A DIRGE FOR THE SLAIN IN BATTLE.

GETTYSBURG.

Toll the bell mournfully
Over our dead—
Hushed be all careless noise,
Vanish all selfish joys,
While slow and tearfully
Onward we tread.
Toll the bell mournfully
Over our dead—
Let our tears freely fall
Down on the drooping pall
Thrown dark and heavily
Over his head.

Toll the bell solemnly
Over our dead—
Slowly home comes the brave,
Seeking his quiet grave—
In it most tenderly
Let him be laid.

Toll the bell solemnly
Over our dead—
Hearing his country's call,
Gladly he gave his all,
Going forth fearlessly
Where duty led.

Toll the bell mournfull
Over our dead—
Dear is our country's fame,
Thrice honored be his name,
Who, for it manfully
Life blood hath shed.

Toll the bell peacefully
Over our dead—
Quick he reached glory's goal—
God rest his gallant soul,
Where no more ruthlessly
Death blows are sped.

Toll the bell hopefully
Over our dead—
Brave hearts can never die—
Calm may his body lay,
While his soul trustfully
Upward hath fled.

Toll the bell *warningly*—
Let it be said—
When our brave die so well
This is Rebellion's knell,
Floating out meaningly
Over our dead.

WEARY OF LIFE.

A SKETCH FROM THE GERMAN.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessels laying in the stream were begining to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions toward the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the strand, and was preparing to make a leap the design of which was not to be mistaken; but at that instant the younger seized him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself!"

"You have guessed it. What is that to you?"

This was the answer spoken in the most angry tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes when, if you like, we will make the great journey together. Arm in arm, the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose was not withheld. The former continued, in a tone of seeming enthusiam:

"So be it! Arm in arm! Truly I did not dream that a human heart beat with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are, an honest man or a villian—come, let us begin the journey together!"

The elder held the young man back, and fixed the dim, half extinguished eyes searchingly upon the countenance of his companion, exclaimed,

"Hold, you seem to me too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring fortune in his grasp.——

"*Brilliant!*" answered the young man scornfully. "What have I to hope for in the midst of a world full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness? Come quick!"

"You are still young! You must have had very sorrowful experiences to make life already thus insupportable to you!"

"I despise mankind!"

"Without exception?"

"Without exception!"

"Well, then, perhaps you have now found a man whom you will not necessarily despise. I have, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really! That is highly interesting! It's a pity I did not make your acquaintance earlier!"

"Leave me to die alone, young man. Live on! Believe me, time heals all wounds and there are men of honor yet to be found."

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast to say "Vale" to the world?"

"Oh, I am an old sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot will not longer see his only child, his daughter, blighting her youth, and laboring day and night to support him. No, I would be an unfeeling father, I would be barbarous, if I lived on thus!"

"How, sir, have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man, surprised.

"And with what endurance, with what love, does she sacrifice herself for me! She works for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love—a sweet smile for me always!"

"And you want to commit suicide? Are you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter?—The life which she is now leading is her certain death," answered the old man in despair.

"Good sir, come go with me to the nearest inn that is still open, and let us drink a bottle of wine together. You will relate to me your history, and if you like I will let you know mine. So much, however, will I say to you beforehand. Chase all thoughts of self-murder out of your head. I am rich, and if things be as you say, from henceforth you and your daughter shall lead a pleasant life."

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later, over full glasses, the elder began:

"My history is soon told. I am a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing for inheritance, and the young girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and remained on to old age in a dependent subordinate position. Finally I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child wearies to gain my support. I can not bear to see her working herself to death for me—therefore it is better I go—now you know all!"

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nobody is easier to help you. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance my heir. The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter, out of pure curiosity. I would for once see how one looked who really deserves the name of '*woman*.'"

