CARLISLE HERALD.

Published for the Proprietor,
By WILLIAM M. PORTER.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

$1 50 per annum in advance.
$2 00 if not paid in advance.

VOL. LIX. CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1859. NO. 36.

Business Cards.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG has removed his office to the South west corner of Hanover & Pomfret st.where he may be consulted at any hour of the day or night. Dr. A. has had thirty years experience in the profession, the last ten of which have been devoted to the study and practice of Homeopathic medicine. May 20, '576m.

LAW NOTICE.—THOS. M. BIDDLE continues the practice of the law, in the office formerly occupied by his father, Wm. M. Biddle, Esq; and more recently, by the law firm of Penrose & Biddle, now dissolved.
Dec. 23, '57.]

C. P. HUMMRICH, Attorney at Law, office on North Hanover street, a few doors south of Glass' Hotel. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [April 15.

LAW NOTICE. — REMOVAL. — W. M. PENROSE has removed his office to rear of the Court House, where he will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.
August 19, 1857.

LAW OFFICE.—LEMUEL TODD has resumed the practice of the law. Office in Centre Square, west side, near the First Presbyterian Church.
April 8, 1857.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover street two doors from Arnold & Son's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M.

DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,
DENTIST.
Having returned to Carlisle, offers his professional services to the citizens generally.
Office in North Pitt street, nearly opposite his former residence.
Terms—Moderate. [Carlisle, March 31, '58.
☞ Will be absent until the 1st of April next.

DR. GEORGE S. SEABRIGHT, DENTIST, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
☞ Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
March 19, 1856—tf.

S. W. HAVERSTICK, Druggist, North Hanover Street, Carlisle.
Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded. A full supply of fresh drugs and chemicals.

DR. J. C. NEFF respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Carlisle, and vicinity, that he has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth and gums, belonging to his profession. He will insert full sets of teeth on gold or silver, with single gum teeth, or blocks, as they may prefer. Terms moderate, to suit the times.
Office in High street, directly opposite the Cumberland Valley Bank.
☞ Dr. N. will be in Newville the last ten days of every month.
Jan. 29, 1858—1y*

DR. I. C. LOOMIS DENTIST. South Hanover street, next door to the Post Office.
☞ Will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month. [Aug. 1, '55.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. DENTIST. ☞ Offices at his residence, opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Penn
Nov. 11, 1857.

☞ FARE REDUCED. ☜
STATES UNION HOTEL,
606 & 608 Market St., above sixth,
PHILADELPHIA,
G. W. HINKLE, Proprietor.
TERMS:—$1 25 per day. Ja30'58.

BEEDE & MENDENHALL,
BANKERS,
North Western Land and Collecting Agents.
Particular attention paid to the business of non-residents, such as buying and selling Real Estate, loaning money on real estate securities. Paying Taxes and looking after the general interest of non-residents. References given if required.
Address, BEEDE & MENDENHALL,
July 21, 1858—1y Minneapolis, Minnesota.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all requiring literary aid. He will furnish Addresses, Orations, Essays Presentation speeches and replies, Lines for Albums, Acrostics—prepare matter for the Press—Obituaries, and write Poetry upon any subject Address (post paid) FINLEY JOHNSON,
Feb. 17, '1858. Baltimore, Md.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY, REMOVAL.—A. L. SPONSLER, REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER AND SCRIVENER, has removed to his New Office on Main street, one door west of the Cumberland Valley Rail Road Depot.
He is now permanently located, and has on hand and for sale a very large amount of Real Estate, consisting of Farms, of all sizes, improved and unimproved, Mill Properties, Town Property of every description, Building Lots, also, Western Lands and Town Lots. He will give his attention, as heretofore to the Negotiating of Loans, Writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Contracts, and Scrivening generally.
Oct. 28, 1857.—tf.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
NORTH WEST CORNER OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
CARLISLE, PA.
The subscriber having succeeded H. Buckholder in the management of this popular Hotel, begs leave to assure the travelling public as well as the citizens in town and county, that no pains will be spared on his part, to maintain the character which this house has enjoyed so long, as a first class Hotel.
Each department will be under his immediate supervision and every attention paid to the comfort of his guests. Having been recently enlarged it is one of the most commodious Hotels in town, while in regard to locality, it is superior to any. HENRY GLASS.
Carlisle, Apr 20, 1859—3m

