Job Printing:

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly and Promptly Executed, at the
ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PENN'A

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

Pamphlets, Checks,
Business Cards, Handbills,
Circulars, Labels,
Bill Headings, Blanks,
Programmes, Bills of Fare,
Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

☞ DEEDS of all kinds, Common and Judgment BONDS. School, Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, printed correctly and neatly on the best paper, constantly kept for sale at this office, at prices "to suit the times."
*** Subscription price of the LEBANON ADVERTISER One Dollar and a Half a Year.
Address, WM. M. BRESLIN, Lebanon, Pa.

Special Notice.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of Legal Tender Notes into the National six per cent. Loan (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of JULY next.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent.
No. 114 S. Third St., Philadelphia.
April 8, 1863.—3m.

Out-Lots at Private Sale!

WILL be sold at Private Sale,
8 ACRES OF LAND,
situated in Long Lane, near the borough line, in Cornwall township. It adjoins the land of Widow Brunner, on the North, Wm. Atkins and John Krauss on the East. There is a one story LOG HOUSE, weather boarded erected on the land, and a good WELL in the garden.—The land has fine stones for quarries. This tract will make a nice home for a small family.

☞ It is free from Ground Rent. Good title will be given.

ADAM RITCHEY.

N. B.—This tract is now covered with fine grass, hal. of which will be given to the purchaser.
Lebanon, June 13, 1860.

Howard Association,

, Philadelphia, Pa.

DISEASES of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, SPERMATORRHŒA or SEMINAL WEAKNESS, IMPOTENCE, and other affections of the SEXUAL ORGANS PHYSICAL DEBILITY and PREMATURE DECAY,—new and reliable treatment, in Reports of the Howard Association, sent by mail, in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, No. 2 South Ninth Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
January 28, 1863.—1y.

Administrators' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration on the Estate of JOHN BACHMAN, late of South Annville township, Lebanon county, Pa., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons, therefore, having claims against said Estate, are requested to present them, and those indebted to make payment.

MARY BACHMAN, South Annville, Adm'x.
JACOB UHRICH, East Hanover, Adm'r.
May 27, 1863.—6t.

Removal.

DR. C. L. KREIDER has removed his office to his residence, in the building formerly occupied by J. Shellenberger, two doors south of the County Jail.
May 27, 1863.

REMOVAL.

A. STANLEY ULRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Has removed his office to the building, one door east of Laudermilch's Store, opposite the Washington House Lebanon, Pa.

BOUNTY and PENSION claims promptly attended to [April 8, '63.—3m.

REMOVAL.

S. T. McADAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAS REMOVED his office to Market Street, opposite the Lebanon Bank, two doors North of Widow Rise's Hotel.
Lebanon, March 25, '63.

JOHN H. BOWMAN,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY, has removed his OFFICE to the ROOM lately occupied by Dr. Geo. P. Lineaweaver, in Cumberland Street, Lebanon, a few doors East of the Eagle Hotel, and two doors west of Gen. Weidman's Office.
Lebanon Dec. 17, 1862.

CYRUS P. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office in Walnut street, nearly opposite the Buck Hotel, and two doors south from Karmany's Hardware store.
Lebanon, April 9, 1862.—1y.

WM. M. DERR,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Schaler's building, Cumberland street, nearly opposite the Court House. [Lebanon, May 6, 1863.—tf.

Dr. B. Albert,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Jonestown and vicinity. Office at the residence of Dr. Barry.
Jonestown, May 20, 1863.—1m.

Dr. Samuel S. Meily

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lebanon and vicinity. OFFICE at the residence of Mrs. L. Buch, two doors West of Office of Dr. Samuel Behm, dec'd, in Cumberland street.
Lebanon, April 15, 1863.

Dr. Samuel B. Light

OFFICE at the old residence of Dr. Geo. Reidenauer, opposite the Court House, Lebanon, Pa.
Lebanon, March 25, '63.

Dr. Abiah H. Light.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of the Borough of Lebanon and vicinity. Office in Walnut street, two doors north of the Lutheran Parsonage.
March 4, 1863.

Dr. C. L. Kreider.

Offers his professional services to the community of Lebanon and vicinity. Office *temporarily* with Dr. Schaeck, in Walnut street.
Lebanon, April 1, 1863.—3m.

GEORGE CLARK,
DENTIST.