"But young man, what can it be that so early has made you unhappy?" questioned the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker in this city. My father died five years since, leaving me more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one without exception, with whom I have any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me—on account of my money. Others have pretended to love me on account of my money: and so it went on. I often mingle in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with a charming being, a young girl, to whom my whole heart went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I was going to be happy—at last, at last. The young girl! and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the Marcusplatz, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours. One day my girl appeared with red eyes—she had been weeping—and told me we must part: confessing that her life belonged to another! With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd. Her faithlessness decided my destiny. Vainly did I rush into pleasures which so-called "good society" has to offer, but found my lost peace of soul never! never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to a close."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder, wiping his eyes, "from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you: for I, at least, was, by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

Will you give me your address, good sir, that I may convince myself of the truth of your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but I must see to believe. To-morrow I will arrange my affairs as I have already told you. You will remain in this inn to-night, and in the morning early I will return. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not in the meantime, speak to any one of what has taken place between us."

"You have my word! Go to my dwelling, to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm S———. Here is my address.

With these words he handed the young man a paper giving the locality of his dwelling. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer class, at some distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl T———," said the young man. "Take this bank note; it may reach until my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the proprietor called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms, and left the house.

* * * * * * * *

Hardly had the morning broke, when Carl found himself on his way to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circumstances. It was not without trouble that he found the house. It was a poor place. The young man knocked, opened the door, and involuntarily stepped back.

What did he see?

The young girl whose inconstancy had made his life unbearable, stood before him.

She had grown pale—very pale; but he knew her at the first glance. It was Bertha, whom he once hoped to call his own.

At his appearance the young girl sprang towards him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back, exclaiming:

"You did not expect to see me?"

The young girl sank into a seat and covered her pale, beautiful countenance with her hands.

"Are you Wilhelm S———'s daughter?" asked the young man, coldly, after a pause.

"I am," answered the young maiden, timidly.

"And who and where is that *other*, to whom, as you told me at parting, your life belonged?"

"That other is my father," answered the young girl, looking up to the young man with a glance which spoke the tendcrest love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawned upon him, the scales fell from his eyes—suddenly all was clear.

Speechless he rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

"Come to your father!" he faltered to the young girl.

"My father! Oh, I forgot, where is he? He has been out all night. I have watched for him in tears the long night through."

"Your father is saved. He is with me," was Carl's answer, as he hurried the young girl on, and through the streets to the arms of her—of his father.

A fortnight later, in the midst of the greatest splendor, the marriage of the rich young banker Carl T——— to Bertha S——— took place.

RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

BY SECRETARY STANTON.

God is on the side of our country. Let us reverently thank him that he has favored the general march of our arms toward the sacred end of our exertions—the defeat of the daring attempt against the unity of our national power and the integrity of our free institutions. Not always in human affairs has the cause of right and freedom prevailed. In the gradual development of human society, as unfolded in the lapse of long ages, the oppressor has generally triumphed, and history has full often been compelled to record the failure of the noblest efforts, and the downfall of the most righteous designs conceived for the benefit of man. Such has been the experience of the race in those parts of the world which have longest been the theatre of human enterprize and of established government. But the American continent seems to present an exception to this uniformity of sinister events; it is destined to be the seat of civil liberty. The success of our institutions in withstanding the awful trial to which they have just been subjected, indicates the existence of providential designs toward our favored country, not to be thwarted by any mortal agency at home or abroad. Such a combination of hostile elements, so powerful and determined, has never before assailed any political structure without overthrowing it. The failure in the present instance shows that our great destiny will be accomplished in the face of all obstacles, however unsurmountable they may appear to be.