W. C. RHEEM
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND GENERAL AGENT.
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
WILL give special attention to collections throughout the State, make Investments, buy and sell Real Estate and securities. Negotiate loans, pay taxes, locate land warrants, &c, &c. Refer to the members of the Cumberland County Bar, and to all prominent citizens of Carlisle, Pa. [Aug 5'58—1y.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Anna Crall, late of Upper Allen township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement
MICHAEL LAMBERT, Executor.
Mar. 23, 1859—6t

SIMON P. SNYDER, Ohio.
W. K. M'FARLAND, Pennsylvania.
L. E. COOK, Rhode Island.
SNYDER, M'FARLAND, AND COOK,
Bankers and Dealers in Real Estate,
MINNEAPOLIS,
June 3, 1857.—1y. Minnesota Territory.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
South Hanover Street, adjoining the Court House, Carlisle, Pa. JOHN HANSON, Proprietor.
☞ Mail Coach leaves daily for Papertown, Peters burg, York Springs and Hanover from this House.

BUY
THE
WAMSUTTA PRINTS.
They are the best CALICOES yet offered to the public for the money.
WHOLESALE AGENTS,
DEFOREST, ARMSTRONG, & CO.,
NEW YORK.
April 20, 1859—4m

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The books and accounts of Dr. J. K. Smith have been placed in my hands for collection. Persons are therefore notified, that suits will be brought on all accounts remaining unpaid after the 12th of May.
Carlisle, Apr. 20, 1859—3t DAVID SMITH.

☞ IF YOU WANT A PERFECT LIKENESS and a superior picture, go to the Daguerrean Rooms of MRS. REYNOLDS, near the corner of Louther and Hanover streets, and you will not be disappointed.
Apr. 13, 1859—1m

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1 75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.
Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths, 5 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Three good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

General and Local Information

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—JAMES BUCHANAN.
Vice President—JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE.
Secretary of State—Gen. LEWIS CASS.
Secretary of Interior—JACOB THOMPSON.
Secretary of Treasury—HOWELL COBB.
Secretary of War—JOHN B. FLOYD.
Secretary of Navy—ISAAC TOUCEY.
Post Master General—JOSEPH HOLT.
Attorney General—JEREMIAH S. BLACK.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. TANEY.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—WILLIAM F. PACKER.
Secretary of State—WILLIAM M. HESTER.
Surveyor General—JOHN ROWE.
Auditor General—JACOB FRY, JR.
Treasurer—HENRY S. MGRAW.
Judges of the Supreme Court—E. LEWIS, J. M. ARMSTRONG, W. B. LOWRIE G. W. WOODWARD, JOHN M. READ

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. James H. Graham,
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Samuel Woodburn.
District Attorney—Wm. J. Shearer,
Prothonotary—Philip Quigley.
Recorder &c.—Daniel S. Croft.
Register—S. N. Bemminger.
High Sheriff—Robt. McCartney; Deputy, S. Keepers.
County Treasurer—Moses Bricker,
Coroner—Mitchell McClellan.
County Commissioners—Andrew Kerr, Samuel Mosaw, Nathaniel H. Eckels. Clerk to Commissioners, James Armstrong.
Directors of the Poor—Samuel Tritt, Jno. Trimble, Abraham Boyer. Superintendent of Poor House—Joseph Lobach.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—John Noble.
Assistant Burgess—Adam Spanseilar
Town Council—A. B. Shearer, John Gutshall, William Bentz, F. Gardner, T. P. Thompson, J. Worthington, A. W. Bentz, A. Monesmith, Wm. Leeds
Clerk to Council—Thos. D. Mahon.
High Constable—John Saxton, Ward Constables—Jacob Bretz, Andrew Martin,
Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, David Smith, Michael Holcomb, Stephen Keepers.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr Eells, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. Jacob B. Morss, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. Kremer, Pastor.—Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Geo. D. Chedswith, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. Alex. D. Gibson Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. James Kelley, Pastor. Services every other Sabbath at 10 o'clock. Vesper at 3.

