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Choice Poetry.

I'M NOT AN ABOLITIONIST.  
(Inscribed to the author of the lines "I am an abolitionist.")  
I'm not an abolitionist!  
I glory in the thought,  
To see my country with their who have  
My country's ruin wrought.  
My country, my light and power,  
The watchword of my life,  
My dear, dear land, in every part  
Is ever dear to me.  
I'm not an abolitionist!  
I'm not an abolitionist!  
I'm not an abolitionist!  
I'm not an abolitionist!

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young, though the sands ebb low,  
And the liver and gall be ailing,  
Through the wrinkles come, and the roses go,  
And the first grey hairs are starting.  
Smooth, if you can, the furrowed cheek,  
And the frown which o'er the forehead  
Dye, if you will, those locks so sleek,  
Till your age be snugly hidden.  
But the heart may be young, though the locks grow old,  
All its inner life be young,  
And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold,  
Like the brook through the dimple stealing.  
As the pearl keeps fast in its sunken shell,  
Though the beach has worn its away,  
And the springs still gush in the shady dell,  
While the dying day beams away.  
As the leaves fade not on the ivy green,  
With the rest in winter's drear,  
Let the links keep bright, in their golden train,  
That bind us all together.

Original.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE;

Two Hours in the Waters of Long Island Sound  
A. STANLEY U.  
CHAPTER I.  
A BOAT-RIDE AND A STORM.  
It was a beautiful day, about the middle of May, 1861, that, after dining I left the precincts of far-famed Yale; accompanied by J. Harvey W., of Green Mount, Pa., and T. Clark S., of Pittsburg, Pa., who were both my college mates. We proceeded to No. 174 Chapel St. (New Haven, the seat of this venerable institution,) where I was then rooming, to take a social smoke; and whilst inhaling the luscious perfumes of our fragrant Habannas, for a time to bury in happy oblivion the dull routine of college exercises.  
Whilst smoking, and having exhausted various topics previously attracting our attention, we concluded to take a sail. The day was calm; just breeze enough stirring, to plough the billows of the dark, deep, blue waters of the beautiful, island-decked Sound. It was just such a day, as those, when in the wide expanse of the quiet Pacific, the golden-crested dolphins are represented by mariners, as coming to the surface to display their sportive gambols. Nature, which in the higher latitudes of New England, is obliged to struggle longer with stern winter, before she gains the victory, than in the sunny realms of the South, was just commencing to deck herself in her most lovely charms.  
Having proceeded to the harbor, we hired from Capt. Brooks, the "Lennet," a bow-rigger, swift-sailing schooner. Merrily, we danced across the waves, hardly taking note of the time, until the dim hazy outline of the now scarcely perceptible Connecticut shore, warned us, that we had accomplished a distance of about 20 miles, in an incredible short space of time.  
We then directed our course to a small island, to gather shells, and spend a few hours in watching the billows (which were even now rolling faster and higher than when we departed from the harbor,) burst upon the sandy beach. Our pleasure, however, was of short duration: Scarcely had we landed upon the island when the heavens grew black, and in the murky distance of the far West, was heard the sullen mutterings of the impending storm. Over both earth and sea was suddenly stretched a sable pall, as if the guardian spirit

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of storms was determined to make us respect the impunity, with which we had dared to trifle with his dominions. We instantly proceeded to our anchored vessel, took up the anchor, and unfurled the sails, hoping, that by giving all sail to the heightening breeze, we might still be so fortunate as to reach the "City of Elms" before the storm should burst in fury upon our heads. Alas! how delusive frequently are the fondest expectations of man. I was the only person in the party, who had any knowledge of sailing or managing a vessel, the knowledge of which I obtained early in my college career, when being connected with a boat-club, termed the "Atlanta," consequently I was unanimously appointed to take charge of the craft. This had been an easy task, whilst all had been smooth sailing upon the placid waters of the Sound; but now conveyed with it a fearful responsibility. I felt conscious, that upon my own unaided exertions, depended our lives. Startled by the peril, which had suddenly burst upon us, I gave my orders with promptitude, and soon our schooner was under a full head sail for the spacious harbor of the "Elm City." As we advanced the sky grew darker and darker—whilst the storm raged tempestuously. The fierce roll of the thunder drum of heaven was heard, whilst the lurid lightnings played before and around us with dazzling brilliancy, a phenomenon, which startled us the more, on account of being so unusual at that season. Beneath the influence of the gale, which was now pressing upon our still expanded sails, the lee and aft scuppers were pressed to the very water's edge; whilst the heavy strain of the blast upon the rigging and the creaking of the cordage, warned us, that even our staunch vessel could not long withstand so tremendous a squall.