Providence always accomplishes its ends by appropriate instrumentalities; and in our case there are natural causes adequate to the great result which seems to be inevitable. In North America the principle of equal rights and of unobstructed individual progress has become the fundamental law of society. It is needless to trace the origin and growth of this principle; but its operation has been so powerful and productive, so fully imbued with moral and intellectual power, so solid and safe as a national organization, as shown in the marvellous history of the United States, that no uncongenial principle is capable of resisting it, or even of maintaining an existence by its side. This is true not only with regard to that antagonistic principle which is now desperately but hopelessly waging a suicidal war within the bosom of the great republic; but it is equally true with regard to that insidious germ of despotism, which threatens to push its way through the soil of a neighboring country, displacing the free institutions which have long and sadly languished amid the civil wars of a most unhappy people. The same vigorous vitality which will renew the growth of our national authority and maintain it in the Union, will, at the same time, establish its predominant influence on the continent. Having overborne and rooted out every opposing principle within the boundaries of our own imperial domain, its growth will be so majestic that every unfriendly influence which may possibly have secured a foothold in its vicinity during its perilous struggle, will soon wither in the shadow of its greatness and disappear from around it. Foreign nations may exert their sinister authority in the Old World, and plant their peculiar institutions in that congenial soil, with their accustomed success; but no amount of skillful manipulation will preserve these exotics when transplanted in the American soil. The prevailing elements are not suited to their organization; they cannot be naturalized and acclimated. This continent, with its peculiar population and antecedents has its own political *fauna* and *flora* fixed by nature and destiny, which cannot be utterly changed at the will of any human authority.

The most wicked and disastrous experiment of the age has been tried upon the grandest scale. It was a bold undertaking to break up the American Union, and to arrest the progress of its benign principles. To the great relief and joy of almost universal humanity, the monstrous attempt is about to result in a disgraceful failure. Yet this prodigious enterprise of destruction was the most auspicious promise for its fatal success. The malignant envy of all the instruments of despotism throughout the whole civilized world were brought to bear against us for the accomplishment of a work of stupendous ruin—the annihilation of American nationality, American power, and American freedom. All the bad, restless, retrogressive elements of our own population sought alliance with the foreign enemies of human liberty; and, for the most selfish and detestable of all social and political schemes, attempted to prostrate the paternal government of their country, before the expiration of the first century of its unexampled career. Vast armies of deluded citizens, led by degenerate sons of the republic—ingrates, educated at her own military schools—have impiously defied her lawful authority, and sometimes assailed her with unnatural triumph over her arms; while foreign capital, subsidized by prospective piratical plunder, has filled the ocean with daring cruisers to destroy her commerce, and thus to weaken the right hand of her power. Feathers from the wing of her own eagle have plumed the arrows directed at her heart; while the barb has been steeled and sharpened by the aid of mercenary enemies in distant lands—aid purchased by means of the robberies which have desolated the land. Deep and dangerous have been the wounds inflicted on our unhappy country through this shameless combination of traitors at home and enemies abroad; but she still stands erect, though bleeding, with her great strength yet comparatively undiminished, and with her foot uplifted ready to be planted on the breast of her prostrate foes. She holds aloft the glorious banner, its stars still undimmed, and with her mild but penetrating voice, she still proclaims the principles of universal freedom to all who may *choose to claim it*; and with the sublimity of the most exalted human charity, she invites even the fallen enemy—the misguided betrayers of their country—to return to her bosom and share the protection of her generous institutions. In the hour of her triumph she seeks no bloody vengeance, but tenders a magnanimous forgiveness to her repenting children, wooing them back to the shelter of re-established liberty and vindicated law. All hail to the republic in the splender of her coming triumph and the renewal of her benificent power!

EXECUTION IN UGANDA.

