THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 52—No. 27. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday July 6, 1870. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

THE BEAVER ARGUS

Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per year in advance.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa

Business Cards.

DR. JOHN C. LEVIS, Surgeon & Physician.—Office, during the day, at Dunlap's Corner; at night at my residence on Water street, Bridgewater, Pa. Will practice Surgery and Medicine. [apr4:1y

JOHN R. YOUNG, Attorney at Law, Beaver, Pa. Office opposite the Court House, east of the Court House. All professional business entrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention. Also persons having *Real Estate for Sale* and those wishing to buy town property, coal or farm lands, may save time and money by calling at my office. apr27:1y

S. McNUTT, M. D., Having permanently located in Beaver, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of Beaver and surrounding country. Special attention paid to the treatment of female diseases. Surgery done with a skillful hand. Office on Third street, a few doors west of the Court House. apr27:1y

J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either the BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by

J. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

[apr27

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots' Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Porter's Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call. my26'69:1y.

E. F. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square. mar 31:1y.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to. apr9'69:1y.

D. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 3d street, Beaver, Pa. (In room adjoining J. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order. The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial apr27'69:3m.

HENRY MERZ, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Gaiters. Boots and shoes made to order. A long experience in the business enables him to do work in a superior manner. Terms moderate. Shop on Third street (near Rev. Miller's Bookstore), Beaver, Pa. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. apr1,1869:1y

CHAS. B. HURST, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent. Deeds and Agreements written and acknowledgements taken, &c. Having been duly commissioned as agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock Departments, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms. Also, agent for the "Anchor Line" of Staticuss Ocean Steamships. Tickets sold to and from all ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France. Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester. apr27'69

WAGON FOR SALE.—The undersigned has a Two Horse Wagon, in good running order, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for a good horse. Also a good cultivator for sale. J. C. MOULTER, apr6:tf Bridgewater, Pa.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH PERFECTED!—T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER have purchased the exclusive right of Beaver county to use Dr. Stuck's Patent by which they can put up Vulcanite as thin as Gold Plate, with a beautiful enameled polish; and so light and elastic as to perfectly adapt itself to the mouth; obviating all that clumsy and bulky condition, so much complained of heretofore, and lessening their liability to break 100 per cent. Indeed, no one seeing it would be willing to wear the old style plate any longer than they could conveniently get them exchanged. All branches of Dentistry performed in the best and most substantial manner. In filling teeth with gold, etc., we challenge competition from any quarter, and can refer to living subjects whose fillings have stood between thirty and forty years. Among the number Hon. John Allison will exhibit fillings we inserted some 35 years ago; the teeth as perfect as the day they were filled. Laughing Gas prepared on a new plan, freeing it from all unpleasant and dangerous effects, making the extraction of teeth a source of pleasure rather than of horror and pain. Prices as low as any good dentist in the State. Office at Beaver Station, Rochester Pa. nov13:tf] T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER.

Singer Sewing Machine.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINES,

The most perfect and simple machine of the kind ever invented.

Both of the above popular machines have been lately improved until they stand without a rival.

Price of the SINGER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE from $65.00 upwards.

Price of HINKLEY'S KNITTERS $30.

Circulars and Samples mailed free on application.

STRAW & MORTON,

GENERAL AGENTS,

No. 20 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh Pa.

Agents wanted for the Hinkley Machine everywhere, and for the Singer in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Va., where there are none already established. chd je15

BUYERS, LOOK HERE!

The undersigned, thankful for past favors would respectfully inform the public that he has one of the finest selections of

WALL PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

Etc., Etc.,

on hand to be found in the county. His assortment of

School, Miscellaneous and Religious

BOOKS

is complete; while no pains are spared on his part to make his

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

equal to the best of City Establishments. He is the exclusive agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this county. Those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

He is the Agent for this county for Ryder's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as he can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwater's School Government for sale at Publisher's prices.

Also on hand, Toys and Variety Goods, suitable for all seasons.

J. F. PRICE,

jul. 1870:1y Broadway, New Brighton.

THE PITTSBURGH

VINEGAR WORKS,

Ballou & Adams

167, 168, 169 and 170,

Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., Are now prepared to furnish VINEGAR at the LOWEST MARKET RATES. Attention is particularly called to our

EXTRA WINE VINEGAR.

apr20:3m

NEW

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

NELSON'S BLOCK,

DIAMOND, ROCHESTER, PENN'A.