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 1 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President and Professor of Moral science.
Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
James W. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.
Rev. Wm. L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Alexander Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Principal of the Grammar School.
David C. John, Assistant in the Grammar School

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

Andrew Blair, President. H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. Cornman, C. P. Hummrich, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason Weakley, Treasurer. John Spiker, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson. Cashier, W. M. Beetem; Asst. Cashier, J. P. Hasler
Tellers, Jas. Rowey, Jr. Directors, Richard Parker, Thomas Texter, Moses Bricker, Abraham Hershey, Jacob Zeller, R. C. Woodward, Wm. B. Mullin, Samuel Wherry and John Zug.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, G. N. Lauk.—Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 10:30 o'clock A. M. and 4.00 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.50 o'clock A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, Wm. M. Beetem; Directors, F. Watts, Richard Parker, Lemuel Todd, Wm. M. Beetem, Henry Saxton, J. W. Eavy, John D. Gorgas, R. C. Woodward, and E. M. Biddle

CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK.—President, John S. Sterrett; Cashier, H. A. Sturgeon; Teller, Jos. C. Heffer.—Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Brenneman, Richard Woods, John C. Dunlap, Robt. C. Sterrett, H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Dunlap.

SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 263 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, William M. Porter; Secretary, Thos. Cornman; Treasurer, P. Monyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1809. President, Robert McCartney; Secretary, Phillip Quigley; Treasurer, H. S. Hitter. The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, James B. McCartney; Secretary, Samuel H. Gould; Treasurer, Joseph D. Halbert. The company meets the second Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on the Herald—within the County, free, Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States 26 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid or two cents unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

HERALD JOB & BOOK
PINTING OFFICE,
S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St.
☞ Handbills neatly executed.

Poetical.

For the Herald.

LOVE LYRICS.

JULIA.

Ah, me! there was passionate JULIA
With an eye as black as a sloe,
Where the Loves were enthroned; and the graces
Encompassed her bosom of snow.
Her form was divine as a Peri's,
Her voice like the laughing of water,
She was skill'd in the language of love,
For Venus herself had taught her.

In the generous clime of the Orient,
By the banks of the Arno and Rhine,
Where the only employment was love,
And quaffing the blood of the vine,
God sent her from heaven to earth
His problem of Angels t' explain,
And to prove to the world what infinite love
One human heart can contain.

Her lips dropp'd nectar, divinest;
For her soul once unguarded, a kiss
Hung ready to burst with its sweetness,
At the cherry-red Portal of Bliss;
Whilst yet in the bud, I seized it,
When bursted the glittering toy,
Divinity filled me—I felt like a God
Deliciously drunk with joy.

Her charms—a vast army—were marshal'd,
From her trim little foot to her eye,
And if one of them failed to take captive,
The other which acted the spy
Would rush to your heart and dethrone it.
Thou, alas! Love's stamp was unsealed;
Ye Gods! had we many such JULIAS,
Earth would be an elysian field.

I swore that my love was eternal—
I swore by Venus and Mars—
By Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel,
Then I swore by all the FIXED Stars,
When glory unspeakable filled me,
I pillowed my head on her breast,
And silently thought 'twould be rapture to die
When so near the land of the blest.

Yet as I look down the dim vista,
The dew drop collects in my eye,
Ah! I think of what JULIA was
And what she now is with a sigh,
Now JULIA belongs to the "Dorcas,"
And JULIA wears a drab hat,
And JULIA drinks tea for dinner,
And JULIA nurses—a cat.

And JULIA'S hair is all fallen,
Yet she says she don't care a fig,
But JULIA fibs when she says so
For JULIA wears a wig.
Yet JULIA'S teeth are quite natural,
Still they seem as with pearl inlaid,
In fact the dentist assured me
The most natural that ever he made.