Captain Grant, Nile discoverer, has been giving the public some more details of his experience among the African tribes. He says:

"Many curious barbarous customs prevail in Uganda. One is that if a page does not convey properly the king's orders, or misconveys them, the poor boy has his intellect sharpened by having one or both ears cut off. Maimed boys and handless men, not seemingly disgraced, were, therefore, not at all uncommon; and on seeing my hand, it at once struck him that I had been a page, for he asked me. He punishes by torture to death. The lives of men and women are taken for the most trivial offences—a common saying being that he never looks bright, or no business can be done till the day has commenced with a few being led to execution. Not a day passed without our hearing of or actually seeing some poor victim. A miserable young girl, or handsome woman, from the palace gate might be seen walking down the road perfectly alone and unheeded by passers by, wailing nya-wo, &c., mother, in the most bitter, agonizing tones, perhaps bleeding from a spear wound, and mournfully following a single palace guard, walking fifty yards in front of her to the place of execution; others would have a whip-cord round the wrist, and follow the man along like a dog; while others pull, I have seen most reluctantly, against the cord by which they are being led to death, screaming most cruelly. Princesses by birth had several privileges—they could not be executed like others—and the king's sister, the handsomest girl in the palace, had the privilege of also being his wife.

"The gallant Captain also narrated the following incident which occurred while the party were staying in the territory of a very friendly prince: The king had a little child, and Captain Grant, for its amusement, carved a toy representing a man dangling in the air. When the king saw this toy he was so delighted with it that he appropriated it to himself, and sent a carpenter to cut down a tree for Captain Grant to make a similar toy the size of life. Of course the Captain said that this was rather beyond his capabilities, furnished as he was with a penknife only. Captain Speke also carved a toy representing an elephant drawing a piece of artillery, with an artillery man seated on the gun. The king was immensely taken with this, and expressed his surprise that elephants (of which there were many wild ones in his provinces) could be turned to so good account. Captain Grant told him that this was a sample of the ingenuity and prowess of Europeans. The king hereupon said that he had an old gun—a six pounder—and asked Captain Grant to make a gun carriage for it. This the Captian was again obliged to decline, as he had no tools beyond his penknife."

THE COPPERHEAD.

It was reserved for the present generation to develop the new political character so fitly styled the Copperhead. The era of the revolution had its Cow-boys, and the war of 1812 brought out a class of opponents whose personal worthiness was generally in flat contrast to their wrong-headedness. But the Copperhead of the present day, although he may be the heir of these ancients' opposition to the cause of the country, has traits entirely his own, which, it is to be hoped, will disappear with him. We may glance at a few of them.

The Copperhead is a modest man. Although he stays at home in retirement, he claims to know more about this great national contest than any of its actors. He tells the soldiers that they are not fighting to put down the rebellion, but merely to uphold a despot at Washington. He tells the President of the United States that he does not know the most obvious constitutional limit of his sphere, but is violating more laws than the rebels themselves. He tells the rebels that what they really want is peace, while they say directly to the contrary, and the President confirms their veracity in this respect. He tells the negro that he can't fight, and ought not to be allowed to if he could, while the latter contents himself with pointing to Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, and letting his modest calumniator have his talk out.

The Copperhead makes great sacrifices in this trying crisis. Others tender generous contributions in aid of the war or its sufferers—he does nothing of that kind. Others give up their sons and dearest kindred—he stands aside and arraigns their folly. Others, still, go to the war and sacrifice their limbs and lives—but he considers that only a very misguided proceeding against our Southern brethren. Nevertheless, in some respects he makes the greatest sacrifice of all. He sacrifices his reputation for good sense and common sense, his good name in the future, his standing as a citizen, his fair memory among his children. Who else can make such sacrifices as these, and that, too, without any other inducement save partisan spite or the solicitation of political demagogues?

From this it will be seen that the Copperhead is a brave man. He can look the fate of the old Tories of the Revolution and of the old Federalists of the last war steadily in the face, and yet march down to a deeper grave than they lie buried in. He can see on every page of our national history that the one unpardonable sin of our politics is open infidelity to the country's cause and the country's flag, and yet have the nerve to prove as unpatriotic in thought and language as ever Arnold was in war or Burr in his plots.—Truly, such courage as this, unperverted and pure, would give a new impulse to the Union cause in the field and redeem the country, which it now defaces and curses. But enough of the Copperhead—he is well understood, truly appreciated by the loyal masses, and we have only been induced to sketch his outlines because he is a transient creature of the day, and the places that now know him will soon know him no more forever.—*Bos. Jour.*

A DEMOCRAT IN PRINCIPLE.