The Undersigned, having taken the Store Room formerly occupied by

STEWART & WILSON

Invites the attention of

The Public Generally

To his Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES,

Gaiters & Slippers.

Custom Made Work

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

GOODS ALL NEW

AND OF THE

Finest and best Quality.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED

that he sells as

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

apr13:1y J. D. MILLER, Diamond, Rochester.

Miscellaneous.

THE SUEZ CANAL!

WHILE the World is more or less excited over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that

S. SNITGER & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES,

Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,

Tobacco and Cigars;

And all other articles usually found in a First Class

GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call

and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again. jan5. S. SNITGER & CO.

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ETC.

No medicine or treatment can excel the powerful curative power of

DR. SIMMS'

White Pulmonic Balsam.

It cures with a rapidity unequaled by any other remedy offered for Throat and Lung diseases. It is recommended by over 3,000 persons in Wilmington, and hundreds in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities and communities throughout the country. Mr. Pennington, of Wilmington, Illinois, writes that there is not (with a few exceptions) a family in that city who will be without it if possible to procure it. Such is its popularity wherever it is known—and this popularity arises from the fact that it universally cures all who use it. There is no case of COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, BLOOD-SPITTING, HOARSENESS, and even PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, where the system is not broken down with the wear of the disease, or pretendent medicine, or inexperienced advice, that this Balsam will not cure if carefully used according to directions. We guarantee it all we represent it to be, and invite a trial from the afflicted everywhere. Price 50 cents, medium size, and $1 for large sized bottles. Prepared only by

J. H. SIMMS, M. D.,

PRACTICAL ORGANIC CHEMIST,

No. 707 Market St.,

WILMINGTON, Del.

Philadelphia depot, Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch Street.

Baltimore depot, S. S. Hance, 168 Baltimore St.

For sale by Medicine Dealers generally.

June15,'70:1y

BEAVER

DRUG STORE,

HUGO ANDRIESSEN,

Druggist & Apothecary,

BEAVER, PENN.

DEALER IN

PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE-STUFFS, WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c. &c.

Choice Family

GROCERIES,

CRUDE AND REFINED OILS,

LAMPS & LAMP CHIMNEYS, BURNERS, &C.,

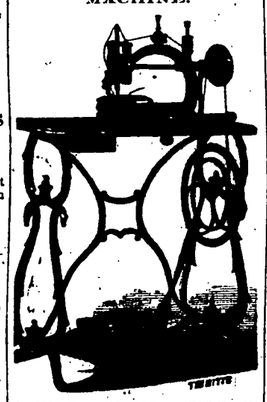
Of the greatest Variety, and at the Lowest

CASH PRICES.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and scientifically compounded at any time day or night.

☞ Agents for Fahnestock, Haslett and Schwartz's Strictly Pure White Lead, the oldest and best brand in the market, at manufacturers' prices. ☜ [oct6.1y.

The Celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing MACHINE.



STITCH! STITCH!! STITCH!!!

Stop—please, and don't ruin your eyes and constitution by bending over the slow progress of that needle, but save the all important *health, time* and *money* by procuring a first class *Sewing Machine*, one that makes the celebrated lock stitch, alike on both sides, and does all kinds of work; is neat, durable and simple in construction; runs very light; is easy to operate: received the first diploma at the late fair; is giving the best of satisfaction to its purchasers; warranted for three years, and price only $40. Such an one is *The Celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine.* For further particulars call at the office, one door below I. N. Atkins' Hat Store, Beaver, Pa., or address for testimonials, circulars, &c., S. J. ANDERSON, Agent, mar23:1y] Beaver, Pa

SLATE

THE

TWIN CITY SLATE COMPANY

Are prepared to furnish Builders or Slaters, their

Very Dark Blue Colored Superior

Roofing - Slate,

From their own quarries located in Northampton county, Pa., AT QUARRY PRICES.

Samples may be seen, and communications addressed to

E. L. GOODWIN, Agent.

J. N. SHALLENBERGER, Pres't.

Office: BREWER'S BUILDING, DUQUESNE WAY, corner Eighth St., Pittsburgh, Pa. apr27:6m

Miscellaneous.

BANKING-HOUSE.

THOMAS M'CREERY & CO.

THOS. MCCREERY, (Cashier) Successor to Samuel McCreery.

