



PRINTING:

OF  
THE  
ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PENNA.

THE ESTABLISHMENT IS NOW SUPPLIED WITH AN EXTENSIVE  
ASSORTMENT OF JOB TYPE, WHICH WILL INCREASE AS THE  
DEMANDS INCREASE. IT CAN BE HAD IN ANY QUANTITY  
AND AT ANY PRICE. THE ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PENNA.

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

Also of all kinds of Stationery and Judgment Books,  
School, Journal, Contable and other Books, printed  
correctly and neatly on the best paper, constantly kept  
for sale at this office, at prices not to suit the times.

Rates of Advertising.

1 Square, 12 lines, 4 wks. \$1.00  
1/2 Square, 6 lines, 4 wks. .50  
1/4 Square, 3 lines, 4 wks. .25

For advertising in the LEBANON ADVERTISER  
One Dollar and 50 cents per line per week.

Advertisements for Merchants and Business  
men as agreed upon.

Subscription price of the LEBANON ADVERTISER  
One Dollar and 50 cents per year.

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VOL. 16--NO. 51.

LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 833

The Advertiser.  
A FAMILY PAPER FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY,  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
By WM. M. BRESLIN,  
24 Story of Funk's New Building, Cumberland St.  
At One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.  
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.  
HANDBILLS Printed at an hour notice.  
RATES OF POSTAGE.  
In Lebanon County, postage free.  
In Pennsylvania, out of Lebanon county 5 cents per  
quarter, or 20 cents a year.  
Out of this State, 5/8 cts. per quarter, or 2 1/2 cts. a year  
if the postage is not paid in advance, rates are double

**Wistar's Balsam**  
OF  
**WILD CHERRY.**  
ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE  
REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR  
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,  
Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness,  
Sore Throat, Croup and every  
affection of  
**THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,**  
INCLUDING EVEN  
**CONSUMPTION.**  
Wistar's Balsam of Wild  
Cherry.

No general has the use of this remedy become, and  
so popular is it everywhere, that it is unnecessary to  
recount the virtues, which they are so well attested  
attestations in the abundant and voluntary testimony of  
the many who from long suffering and protracted dis-  
ease have by its use been restored to pristine vigor and  
health. We can present a mass of evidence in proof of  
our assertions, but space forbids it.  
**CANNOT BE DISCREDITED.**

**The Rev. Jacob Seidler,**  
Well known and much respected among the German  
population in this county, makes the following state-  
ment for the benefit of the afflicted.  
I, Jacob Seidler, of Lebanon, Pa., Feb. 16, 1865.  
Dear Sirs—Having realized in my family impor-  
tant benefits from the use of your valuable prepara-  
tion—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry—I desire the  
pleasure to recommend it to the public. Some eight  
years ago one of my daughters, a young girl, was  
seized with a severe cold, which she could not get  
rid of, and she became very weak and emaciated. I  
then procured a bottle of your excellent Balsam, and  
before I had used it she was restored to her former  
health, and she has since remained in perfect health.  
I have in my individual case, made frequently use  
of your valuable medicine, and have always been ben-  
efited by it.  
JACOB SEIDLER.

**Wistar's Balsam of Wild  
Cherry.**  
Wiss genuine unless signed "W. B. DUTCH" on the  
wrapper.  
FOR SALE BY  
J. P. DIMONROE, No. 40 Broadway New York.  
S. W. FOWLE & Co., Proprietors, Boston.  
And by all Druggists.

**REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE**  
Forty Years' Experience  
Has fully established the superiority of  
**REDDING'S RUSSIA  
SALVE.**  
Over all other healing preparations.  
It cures all kinds of SORES, CUTS, SOALS,  
BURNS, BRUISES, ULCERS, ITCHING,  
NETTLES, PILES, CORNS, SORE LIPS, SORE  
EYES, &c. REMOVING THE PAIN AT ONCE.  
It is the best remedy for ALL KINDS OF  
SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATION AS IF BY MAG-  
IC. ONLY 25 CENTS A BOX.