Ah! JULIA now is a spinster,
Of youth and beauty bereft,
And I thought as she wash'd up the dishes,
Not much of the Angel was left.
For JULIA'S charms are now purchased,
Like the ones that hang on her chain;
But old JULIA, with all of her efforts
Can never be YOUNG JULIA again.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1859. A.

For the Herald.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

TO I. L. S.

BY PROF. C. C. BENNETT.

NUMBER—5.

MARRIAGE.

"Oh! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful safe, and free,
Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the sea."

Receiving a note from a former pupil—a young widow of a southern planter—that she was on the eve of matrimony, I am induced to some reflection. Richly endowed with wealth and a magnificent beauty, many were attracted to her presence. With a mind cultivated by the study of art and the admiration of the beautiful, she held firmly the friendships she had formed. During the year she was under my tuition, she was almost constantly in our little circle, where we read poems and painted pictures, not only in the present, but formed many a fairy scene in the future. O, may that future be as then predicted—placid and serene as the smiling landscape, or the sea when "the storms are over and gone!" May *real* "castles" of enduring strength stand on sunny slopes, mightier far than the feudal piles of Albion's isle that we then dreamed of, and shall yet inhabit; castles of a prosperous life at peace, minds fortified in calm relief, with more than adamantine walls, bidding defiance to all the evils of life!

After she had left us, one winter found her amid the gaieties of a southern city. "The rich and powerful" sought her side, but true to the instincts of her woman nature, she turned from them all to *one*, a wanderer of the deep—a generous and intelligent being, nature's own nobleman—master of a ship, he oft went "down to see the great waters;" that in their "wild waves' play," had taught him freedom of spirit, and whose grandeur had lent itself to his genial nature. And she could see all this in him—could see the godlike impress of the ocean-mirror there!—and she thought too of our frequent converse on the things of nature—of that dim wood-land and its "haunted spring," where we gathered one summer's eve—of the sunset we had so often watched, burning over the Schuylkill's winding wave—and whether we gathered in that *little room* or under the old whispering oak-trees, we traced lines of *character* from the inanimate to the animate, and from the physical to the mental and spiritual, a true philosophy of universal nature. There are few natures in this life that can assimilate—"to everything there is a time, and a season to every purpose under heaven"—all uneasiness, therefore, on the subject of matrimony, will be dispensed with by the true-minded man or woman, (mind, I do not say *boys* and *girls!*) They who are true to their own noble nature, that heaven has given them to study and receive wisdom from, will by their instinct see *the* one and know the *time*. Trust not to "appearances" so called by "the world," for

"You know not smiles can light up eyes, like sun set's laughing glow,
On some cold stream, which burns above, while all ruins DARK BELOW,—
That on Love's summer sea, great souls go down, while some grown cold,
Seal up AFFECTION'S LIVING SPRING, and sell their love for GOLD!"

Therefore, O children of anxious longings to know an uncertain future understand that your happiness lies *within* you, and there alone!—that *there* lies the *fine sense* of things that must discriminate between that which is merely *outward* and perishable, and that which is noble, creative and immortal—between that which is "of earth, earthy," and that which can create "gold and silver (!) as the dust," and hold it *as* "dust." Children of Heaven!

"Revere thyself; thou'rt near allied
To angels on thy better side."

CHARLOTTESVILLE, N. Y., 12th May, 1859.

☞ A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

From the N. Y. Constellation.

TO ——

BY DILL A. SMITH.

No—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless;
In youth, in age, thine ow a—forever thine.
[ALARIC A. WATTS.

As 'round some homestead's ruined wall
The ivy clings with close embrace,
When desolate is hearth and hall—
Gone—all that gave it light and grace;
So doth hope in our darkest night,
When friends forsake, and joy is fled,
Enfold us in her circles bright,
And point to the immortal dead!

Still green about the mouldering stone
The generous ivy buds and blooms—
A truthful monument—alone
It braves the wreck of thrones and tombs.
And thus, again, I said, though late,
Some green thought in some generous mind
When I have passed the outer gate,
May garniture my grave, and bind

About my desolate place of rest
Some mute memento, that will tell
Of love, still lingering in some breast,
That lived beyond the last farewell;
That did not perish with the day—
That did not weep that others wept,
But only bade my spirit stay—
And dream'd of me when others slept!