Office at the Eagle Hotel, Lebanon.

Particular attention paid to Vulcanite work and Filling Teeth.

REFERENCES:—
C. N. PEIRCE, D. D. S., Professor of Dental Physiology and Operative Dentistry. No. 501 N. 7th St., Philadelphia.
E. WILDMAN, D. D. S., Professor of Mechanical Dentistry. No. 24. N. 11th St., Philadelphia.
JAMES TRUMAN, D. D. S., Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry. S. W. Corner of Franklin and Green Streets, Philadelphia.
E. N. BAILEY, D. D. S., Demonstrator of Mechanical Dentistry. No. 228 N. 12th St., Philadelphia.
Lebanon, April 1, 1863.

Blanket Shawls,

CLOTH, WOOLEN CLOTHING of all colors, dyed fast Black or Blue Black, pressed, the color warranted and goods turned out equal to new, by
LYON LEMBERGER,
East Hanover.

☞ Articles to be dyed can be left at *Jos. L. Lemberger's* Drug Store where all orders for the above will be attended to. [March 11, 1863.

PENSIONS.

DR. GEO. P. LINEAWEAVER, having been appointed, by the Commissioner of Pensions, at Washington, Examining Surgeon for Pensions, is prepared to attend to all applicants for Pension at his office, in Market street, next door to the Post Office.
Lebanon, March 25th, 1863.—6t*

SOLDIER'S PENSIONS.

SICK, WOUNDED AND DISABLED SOLDIERS who are applicants for Pension will be examined by
DR. W. M. GUILFORD,
Examining Pension Surgeon for the Government. Papers promptly made out and forwarded to the Department at Washington.
Office, opposite the Market House, Lebanon Pa.
Lebanon, March 25th, 1863.—2m.

TAKE NOTICE.

BUILDERS will do well by calling on J. H. BRESSLER Agent, as he is prepared to do all kinds of TIN-ROOFING, SPOUTING and JOB WORK generally, at the very lowest prices. He also has on hand a large and good assortment of all kinds of TIN WARE, and all of the most improved Gas-Burning COOK STOVES and PARLOR STOVES. Also, all the different and latest improved RANGES AND HEATERS, of all kinds. He also keeps constantly on hand a large stock of all kinds of ROOFING, SLATE, which he offers at less price than they can be bought of any other statemen in the county.

☞ WARE-ROOMS—One door South of the "Buck Hotel," Walnut Street, Lebanon, Pa.
Lebanon, December 25, 1861.

Just Printed, at this office, Judgement Bonds with waver of $300 Exemption Law

WANTED TO BUY,

50,000 BUSHELS RYE;
50,000 bushels CORN
50,000 bushels OATS;
50,000 bushels WHEAT.

Also, CLOVERSEED, TIMOTHY SEED, Flaxseed, for which the highest CASH prices will be paid at the Lebanon Valley Railroad Depot, Lebanon.
GEORGE HOFFMAN.
Lebanon, July 17, 1861.

Notice.

THIS is to notify all Carpenters and Cabinet makers that no bills for coffins will be paid by the Directors of the Poor for poor persons dying within a circle of five miles of the Poor House; as all such persons will be furnished with Coffins free of expense on application to the Steward at the Poor House.

JOHN E. BOWMAN,
ELIAS WALBORN, } Directors of the Poor.
GEO. ZIMMERMAN,
May 27, 1863.

Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 14—NO. 53. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1863. WHOLE NO. 731.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.
DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philad'a Pa.
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia,
Jaundice.

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a *disordered* Liver or Stomach.

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

And will positively prevent *Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.*

THEY CONTAIN
No Alcohol or Bad Whiskey?

They WILL CURE the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable,) hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventurers, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs, and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles, and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters; which instead of curing, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale, are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The proprietors have thousands of Letters from the most eminent
CLERGYMEN, LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS, and CITIZENS,
Testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?

If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMEN BITTERS.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received, from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and gradually increasing strength and manliness, such as I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. NEWTON BROWN.

PHILAD'A., JUNE, 23 1861.

Particular Notice.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and *will have* a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt. Get *One Bottle Hoofland's German Bitters* and mix with *Three Quarts of Good Brandy or Whiskey*, and the result will be a preparation that will *far excel* in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will *cost much less*. You will have all the virtues of *Hoofland's Bitters* in connection with a good article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

Attention Soldiers!

