

Job Printing.

OF EVERY KIND... ADVERTISING OFFICE, LEBANON, PENN'A

FOR RENT... A FINE BUSINESS ROOM, suitable for a hardware or clothing store...

Private Sale... THE Subscriber offers at private sale all that certain farm or tract of land...

Out-Lots at Private Sale... WILL be sold at Private Sale, 8 ACRES OF LAND, situated in Long Lane...

Blanket Shawls... CLOTH, WOOLLEN, and other Shawls, dyed fast Blue or Blue Black...

Administration Notice... NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration in the Estate of late Mrs. Mary Ann Stover...

AUDITOR'S NOTICE... STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, County of Lebanon, do hereby certify that Joseph Zimmerman, dec'd, is the Auditor of the County...

Lebanon Female Seminary... RACHEL F. ROSS, Principal. JULIA ROSS, Principal. GEORGE W. ROSS, Principal.

Hiram W. Rank... FORMERLY OF NEWTOWN, LEBANON COUNTY, who respectfully informs his friends and the public...

Merchant Tailoring... S. S. HANLEY has removed to the corner of Cumberland street and 1st St., in Funch's New Building...

CLOCKS... Thirty Day, Eight Day, Thirty Hour, CLOCKS, Just Received at J. J. BLAIR'S Jewelry Store...

Books and Stationery Emporium... GEORGE WALTZ HAS REMOVED... Has removed his Book Store to Market Square, Lebanon...

NOTICE... THE greatest variety of styles of CANNED SEALS... and other goods...

MARTIN & REINOLD... Dealers in Coal and Lumber... 150, Manufacturers and Dealers in Coal and Lumber...

Lebanon Advertiser.

VOL. 13--NO. 43. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1861. WHOLE NO. 616.

Cephalic Pills. CURE Sick Headache. NERVOUS HEADACHE. All kinds of Headache. BY THE USE OF THESE PILLS THE PERIODIC ATTACKS OF NERVOUS OR SICK HEADACHE MAY BE PREVENTED...

SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS. WILL CONVINCED ALL WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHE. THAT A SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS... Mr. Spalding, Sir: I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two boxes worth more...

Mr. Spalding, Sir: I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, I have received a great deal of benefit from your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my operation...

Mr. Spalding, Sir: Not long since I sent you for a box of Cephalic Pills for the cure of the Nervous Headache and Colic, and received the same, and they had so good an effect that I was induced to send for more...

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va. Cephalic Pills accomplish the object for which they were made, viz.: Cure of headache in all its forms. They have been tested in more than a thousand cases, with entire success.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE! SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE! SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE! SAVE THE PIECES! ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

Choice Poetry.

It is not often that the name of Stephen A. Douglas is connected in our minds with literature, or anything outside of the fierce contentions of the political arena...

I AND JENNY DAVIS. On a sunny summer morning, Early as the dew was on the hill, I went to my morning prayer...

Miscellaneous. 'This is up hill work' said Jenny, 'So is life,' said I, 'shall we climb it up alone?'...

THE SECOND PLAYER.

I said I would tell you my story. Well, to begin, I was born in Burton, something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman...

'Well, some few years after I was married, the conviction came to me; I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, do that part so that I was not laughed at, but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience...

I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as anything. It was no use; my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young sir,' said one to me, 'you are as slim as a girl, and if you were to make love in the tone you've been talking to me, the people would insist that I had made a girl play the lover's part. I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all; two years hence you may come again, and I may talk to you.'

'After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the leading parts, so I had no chance. I had changed my name, first, as Gowling did not look well on the bill, and next, because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What's in a name?' I know there is a good deal in a name when it's on the playbills, and the

public being judge, Alphonus Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses. 'In the company there was a young girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her; I do not think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising of the imitative power in delineating the passion, weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, and rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward. I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her but once, and then a man had been very insolent to her; she came and told me just as I came off as 'Macduff' in Macbeth. I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; these things must be endured. I said that they should not be endured, and that, if he would not protect the ladies in the company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife.

'And how did it end?' 'Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage door. I did, sir, though you would not think it to look at now.' 'And the manager?' 'Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than any other cause. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week.

