THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red Mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot;
And straying through, at the open door,
The sunbeams play upon the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearthstone;
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn,
And pictures hang on the whitened wall
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dew-eyed flower rest,
While midst the leaves, on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest,
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bending trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green braize,
Lays a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled, with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And left in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white hair
As the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

In at the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, fairy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

BABYLON.

A writer in *Blackwood* paints the following picture of the desolation that surrounds and enshrouds the once mighty Babylonian empire:

In the distance high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed under the roll of centuries such substantial traces! now not so much as a drop of water; no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens, where once ships must have navigated. These mighty banks that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom are now mere useless, sightless mounds.

No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce, daily returning sun. The end of her that "dwelleth upon many waters" has been brought only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the *morning*. We dismounted and even scrambled to the top, for we had even arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city.

I believe from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind driving burning sand, and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls, or indeed of looking about us much anywhere.

I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willow, and a silver thread winding away into distance; and nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain, and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief.

The silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds all that remained of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least so the conjecture of men of research has accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled—so completely has the "name and the remnant been cut off" of all pertaining to the once mighty city, that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building or royal palace that stood within the walls—possibly the palace of Semiramis.

We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot—the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin—was a mass of vitrified brickwork, piercing the old soil and debris of centuries, angle upwards. The brick were square, of large size and beautiful make; the angle of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon the colossal stone lion. Time with his leaden hand had knocked away all the sharp angles of the statue. The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts.

The group presents itself to the eye, owing to the wear of old Time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into, and then, at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance; but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the majesty and grandeur of the idea that once lay there so mightily embodied. This dark colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of canopies certainly—high heaven—but never noticed but by the wind that sweeps moaning over it and the jackals that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who has been good enough to die in the vicinity.

THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

The gossippy correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, Perley, sends that paper the following readable account of daily life at the White House:

Mr. Lincoln is an early riser, and he thus is able to devote two or three hours each morning to his voluminous private correspondence, besides glancing at a city paper. At nine he breakfasts—then walks over to the War Office to read such war telegrams as they give him, (occasionally some are withheld) and to have a chat with Gen. Halleck on the military situation, in which he takes a great interest. Returning to the White House he goes through with his morning's mail, in company with a private Secretary. Some letters are indorsed and sent to the department—others are intrusted to the Secretary, who makes a minute of the reply which he is to make—and others the President retains, that he may answer them himself. Every letter receives attention, and all which are entitled to a reply receive one no matter how they are worded, or how inelegant the chirography may be.

Tuesdays and Fridays are Cabinet days, but on other days visitors at the White House are requested to wait in the antechamber, and send in their cards. Sometimes before the President has finished reading his mail, Louis will have a handful of pasteboard and from the cards laid before him Mr. Lincoln has visitors ushered in giving preference to acquaintances. Three or four hours do they pour in, in rapid succession, nine out of ten asking offices, and patiently does the President listen to their applications. Care and anxiety have furrowed his rather homely features, yet occasionly he is "reminded of an anecdote," and good humored glances beam from his clear grey eyes, while his ringing laugh shows that he is not "used up" yet.

The simple and natural manner in which he delivers his thoughts make him appear to those visiting him like an earnest, affectionate friend. He makes little parade of his legal science, and rarely indulges in speculative propositions, but states his ideas in plain Anglo Saxon, illuminated by many lively images, and pleasing allusions, which seem to flow as if in obedience to a resistless impulse of his nature. Some newspaper admirer attempts to deny that the President tells stories. Why it is rarely that any one is in his company for fifteen minutes without hearing a good tale, appropriate to the subject talked about. Many a metaphysical argument does he demolish by simply telling an anecdote, which exactly overturns the verbal structure.

About four o'clock the President declines seeing any more company, and often accompanies his wife in her carriage, to take a drive. He is fond of horseback exercise and when passing the summer at the Soldiers' Home, used generally to go to and fro in the saddle.