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations and friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 26rd, 1862.

Messrs. Jones & Evans.—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres.—Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine" from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I *did* force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. I felt could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dead Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have but taken two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for 18 months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front-Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life. Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co C 11th Maine.
LEWIS CHEVALIER, 92d New York.
L. E. SPENCER, 1st Artillery, Battery F.
J. B. EASEWELL, Co B 3d Vermont.
HENRY B. JEROME, Co B do.
HENRY T. MACDONALD, Co C 6th Maine.
JOHN F. WARD Co E 5th Maine.
SHERMAN KOCH, Co H 72d New York.
NATHANIEL B. THOMAS, Co E 95th Penn.
ANDREW J. KIMBALL, Co A 3d Vermont.
JOHN JENKINS, Co B 106th Penn.

Beware of Counterfeits!

See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON," is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZ. FOR $4.00.

Should your nearest Druggist not have it on hand, do not be put off by any other intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward safely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
NO. 631 ARCH ST,
Jones & Evans.
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.)
Proprietors.

☞ FOR SALE by Dr. Geo. Rose, opposite the Court House LEBANON, PA., and by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.
[May 27, 1863.—1y.

Miscellaneous.

THREE NIGHTS
—IN—
The Robber's Den.

BY ABAM ANCUM.

I had left Rocky steep behind me, and was proceeding at a rapid rate in the direction of Rathstone, which place I expected to reach about nightfall, when upon turning a bend in the road, I came upon a weary-looking and grey old man. He was plodding slowly along, a bundle hanging on a stick slung over his shoulder, a slouched, weather-stained felt hat covered his grey head, and tattered garments clinging mercifully around his shrunken limbs and attenuated body.

As I approached he turned his head and cast a sharp and bright grey eye upon me, ran it quickly over my horse and person, and then, as if fearing his scrutiny would be noticed, he turned away his eyes and plodded slowly on. In a moment I had reached his side, looking down as I checked my steed to a walk, I saluted him with:

'A good day, friend. Have you traveled far?"

'Near a score of ten miles since sunrise, a good step for an old man like me to do, stranger,' and he looked up at me frankly with a peculiar smile on his dark and withered face.

'You must have moved at a sharper gate than that to cover so much ground,' I answered.

'Neither faster nor slower, stranger; steady walking makes its mark. Why don't you buckle your girth, stranger?'

I looked down as he spoke, but from my position could not see the deficiency he mentioned.

'Wait a bit an' I'll fix it.'

I drew up my horse, and he, laying down his stick and bundle in the road, approached my animal, and grasping my girth proceeded to fumble around it. Suddenly he grasped me by the ankle, and with a mad wrench and heave hurled me from the saddle; then springing upon my breast, he grasped me by the throat and thought to throttle me. I now know he was not the character he pretended to be.

Though terribly surprised, I did not for a moment lose my presence of mind. I gathered all my powers for a struggle, while, to me, was for life or death, for I well knew that the villain with whom I was engaged, was one of the many assassins that frequented the deserted back roads with which the out skirts of Jersey then abounded.

I had in my saddle-bags and about my person a large amount of bank notes and gold, placed in my hands as collector of the house of Stenworth & Co. I was likewise well armed, but for the present my arms were useless. I therefore held out plenty of inducements to robbers, and one, at least seemed determined to profit by it.

Our struggle for a few moments was fierce and wild. The robber seemed possessed of demon strength, and he used it with reckless ferocity; but the assassin fought for gain—I for life. He was over-matched, for with a herculean force I hurled him over, and forcing my neck with a mad effort from his clenched hands, I placed my hands upon his face, planted my knee upon his breast, and then seizing him by the neck-cloth, I drew up his head and jammed it down upon the hard, rocky road, stunning him instantly.

In a few moments I had him securely bound, and slinging him across the saddle, I mounted behind, and rode as rapidly as my burthen would permit, in the direction of Rathstone. I was anxious to reach that place, for there I had agreed to meet a few friends—gay dogs—with whom I had promised to spend a portion of my time prior to returning to New York.

I had proceeded, however, but a few miles when the sky grew dark and I heard the low rumble of distant thunder. In a few moments large drops of rain came battering down and the trees that lined the roadside swayed heavily in the breeze. A great storm was coming on. I looked around for a place of shelter, and began to debate within myself whether or not I should give liberty to my prisoner, when upon arriving at the top of an eminence, I described, standing in from the road a quarter of a mile distant, a very struggling looking dwelling, and in that direction I turned my weary beast.