J. F. DRAVO, J. H. ANGIER, J. H. M'CREERY.

Interest paid on time deposits; Prompt attention given to collections. Also, Insurance Agents for good and reliable Companies. [may18tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Samuel Armstrong, dec'd., late of the borough of Beaver Falls, in the county of Beaver, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in said borough, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated, without delay, to the undersigned for settlement.

[jun22:6w] JANE ARMSTRONG, *Adm'rx.*

REMOVAL.

Thomas Allison,

HAVING REMOVED HIS STORE TO BEAVER, Pa.,

In the Rooms formerly occupied by Orr & Cooper, where he now has and intends keeping

A General Stock of

MERCHANDISE

Having received from the East, within a few days past, a fine selection of

DRY - GOODS,

OF THE

Latest Spring Styles,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

ALPACA, POPLINS, De LAINS, PRINTS, CHECKS, GINGHAMS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, JEANS, TWEEDS, DINIMS, COTTONADES, CRASH, FLANNELS, BOOTS & SHOES, HOSIERY, &c., &c, SHOVELS, HARDWARE, RAKES, SPADES, TUBS, BUCKETS, QUEENSWARE, &c. HOES,

To the above articles he has added a choice selection of

GROCERIES:

COFFEES, TEAS, WHITE & BROWN SUGARS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, SPICES. TOBACCO, SOAPS, &c.

All the above articles will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for country produce. Call and examine his stock and prices. THOMAS ALLISON.

apr20:'70:1y

ICE CREAM SALOON AND CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.

The undersigned having bought out the Ice Cream Saloon and Confectionery establishment of J. C. Hays, near the Post office, in Rochester, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that he will

Keep the best quality of Ice Cream

during the Summer, and respectfully urges those in want of that article to give him an early call.

His Confectionery department is well stocked; and parties, weddings, &c., will be supplied with everything needed on short notice and in the best of style.

Families furnished with fresh bread as often as desired. GEORGE FREDERICK.

may11:1y

WALL PAPER

WALL PAPER.

WINDOW SHADES

BOOKS,

STATIONERY, &c.,

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST assortment of these Goods that has ever been brought to the city. Call and examine before purchasing, and be convinced, at

F. E. WELLS & CO'S.,

NO, 106 FEDERAL STREET.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN'A.

sept15;1y.Feb.9ch d

Iron City College!

The Most Complete Business College in the United States,

Affording facilities for acquiring a thorough, practical business education, possessed by no other School in the country.

Since its incorporation in 1855, nearly Sixteen Thousand Students, representatives from every State in the Union, have attended here.

No vacations. Students enter at any time, and receive private instruction throughout the entire course.

N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and all necessary information, on address, by

SMITH & COWLEY, Principals,

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

jan19:1y.

D. S. RANGER,

Bridge Street,

BRIDGEWATER, PA.

IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

DRY GOODS.

Steubenville Jeans,
Cassimeres and Sattinets,
White Woollen blankets,
White and Colored and Barrel Flannels,
Merinos,
Delaines,
Plaids,
Ginghams,
Cobergs,
Lawns,
Water Proofs,
Chinchilla,
Cloths,
Woollen Shawls.
Brown and Black Muslins,
Drillings, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton Flannels,
Jeconets,
Table Linen,
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes
Hosiery,
Gloves & Mits.

Groceries,

Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in barrels and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat. Also, SALT.

Hardware, Nails, Glass,

Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Boxes, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass, Spades, Shovels, 2, 3, and 4 Tine Forks, Rakes, Scythes and Snaths, Corn and Garden Hoes.

WOODENWARE.

Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Butter Prints and Ladles

CARBON OIL,

Linseed Oil & White Lead.

Boots and Shoes

LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES, in great variety.

Rifle Powder and Shot,

Blasting Powder and Fuse.

Flour Feed & Queensware.

All heavy goods delivered free of charge.

By close attention to business, and by keeping constantly on hand a well assorted stock of goods of all the different kinds usually kept in a country store, the undersigned hopes in the future as in the past to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

D. S. RANGER.

dec33'68:1y.—jy7chgd.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY. On and after June 19th, 1870, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 5.30, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.50 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	12 15AM	955PM	645AM	1000AM
Rochester		328	880	1126
Salem	826	520	1041	1271PM
Alliance	315	620	1255	200
Canton	355	724	1215PM	307
Massillon	411	744	1245	315
Orrville	429	818	125	350
Wooster	500	845	201	420
Mansfield	615	1030	402	550
Crestline { A	640	1050	440	630
Crestline { D	700	1105	000AM	630
Bucyrus	750	1159	648	735
Upper Sandusky	746	1250	705	815
Forest		1223AM	737	852
Lima	856	130	835	1020
Van Wert		320	1012	1126
Fort Wayne	1055	540	1135	1240AM
Columbia		410	1235PM	120
Warsaw		525	120	215
Plymouth	1235PM	625	240	305
Valparaiso		733	430	455
Chicago	230	900	630	630