**The Phoenix Pectoral**  
WILL CURE YOUR COUGH.  
OR  
**COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY**  
AND BENZEA SWEET ROOT  
WILL CURE THE DISEASES OF THE  
**THROAT AND LUNGS.**  
Such as Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma,  
Bronchitis, Catarrh, Sore Throat,  
Hoarseness, whooping  
Cough, &c.

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**Miscellaneous.**  
IN A TIGHT PLACE.

One of the most remarkable ob-  
jects I remember ever to have seen  
is or was in view near the head of  
the lonely valley of Tamara, in Pe-  
ru. About fifty yards from the road  
that dips into the northern end of  
the gorge there crops out from the  
greenward a rugged mass of rocks,  
some thirty feet high. On the top  
of this rock, which is in the form of  
a truncated cone, there stands a man  
in armor.

He has stood there for over two  
hundred years. It is natural, there-  
fore, that his iron clothes should be  
somewhat rusty, which they are. In  
the lonely valley of Tamara, in Pe-  
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darling project, the unsuspecting rob-  
ber descended from his horse, climb-  
ed up the fatal rock with such agility  
as his iron trappings would allow,  
and stood upright on the summit of it.  
He has stood there ever since.

The wily Jesuit in the course of  
his geological researches, had discov-  
ered that the stone forming the apex  
of the strange rock was a loadstone  
of wonderful power. No force could  
wrench it from its "Bless you, my  
son!" cried he, as he rode away,  
waving his hand to the miserable  
brigand. "Bless you, my son! we  
will do what we can for the repose of  
your soul, but I have no fears." Do  
not, struggle! Inevitable destiny  
has at last fallen upon you, and your  
hour is come. Spare your anatho-  
mias. There you are, while the iron  
lasts, a spectacle and a warning for  
ages to the assassin and the robber.  
Cursed be he who attempts to rob  
you. These are the words of Bartolo-  
meo, and they shall be inscribed upon  
the rock.

"But why didn't the robber walk  
out of his iron clothes, Margarita,  
and vacate the fatal formation?"  
"Because he was dead," replied  
Margarita. "He died of fright at the  
awful words of Padre Bartolo, whose  
curse was afterwards graven upon  
the rock, though it is not discernible  
now, being worn away by the hand  
of time."

And the man in armor stands on  
his rock to the present day, proba-  
bly, a striking illustration of the  
right man in a tight place.

**A Terrible Plunge.**  
On Wednesday a sailor took a leap  
from the centre of the east-iron  
bridge at Sunderland, which is one  
hundred feet above the water; the  
man applied to the magistrates on  
Saturday for permission to perform  
the exploit, but their worship refused  
to countenance it. Afterwards  
however, bills were issued announc-  
ing that "Stephen Jeffrey, the great  
English diver from the Isle of Wight,"  
would, at twenty minutes past three  
o'clock on Wednesday, make the "ex-  
traordinary and daring leap" from  
the centre of the west side of the  
bridge. Police were posted on the  
bridge at the hour appointed, but  
the man dressed as a sailor, passed  
through the crowd without being re-  
cognised. About half-past three o'clock  
he suddenly threw off his coat, gave  
it into the hands of a friend, and  
then mounting the rails, quickly leaped  
down head foremost into the river.  
Despite the strong wind blowing at  
the time he appeared to go down in  
almost a straight course; but before  
reaching the water gathered himself  
up and made a plunge, hands over  
head, in the orthodox diving fashion.  
He rose to the surface almost imme-  
diately, and then coolly swam 'till  
undipped up an orange which he  
took out of his breast and threw o-  
ver just before taking his leap. He  
then turned to swim ashore to one of  
the landings, but a cable manned by  
two of the river police roped up and  
took him on board. He was landed  
at the Pan's Ferry Landing, and  
walked ashore, passing through an  
immense crowd of people, who great-  
ed him with loud cheers. It is stated  
that the man has often undertaken  
daring leaps before, and that he will  
next visit Newcastle and take a leap  
from the High Level Bridge.—New-  
castle (Eng.) Chronicle.