The storm was now in its height, and the rain was pouring fiercely down as my horse splashed his way through the fast increasing rivulets. In a few minutes I had arrived near the house, the appearance of which nearly prompted me to continue my journey. The fast coming darkness, however, determined me; so turning to the door I dismounted and lifting my prisoner to the ground (the rain had now revived him,) I knocked lustily for admittance.

While waiting I looked about me at the bleak and dismal prospect. The house, (or tavern as it proved,) was old and weather-stained, some distance from the road, half surrounded by broken and rotten trees. On one side a steep ledge of rock, which cast a gloomy shadow upon the tavern; on the other a dark lonesome wood. Ere I could notice more the door opened and a most villainous looking personage appeared. When he looked upon my prisoner he started and turned deadly pale; and, as I turned to the robber and looked into his face I found him gazing at the man in the doorway AND TALKING WITH HIS EYES. No tongue spoke plainer. A shudder passed through me. I was firmly convinced the robber and landlord both knew and understood each other.—However, I gave no sign to indicate my suspicions, but turning to the man in the doorway, I said:

'I desire accommodation here until the storm is over, and secure quarters for this man, who sought my life a short time since. He is a robber. I demand your assistance in securing him.'

'All right, stranger; ye kin have it, and shelter, too, if you pay for it.'

'That I intended to do,' said I, entering the tavern and leading in my prisoner.

The room in which I found myself was long and narrow, with a counter at one end, behind which were a few black bottles and tin cups, which bottles I supposed contained liquor of some kind or other.

There was likewise a good fire blazing on the open hearth, fed by shrubs and rotten branches, around which were seated three men, each holding a tin cup two of which contained rum. The third, having disposed of his was now proceeding to the bar. These men it seemed had been gambling, for the cards still lay upon the table which was drawn in close proximity to the fire.

They gave a start of surprise as I appeared in company with the robber, but soon recovered themselves, looked at each other and grinned broadly. Again I gazed at the robber, and found the same talking expression in his eyes. It now struck me for the first time that I was in a robbers' den.

As this conviction came upon me, I felt for a moment for retreating to the door, mounting my horse, and making the best of my way from the place. But this action I felt, upon reflection, would tend to precipitate matters for I knew did the robbers suspect my suspicions, they would not allow me to leave the place alive. So putting as good a face upon the affair as I could, pulled up a chair to the fire and ordering supper both for myself and the prisoner, proceeded to dry my saturated garments by the cheerfull blaze.

In a few moments it was ready—a coarse and comely meal, yet tempting to a hungry man. Having disposed of the edibles, I demanded to be shown to a room. The landlord led the way, and leaving the prisoner in charge of the men below I quickly followed. I now felt firmly convinced that the robber, by a strange accident, was in the hands of his comrades, and would soon be at liberty and ready to take summary vengeance on me for the treatment he had received.

The rascally looking landlord having pointed to my room, let me a bit of candle, and preceeded back to the tap-room. I entered the chamber, and after closing the door and carefully locking it, set down my candle upon a wretched table standing in one corner of the room.

The room was very poor. The walls were bare, also the floor. An old ricketty bedstead occupied one corner of the chamber, on which was a flat, hard looking bed, with a very dirty counterpane. A cracked glass hung over the table, and that with the articles before mentioned, was all that the room contained.

I looked around the apartment in vain for a chair. Not finding one, I sat down upon the bed-side to meditate upon my position. My first action was to examine my weapons consisting of a revolver, bowie knife and a small pistol—highly valued as a presentation—which was very useful, and was never known to miss fire.—These I found to be all right, and then returned them to my pockets.

I was about to throw myself upon the bed as I had no intention of undressing, when my attention was attracted by a quick flash of lamp flame before my window, I looked out and beheld two men entering the stable and in a moment more they appeared, leading my faithful animal. One of the parties holding the horse was the robber whom I had just returned.

My suspicions were thus practically demonstrated.

