surrounded by every luxury. All the friends of Sterne knew him to be a selfish man; yet, as a writer, he excelled in pathos and charity. At one time beating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead donkey. So Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table formed of solid gold, with millions laid out at usury.

A somewhat novel wedding occurred at the Church of Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening. Ten married sisters appeared with their ten husbands, and a small army of children, to celebrate the marriage of the 11th sister. To be candid, speak of the present as though they were absent; to be charitable, speak of the absent as though they were present. One reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.