By mutual consent, we now divested ourselves of our coats, and other superfluous garments, hoping to preserve them from being soiled by the billows of the foaming brine, which were now at almost every moment dashing over the sides of the vessel; and also for the purpose of allowing our limbs more freedom, should it become necessary to swim for our lives. Had I followed the dictates of prudence and of my own judgment, I would have instantly taken in the sails and anchored our vessel, or, if pursuing our course, at all, have done so, under bare poles. I, however, allowed the dictates of my own better judgment to be overruled by the wishes of my friend Mr. W., who was the most terrified of all on board, having never previously witnessed a storm at sea.

Amidst the terrible flashing of the rain, as it descended in torrents; the wild howling of the billows, and the still increasing darkness of the sky, our hopes of reaching the city in safety, were momentarily decreasing. There seemed to be naught awaiting us, but to be engulfed in a watery grave, with no survivor to chronicle to the living our premature fate. It appeared indeed, as if old *Aeolus*'s mythic fable had marked us as his victims, and was pouring upon us his legions stern and vast, determined to overwhelm us. Even in that hour of uncertainty, gloom, and sable darkness, I was forcibly struck with the similarity of our position to that of the noble *Aeneas* and his brave band of Trojan followers, so beautifully described by *Virgil* in the opening verses of the first book of *Aeneid*. I now felt the following lines, with far more force than when at College. I first perused this grand old Epic poem in the original, under the instructions of Professor S.

During our stay in the water, we had been able, (strange as it may appear) to gather in the sails of our wrecked vessel, and our vessel was now all ready to be attached to the steamer, which proved to be the "Elm City," so that no material damage was inflicted upon the schooner; twenty-eight dollars covering the entire cost of repairing it.

Whist, clampering from our watery berth up the side of the steamer, we ascertained to our chagrin, that it was covered with ladies, who were standing, gazing down over the harbor bulwarks sympathizing with our condition. Considering our dilapidated condition,—being divested of our hats, boots, &c., we were already in an hour hurried beneath the waves and being almost suffocated by the quantities of salt water, which we had been compelled to inspire; you can easily believe, gentle reader, that it was the reverse of pleasant, to hear the "fair sex," which were clustered around thick above, with such exclamations, as, "poor creatures, how cold they must be," &c.—Too well I recollect, that immediately upon our being aboard the steamer, a lady to whom Mr. S. and I had the exquisite pleasure of being introduced to, a few evenings previous, in the convivial circle, at the residence of one of the wealthy citizens of New Haven, rushed up to Mr. S., and in tears offered her handkerchief and general assistance. He being mortified by the crowds around us, exclaimed: "shut up, we don't want any of your commiserations."

CHAPTER II.

THE PERIL AND THE RESCUE.  
How long we remained in the water, before we arose to the surface, I am unable to state. At any rate, it seemed to me like an age of the most awful intensity. Neither do I know, who first reached the surface. No sooner, however, did Mr. W. "peep his phiz" above the surface, than his long legs were over the side of the foundered vessel, taking a hunch-backed position, with hair disheveled, he was observed to cast his eyes up to the lowering sky, (which was now thick overcast with ebony clouds) in such a ventral mood, and with muscle drawn and anxious look as if it were his last, he cried, "what is to be done; where is my hat!" And then he all set in, "no! halloo! help! help! help! rescue us from the bosom of angry Neptune!"