The time for action had now come. What course should I pursue? In a moment my mind was made up. I could not get my horse without detection, and could not leave my room except by dropping from the window, or passing from it into the tap-room below—both of which places of egress would render my detection liable. I determined, therefore, to remain, and holding as I did the lives of seven men in my hands, made up my mind to sell my own as dearly as I could. The first thing that I did was to barricade the door. For this purpose I used the bed, which was easily and silently wheeled from its corner.—Having fixed it as firmly in that position as I could, I secured the windows, and then cast myself upon the hard couch to await the issue of events.

The night crept rapidly on. Soon the full round face of the moon came up gradually in the sky, peeped in at the window, and cast its broad, white reflection upon the floor, the walls and everything around. It was a propitious sign, for my candle was flickering in the socket, and as moonlight appeared it fell spluttering from its place. My room was as light as day and I thanked God that if I must fight to defend myself, I could at least see those with whom I was to contend with.

One, two, and three hours passed away, and no noise broke the heavy, burdensome stillness of that night of terror. I lay restless and weary upon the bed; I felt that it was verging into midnight, and knew if I was attacked at all, it would be at that time.

I was about to rise from my bed and walk about the floor, when I heard the stairs creaking beneath heavy steps; then came a pause; then suppressed whispering; then the walking was resumed. In a few minutes it had reached the door—a hand was laid gently on the latch—it was turned—a pressure was made against it—it resisted—the hand was taken away, and the whispering resumed.—After a short time I heard another noise—the inserting of a key in the lock; but it was opposed by the key already inside. They pulled it out and something else was inserted. In an instant the lock flew back with a loud noise, and the door was pushed in. It opened about a quarter of an inch, and then struck the bed; it was pressed again—the bed still resisted. Disguise was useless. With loud curses the robbers threw themselves against the door and forced it open several inches.

Now or never was the time for action. I sprang on my knees to the side of the bed next to the door, and presented my revolver at the opening I cried:

'Budge another inch this way, and you die!'

I spoke in a cool determined tone; the robbers, knew that death was in it, for they retreated from the door and paused a little ways off, in whispered conversation. They seemed at last to arrive at some conclusion, for I heard one of them run rapidly down the stairs. In a little while he returned, and I wondered what they were about to do.

In a moment I received a most practical answer, for, with one swift and furious blow from an axe, or other hammer-like instrument, the door was battered in, the splinters flying in all directions.

My position on the bed was now rendered insecure. I sprang to the floor just in time to avoid the axe, flung madly at me by one of the enraged robber, and in return I let fly the hammer of my revolver, and brained him on the spot. The battle now commenced in earnest, and I well knew that it was my life or theirs.—I therefore dropped upon my knees, that I might not be made a target of by the robbers, and thus shielded partly by the bed, I waited for further action.

I eyed keenly the opening made by the broken door, determined to fire at the first face that made its appearance; at the same time exercising the greatest care with my shots, which, if expended uselessly would render my capture sure, as I had no more ammunition. I had one great advantage, and that was, if the robbers were bold enough to attack me in the room, they must climb over the bed, doing which would place their lives in imminent, if not certain danger. This the robbers seemed to understand, for they hesitated a long time before proceeding further.

At last they moved away, and seemed to have wisely concluded to let me alone for the time, for, after a whispered conversation, they went slowly down the stairs and in a little while all was still. I waited patiently to see if the attack would be resumed. An hour passed—then, two, three; and at last the gray streaks of dawn appeared, and the warm sun soon arose in all its bright glory, finding me pale, haggard, and worn from my terrible vigil.

The hours dragged on. I awaited every minute, expecting the appearance of the robbers. They came not, and I began to wonder what were their intentions regarding me. It was noon, still no one came; it was past the noon hour, and still all was silent as before. At times I could hear a low talking, which came to my ears from the yard. What in the name of heaven, did they intend doing?—Ha! The thoughts passed through my brain like a bullet of fire—*they were going to starve me out!*—The fearful thought nearly unnerved me. I leaned for a moment against the wall, as the idea came upon me. Now, for the first time, I experienced the pangs of hunger. I had eaten but little the previous day; it was now verging into night, and I had tasted nothing, and another night of terror was approaching. I stood looking from the window, thinking thus, and noticed the growing darkness. A great storm was rising, for the sky was growing very black and masses on masses of great clouds began gathering in the Northwest, and a strong wind was blowing. Soon the rain began falling; it made my heart beat heavy and slow, for I was alone and nearly helpless. My room was very dark, for I had no moon to cheer me, as on the last night. All was darkness and apprehension. At times the quick lightning would flash in the window, illuminating for a time everything around; then again all would be dark and still. I stood at the window listening, straining my sense of hearing to catch, above the din of the storm, the sound of approaching footsteps—for I thought that, at times, I could discern amid the thick darkness the forms of my enemies, crouched beneath the bedstead or climbing over it upon me.