The President dines at six, and it is rare that some personal friends do not grace the round dining table, where he throws off the cares of office and reminds those who have been in Kentucky of the old school gentlemen who used to dispense generous hospitality there. From the dinner table the party retire to the crimson drawing-room, where coffee is served, and where the President passes the evening, unless some dignitary has a special interview. Such, I am informed, is the almost unvarying daily life of President Lincoln, whose administration will rank next in importance to that of Washington in our national annals.

A BACKWARD COW RIDE.

During the Revolutionary War, when a corps of the American army was encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, an officer who by the way, was more of a devotee of Venus than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly. On a discovery of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where interviews with his Dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense which should deter him from a repetition of his visits.

The officer, it appears rode a very small horse of the pony kind which he left untied with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over and the horse always remained, until backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position. On a certain dark and gloomy night, when, the officer, as usual, gone to pay his devotions to the object of his dearest affection and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovly fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent away, placed the bridle on the tail and the saddle on the back, and the crupper over the horns of a quiet old cow, who stood peacefully chewing her cud, near the spot. Immediately thereafter they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed and were marching into the village.

Our hero on hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he shot out of the door with the velocity of a musket ball, and mounted into the saddle, with his back toward the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs keenly into her sides, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted with her best gallop towards the camp. The officer still plying his spurs with all his wine on board—finding himself hurrying rapidly backward, maugre of all his efforts to advance, and hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him—was thus carried into the very centre of the camp. The sentinels, hearing the noise discharged their pieces and fled, and alarm guns were fired—the drums beat to arms, the officers left their quarters and cried 'turn out' with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers startled from their sleep as if a ghost had disturbed their dreams, and the whole body running half naked as quick as possible in gallant *dishabille*, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When, lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes, of the gallant officer mounted on a cow, with his face towards her tail—her tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the gouging of the spurs, and he himself almost deprived of reason, and half petrified with horror.

A loud roar of laughter burst from the assembled band, at the rider and his steed; the whole corps gave him three times three cheers as he bolted into camp.

He was carried to his quarters in triumph, there to dream of lovers, metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances, and alarm of invasions, and thereby garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of a cow ride.

THE HERALD ON EMANCIPATION.

The New York *Herald*, which has always been the enemy of emancipation and the ardent friend of slavery, publishes an elaborate article recommending that slavery be abolished by a general convention. This is the *Herald's* proposition:

"We would, therefore, earnestly call the attention of Congress to the fact that there is only one way in which this slavery question may be decisively and permanently settled by universal emancipation, and that now is the opportunity for this great achievement.—This way is pointed out in the Federal Constitution, and is simply an amendment of that instrument, declaring slavery abolished through out the United States. It is thus provided that 'the Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress.'

"Here, then, the amendment suggested, passed by a two-thirds vote in each house of Congress, and ratified by the legislatures or by convention of three-fourths of the States of the Union, will abolish slavery at once and forever throughout the length and breadth of the land. And why not? The institution, so long as it exists, can never be anything hereafter except a source of mischief to all concerned. Its usefulness to the South is destroyed; its evils, as a fountain of bitter waters, are all that is left of it. Let Congress pass the amendment indicated, with a reasonable compensation to loyal slaveholders, and the ratification of the States will soon follow. An average allowance of three hundred dollars for the slaves of loyal owners will, we dare say, cover less than a million of slaves. We will assume that the constitutional ratification means three-fourths of all the States, including in the count the rebellious States. This will require three-fourths of thirty-five States, or ratification of twenty-seven States. There are twenty-four now represented in Congress, exclusive of Old Virginia. Arkansas has returned to the Union as a free State, and Louisiana and Tennessee are following close behind. Thus within a short time we shall have the twenty-seven States required, every one of which, on the test of a popular convention, will ratify the proposed amendment.