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Chicago	1120AM	820PM	600AM	535PM
Valparaiso		1148	807	715
Plymouth	150PM	1504M	859	805
Warsaw		310	1053	851
Columbia		410	1153	1000
Fort Wayne	815	615	1240PM	1110
Van Wert		658	219	1235AM
Lima	440	805	315	130
Forest		837	437	242
Upper Sandusky	548	1005	503	310
Bucyrus	615	1045	550	352
Crestline { A	640	1115	610	420
Crestline { D	655	1205PM	600AM	430
Mansfield	736	1234	640	500
Wooster	823	201	735	553
Orrville	848	237	757	545
Massillon	900	258	805	717
Canton	929	313	957	735
Alliance	950	350	1045	820
Salem	1018	423	1140	908
Rochester		602	305PM	1042
Pittsburgh	1230	705	315	1155

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2.35 p. m; New Castle, 3.15 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 7.50 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7.15 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 9.50a. m. Youngstown, 10.40 a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6.30 a. m; New Castle, 7.30 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10.10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 2.50 p. m; arrives New Castle, 5.30 p.m; Youngstown, 7.05 p. m.

F. R. MYERS,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD. On and after May 29th 1870, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	815AM	130PM	345PM
Euclid Street	836	141	356
Hudson	930	135	457
Ravenna	1004	205	529
Alliance	1100	244	630
Bayard	1123	310	
Wellsville	105PM	427	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM.
Wellsville	855AM	450PM	
Bayard	1025	608	
Alliance	1115	655	735AM
Ravenna	1163PM	740	815
Hudson	1237	812	855
Euclid Street	141	908	956
Cleveland	155	920	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S	*	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	725AM	200PM	605PM
Bridgeport	555	815	210	615
Steubenville	700	1100	316	730
Wellsville	815	125PM	445	
Smith's Ferry	840	146	508	
Beaver				
Rochester	925	230	530	
Pittsburgh	1035	335	655	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM.	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	625AM	340PM	430PM	
Rochester	735	350	530	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry	817	430	624	
Wellsville	950	555	655	
Steubenville	950	605		705AM
Bridgeport	1100	710		815
Bellair	1110	720		830

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville and an express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 640 a. m.	Bayard, 903, a.m.
Bayard, 11:30a.m.	N. Philadelphia, 340pm

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

NEW MARBLE WORKS, AT BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.

W. H. MARSHALL'S

We Manufacture

MONUMENTS,

Head and Foot Stones,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Stone Work

ON SHORT NOTICE.

We Claim to do the Best Work in

Western Pennsylvania,

FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

And Mean to do as we Represent.

WE CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD

AT HOME OR ABROAD.

Persons wishing work in our line are invited to call and examine our work and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as we will guarantee satisfaction in every case.

We have, also, a very fine selection of work at the Rochester Works, which can not be beat, for workmanship or price, anywhere: W. H. MARSHALL.

mar16:6m—je22:6l.

BEAVER ACADEMY.—The next Term will commence on Monday, August 29, 1870. For circular apply to the undersigned, or during vacation (July and August,) to the Rev. D. P. Lowary, President, or Rev. J. M. Smith, member of the Board of Trustees, Beaver, Pa. je22:3m] Rev. J. W. SCOTT, D. D., Principal.

DRUGS!

DRUGS & MEDICINES

TRUSSES!

W. BUECHLING

German Apothecary and Druggist!

IN THE DIAMOND,

ROCHESTER,

Keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of

PURE DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PERFUMES AND SOAPS,

PAINTS, OILS,

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR

Medical Purposes.

Cigars and Tobacco, Crude and Refined Oils.

ALSO

Sole agent for Dr. Betzel's Patent Trusses.

All kinds of Trusses will be delivered on short notice. Physicians prescriptions will be filled at all hours of day and night.

☞ *A share of patronage solicited.* ☜

jy21:1y.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY ESTELLE WATTS.