**What Next?**  
Now that the war with the rebels  
is over, there are very many sig-  
nals of "Loyal Leaguers," who have  
killed off slavery, are leaguers to kill  
off something else. Protestant  
Leaguers seem to be the new name.  
The Old School General Assembly,  
Presbyterians are having a General  
Assembly in Pittsburg, Pa. They  
seem to be as full of fight as the new  
schoolers in Brooklyn. Many of  
them are certainly very woolly, and  
are itching to kill somebody, or if not  
to kill, to fight. The following is not  
the report from the Assembly of the  
Old School, in Pittsburg, but of a re-  
ligious mass meeting held there, pend-  
ing the Convention.

[Here follow resolutions adopted  
by the meeting, deprecating "the  
fearful growth of the Papacy," both  
as an ecclesiastical and civil power  
in this land; that "the present is  
our auspicious moment to bring a-  
bout the formation of a great National  
Protestant League," to operate  
for the overthrow of "Infidelity and  
Roman Catholicism." The resolu-  
tions were unanimously adopted, and  
a committee appointed to carry out  
their purpose.]

First, the Catholics, then the Jews,  
then the Episcopalians, perhaps, then  
the Unitarians and Universalists, and  
Quakers again, perhaps!  
The new god that many such  
"Christians" have fallen down to wor-  
ship of late, is clearly a heathen god  
—not our God—not even the respect-  
able gods that Egypt, Greece, and  
Rome have fallen down and wor-  
shipped. He is a fighting god—and  
these sort of "Religionists" can never  
hold, never, be content. England could  
not hold them, and they fled to Hol-  
land. Holland was too hot for them,  
and they fled to New England. They  
there created a Theocracy—and burnt  
witches, and hung Quakers—and let  
nobody vote—not of their school and  
 creed. The Baptists were excited, and  
the Orthodox, they were the only Church  
and State. They over must have a  
fight on hand; they would "spill"  
without a fight. The saving of souls  
is a sorry trade for them; the hang-  
ing of bodies is their delight. Peace  
is Hell. War is Heaven.—N. Y. Ex-  
press.

**THE WANDERING JOHNNY;**  
OR, THE  
**26th MILITIA**  
ON THEIR  
**MUSCLE.**

BY A STANLY DUNNICH

"Arma virumque cano," says Virgil,  
when introducing the Trojan hero in  
the world renowned Iliad! Without  
attempting an imitation of the flow-  
ing numbers of Mantran bard, we de-  
sign to relate in plain prosaic, the his-  
tory of our gallant band, who not only  
fought and fell at Gettysburg, but  
actually ran away;—not that they  
were afraid of the overpowering myr-  
midons of Ewell,—not a bit of it.  
But then gentle reader, you know,  
or at least you ought to know, if you  
don't, (ignorance in this case being  
utterly inexcusable,) that there is an  
old and very truthful adage, which in-  
culcates the principle, that on cer-  
tain occasions "discretion is the bet-  
ter part of valor." So it appeared to  
Col. Jennings's command, 26th Regi-  
ment, Pa. Militia, when, shortly be-  
fore the battle of Gettysburg, they  
effected an unprecedentedly rapid  
change of base from the rather un-  
healthy atmosphere of the South  
Mountain, to the decidedly more sa-  
lubrious climate of Fort Couch and  
its bristling cannons.—Now when  
I was a verdant Freshman or a love  
struck Sophomore, even (I must con-  
fess it) when I had attained the dig-  
nity of a stately Senior, I always sup-  
posed that mountain air was exceed-  
ingly compatible to the well-being of  
my physical existence. Moreover, I  
always labored earnestly, to induce  
the dignified professors to allow said  
idea to permeate their benighted crani-  
ums—they however, "couldn't see it."  
No more could we, when at  
Cashtown. But of that more anon.

The 26th was a noble regiment;  
equal to any of the two hundred regi-  
ments, that the old Keystone of the  
Arch has sent, (thanks to the indefatig-  
able exertions of her noble, patri-  
otic Governor,) into the field to battle  
against accursed and perjured traitors.  
No braver men ever drew  
breath, than its gallant members.—  
Officers and men appeared to vie  
with each other in their patriotic de-  
votion to the cause of country. We  
were willing to do our share of fight-  
ing, but when through the imbecility,  
or treachery of the officer command-  
ing the post, (since removed,) our  
lone regiment was sent into a section  
of country just about as numer-  
ously represented by the rigged fol-  
lowers of Jeff, as a cemetery with  
tombstones—only a little more so—  
it was getting rather rough for the  
boys.