"Let Congress, then, apply the remedy suggested, and before the end of the year this vexing and perplexing question of slavery may be settled constitutionally, decisively and forever. And this is the only way to settle it. Nor can there be a shadow or a doubt that the man who puts this ball in motion in Congress will be the commanding spirit of the Union restored."

CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE WAR.

In "Cudjo's Cave," war novel by J. T. Trowbridge, well known as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, we find the following beautiful paragraph:

How many a beloved "good for nothing" has gone from our streets and firesides, to re-appear in the vision of glory! The school fellows know not their comrades: the mother knows not her own son. The stripling, whose outgoing and incoming were so familiar to us—impulsive, fun loving, a little vain, a little selfish, apt to be cross when the supper was not ready, apt to come late and make you cross when the supper was ready and waiting—who ever guessed what nobleness was in him! His country called, and he rose up a patriot. The fatigue of marches, the hardships of camp and bivouac, the hard fare, the injustice that must be submitted to, all the terrible trials of the body's strength and the soul's patient endurance—these he bore with the superb buoyancy of spirit which denotes the hero. Who was it that caught up the colors and rushed forward with them into the thick of the battle, after the fifth man who attempted it had been shot down? Not the village loafer, who used to go about the streets dressed so shabbily? Yes, the same. He fell, covered with wounds and glory. The rusty and seemingly useless instrument we saw hang so long idle on the walls of society, none dreamed to be a trumpet of sonorous note until the soul came and blew a blast. And what has become of that white-gloved, perfumed, handsome cousin of yours, devoted to his pleasures, weary even of those—to whom life, with all its luxuries, had become a bore? He fell on the trenches at Wagner. He had distinguished himself by his daring, his hardihood, his fiery love of liberty.—When the nation's alarm beat, his manhood stood erect; he shook himself; all his past frivolities were no more than dust to the mane of this young lion. The war has developed the latent heroism in our young men, and taught us what is in humanity, in our fellows, in ourselves. Because it has called into action all this generosity and courage, if for no other cause, let us forgive its cruelty, though the chair of the beloved one be vacant, the bed unslept in, and the hand cold that penned the letters in that sacred drawer, which cannot even now be opened without grief."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quiet amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinal stood like a statute at his post and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But a dark night was abroad upon the earth. A mortal darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimering over the minds of men; like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relation to Heaven undiscovered; and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of etherial mould hovered around the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love.

The one of majesty, stature and well-formed limb which her snowy drapery hardly concealed in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upwards, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavillion, while on the left reclined her delicate companion; in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower when moistened with refreshing dews; and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens; and faith and hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek and unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue: and was loved by all, the good and wise. By and by, it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles that the blind saw, the dumb spake, the dead reappeared, the ocean moderated its chafing tide; and the very thunders articulated, He is the Son of God. Envy assailed him to death. Slowly and thickly girded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned on his arm, and dipping her pinions in his blood mounted to the skies.

AT a recent dinner in New York, Gen. Burnside gave the following reminiscences:

East Tennesseans, for instance, when the Union armies swept their farms clean of subsistence, would say, "It's hard; General, to be sure; but thank God, *the Yankees did it!*" And during the siege of Knoxville, most seasonable and large supplies were constantly floated down to the town on the river past the besieger's pickets through the fogs, from a region actually patrolled by rebel cavalry. The General said of the siege of Knoxville, that after all, there was no great merit in holding it, "because we were ordered to!" After explaining how the detention of Longstreet before Knoxville enabled Grant to complete his success at Chatanooga, Gen. Burnside paid a noble tribute to the private soldiers, whom he called the "real heroes of the war," fighting where they encounter twenty bullets for one that comes near me, and with no prospect if they fall, better than a nameless grave."