O ivy green! that brighter grows,
As time recedes—defying Time,
Like to the stream that onward flows
Forever, to the set sublime;
Fit type they made thee (the immortals)
Of truth, that scorns, or change, or time—
Of virtuous deeds that line Life's portals
With blooms eternal as some grand rhyme!

LOST AND FOUND.

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Lost on the evening of January 5, in Broadway or Fifth Avenue, a large cape of Russia sable. The above reward will be paid to any one who will return it to the office of the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

This, to Miss Julia Lane, was the most interesting paragraph in the news. She read it over and over again. Was she obliged to believe that it referred to the beautiful cape which her father had found in Clinton Place? Very likely the advertisement meant another. People were losing things continually. Then how strange to have it returned to the office of the *Journal of Commerce!* It looked very much as if some one was making capital of lost capes, presuming on the probability of at least one cape being lost in the length of Broadway and Fifth Avenue from the numerous parties in the open sleighs. The omission of the connecting "Clinton Place" confirmed this supposition. No; she was not at all sure that this was the one. She doubted more the more she thought about it.

Julia had been positively unhappy for weeks from the want of a fur cape. So many of the other girls, in fact almost everybody, had them. She wondered how they could afford it; but they had them, and she hardly felt respectable without one. Her father had told her that he could not for a moment think of making such a purchase. He had not recovered from his heavy losses last winter, and his profession gave him a bare support. Devoted to his professional pursuits, and enjoying, too, with keen relish, the society of the cultivated and literary circle in which he moved, he could not sympathize with his daughter's craving for fur capes. So the subject had been dismissed from their conversation, though not from the mind of the young lady. She, too, had higher tastes, but for the time they were obscured. She really felt ashamed to go out wearing her old, narrow, faded mink victorine. Why could not she dress as well as other people?

And now the way seemed to be opened. A fur cape, handsomer than her utmost ambition had aspired to, was brought to her door. It was asking too much for her to relinquish it to such an indefinite demand as that advertisement. Besides, reasoned our consistent young lady, people who wear such capes can or ought to afford to lose them. The loss to the owner was probably but a slight inconvenience, while the finding was to her the gratification of her strongest and otherwise unattainable desire.

Still lower down in the strata of her thoughts was this: Anna Willard has just returned from Europe a rich heiress. George Willard has been quite attentive to Julia this winter, and specially requested that she would call upon his sister, who was on a visit to her uncle. She did not like to go and call upon those stylish people in that old victorine. The cape was exactly the thing to make her feel comfortable and as good as any body. If she could only think it right to keep it!

She pondered the matter all day. She had no mother, poor girl, or perhaps a fur cape would not have seemed of so much importance. Several of her young friends came in during the day, almost all of them the happy possessors of capes, sable, mink, or squirrel; but not one of them, thought Julia, with self-congratulation, not one of them so handsome as—*mine*.

"We have been down to Gunther's," said Miss Bidwell. "His furs are so cheap that mamma said she could not resist the temptation, and bought one for Kitty. You have not got yours yet, have you, Julia?"

Julia had comforted herself by imagining that, in some possible contingency, she might have a cape in the course of the winter; and it had seemed one step toward realizing her hopes to confide them to her friend, Miss Bidwell. How delighted she felt to be able to reply.

"I think that I shall have one soon. I was talking with father about it this morning."

"To think of that school-girl, Kitty Bidwell, having a mink cape! That makes four capes in that family. I am sure that father could afford it as well as Mr. Bidwell. I wish that father felt a little more pride about my looks. If I had a mother to care for me!" And Julia burst into a passion of tears, which she imagined were tears of filial devotion and regret. Before she came out of it she felt almost as if Providence had taken her case in hand, and had gratified in a mysterious way the wish denied by her unsympathizing father.

"Any advertisement of that cape?" asked her father at the dinner table.

"None that answers to this one. I sent for the other papers. The same advertisement is in them all, but it does not mention Clinton Place."