Some poet, or poetaster, (it mat-  
ters little which, for its all about the  
same these days of machine poetry,)  
has said—  
"He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day."  
So we thought, after watching for  
some time those interesting speci-  
mens of humanity, (called Johnny  
Rebs, along the Rappahannock,) as  
they kept pouring in upon us, as if  
Gen. Lee had rented the whole of the  
South Mountain, and the best of  
Adams county, for a grand exhibi-  
tion of all the concentrated villainy  
of creation. But then it was not  
just so easy getting off, when the  
fields were so full of Rebels and  
blackberries together, that we could  
hardly find room to stand, much less  
to run, (the boys by the way, un-  
fortunately having strongly the pre-  
ponderance.) But although, it ap-  
peared for a while to be nip and tuck  
with the chance for Richmond rather  
better, than Harrisburg, yet we got  
away and thereby hangs a tale.

The 26th Regiment, Pa. Militia,  
was the first organized for the emer-  
gency, when Pennsylvania was in-  
vaded by the rebel army. It left  
Harrisburg June 16; its destination  
being Gettysburg, upon which place  
the rebels were reported to be advanc-  
ing in force. The regiment number-  
ing 800 men, was under the com-  
mand of Col. W. W. Jennings, previ-  
ous commander of the 127th Regi-  
ment, P. V., which had under his skill-  
ful leadership, proved its valor be-  
neath the frowning cliffs of Freder-  
icksburg, and amidst the death-  
struck woods and corpse-covered  
thickets of Chancellorsville. The  
Lieut. Col. and Major, who like the  
Col. were nobly formed in Nature's  
best mould,—were likewise heroes of  
the Potomac army. Many of the  
company Officers and men were but  
lately from the Rappahannock—  
whilst the remainder of the Regi-  
ment comprised the very elite of the

districts which they represented.—  
Here, in conjunction with the me-  
chanic and the laborer, could be  
found the clergy, attorney, physician,  
the student and manufacturer. Here  
were mingled together, old men  
whose whitening locks and wrinkled  
brows, spoke eloquently of the ravages  
of time; and, mere boys, whose  
forms appeared to be almost crushed  
beneath the weight of the knapsacks  
and rifles—all alike animated by a  
patriotic devotion to country, and a  
determination to rescue her fair fame,  
as well as the sacred soil of the noble  
Keystone State from the insulting  
presence of a rapacious foe.

When about six miles from Gettys-  
burg the train containing the regi-  
ment, was thrown from the track by  
a stray cow. And here let me di-  
gress sufficiently to utter in the name  
of humanity, my solemn protest,  
against this legalized slaughter, to  
which our traveling community are  
yearly subjected. Hundreds of pre-  
cious lives are daily at the mercy of  
the legions of stray cattle, which in-  
fest every by-way, public road, and  
railway of the Commonwealth. Our  
sister State, New York, has efficient-  
ly guarded against this prolific source  
of evil; and for any species of cattle  
to be allowed to stray beyond the in-  
closures of their owner, incurs upon  
them a prompt and heavy penalty.  
So should it be in our own State, and  
we hope our august Legislature will  
ere long remedy this evil.

Had the accident occurred a few  
seconds sooner we should all have  
been precipitated down an embank-  
ment of upwards of 40 or 50 feet.—  
The smashing up of the engine and  
a few cars, necessarily made us bivouac  
for the night there. The ebullitions  
which had been for some days gather-  
ing, commenced to pour down the  
rain in torrents. But war is some-  
thing stern, dark and bitter. No  
gathering of festive men for holiday  
amusement, but the concentration of  
suffering and hardship. Well had  
we known, that we must resign home  
comforts, when we started for the  
field; and well I know, that not one  
of those brave men in our regiment  
struck from the gloomy prospect be-  
fore them. What was our present  
inconvenience, compared with the  
sufferings of the noble army of the  
Potomac, when pressed by rebel  
hordes on the Swamp bound banks of  
the James; or when confronted by  
Stonewall's 30,000 veterans, amidst  
the desolating, withering fire of hell,  
which was poured upon our decima-  
ted ranks at the slaughter-strewn  
field of Chancellorsville? The boys  
endeavored to make the best of a dis-  
agreeable situation, and amidst the  
sound of song and the blaze of cheery  
camp fires we slowly sank into the  
embraces of the somniferous deity—the  
kindly Morpheus.