Then followed a brief allusion to his policy in arresting Vallandigham, of striking at the leaders, and a curious story of that Copperhead's arrest. It was threatened that he would be rescued; so he was put in the room immediately above General Burnside's, in the hotel, two floors higher, a company of regulars quartered in the hotel, and a corporal and seven men in the room opposite Vallandigham's, having express orders to do *anything* to prevent the prisoner from leaving that room. A serenade to Vallandigham was proposed, but given up when General Burnside advised the proposers that this regular corporal didn't know anything in the world except to obey orders, and that there was danger that he might think a rescue was intended, and that Vallandigham might unhappily meet with some accident.

THE rebel journals discuss the prospects of the war with evident apprehension. The Richmond *Examiner* of January 28 has the following:

"The time has passed for offensive military operations on the part of the southern armies. Beyond recovering lost portions of territory, the true policy now is to risk nothing. At first, before Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri were lost, we might have gained much by taking Washington and penetrating to the centre of the enemy's power. But we then threw ourselves on the defensive, allowed our soil to be invaded, consented that our own supplies should subsist the troops of both belligerents, and suffered the extensive belt between the two hostile nations, which was desolated by the contending forces, to be taken from our own territory. Our means of subsistence have now been too far exhausted to admit any other than defensive tactics. We must stand behind the wide belt of land which war has devastated, and put our enemy to the hazard and the cost of crossing that wilderness of destitution. We may recover Tennessee and Arkansas; we may carry our lines to the banks of the Potomac; we may prevent the navigation of the Mississippi by the constant presence, at certain points, of movable batteries of artillery; but in these, and in all our military enterprises and operations, we must observe the wary tactics of Fabius, and win the battle by risking nothing."

WHAT IS A COPPERHEAD?—"A Union Democrat" finds this word utterly "without sense," and asks us to give its definition. It strikes us that he should have first ascertained the meaning of a word before he pronounces so decidedly on its significance. We will try to give it in dictionary form, as follows:

COPPERHEAD; *n.* 1. A very poisonous and malignant snake, who strikes without warning, and whose bite is almost certain death.

2. A human serpent, who hates those who stand up for their country against the deadly assaults of slaveholding treason, and pierces them with his poisonous fangs whenever he can and dare.

Examples—Those who hurrah for Jeff. Davis in loyal communities; those who publicly huzza for M'Clellan, but privately, and among their intimate cronies, avow that they hope to see Lee's army marching up Broadway, and Jeff receiving an ovation at the City Hall; those who propose to send embassies to Richmond, ostensibly in quest of "peace," but really to encourage the rebels to hold out and await the chances of the Presidential election; those who burned houses and hunted unoffending negroes in our streets, diversifying the slaughter and maiming of these by processions to cheer under the windows of General M'Clellan.

Now don't you see that "Copperhead" is one of the most significant words in our language?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ARTEMUS WARD, in a recent letter, thus gives his idea of re-organization:

"I never attempted to re-organize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths, and wishin' to make 'em as robus as possible. I continued drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at nite, with considerable licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got persesshun of a horsewhip on my way home, and rememberin' some cranky obsevashuns of Mrs. Ward's in the morning, I snapt the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice I said, Betsy, you need re-organizin! I havecome to re-organize! I dreamed that nite that sumbody had laid a horsewhip over me sev'ril consekootive times; and when I woke up I found *she* had. I haint drunk much of anythin' since: and if I ever have another re-organizin' job on hand I shall let it out."

IN the fifteen months comprised between September, 1862, and December, 1863, sick and wounded rebel soldiers numbering 293,-165 were received into the rebel hospitals in the Department of Virginia, according to the Director's report. Of these 127,530, probably belonging to other States than the Old Dominion, were transferred to other hospitals, while the rest either died in the Virginia hospitals or were discharged, furloughed or returned to duty. Such an appalling list shows how terribly Virginia has suffered in seeking for her "rights" under the banner of treason, and how woefully she was mistaken in thinking that after Virginia "precipitated" into the arms of the Cotton State fire-eaters peace would follow. Then, too, when we add to this physical suffering the destruction of property, the severance of family ties, the wholesale loss of slaves and the terrible demoralization caused by the war, poor Virginia stands forth a monument of misery and a fearful evidence that sooner or later crime must be followed by adequate punishment.