'We went on very well for some time. I began to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best men, and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of your powers. Every man, not blinded by conceit, who is over thirty, must have more, some less, but still it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that the man has attained to whom you are listening is beyond you. Young men—very young men—feel that what man has done they can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty know their pace well enough to tell them that they will be in the rack of the wheel of life.

'Well, some few years after I was married, the conviction came to me; I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, do that part so that I was not laughed at, but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. They listened, and did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help it, you know. I can safely say I never went on without knowing every word of my part. I was always correct, and in the second and third parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling with me; he's a safe man; never too forward—no clap-trap with him; he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, praise is a good thing, but when a man has dreamed of being the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a star of no very great magnitude telling him he's very good. All me—those hopes of youth that glow the large bud brings forth the little flower.

'Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed utterly. There must be backgrounds, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first. 'True, sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Though months after I knew I was no genius, the ambition to be one left me. I was content to do my part and enjoy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. 'That's her child—poor little thing. And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly, while she played with the buttons on his coat.

'The boys, of course, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest; all were busy then, all making money. You know that the profession is not favorable to health. The excitement—particularly to children—soon wears them out. I know often and often I've seen my boys as imps, and that kind of thing, and late the life was too fast for them. Late at night, to go from the hot theatre into the cold night air was a sad trial to the constitution; and children are not old men. You can not persuade boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within a year of each other. Lung diseases, the doctor said. It carries off a good many of these children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of those kind of things.'

'And the other children?' 'The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him, as he thought he was ill-used, and left us.'

'And what became of him?' 'At first we used to hear from him now and then, but there was a long silence, and his mother worried her

self dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce, as the bills call it; for in a small company you are a king, a warrior, and a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived, came to the door to let me in. 'Don't be frightened, dear; here's Alfred come back.'

'I went up, and there he was; but what a wreck. His eyes bloodshot, his hand trembling, and a hot, red spot on his cheek. 'Well father, how are you?' 'I did not answer; I sat down and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but couldn't; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck and kissed him and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers didn't; the public backed the managers, and were right, too. He could not stand the disappointment; had no wife as his father had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing, and just crawled home to die.

'One night I just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the door. I went, and found the girl of the house where he lodged. She wanted me to come home directly; I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had one of the first-rate London men down as 'Mumlet.' I was dressed as the 'Ghost.' I forgot all about my dress then, and rushed home; it was too late—poor Alfred was gone! He lay with his head on his mother's arms; she was dressed as the 'Queen,' and was weeping, old, silent tears, that fell on my boy's face, one by one. His sister sank on her knees by the bedside as I entered, and the people of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never.

'I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre. 'Manager says he should be glad if you could come back.' 'Look here, Jennings, do you think I can?' 'Not to do anything, sir, but you might see him; perhaps it would be better.'

'I left them and went back; saw the manager and told him; and, though it was his benefit night, he said he would read both parts himself. 'I am sorry for you—very sorry; if I can do anything for you let me know.' 'We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sank, and about six months after his death could no longer take her parts, so Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wanted to make her his wife. He was just such another as I had been myself when at his age. I thought it better to see her the wife of a respectable actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl. Well, they married and remained in the company. I was getting old, you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married, her mother died, and I laid her in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now, and old, and for the wear and tear of an actor's life, and the late hours, tell on the strongest constitution. It was something awful, the change from the light and glare and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up, and, at the age I was then, it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady or a third gentleman, and so we were divided. I went on the circuit as an old man with poor pay, as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'speak up, old 'un' 'is the saddest I heard from the galleries, directly after I opened my mouth.

'I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letters for Sundays, for the day was long and dull at home. I could not make new friends. The young pitted me, and I was proud then, and 'loved not pity,' so I was a lonely man.

'Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, but he died, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterward, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again.

'I tried hard to get a new engagement, traveled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty miles from here. They took me from the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after a deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought, when a boy I used to get the nests out of this tree, that I should end my days here, an old worn-out pauper. You know where it says, 'There's a deity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.' I often said now and then, I feel it now. And the old man mused in silence. 'And your daughter?'

'Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child. 'Here, do you mean?' 'Yes—there in that room.' And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. 'That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees.' 'Of what did she die? She was young?' 'The same disease that carried off her brother—consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last money in coming, and the doctor, good fellow as he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, then died one evening at sunset, holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah? I've outlived them all but this little one.' And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his hand, shriveled hand. 'It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice—all gone. Poor Alice! And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL MASTER.

There are many persons now residing in Philadelphia, who, remembering back some thirty years, can recollect the honest face of a sturdy pedagogue from the North of Ireland, by the name of W., a stern disciplinarian of the old school, who believed that learning as often went in with a 'thwack' as an inclination. Among the pupils of honest old W. was one who has since risen to some distinction, but who, during his school-boy days, was generally regarded as a thick-headed, lazy fellow, and as sure to get Old W.'s attention in the 'warming-way,' every semi-occasionally. One day when Johnny had forgotten to study his lesson, as usual, the old dominie blandly requested him to take his place on the floor, as he had a few words which he wished to say to him. Johnny of course stepped with fear and trembling, and was greatly astonished to hear his stern teacher address him in a very kind and gentle tone.

'Johnny, my son,' said W. 'you're a good family, so you are.' 'Johnny, who was expecting a pretty severe punishment, and had already begun to whine and dig his knuckles into his eyes, looked up in the greatest imaginable surprise. 'I say, Johnny,' pursued the dominie, 'you're of a good family—d'ye understand?' 'Ah, thank you, sir!' said the lad with some confidence.

'Yes, Johnny, I repeat, you're of a good family, as good a family as my own. I knew your father, Johnny, in the old country and this, as a lad and a man, and an honest lad, and man, Johnny, I never knew on aither side of the big deep.' 'Thank you, sir,' said Johnny, with a pleasant smile, and a furtive glance at his playmates.

'And I knew your mother, too, Johnny, and a dear, sweet little girl she was afore she grew up and married your father, Johnny; and after that she was a blessed bride, and as kind hearted and lovely a mother and mistress of a family, Johnny, as ever left the blessed shores of Ireland.' 'Yes sir—oh, thank you, sir,' responded the delighted Johnny.

'Ah, Johnny, your father and mother and myself have seen some happy days across the great sea;' sighed the sentimental schoolmaster; 'days that I'm knowing now will never return to me again. And then your sisters, Johnny—you've got fine sisters, too, that I've known since they were toddlers, and which same now are ornaments to society, Johnny.' 'Oh, sir, I am much obliged to you!' responded the happy pupil, scarce knowing how to express the joy that he felt at finding himself such a great favorite with his heretofore stern master.

'And then, there is yourself, Johnny, that I've known since your birth—the son of me old friends and companions of me youth.' 'Oh, thank you, sir.' 'Ah, yes, Johnny,' went on dominie, with somewhat between a sigh and a groan, and some slight indication of tears. 'It's the whole blessed family I have known so long, and so well, and so favorably, Johnny; and now that I look back with pride on these same by-gone reminiscences, I think I wouldn't be doing justice to your noble father, your kind mother, and the rest of mankind, if I were to let such a lazy, good-for-nothing rascal go without a good thracking. Hold out your hand, Johnny, hold out your hand, you young rascal!' And before Johnny had time to recover from his astonishment, he found himself in the process of a thracking, that he never forgot to his dying day.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

There was once a poor old woman, and she had no dearer wish than once, by accident or a miracle, to obtain a great deal of money, because she believed that if she only had money, all sorrow and suffering would be as good as gone. The accident and the miracle did not happen for a long time, however, till the woman one day heard that on the slope of the hill there grew among other grass a weed, and if any one were so fortunate as to pluck it, the mountain would open, the plucker would walk into a large cave, at which seven men sat round a table, who would allow her to take away as much of their treasure as she could carry. From

Lebanon Advertiser. A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY. IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY WM. M. REEVE. 24 Story of Funch's New Building, Cumberland St. At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. The friends of the establishment, and the public generally are respectfully solicited to send in their orders. HANDBILLS Printed at a hours notice. RATES OF POSTAGE. In Lebanon County, postage at 30 cents per quarter, or 15 cents a year. Out of this State, 50 cts. per quarter, or 25 cts. a year. If the postage is not paid in advance, rates are doubled.