It was a night of horror. Certain death stared me in the face—a dreadful death; for I knew they would fearfully avenge their slaughtered comrade who fell before my revolver at the second attack on the door.—And I stood trembling and thinking upon the fate in store for me.

At last, overcome by my loneliness, exhausted and hungry, I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible; and rather than be starved out, I would meet them boldly—die fighting or make my escape. In furtherance of this idea, I slowly raised my window and looked out in the storm and darkness. One look convinced me that by the window escape was hopeless, for on the threshold of the stable were seated two men, with a lantern before them, carefully shielded from the storm. From the small, red fire that would brightly glimmer every second, I knew they were smoking. The other two, then, must have been sleeping, while these two remained on watch.

I was fast growing reckless and desperate. I knew that in another day I should be so exhausted that I would be an easy captive; I therefore, looked down on the men for a moment, raised my revolver, took deliberate aim at one of the robbers, and fired. He bounded from his seat and fell down a corpse. His companion, with a cry of surprise, sprang into the darkness. Then the door of the tavern hurriedly opened, and the landlord and the other two robbers came rushing confusedly out. I could scarcely see them in the darkness, but I had still four shots in my revolver, not counting my pocket pistol and bowie knife, and I determined to try another. Straining my eyes, and pointing my revolver I fired; a low cry—loud curses, and execrations—a rush of feet, and all was still. I could have dropped from the window, but I well knew they stood in the doorway of the tavern, and if I did so I would certainly be killed. I paused. The night passed slowly away; the storm began to subside. I stood at the window, my face burning hot, but my limbs cold and shivering.—The morning peeped in to cheer me, and again I thanked God. Bang! the window glass flew in my face with a crash—a bullet whistled by me. My shadow had been seen, but I was unharmed. I retreated to another corner of the apartment, and crouched down—for I was weak and sinking fast. I waited the approach of morning.

Morning at last dragged itself in, and the sun arose and poured its beams through my broken window.—I crept forward to warm myself in its reflections, still crouching down with my hands clasped about my knees.—My lips were now parched and dry, and I shook as though with an ague fit; my revolver dropped from my hands, for they were hot and trembling. I crawled to the window.—Raising myself I looked out and saw some thimblesful of water in the worn creases of the window ledge; I sucked it in, and once more crawled to my "sunny reflection." I had that day a presentiment that the night would end my suffering—whether by death or escape, I could not tell; but I felt it was so.

Did I before have any doubt as to the intentions of the robbers, it was now no longer questionable. That they had determined to starve me out was now certain. Nearly the whole day I heard nothing, except now and then the closing of a door, or the low tones of parties in conversation; but even this incidental noise soon ceased, and all was still as the grave. All this time I felt myself growing weaker. Hunger gnawed unceasingly at my bowels; and my thirst, unslacked for nearly three days, became so intense that my tongue rattled against my teeth and the roof of my mouth much like a dried bone.

My agony was fearful, but I bore up against it with all my powers of mind and body; still I felt myself sinking fast, and I knew that my end was near.

Noon had long passed, and night—the third night—was again approaching. Oh what agony I experienced as I saw the sun sinking fast from my sight! I arose from my crouching position, and moved noiselessly to the window to wet my dry lips and tongue on the damp board. While there I looked out, and away off on the long road leading to the tavern I beheld two horse-men. On, on they came at rapid pace, facing directly for the robbers den. I pulled out my handkerchief, and waved wildly in the air. The horse men saw it, while I, like the condemned wife of Bluebeard, still waved my flag, and felt that my time of deliverance was near.

The clattering of the iron shoes in front of the tavern brought forth the landlord, and he held the horses while the riders leaped to the ground—the very men I promised to meet at Rathstone—the "gay dogs" mentioned in the early portion of my narrative.

I shouted from the window; they looked up—darted into the tavern, pistols in hand and were soon in the room. I fell back faint and weak.—They clasped me in their arms, brought me down stairs, and in a short time, I had revived. The robbers had left the place but the landlord remained; and when my friends demanded the cause of my captivity, he said that he was helpless in the hands of the robbers, and was compelled to do as they desired. He showed us three new made graves in the rear of the house, where lay the robbers who fell before my revolver.