VERSATILITY OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.—There are two mills which supply our troop at Puras, Tennessee; both steam flourings and sawing mills. They are under the superintendence of Captain W. H. Hill, Eighty-first Ohio, a practical miller and driving business man. In less than a month, during half of which time only one mill running, he has furnished to Capt. Carpenter, Commissary of Subsistance, over 100,000 pounds of flour. This has been done, too, by grinding usually only at night, the saw being run during the day. It is a novel sight to go through these mills. How perfectly at home are our sturdy seargeants, corporals, and privates, all covered with dust and flour, as they walk about the mill on the various duties. The ease with which our troops adapt themselves to anything is a matter of surprise to the natives of Tennessee. Yankee labor is so manifestly superior to that which has been employed heretofore, that they actually want the troops to continue to run the mills. The thrift and enterprise displayed by our men make decided impressions on the people in favor of free labor.

Lines of Travel.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD!

SUMMER TIME TABLE. Five Trains Daily to and from Philadelphia, on and after MONDAY, APRIL 20th, 1863.

The Passenger Trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will depart from and arrive at Harrisburg and Philadelphia as follows:

EASTWARD.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg daily at 2.00 A. M., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6.10 A. M.

FAST LINE leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday) at 5.45 A. M., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 9.55 A. M. Passengers take breakfast at Lancaster.

WAY ACCOMMODATION, via Mount Joy, leaves Harrisburg at 7.00 A. M., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12.25 P. M.

FAST MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 1.00 P. M., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION TRAIN, via Columbia, leaves Harrisburg at 4.00 P. M., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 9.30 P. M.

WESTWARD.

BALTIMORE EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday) at 2.00 A. M.; Altoona, 7.15 A. M., take breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 12.00 noon.

PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg daily at 3.00 A. M.; Altoona at 8.00 A. M., take breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 12.30 P. M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg at 1.15 P. M., take supper, and arrives at Pittsburg at 12.30 A. M.

FAST LINE leaves Harrisburg at 3.50 P. M.; Altoona at 8.35 P. M., and arrives at Pittsburg at 1.00 A. M.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Philadelphia at 2.30 P. M., and arrives at Harrisburg at 8.00 P. M.

WAY ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 P. M., and arrives at Harrisburg at 9.40 P. M. This train runs via Mt. Joy.

SAMUEL D. YOUNG,
Supt. Middle Div. Penn'a R. R.

June 17, 1863.-tf.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY!—*SUMMER TIME TABLE.*

Three trains daily to and from Baltimore and Washington City.

Connections made with trains on Pennsylvania Railroad, to and from Pittsburg and the West.

TWO TRAINS DAILY to and from the North and West Branch Susquehanna, Elmira, and all of Northern New York.

On and after *Monday, April 20th*, 1863, the Passenger Trains of the Northern Central Railway will arrive at and depart from Harrisburg and Baltimore as follows, viz:

SOUTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Sunbury daily (except Sunday)	10.10 A. M.
" leaves Harrisburg	1.15 P. M.
" arrives at Baltimore	6.35 P. M.
EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Sunbury daily (except Sunday)	11.07 P. M.
" leaves Harrisburg (except Monday)	2.00 A. M.
" arrives at Baltimore daily, (except Monday)	6.15 A. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION leaves Harrisburg	6.30 A. M.

NORTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Baltimore daily (except Sunday)	9.15 A. M.
" leaves Harrisburg	1.15 P. M.
" arrives at Sunbury	4.05 P. M.
EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Baltimore daily	9.15 P. M.
" arrives at Harrisburg	1.35 A. M.
" leaves Harrisburg daily (except Monday)	3.00 A. M.
" arrives at Sunbury	5.38 A. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION leaves Baltimore daily (except Sunday)	2.55 P. M.
" arrives at Harrisburg	7.30 P. M.