"Where are the papers? Let me see it."

They were up stairs, in Julia's room. She had almost persuaded herself, but she was somewhat fearful that her father would not be so easily satisfied. He was a man of strictest integrity, and did not for a moment imagine that his daughter would not be as desirous as himself to restore the property to its owner. He did not know the power of a passion for fur capes.

"I think I will advertise it," he said.

"I should think that the owner would do that," replied Julia.

It was advertised (though, through a mistake, not till two days afterwards), and not called for, except by a showily-dressed woman, who could not describe it aright, probably another victim to the fur-cap mania.

They were going to a lecture a few evenings afterward.

"Suppose I wear that cape, father," said Julia.

"Put it on, dear, and let me see it."

Julia ran up stairs, and soon came down with the fur over her shoulders.

"Is it a handsome one?" asked the unsophisticated scholar.

"Oh, very."

"Is it not too handsome for you to wear? You know, Julia, that I am not rich. You do not know that I am in debt, and it therefore would not be proper for you to wear an expensive article."

"People will think that it is a present."

"Even that I should not like. We should dress according to our circumstances."

"A great many people, no richer than we are, wear fur capes."

"I know that there are many foolish people who are conscious of having no higher claim to respectability. I should be sorry to have my daughter fall back upon that ground. I am very sure, Julia, that no one whose good opinion is of any value would think better of you for dressing expensively. This striving to imitate others is not consistent with true dignity and self-respect."

"But what are we to do with it, if I do not wear it? It will save buying a cloak for several winters. See, father, does it not look well? It fits me exactly. Some good fairy sent it to me, I have no doubt."

"Yes, it is very pretty, but I am very sorry that we have not found the owner. You are sure that it is a suitable one for you to wear?"

Suitable! It suited her wishes exactly—her *highest* wishes. It was handsomer than any of the other girls'. Now she would not be ashamed to call upon Anna Willard. But she did not say this.

"Oh yes, father, it is exactly what I want," she said.

If you could have seen her the next day! But you have seen hundreds with just that self-satisfied air, begging admiration of all the passers-by. "Look at me! I am dressed as well as any body!"

She could hardly walk far enough, so desirous was she to gratify everybody with the sight of so much elegance She scrutinized all the furs in the street with intense interest. She had the satisfaction of hearing one lady say to another, "*That's* a handsome cape!" She met Sophia Burly, and her cape, which last week was an object of envy, now looked so shabby! She saw two or three handsomer than her own, and began to murmur at Fortune for not sending her the best while she was about it.

She met Catharine Perry, who exclaimed, "What a splendid cape! That, to be sure, is worth waiting for. But where are your cuffs and muff? Nobody wears a cape alone."

Julia had thought of that, for her hands and arms felt the loss of their usual protectors, which were not esteemed worthy companions of the new magnificence.

On her way home she went into a shop, and it seemed to her that she was treated with more attention than usual. After making most of her purchases she passed to another part of the establishment and sat down, waiting with an air of patient condescension, while a young woman behind the counter received and returned the cordial greeting of a plainly dressed lady in deep mourning. This haughty air was not natural to Julia. At another time it would have given her real pleasure to witness such a meeting. But today she was the slave of the cape, and here were two persons who did not acknowledge its pre-eminent claims. She rose disdainfully to leave the shop.

"Pardon me," said the shop-woman, "I will attend to you at once."

"No matter," said Julia, coldly. "I am in haste, and will not interrupt you."

This was said with an air of superiority which she thought eminently suited the wearer of a sable cape.

She returned home feeling a good deal exalted in the scale of being.

The next day she put on her handsomest dress and the beloved cape which kept both body and spirit so comfortable, and paid her visit to Miss Willard. She was shown into a parlor, whose costly elegance she painfully contrasted with her own simple and more tasteful home. "It is well that I have this cape!" she thought. "How I should have felt to come here in my old victorine!"

Presently a lady in black entered and approached her. To her great surprise she recognized in Miss Willard the lady whom she had met in the shop on the previous day. Miss Willard also remembered Julia.