The following is an extract from the letter of the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, to the Union Mass Meeting at Springfield, Ill., on the 3d of September:—

I have been a life-long Democrat reveling in the sublime theories of Jefferson, and rejoicing in the memorable illustrations of Jackson. These eminent Democrats taught their votaries that all men were created equal, and the Union must be preserved. But while their true followers are proving their adherence to early teachings and are illustrating their faith by their works, a spurious edition has been issued, stealing the honored Democratic name for the purpose of giving aid and comfort to the rebellion, as the hypocrite "steals the livery of the Court of Heaven to serve the devil in." They issue bulls of excommunication with an assurance which would command a premium on brass, and while there are some Democrats who defy their impotence and scorn their fulminations, there are yet many who fear they shall be lost if they separate from the Democratic organization, however spurious or artificial. But let all Democrats from principle be strong in their cherished faith. When Judas passes for a true disciple, and Arnold for a patriot; when rats take the rank of lions, and mousing owls, of eagles, then those who turn the cranks for the hand organs of party and grind out political music during the life-struggles of the only free Government on earth, will be esteemed, in the popular judgment, worthy descendants of Jackson and Jefferson and representatives of their principles.

THE North Carolinians use the *habeas corpus* to rid their home guards of the unpleasant work of hunting deserters, which provokes the Richmond *Dispatch* to say:

"We begin to be tired of the *habeas corpus*; it is the great organ and engine of every sort of skulking, disaffection and treason. By it are obtained fraudulent discharges from the army, summary enlargement of spies, traitors and instigators of desertion. Nobody profits by it but some few lawyers, and these lawyers themselves ought to be in the army *non obstante habeas corpus*. Nobody will be surprised that the *habeas corpus* is a great favorite with the rotten portion of the people of North Carolina called buffaloes. They are always raising new cases upon eternal writ, and rely upon it for the success of all their grand and petty treasons. It appears that their chief solicitude is now to shield the deserters under that great ægis and palladium of liberty."

THERE is a story told of an Irishman who, landing in New York harbor, was met and welcomed by a countryman, who had been longer here. "Welcome, Pat," said the latter, "I'm glad to see ye; ye've come just in time, for to-morrow's election day." Pat and his friend took some refreshments together, and presently the newly-arrived began to make some inquiries about voting. "Ye'll vote for who ye plaize," said his friend, "sure it's a free counthry." "Well, thin, begorra," rejoined Pat, "I go again the Government—that's what I always did at home."

"PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT."—Vallandigham sitting on the dock at Windsor, waiting for dispatches from the American side, and sadly whistling—

"Do they miss me at home,
Do they miss me,
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment the loved ones
Were saying 'I wish he were here.'"

GIRLS will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and we have known a great many of them ready to break their necks to get kissed.

THE people of the South have by this time found out, what they ought to have known from the first, that to rebel against the Union was to rebel against slavery.

Dry and Fancy Goods.

GRAND OPENING!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

EYSTER & BRO.

Have just returned from the East, with a large and varied stock of seasonable Dry Goods, all of which we will dispose of at a small advance on cost. What we have now on hand, was purchased previous to the late rise, and will be sold without regard to the present Eastern prices, which on many articles is full as high as our retail prices.

CLOTHS:

Ladies Cloths, all colors and shades, from $1 50, to $6 00.

CLOAKS:

75 Ladies Cloaks just received, of various styles and patterns—from $8, to $25.

KID GLOVES:

Good Kids, Embroidered, 75 cents; better quality $1 00; Jouvins, $1 25; Alexanders, $1 50. The latter makes are the best imported. Also, a large lot of Fancy Gloves.

CORSETS:

We have a fresh lot of the celebrated G. N. B. Corsetts—20 bones; the very best manufactured, and which we warrant to fit, and give satisfaction.