For further information apply at the Office, in Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, Harrisburg.

J. N. DUBARRY, *Gen Supt.*

June 17, '63 -tf.

NEW AIR LINE ROUTE.—*Three Trains Daily* to New York and Philadelphia.

On and after *Monday, April 20th*, 1863, the Passenger Trains will leave the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Depot, at Harrisburg, for New York and Philadelphia, as follows, viz:

EASTWARD.

EXPRESS LINE leaves Harrisburg at 2.15 A. M., on arrival of the Pennsylvania Railroad Express Train from the West, arriving in New York at 9.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 8.20 A. M. A sleeping car is attached to the train through from Pittsburg without change.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg at 8.00 A. M., arriving in New York at 5.30 P. M., and Philadelphia at 1.50 P. M.

FAST LINE leaves Harrisburg at 2.00 P. M., arriving in New York at 10.25 P. M., and Philadelphia at 7.00 P. M.

WESTWARD.

FAST LINE leaves New York at 6.00 A. M., and Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., arriving at Harrisburg at 1.15 P. M.

MAIL TRAIN leaves New York at 12.00 noon, and Philadelphia at 3.30 P. M., arriving at Harrisburg at 8.20 P. M.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves New York at 7.00 P. M., arriving at Harrisburg at 2.10 A. M. and connecting with the Pennsylvania Express Train for Pittsburg. A sleeping car is also attached to this train.

Connections are made at Harrisburg with trains on the Pennsylvania, Northern Central and Cumberland Valley railroads, and at Reading for Philadelphia, Pottsville, Wilkesbarre, Allentown, Easton, &c.

Baggage checked through. Fare between New York and Harrisburg, $5 15; between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, $3 35 in No. 1 cars, and $3 in No. 2.

For tickets or other information apply to

J. J. CLYDE,
General Agent, Harrisburg.

June 17, '63. tf.

1862. 1863.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.—*CUMBERLAND VALLEY AND FRANKLIN RAILROADS.*

CHANGE OF HOURS.—On and after Monday, November 17, 1862, Passenger Trains will run daily, as follows. (Sundays excepted):

FOR CHAMBERSBURG AND HARRISBURG:

	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Hagerstown	7.00	2.45
" Greencastle	7.37	3.35
Chambersburg — Arrive at	8.17	4.20
Chambersburg — Leave at	8.30	12.55
Leaves Shippensburg	9.00	1.28
" Newville	9.32	2.00
" Carlisle	10.10	2.42
" Mechanicsburg	10.42	3.12
Arrive at Harrisburg	11.15	3.40

FOR CHAMBERSBURG AND HAGERSTOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.
Leaves Harrisburg	8.05	1.35
" Mechanicsburg	8.47	2.15
" Carlisle	9.27	2.55
" Newville	10.02	3.29
" Shippensburg	10.33	4.00
Arrive at Chambersburg	11.00	4.30
Leave Chambersburg	11.10	4.40
" Greencastle	11.55	5.30
Arrive at Harrisburg	12.35	6.10

Making close connections at Harrisburg with trains for Philadelphia, New York and Pittsburg; and with trains for all points West.

O. N. LULL, *Supt.*

R. R. Office, Chambersburg, Nov. 17, 1862.

1863. 1863.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania, to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the *Pennsylvania Railroad Company*, and under their auspices is being rapidly opened throughout its entire length.

It is now in use for Passenger and Freight business from Harrisburg to Driftwood, (2d Fork,) (177 miles) on the Eastern Division, and from Sheffield to Erie, (78 miles,) on the Western Division.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT HARRISBURG.

MAIL TRAIN leaves North .... 1.15 A. M.
EXPRESS TRAIN leaves North .... 3.00 A. M.

Cars run through WITHOUT CHANGE both ways on these trains between Philadelphia and Lock Haven, and between Baltimore and Lock Haven.