Have the forms we once loved perished?
Are they mouldering in the tomb?
Will the grave always confine them
Within its compass of gloom?
Have they gone from our sight forever,
And left us despairing to mourn?
Is the link that united us broken?
Will the dear ones never return?
Oh yes! death leaves a shining track,
Our spirit-friends are *sure* to come back.

They come to us at even,
When the shades of night draw near,
The joys of heaven they whisper
In our enraptured ear.
They raise our earth-dimmed vision
Beyond the things of time,
Until we behold the brightness
Of a purer, happier clime.
They point beyond the shadowy tomb,
To the land where flowers immortal bloom.

They are with us when we slumber,
As the friends of old they seem,
And we have felt their presence
In many a long bright dream.
The gates of heaven they open,
We catch a glimpse of bliss—
A glimpse—which the noise and clamor
Of earth can never destroy.
They dispel our doubts—our fears remove,
And fill our souls with peace and love.

And when our hearts are weariest,
And our eyes with tears overflow,
They come—these guardian angels—
To drive away our woe;
They bring sunshine and gladness
To strew around our way,
They lure us onward, upward,
To the realms of endless day;
And often have our brows been fanned
With the breezes from a better land.

When we would shrink in terror
From the cold embrace of death,
These spirits are beside us
To fill our souls with faith;
They bid us be courageous,
And to patiently endure
Our affliction for a season
And eternal bliss is sure;
And when we near death's chilly foam
On wings of love they'll bear us home.

O God, may we be grateful
For this proof of thy love;
That Thou dost send to mortals
Bright angels from above;
Dear ones that have departed,
Passed to the spirit life,
Come back, and gently lead us
Through this world of pain and strife.
How much of heaven on earth we learn,
When our spirit-friends from heaven return.

ONE OUT OF FOUR.

A run down to the coast, a sniff of sea air and a bath, are not bad refreshers and restoratives after hard work and anxiety in London; at least I thought so as I started from Victoria with a headache, a leather bag, and a firm intention of spending a day at the Warden, at Dover. The slow early train which conveyed me and my accompaniments, stopped at every station, the names of which the porters loudly proclaimed by zoological noises, probably intelligible to themselves, but not to my ears suggestive of any British locality.—Boys with shrill voices endeavored to persuade me to purchase the morning papers, and those funny cartoons under my nose. Others proposed complicated exchanges of periodical literature; but I turned a deaf ear and a vacant eye to the temptation, and even rejected the conversation of a corpulent man sitting opposite, with a nose at a white heat, which made me it was a fine sunset, but rather misty—a misty which had not affected his liver, for as I wished to repose my fragile frame and to soothe my nervous system, I had no desire for discussion.

Shortly after entering Dover, the engine was seized with an internal derangement which caused a stoppage and increased the uncertainty of my proceedings.

During this delay, my first plan was finally annihilated by the seduction of the quaint little town where we were detained. Its old red brick houses glowed in the sunlight, and the smooth expanse of the channel extending before me, studded with sails and colors hanging lazily in the golden mist of a September morning, decided me to stay.

'Open the door, guard,' I shouted; 'I'll get out here.'

And leaving my headache and my morning's intentions in the cars, I seized my bag, passed rapidly through the small, deserted station, and entered the narrow street of the town.

The houses, which were low and irregular, contained shops for the sale of ship stores and sailors' clothing. Complete suits of oilskin armor, with shining 'sou'-westers,' were hung in rows over the doors, like the preserved pirates in chains which formerly ornamented our coasts in the 'dear old times' we are so often told to regret; when Tyburn tree was so rich in blossoms that it was feared the supply of rope would fail—

"Scarce can our fields, with crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply."

Rich bunches of 'bluchers,' and woolen gloves without fingers, resembling the fruit of some gigantic bananas, adorned the shop-fronts, while bales of blue serge and pillars of red night cap obtructed the entrance. And from the pungent odor with which the surrounding atmosphere was impregnated I concluded that red herrings and strong butter were to be had within.

Half way up the principal street, behind a railing, stood an old church, with a burial ground at its back, sloping down to a stony beach, against which the smooth waters of the channel rippled and murmured incessantly.

I sat down, and gadually fell into a pleasant dream of hazy recollections and dissolving views to which the roar of London streets still ringing in my ears, mingled with the silver sound of the waves, made what is called 'appropriate music.'—These falling melodes were soon interrupted by a peal of bells from the church, which roused me from my agreeable reverie.