I ate a light meal, and then my friends told me the cause of their timely appearance. They knew the the road that I was to travel was the most infested by robbers of all the roads in Jersey, and when I failed to meet them at the appointed time, they surmised the reason, and without delay came and rescued me from impending death. I shall never forget my terrible sojourn in "the robbers' den."

Major General Butler Repulsed and Beaten.

The Boston *Courier* excuses the publication of the following upon the ground that General Butler is a public man, and because the affair has got into print.

We have received from the best authority the facts of the encounter at Lowell. As we learn the facts, they are as follows: Mr. Russell, who is a mason in Lowell, was employed by a Mr. Eastman, the agent of General Butler, to lay the pipes in a drain which Eastman had dug on the General's premises. The laying of the pipes was nearly compleated, one only of the sections lying by the side of the trench. At this time General Butler came towards Mr. Russel, and ordered him to remove a large stone within the side of the drain, and some distance beneath the surface of the ground, saying it would interfere with the plough. To this Mr. Russell objected, stating that it was his business to lay the pipes, and not to dig the drain, which had been prepared for his work by Eastman.

Thereupon Gen. Butler, with violent and profane language, ordered him to leave his premises. Mr. Russell told him that he was employed by another person, and did not look to him for his pay, and should finish his work. General B. then kicked the section of the pipe into the drain, which Mr. Russell picked up and placed in its former position. Repeating the offensive language, Gen. B. kicked the pipe over again; and as Mr. Russel was attempting to replaced it, he received a violent blow in the face. We understand that subsequently General B. alleged this to have been an accident; but the statements upon the other side do not correspond with that view of the case. Mr. Russell jumped from the ditch and as quickly General B. was flat upon the ground and Mr. Russell had him by the throat and held him there. General B. is alleged to have made no resistance; after holding him as long as he thought necessary, Mr. Russell allowed him to rise, and accompanied him a hundred or two hundred rods out of the field.

We learn that Mr. Russell told the General that he was an old man, over sixty years of age, and had never been assailed in this way; that the General must remember he was in Massachusetts, not New Orleans; and that such conduct as his would not be tolerated on New England soil. He also told him it was no wonder we were beaten by the rebels, when such officers led our men; that, for his own part, he was the grandson of a revolutionary patriot, who was killed by the British in his own house, (at Lexington,) and he himself and the other descendants of that man had been true to their Democratic principles. Reminding the General of his action at the Charleston Convention, and of his political tergiversations in general, Mr. Russell then left him. We are not disposed to make any comments on this transaction. We give the facts and they were detailed to us; and as we are informed, the affair was witnessed by numbers of persons.

Sie Sin awwer G'shprunga.—A few days ago a soldier, residing somewhere down the valley, was met in the car by a man who merely recognized his face, and the latter asked him, in Pennsylvania dialect, what regiment he belonged to? He answers, "to the ——" (which is attached to the unfortunate 11 Corps, which corps, it is alleged, behaved badly in the battle of Chancellorsville.) The man then asked him how it came that they (the 11th Corps) all skedaddled? when Mr. Soldier made the following comprehensive and satisfactory explanation:

"Well, ich will der now yust exactly fertzehle wie's war. Dort war de front line, un donn war noch en line sell war de tswett line donn war auch de dritt line sell war ewwa unsery Un donn fersteh, we sie dno anfanga hen mit eram fer dommta sheesa, donn sin ewwa de front line g'shprunga, fersteh. Well, don, des ding war goot, donn sin ewwa selly tswett line auch g'shprunga, fersteh. Un donn, holes mich der deifel wan mere net auch g'shprunga sin. Cheemany Kripes was sin mere awwer g'shprunga!

☞ There is prospect of a large peach crop in New Jersey. The backward spring delayed budding, and, perhaps, prevented blight.

The Advertiser:

A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By WM. M. BRESLIN,
2d Story of Funck'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 an hours notice.

RATES OF POSTAGE.
In Lebanon County, postage free.
In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county 3¾ cents per quarter, or 15 cents a year.
Out of this State, 6¼ cts. per quarter, or 26 cts. a year if the postage is not paid in advance, rates are double.

We are prepared to print Horse Bills in handsome style, on short notice and at reasonable rates.