HOODS:

A large assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Woolen Hoods.

BROCHA SHAWLS;

Just from Auction.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS:

Hem-stitched, and Plain, which defy competition.

MOURNING GOODS:

Crape Veils, all prices; Lace Veils, do.; Bombazines; Alpacas; 3-4 De Laines, 6-4 De Laines; Coburgs; Crape Collars; and everything desirable for mourning.

MOURNING SHAWLS:

8-4 De Laines and Cashmeres; Long Thibet, all prices; Long Repp Shawls—beautiful goods.

PRINTS:

16, 18, and 25 cents. De Laines, Fancy and plain; Coburgs, and French Merinoes; Plaids, and Stripes.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!! FURS!!!!

We have just opened a large assortment of Furs, among which may be found
RUSSIAN SQUIRREL CAPES AND MUFFS,
RUSSIAN MARTIN CAPES AND MUFFS,
FRENCH SABLE CAPES AND MUFFS,
HUDSON BAY CAPES AND MUFFS,
FITCH CAPES AND MUFFS,
All of which we will *sell as low* as can be had from the manufacturer.

In conclusion we would say, that all the goods we have are for sale—and at prices as low as they can be had this side of New York. We make but one price, and that the same to all customers, whether judges of goods or not. Drop in, and look at the stock before buying elsewhere.

oct. 14-tf EYSTER & BRO.

Agricultural.

D. STROCK, MANUFACTURER OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—Shop on Water Street, between Queen and Washington, Chambersburg, Pa.

WAGON MAKING!—Having connected with his Drill and Rake Factory that of Wagon-Making, and having employed one of the best practical Wagon-makers in the county, he feels confident in assuring farmers, and others needing this kind of work, that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to all who may leave their orders. All work entrusted to him will be promptly and neatly executed, at moderate prices, either for new or old work. Farmers are invited to call, give him a trial, and get the worth of their money.

BLACKSMITHING!—He also carries on the Blacksmithing, and employs a skillful workman, who is able to do all kinds of Smithing which is required for Wagons, &c.

GUM-SPRING GRAIN AND HAY RAKE.

He continues to construct his unsurpassed Patented Gum-Spring Grain and Hay Rake.

☞ State and County Rights for sale.

June 17, '63. D. STROCK.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT MANUFACTURERS.—WM. L. BOYER & BRO., Sixth St. and Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia,
Manufacturers of the
Premium Farm Grist Mill,
Horse Powers and Threshers,
Circular Saw Machines,
Corn Shellers,
Grain Fans,
Cultivators,
Harrows,
Plows,
and every variety of approved Agricultural Implements.
Send for Circular and address
WM. L. BOYER & BRO., Philadelphia.
July 15, '63-1y.

PREMIUM FARM GRIST MILL,
The only reliable Farmer's Grist Mill.
Is simple, durable and efficient.
Grinds all kinds of grain rapidly.
Is adapted to Horse Powers.
Every Farmer should have one.
Price moderate.
Send for descriptive Circular and address
WM. L. BOYER & BRO.,
Agricultural Implement Manufacturers,
Sixth st. and Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia.
July 15, '63-6m.

CORN SHELLERS!
The celebrated
READING'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
and Seperator and Cleaner, for Horse Power—its capacity is from 1000 to 1500 Bushels per day. The celebrated
STAR CORN SHELLER,
adapted for hand and horse power. These Shellers have no superior. Address
WM. L. BOYER & BRO.,
Agricultural Implement Manufacturers,
aug 19-3m Philadelphia.

HORSE POWERS & THRESHERS.
Premium Endless Chain Horse Powers.
Improved Combined Threshers and Cleaners.
Premium Threshers and Seperators.
Circular Saw Machines for Cross Cutting Wood.
Address WM. L. BOYER & BRO.,
Agricultural Implement Manufacturers,
aug 19 3m Philadelphia.