Upon making inquiries of an intelligent inhabitant is to the cause of the disturbance, I found that the noise was the precursor of a wedding, which was about to be celebrated, at the church behind the railing.

'It's only one of our boatmen, sir—one of our seafaring folks,' remarked a sailor standing at the door, removing—to facilitate expectoration—a pipe from a large mouth bordered with spots of solidified tobacco juice. 'The girl's a good looking lass, though—you'll like to see her. She's a tidy craft—we call her Pretty Poll, down here. What a sight o' fellows has been in love along o' her! She was always clinging 'em; but she's caught now, anyhow.'

These hints excite my curiosity, and I entered. The wedding was 'on.'

The broad back of the bridegroom and the pretty waist of the bride, as they knelt, first caught my eye.

He seemed to take the affair as coolly as if he had been splicing a rope or scraping a spar. The lady seemed impressed by the solemnity which surrounded her. She was not by any means one of the common objects of the sea shore. Her dark hair, bright cheeks and white teeth gave her the appearance of a Boulogne fish girl, with deep blue eyes, soft and dreamy. Her figure, though inclined to fatness, was graceful and well proportioned, and her hand as she held it out to receive the ring, though rather dark in color, was small and well shaped.

My friend with the pipe was right; she was decidedly a very pretty girl, or, as he called her, 'a tidy craft.'

She was dressed in silk for the occasion; but in spite of her smart attire she looked subdued, and her face had a thoughtful and rather sad expression—not unusual, I am informed, at weddings.

The marriage was soon over, and she left the church leaning rather clumsily on the arm of her lord. As they walked through the churchyard, among the simple but well kept graves, I observed that the burly boatman and his fair eyed partner stopped before one of the mounds, which was distinguished by a plain wooden cross.

This little monument was not new, but showed the wear and wasting of more than one winter.

They only paused for a moment, but it was long enough to give me another glance at the bride's face as she turned partly around; and her blue eyes resting on the cross had a look so mournful and pensive, that I fancied, if I had been nearer, I might have seen a tear steal down her cheek.

The little group of people soon dispersed, and I lost sight of them. The church was locked up and the church yard deserted except by some boys, who began a game of hide-and-seek among the tombs, and a few idle sailors, who seemed to find the grave stones cool and comfortable seats on a hot day.

It is touching to find that our usefulness does not always end with life.

I spent some days lazily on the shingle, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the rings as they rippled to the land or died away out to sea, till the craving of a sharpened appetite drove me to the nearest inn. It was not in any respect like the Warden, but it was able to supply my frugal wants in the usual British fashion.

When the sun was sinking in the west, casting long shadows upon the shore and tinging the white sails with red, I lit a cigar and strolled out along the sea, away from the town. The rows and terraces of brick ceased; the houses first became semi-detached—then detached—then straggling; and I soon came to the last cottage.

It was surrounded by a garden a few yards wide, which had once been carefully ornamented with paths of sifted shingle, large modules of flint, shells, and other homely decorations. But it was now neglected; the borders were overgrown, the flowers dead, and patches of long tangled grass reminded me of a forgotten grave. Two small windows in the cottage overlooked the beach and reflected the rays of the evening sun. The white washed walls sloped to the eastward, as if they had yielded to the winds that had blown against them for more than a century, while the thatch on the roof was dry and shining.

The door stood open, and I looked in. The outer room served as a boatmen's store-house, and was nearly full of boat's gear. Old sails, blocks and tackles and tar brushes were numerous; coils of rope hung on the walls, together with the oil skin coats, lanterns, pots of pitch; the floor was strewn with broken oars and pieces of drifted wood, probably cast up during the gales that sweep that dreary coast every winter.

The inner room was clean and neat; some nautical pictures hung over the mantle-piece, and a clock with a melancholy face ticked in the corner.

Though the weather was hot, a fire was burning, or rather smouldering, in a little stove, by the side of which stood a vacant chair. As I entered, an old man, who sat at the window, looking listlessly out to sea, raised his eyes.

'Will you let me take a light, my friend?'

'Certainly, sir,' said he, rising and stirring the coals in the ship's stove, the chimneypipe of which passed out one of the windows.

The old man, as he stood up, looked very much like the cottage he lived in. In his day he had been upright and strong; but age, hard work and rough weather had bent him earthward. His silver hair was dry and thin like the thatch, and his gray, dreamy eyes reflected the sunlight and seemed to be—

"With his heart, and that was far away."

I asked him if he lived alone.