Truly all things appeared gloomy to our little shipwrecked band. We were still ten miles from the shores of the "Elm City," consequently beyond the reach of mortal aid. No feeble sound of ours would be able to reach the shore, and no eye was upon us but that "all seeing eye" which never slumbers. Our condition was indeed forlorn and destitute of hope. One of my first movements upon reaching the surface, was to compel W. to take his long legs off our foundered bark, (which I observed was gradually sinking from his ponderous weight,) and like the rest of the party seek his safety in swimming or rather floating along with his hands attached to the vessel. Whilst thus keeping ourselves above the water, the billows every moment dashing over us, our reflections were far from being of the most pleasant character; but with that instinctive love of life, which is ever found in man, we determined to cling on, whilst one ray of hope remained. We were not long also in ascertaining that our boots were a burden to us—hence we unanimously agreed to dispense with them, and thus gave them to the lashing waves of the mighty deep. Then the idea that our watches and coats were put in the cabin shortly before the capsizing, seized Mr. Thos. Clark S.'s mind. His watch was of great value, and a last present of one of his most intimate relatives. Hence he at once determined to hazard his life for his watch. In vain did we implore him not to attempt so rash and inconsiderate an act. At once he descended into the water,—sought his way into the cabin, miraculous as it was, brought forth not only his own watch, but in addition Mr. W.'s and my own, &c.

For two hours we remained in this fearful condition. Alternate hope, and despair would take possession of our breasts.—But—hark!—What sudden noise is that in the offing!—Yes, there can be no mistake! A steamer is coming up, with fearful plunges, directly in our track! Perhaps her passengers may see us, and then we will be rescued! Oh what reanimating joy thrills each heart at this prospect! Or perchance (and at that thought each cheek is blanched still paler with fear,) she may plough her way right over us in the midst of the storm, and we be buried in the briny billows—never to rise again.

With feeble cries we hail the vessel. Thank God, we have been heard. A life buoy is thrown to us; we are saved.—Now when the danger of our situation was happily over, and rejoicing over the victory we gained over Neptune, in spite of all his might, we for the first time began fully to realize the comic side of the picture; and to reflect how it would be possible in our present condition to make our way into the classic grounds of New Haven.

Miscellaneous.

A FLING AT DRESSING GOWNS

My name is Albert Fling. I am an active, business married man, that is, wedded to Mrs. Fling, and married to business. I had the misfortune, some time since, to break a leg; and before it was mended, Madame Fling, hoping to soothe my hours of convalescence, caused to be made for me a dressing gown, which on due reflection, I believe was modelled after the latest style of straight-jacket. This belief is confirmed by the fact that when I put it on, I am at once confined to the house, "get mad," and am soberly convinced that if any of my friends were to see me walking in the street, clad in this apparel, they would instantly entertain ideas of insanity. In the hours of torture endured while wearing it, I have appealed to my dear wife to truly "tell me where she first conceived the thought that there was a grain of comfort to be found in hearing it on my back! She has candidly answered that she first read about it in divers English novels, and sundry American novels, the latter invariably a rehash of the first.—In both of these varieties of the same species of books, the hero is represented as being very comfortable the instant he dons this garment, puts his feet in slippers, picks up a paper and goes to sleep.

THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

We spoke some weeks ago of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this holy spot. Since that time we have learned the particulars of his visit, from a correspondent of the London Times, who is probably the Rev. Mr. Stanley, the chaplain of the expedition. It appears that the Sultan declined to give the young traveler a firman, ordering his admission to the mosque. This illustrates the peculiar relations in which Abdul Assiz stands to his people. It is a common but a grave error to imagine that the Sultan is an autocrat, guided by his own will. He is simply the slave of the book, the servant of the Koran. He could no more enunciate an effective decree in opposition to the principles of "the religion" as believed by the people, than he could deprive the Emperor of France of his own crown by a Hatt-i-Hamayan. The intense bigotry of the inhabitants of Hebron, made it dangerous for the Sultan to command the opening of the mosque to Christian intruders, and he contented himself by sending a Vizierial letter to the resident governor at Jerusalem, which recommended the matter to his attention. We are not informed of the immediate means which were used to bring a favorable view of the proposition to the mind of that intelligent functionary, although an acquaintance with the character of men occupying his position in Syria, and from a recollection of the successful result of a similar proposal with regard to the mosque of Omar, and the means then used, we incline to think that gold, and great interest and civilizer, effected the matter.