"I owe you an apology," she said, "for so interfering with your shopping yesterday."

Julia begged her not to mention it.

"I had heard that my old friend, Miss Sautelle, was there, and went to see her. We were both affected at seeing each other. It was hardly the place for our first meeting after this long separation, which had brought such changes to us both It was not strange that she forgot her duties."

Julia replied that if she could have imagined anything of the kind she would not have interrupted them for a moment.

"I know it I am sure you would not willingly have given pain. She is a noble girl, and I admire her independence in taking a situation where she is constantly exposed to insult from the heartless among her old acquaintances. Her uncle wished to adopt her after her father's reverses; but she said it was better for herself to be independent, and she wished, if possible, to encourage others by her example. I always thought her one of the most cultivated and lovely girls that I know, but I did not give her credit for so much dignity of character"

"It is a great and rare pleasure," continued Miss Willard, "to find a person acting out her own convictions, and living according to her ideal. There is so little individuality among us Americans! We dress, and furnish our houses, and live, in a certain way, because our neighbors do, without consulting our own circumstances or even our own tastes. The English, with whom I have lived the last year, err perhaps on the other extreme; but, in so doing, they show at least a self-respect which Americans in general can not boast of."

"Yet," said Julia, "one does not like to be entirely different from other people. We all judge of others by those outward things."

"I confess," replied Miss Willard, "that my pride would take that direction. When I see all these vulgar people striving to be fashionable—looking as if they carried all their possessions on their backs—having no higher aim than to have their silks, and furs, and laces as expensive as their neighbors—I feel like dressing in serge and hair-cloth. My soul is sick of this mean ambition, this paltry vanity, this self-indulgence and self-assertion! How little they know of the true value of money—of the true meaning of life!"

Julia made a feeble assent, rather bewildered by this new viewof things. She was entering into a sphere in which fur capes were not in the ascendant.

"I am afraid that you will think me very severe," continued Miss Willard, with a sweet smile; but I feel very deeply on this subject. On coming home, and looking at things in the light of a great sorrow, I long to be a preacher of faith."

"Of faith!" echoed Julia.

"Yes, of faith in something nobler and more satisfying than self and this outward world; of faith in a Heavenly Father, who gives to each his peculiar lot and his peculiar duties! Why not take cheerfully what He gives us, without grasping for what he gives to others? Why not be satisfied with His choice for them and for ourselves? We are spoiling the beauty and variety of his plans by this rubbing down of our individual life, and shaping ourselves by others."

And this was the visit for which a sable cape was so necessary!

We will not say that Julia's feelings were not envied; for the first awakening of the soul to its own degredation, its own wants, to the consciousness of being so far off from what is most desirable—surely this is infinitely better than self-complacent blindness!

Here was a lady, young and gifted with all the means of self-enjoyment and self-aggrandizement, one who could turn upon herself the admiring and envying eyes of all the throng of fashion, yet spurning fashion and luxury beneath her feet! Sorrow had added new weight to the injunctions of her dying father, that she should spend the wealth he left her not for herself but for others. Her pure and simple tastes were gratified at little expense. She shrank from every thing which attracted attention to herself. Her free and loving spirit gave itself forth to cheer, to comfort, and to help others. And when she met this young girl, in whom she knew that her brother felt a deep interest, and saw with pain that the spoiler had entered her soul and was eating up its treasures, her heart warmed with pity and sorrow. Her brother had spoken of Julia as modest and unpretending; unlike most New York girls in her simple naturalness. Little did Julia know the mischief that the cape, and the *desire* for the cape, had done. Little did she think that the first time she wore it, when she entered the lecture room, Mr. Willard's companion whispered to him, as she passed, "If I had seen that cape yesterday, perhaps I should not have been so lenient to Mr. Lane when he came to beg a further extension of our firm. I am really sorry; I thought he had more principle, and that she had more sense."

After this George Willard avoided Julia; for this even the fur cape was not sufficient consolation.