'I do now, sir, since my old woman died—two years ago come Christmas.'

'Don't you feel dull all by yourself?'

'It is very lonely like; but I don't care to see the people much now; they're all so busy with their concerns. I was busy, too, sir, once.'

Here the old fellow hung his head and sighed. As he paused, I answered that there were many people who were not altogether taken up with their own affairs, and who would be glad to cheer him up and chat with him.

"Well, sir, the parson does come to me, sometimes. He is a kind man, and was good to me in my trouble—I like to hear his step on the door. He don't talk one to death. He tells me what I can understand—for I'm no scholar—he tells me we shall meet up above with those we've been parted from down here."

He seemed quite overcome by the few words he had said, and his eyes were full of tears as he turned to the window and stood for some time gazing silently out to sea.

How I pitied this solitary man in his old age, bereft of his helpmate. He seemed so sad, and yet so resigned and hopeful. I felt a great wish to hear something more of his life; but I did not like to press him to tell me his history just then, so I continued puffing my cigar in silence, to give him time to recover his serenity.

After a long pause he began again, and I listened.

'This time two years ago, sir, my great trouble came upon me; I can't get over it, and never shall now. Every time the fall of the year comes round, and the leaves begin to drop, and the wind to roar at night, I seem to live it all over again."

'It is two years, is it, since your poor wife died."

'It is two years, sir, since my wife and my boy, Joe, and me, lived here altogether. Them two boats, as you see a little way down the beach, were ours then. We had a third, too, a 'galley punt;' but I've sold them two now, for I shall never go about again. My boy and I could get a good living out of them. There was not much doing in summer time, nor yet in smooth weather, but we used to go out with the lines or the nets; and sometimes we'd make a good take of mackerel, and sell many score of them to London people. And so we rubbed along, and now and then Joe would get a job to pilot a vessel up channel,

The summer is always our hard time. It's our winter, you see sir, and we are mere likely to knock at the workhouse-door at midsummer than we are at Christmas.

We are not like the shore-going people. We reap our harvest off this sea, and the rougher it is the better crop we get, you know.'

Joe was a first rate seaman and a regular pilot, he was, and as fine a lad as ever stepped on the forcastle of a ship. He was but twenty-four, and I never saw the like of him, though he was my son—and a good son, too, to his old mother and me. He had never given us a day's trouble in all his life; and, Lor', how we did love that boy, sir! he was our all—our all, he was.

There was not a boatman nor a pilot in the channel as could come near him. He knew the coast all about as well as he did the path up to this cottage door. He could take a vessel anywhere. If he missed his port and was driven to the leeward, he knew what to do—where he could anchor, all the shoals and tides and currents, and all the rest of it; and as for handling a boat, it was a sight to see Joe in a gale of wind. He was always first when there was a job to be had. And when that bell out yonder used to ring—I mean the bell that calls together a crew to man the life-boat—he was first into her when there was a chance of saving life, and nothing to be got by it but perchance to lose his own. Ah, there's many a poor fellow would be floating about on his face now in the green water if it hadn't been for Joe.

He was our only child, sir, and he loved his mother and me, he did, and he worked hard for us both. He didn't care a bit for himself. He was always wanting me to stay ashore. 'Father,' he used to say, 'your's getting too old for rough water. You must lay up.—You shall do the summer work and leave the winter for me.' But though I knew Joe would have worked till he dropped, for us, I wasn't the man to give up—though I was old—as long as I could keep up.

We got through many hard summers and long spells of what folks call fine weather, till the sky began to look dark and the rain to drive and the wind to roar; then the ships would run up channel and signal for pilots; want anchor and chains and all kinds of gear. Then our good time would begin—they couldn't do without us then. Joe and I and two or three more of us used to put off through the surf, and many a good bit of work we've had o' winter nights, and shared sometimes five, and may be ten pound a man. A few jobs like that, you know, would help to keep us through the dull time.

Well, sir, it was one day in September, as it might be now. We'd had smooth weather for near two months—there was nothing doing. Joe and a lot more of 'em was lying about the beach in the sun, grunting dreadful.

Curse this fine weather, father; if it lasts much longer, it will be the ruin of us. No ships coming up channel. Those that do don't want us; they'd rather find their own way about than pay for a pilot. If they've got one aboard and want to land him, they'll send him ashore in their own boat rather than give us a chance of earning a shilling or two. Winter, when they've sprung a leak, they'll pretty nigh