Elegant Sleeping Cars on the Express train both ways.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. Corner 11th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:

S. B. Kingston, Jr., Cor. 13th and Market sts., Philada.
J. W. Reynolds, Erie.
J. M. Drill, Agent N. C. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
LEWIS L. HOUPT,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
JOS. D. POTTS,
June 17, 63) General Manager, Williamsport.

TAKE NOTICE.—All persons are hereby warned not to trust my wife, Charlotte Drace, as I will not pay any debts of her contracting.

feb 17-3t* JOHN DRACE.

OUR AGENT.—MR. JOHN GROVE, of Chambersburg, is the General Agent of the Franklin County Mutual Insurance Company.

June 17, '63. WM. McLELLAN.

Lines of Travel.

READING RAIL ROAD.—WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE from the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c. &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, and all intermediate stations, at 8.00 A. M., and 2.00 P. M.

New York Express leaves Harrisburg at 3.00 A. M., arriving at New York at 10.15 the *same morning*.

Fares from Harrisburg: To New York $5.15; to Philadelphia $3.35 and $2.80. Baggage checked through.

Returning, leave New York at 6 A. M., 12 Noon, and 7 P. M., (Pittsburg Express arriving at Harrisburg at 2 A. M.) Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains through to and from Pittsburg without change.

Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 A. M., and 2.15 P. M., for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.

An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 6.30 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 4.30 P. M.

All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.

80 lbs. Baggage allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICCOLLS,
Dec 16, 1863-tf. General Superintendent.

Medical.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

DR. JOHNSON, the founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for Gleets, Structures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotence, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin; and all those serious and melancholy disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroy both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariner Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes, or anticipations rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN.

Young Men especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talent and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre; may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE!

Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr. Johnston.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS!

IMMEDIATELY CURED AND FULL VIGOR RESTORED.

This disease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of Procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habit than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive sympathy to mind and body arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental powers weakened nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart indigestion, a wasting of the frame, cough, symptom of consumption.

Office No. 7 South Frederick Street, seven doors from Baltimore street, East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the name and number, or you will mistake the place.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.
No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE!

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin, bones and arms, blotches on the head, face, and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commisseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy; and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend a safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrid disease owing to the unskilfulness of ignorant pretenders who by use of that deadly poison, Mercury, ruin the constitution, and either send the unfortunate to an untimely grave, or make the residue of life miserable.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE!

Dr. J. addresses those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz:—Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY, the fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded: loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evil effects.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing the r vigor, becoming weak, pale, have singular appearance about the eyes, cough, and symptoms of Consumption.

Dr. Johnston's Invigorating Remedy for Organic Weakness.

By this great and important remedy, Weakness of the Organs is speedily cured, and full vigor restored.

Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical or Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Trembling, Weakness or Exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Dr. Johnston.

YOUNG MEN,

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured, render marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons, before contemplating

MARRIAGE

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE No. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK ST., BALTIMORE.

TO STRANGERS.

The many thousands cured at this Institution in the last fifteen years; and the numerous important surgical Operations performed by Dr. J., witnessed by the reporters of the papers, and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

N. B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves as Physicians, ruining the health of the already afflicted. Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his Diplomas hang in his office.

TAKE NOTICE—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer will be sent.

Feb 25, '63-1yr.

PHOTOGRAPH PAINTING.—GEORGE B. AYERS respectfully announces that he is prepared to do EVERY DESCRIPTION of PHOTOGRAPHIC COLORING and RE-TOUCHING with INDIA INK.

Photographs containing defects in portraiture, blotches, and injuries from dampness or exposure, can be easily remedied.

Persons having Daguerreotypes, &c., of DECEASED FRIENDS, can have them copied, and *Good Likenesses Restored*, suitable for framing.

Apply at S. S. Shryock's Bookstore, Chambersburg.

feb 17-tf