We remained in our involuntarily  
chosen encampment for only ten  
hours, when we were ordered by  
Major Haller, commanding the post,  
to advance to Cashtown, at the foot  
of the South Mountain. Here were  
we, one lone regiment of Infantry,  
with neither cavalry or artillery sup-  
ports, sent right into the spot swarm-  
ing with guerrilla cavalry, under  
Jenkins, White and Mosby, and upon  
the very road upon which the divi-  
sions of Ewell's corps had already  
commenced their march for the Sus-  
quehanna. The wonder is not that  
after bravely combating superior  
forces, we were compelled to retire;  
but rather that any of us even es-  
caped to tell our tale.

The road had by this time been  
rendered almost impassable by means  
of continuous rains, producing a mud  
to be rivalled in consistency only by  
the plastic mire of the sacred soil of  
the "Old Dominion." As the rain  
continued to pour down in intermin-  
able streams, we were being doubly  
quicker through the classic streets  
of the once obscure and quiet, but  
now forever historic city of Gettys-  
burg. How little did I anticipate,  
when in the quiet of other years, I  
had walked its well-paved streets in  
company of lady-fair or gay collegi-  
an, that my next visit would be un-  
der circumstances of this character.

We saw the country under most  
unfavorable circumstances; yet on  
every side were evidences of thrift  
and home comforts. The waving  
crops of ripening grain; the dark  
luxuriant foliage of the forests; the  
meandering streamlets wandering  
carelessly and bubbling joyous through  
scented meadows—all afforded a  
beautiful picture of agricultural and  
domestic tranquility. How little did  
we dream, as we crossed Seminary  
ridge, and left the town behind, that  
that very spot was to witness the  
sanguinary slaughter of the 1st of  
July, or that, the dark, blue peaks

of the "Round Top," far to the South,  
was so soon to drink deeply of the  
life blood of contending foes. How  
is all now changed. Where lately  
flowers were springing, and golden  
pioneered songsters were chanting  
their matins of thanksgiving, all is  
now cold and dreary desolation.—  
The crops trampled in the miry soil,  
alternately trod by soldiers in grey  
and soldiers in blue. The sere and  
dying trees of the forests, rent with  
shot and shell, and shivered with  
musketry.

Although, the first troops to enter  
Adams county, fate did not permit  
us, to become final participants in the  
decisive victory there won. In the  
battle there fought a few days after  
our exodus, between the two rival  
armies of the Potomac, were staked  
the destinies of the liberty-loving  
people of the world over during cen-  
turies yet unborn. May we not be-  
lieve, that when on the third day 150  
rebel cannon, were pouring their  
fearful services of shot and shell up-  
on our left centre, in order to sweep  
our batteries from the field, and  
crush out our lines of patiently en-  
during infantry, the heroes and mar-  
tyrs of freedom, through the long  
centuries of the by-gone past, were  
gazing on the sweeping, howling,  
moaning, shrieking tempests of or-  
chestral death. Nor do we rightly  
appreciate the immense destinies for  
weal or woe involved, when Ewell,  
appealing to the memory of the fallen  
warriors of Chancellorsville, led his  
corps against the rock fastnesses of  
the right, commanding the Baltimore  
road, the key to our position. Had  
a single one of our sorely pressed,  
fearfully decimated—aye, more than  
decimated regiments broken, the  
result of the gory field of Gettys-  
burg would have been far differently.

No sooner had our regiment reach-  
ed the vicinity of Cashtown and com-  
menced making preparations for en-  
campment, than our pickets were  
driven in by the advance of the rebel  
army of invasion; numbering as we  
subsequently ascertained 11,000 In-  
fantry and cavalry accompanied by  
nearly 40 pieces of artillery. We  
were immediately ordered to arms, for  
it was getting "lively for the boys."  
A retrograde movement was com-  
menced—through ye fields and by-  
ways—now almost totally impassable  
on account of mud. Some of the  
more