this moment, the poor woman had nothing more pressing to do than to fetch her grass daily during the summer for her cow, because she hoped to pluck the miraculous weed among it. And so she did; one day the woman had again collected grass, carried the heavy basket on her head, and led her little daughter by the hand, when a large rock opened noiselessly before her like a well-oiled door, and allowed her to scintino the cave, where seven old men with long beards were sitting round a table, and piles of gold and silver were heaped around them. The woman naturally soon took advantage of the opportunity, emptied her basket upon the ground and filled it with gold. When this was done, as she was going out again, one of the old men suddenly said, 'Woman, forget not the best thing!' but she did not listen, and went off. But she had scarce reached the entrance of the cave when the rock closed again, and shut in the woman's little daughter, who had remained behind playing with the gold. Then, the woman's grief and agony was great; she ran lamenting to the clergyman, and told him what had occurred. The latter said she must wait other seven years till she could find her daughter again; after that period she must go again to the mountain at the same hour in which she lost her child, and wait for what might happen; but she had made a grand mistake in quite emptying her basket for the sake of her gold, because the miracle weed was among the grass she threw away. Now she remembered the old man's words, and returned to her sorrow that she had done wrong to consider wealth as the highest blessing. How slightly she now valued the gold she had brought home, when she had to pay for it by the loss of her child! She thought further, and found that there were many blessings in the world which if lost, reduce the value of gold to nothing—yes, even make it appear in an odious shape. He who gives for gold and property the loss of a dear child, beloved parents, his fatherland, a good conscience, his honor, &c., could not say that he has gained, for he was really and truly lost. This, and many other things, the poor-rich woman had ample time to reflect on during the seven years, and, to her honor be it said, till the expiration of that time, she would not look at or handle the gold. At length the day came on in which she hoped to find her child again. The woman hurried to the hill in the neighborhood of the rock where her child was shut up; and see there! from a distance she perceived the treasure of her heart, her child, sleeping in front of the rock; it was as young and blooming as when she lost it. She lifted it tenderly, and kissed it a thousand times, with tears, on the road home, thinking, 'If all the gold were out of my room, I should be as happy as if I had found all the treasure in the world!' But the gold was not gone, and so she was grateful for that, and enjoyed the advantages of wealth, and spent much on the good education of her daughter, and thus the well-trained maiden became a great and invaluable treasure.

A PUZZLE FOR DECRYPTERS OF ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS.

The editor of the Morning Advertiser (English) was recently favored with the following epistle: 'Sir—It may perhaps be of some interest to your readers to learn that, during the recent improvement at the Rye House Tavern and Tea Gardens, at Broxbourne, a curious stone was found, with the following inscription:—

F O R O A T T L E T O R U B E R I T A I N I S A G A I N S T

which I send you in the hope that some archaeological light may be thrown upon it. I am Sir, yours obediently, P. T. The Elms, Putney, Dec. 24, 1860. Which when deciphered informed the editor in question that the stone was 'for cattle to rub their tails against.'

English travelers complain that they are so much hurried in our stage coaches. An Irish traveler took a different view of the case—honest Pat came in at one o'clock and was called up in half an hour. 'And what will you charge for that bit of lodging?' 'Twenty cents.' 'And sure it was kind in you to call me so early, if I'd slept until morning I'd not had money enough to pay my bill.'

—A fellow in Columbus advertises that for \$1 he will guarantee any Republican a lucrative appointment from the present administration.

MANHOOD. HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED. ESTABLISHED FOR THE CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness, and Impotence, by Dr. J. C. KILPATRICK, Proprietor of the 'Germ' Balm, &c. This Balm will give a boon to thousands and thousands.

A RARE CHANCE. J. KILPATRICK offers his well-known 'GERM' Balm, &c. ESTABLISHED FOR THE CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness, and Impotence, by Dr. J. C. KILPATRICK, Proprietor of the 'Germ' Balm, &c. This Balm will give a boon to thousands and thousands.