PLOWS! PLOWS!—The celebrated EAGLE SELF-SHARPENING and Steel extending point Plows. Address
WM. L. BOYER & BRO.,
Agricultural Implements Manufacturers,
aug 19-3m Philadelphia.

Wants.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—An *Assistant Miller*, who is well qualified for the position, and of good character. No others need apply.
A. ROSS RAY & BRO.,
sept 23-tf* Arlington Mills, Georgetown, D. C.

WANTED.—*A Wood Chopper*, to undertake to cut a large quantity of LOGS and WOOD near Chambersburg. Apply to
SHEPLER, CLARKE & Co.,
oct 28 '63-3t Steam Saw and Plaining Mill.

WANTED—An *Apprentice* to learn the TINNING Business. Enquire at the REPOSITORY Office. sep 9-tf

WANTED.—A *Good Journeyman* CABINET MAKER. Steady employment given. Enquire at this Office. oct21 '63-tf

CART WANTED.—A good second-hand Horse Cart Wanted. Apply at this office. oct21 3t

Publications.

MANHOOD;
HOW LOST! HOW RESTORED
Just Published in Sealed Envelope. Price Six Cents.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness, and Involuntary Emissions, inducing Impotency, Consumption, and Mental and Physical Debility, by ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.
The important fact that the awful consequence of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without internal *medicines or the dangerous application of caustics*, instruments, medicated bougies, and other empirical devices, is here clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment as adopted by the celebrated author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly, and at the least possible cost, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day. This lecture will prove a boon to thousands.
Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain, sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents or two postage stamps, by addressing, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4586.
aug 19, '63-3m.

Lost, Stolen and Strayed.

50 HEAD OF SHEEP LOST.—Strayed from the residence of the subscriber, living near New Guilford, from 40 to 50 head of Sheep, marked with the letter N with tar on their side. Any persons having strayed sheep, with the above mark, on their premises, will please give information by addressing N. W. SULLENBERGER.
aug 12-tf New Guilford P. O., Franklin co., Pa.

$25 REWARD.—Stolen from the subscriber, on the pasture field of the subscriber, on Friday night the 7th inst., 4 miles east of Chambersburg on the Gettysburg Pike, a large Black Horse, 8 years old; sweneyed in the left shoulder, but does not go lame; walks well in harness or under the saddle. The above reward will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of the horse by ANDREW J. LOCHBAUM.
aug 12

Restaurants.

FRANKLIN HALL RESTAURANT.—MARTIN BROWN, Proprietor. This well-known Eating Saloon is fitted up in elegant style, and the undersigned is prepared to serve up FRESH OYSTERS, FISH, FROGS, TRIPE, CHICKENS, TURTLE and CLAM SOUP, and Game of all kinds.
WASHABAUGH'S AND LUDWIG'S ALE, constantly on hand.
He respectfully asks a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed by his friends and the public.
June 17, '63. MARTIN BROWN.

PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have entered into partnership in the Hardware and Cutlery business at the old stand of Myers & Brand, where we are prepared to furnish everything in our line as cheap as any other house in the county. Special inducements are offered for cash as our motto will be quick sales and short profits.
JACOB S. BRAND.
oct. 1, '63.—oct 14 GEORGE FLACK.

JOHN C. HOPKINS. JOHN M'ILVAINE
JOHN C. HOPKINS & CO.
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 612 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
For further particulars apply to S. S. SHRYOCK Chambersburg, Pa. sep. 23-1y.

BIRD BASKETS,
Bath Tubs,
Fountains,
Cuttle Fish Bone,
Canary Hemp,
Rape and MawSeed,
at SPANGLER'S.

BROTHERS of Soldiers in the Service, or in Hospitals, can furnish them with the REPOSITORY three months for 25 cents; six months for 50 cents; or one year for $1.00.

MANUFACTURERS can reach a large class of thrifty dealers by ADVERTISING in the FRANKLIN REPOSITORY.