"Come," said I, "you shall behold the destroyer of your peace. You shall tear her to pieces, or I'll be dashed if I don't." I am tired of the blasted thing!  
I grasped her hand and led her to the back chamber. "There, against the wall."  
"It is," said she.  
"It is," said I, "my dressing gown! I will never again put it on, my shoulders, never. Home go!" Rip it went from the tails up to the back up to the neck.  
"Hold Albert! I will send it to the wounded soldiers."  
"Never! they are men, bricks, warriors. Such female frippery as this shall never degrade them." Into the rag-bag with it, and sell it for a pair of China sheep or a crockery sheep-head. *Voms!*  
The age for dressing-gowns has passed away, Roccoo shams are hastening to decay!

PERSONAL.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN POPE, who has lately been complimented by his Government is comparatively a young man yet, having been born March 10, 1822, in Kentucky (according to the official register) though appointed a cadet from Illinois. His father was United States District Judge of Illinois for many years. The son graduated at West Point in 1842 as Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. In August, 1846, he joined General Taylor's army in Mexico, during its advance on Monterey, and was brevetted First Lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct" in that battle. As First Lieutenant he marched with his regiment through the malarious regions of Central Mexico, and was an active participant in the severely fought and dearly bought battle of Buena Vista, where he was again brevetted Captain "for highly gallant and meritorious conduct." For his gallantry in this engagement, and other distinguished services during the war, he was also presented with a magnificent sword by the State of Illinois. From 1849 to 1853, he was engaged in various engineering and exploring expeditions, receiving the marked commendations of the War Department, and winning an honorable reputation at home and abroad for his scientific researches.— In 1859 he married a daughter of Hon. V. B. Horton, of Ohio.  
On the breaking out of the rebellion, President Lincoln nominated him as Brigadier General at the time of the call for three years volunteers, and he was stationed in Northern Missouri. Since then his career has been well known. His system of breaking up the guerrillas first showed his organizing capacity. His capture of nearly 2000 rebel recruits in Missouri demonstrated his remarkable celerity; while his glorious success at Island No. 10 revealed a combination of military qualities rarely equaled. To this man the army of Virginia is now assigned, and the country will place implicit reliance in his military judgment, vigilance, skill and indomitable energy.  
Gen. Rufus King, who takes Fremont's command, is a newspaper man, but not a newspaper General—for he educated himself in hard study and god service at West Point, to earn something of the trade he is now in. He entered the military Academy as a cadet in the year 1829, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1833, standing No. 4 in his class. On the 1st of July, 1833, he was appointed a brevet Second Lieutenant of the Corps of Engineers, and resigned the service September 30, 1836. From 1836 to 1838, he was Assistant Engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, and from 1839 to 1843 occupied the position of Adjutant General of the State of New York. From 1841 to 1845 he was the associate editor of the Albany Journal, after which he became the editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel.— When this Administration came in, it gave him the mission to Rome; but, true to West Point, he gave up honor and ease in the imperial city, to serve his country on the field.— He is the son of Charles King, of Columbia College, and grandson of Rufus King, (once Senator from New York.)

knowledge, and we shall look for Dr. Rosen's plans and account with great interest. The party had no doubt of the primitive character of the building itself, and they also supposed the evidence clear that it was a Christian church in early times.—*Journal of Commerce.*

GEN. "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

This noted rebel chief is everywhere described as a "slow man" intellectual, even dull. Some say he was a tedious professor, and agree that he has a creeping look. And yet, if you ask them now what they mean by that, they say they do not know; "all they do know is that he is as obstinate as a mule, and plucky as a bull dog," which means just nothing of a man whose prime quality is celerity, quick conclusions, and startling execution; who, as a soldier, is as rapid as his wary, abounding in surprises, brave almost to rashness, and inventive almost to romance.  
As for his outer man, he looks at least seven years older than he is—(his age is 37)—his height about five feet ten inches; his figure thick set, square shouldered and decidedly clumsy; his gait very awkward, stooping and with long strides. He often walks with his head somewhat on one side, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, imparting to his appearance that abstracted quality which young ladies describe as "absent-minded."

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DEATH OF GENERAL SCOTT'S WIFE.

A telegraphic dispatch from West Point, stated that General Scott had received intelligence of the death of his wife at Rome on the 10th instant. Mrs. Scott (formerly Miss Mayo) was attending in her last illness by her daughter and son-in-law. Her age was seventy-two years.

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