But the good work was begun. The cape had failed of its great object—the gaining of the good opinion of Miss Willard. Disappointed vanity had taught a hard but useful lesson. In the mortification, the self-dissatisfaction, the most hopeless longing, Julia was entering the narrow gate of a nobler life. Miss Willard was quick to see it; and not by reproaches or contempt, but by opening new sources of enjoyment, new spheres of action—by leading her to feel what is true and noble in books and life—she led her young friend step by step, out of the bondage into the freedom of a life forgetting self, and aspiring to what is highest.

"But you are out to-day without your fur cape! Are you not imprudent, dear Julia?"

This question was asked by Miss Willard, one morning, when Julia called for her to visit a poor family, wearing the old mink victorine.

"Can you wait a few minutes, Anna?"

"Certainly. For what?"

"While I tell you about that cape." Julia gave its history, extenuating naught. "Now, Annie do you wonder that I do not wish to wear it again?"

Miss Willard listened with the deepest interest. "I am glad to hear this, Julia—more glad than you can imagine," she said. "I thought the cape was not suitable for you."

"And to think that my strongest reason for desiring it was that I might gain your favor! What a rebuke your simple dress was to me!"

"I like to see people well dressed," replied Miss Willard, smiling; "but I have resolved for myself that there shall be nothing in my appearance to remind any one of the poor stuff which sometimes separates friends. Oh! Julia, was not the way in which I acquired it enough to teach me how little it is worth? In inheriting it I inherited orphanage and sorrow! Death gave it to me—a death which showed me, more than anything else has ever done, how worthless are the vanities of this life—how great and real are the things which lie beyond it!"

"I am ashamed to tell you of one feeling I had, but I will. I thought, '*She can afford* not to dress well.'"

"And so I can," said Miss Willard, smiling; "and so can anybody who has any thing in herself which makes her indifferent to the opinion of others. For my part, I consider great thoughts and great objects, a great joy, a great hope, a great sorrow quite as ennobling as a great fortune."

"But, my dear Julia," she continued, "there is no harm in wearing the cape since you are done worshiping it. Indeed, it is imprudent to leave it off; and it had best do good to somebody."

"No, I shall never wear it again. It has only given me pain and mortification since the first day I saw you. Discontent and pride and envy are written all over it. The poor have seemed to reproach me for wearing it, and the rich to ridicule me, and my own heart has condemned me. If I could only find the owner how thankfully I would restore it!"

Anna kissed her tenderly, and said, after a pause, "I have something to tell you, Julia. That was *my* cape."

"Yours?"

"Yes. I recognized it at once, when you came to see me, by its peculiar shape and fastenings."

"Oh! Anna, what an angel you have been! and Julia hid her weeping face on her friends shoulder. "But I am so glad to find the owner! And it will be well for me to see you wear it, to be reminded of my—"

"No, Julia, I shall never wear it again. I never liked to wear it. It was the gift of my uncle, and I wore it only for that reason."

"How could you allow me to come into your presence? How you must have despised me!"

"You might despise me, Julia, if you knew my heart. What can any of us do in this life but repent, and strive, and look upward to One who knows all, and yet does not cast us off!"

"I do repent—I do strive—I do look upward as my only hope," said Julia, solemnly.

"Do you not think," said Anna, "that we hate the sins of which we repent more than those which are comparative strangers to us? That low back door of penitence leads us into the safest places.

"But to return to our cape," she continued "I gave it to you long ago. You can wear it or not, as you please. Do what you like with it. It has caused you a great deal of pain; perhaps in some way it may give you pleasure. Its loss has been a great gain to me. I have received far more than its value in exchange. Now I shall not relax; I am firm."

"If you will insist upon making me a thief, I shall change the stolen property into something less liable to be detected."

"Very well; just as you please."

"And I shall wear this horrid old shabby victorine for the rest of the winter, causing thereby great scandal."

"And your father?" asked Anna. Will he consent? Does he know about it?"

"I told him all last night."

"What did he say?"

"Every thing that was kind. It seems as if you both loved me better than ever."

"I am sure we do," said Anna, kissing her.

The next morning Julia came down stairs with the cape done up in paper, and handed it to her father. Not if she had st