The American Volunteer.
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BY
BRATTON & KENNEDY.
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The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1867. VOL. 53.—NO. 36.

Professional Cards.

JOHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865—1y.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865.

J. M WEAKLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on South Hanover street, in the room formerly occupied by A. B. Sharpe, Esq.

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Hannon's Hotel.
Dec. 1, 1865.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY at Law and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson county and the Counties adjoining it.
Feb. 15, 1866—1y.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY &C. AT LAW, Carlisle, Pa. Office near Court House, South side of Public Square, in "Inhoff's Corner," second floor. Entrance, Hanover Street. ☞ Practicing in all the Courts of this Judicial District, prompt attention will be given to all business in the Counties of Perry and Juniata, as well as of Cumberland.
May 24, 1866—1y*.

W. F. SADLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, South Hanover street.
Dec. 1, 1865.

W. KENNEDY ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Public Square.
Dec. 1, 1865.

JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.,
Feb. 15, 1866—1y.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office a few doors West of Hannon's Hotel.
Dec. 1, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's Store. By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights.
Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office with Wm. J. Shearer, Esq.
Dec. 1, 1865—1y.

R. NEWTON SHORT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Mechanicsburg, Pa.—Thankful for past favors, would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he is still practicing Medicine and Surgery in all their branches. Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear, and all other chronic affections.
Office in Wilson's Building, Main St., up stairs.
Nov. 22, 1866.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Carlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1, 1865.

DENTISTRY—Dr. W. B. Shoemaker—Practical Dentist, Newville, Pennsylvania. Office in Miller's Building.
Feb. 22, 1866.—1y.

Photographs!

PHOTOGRAPHS!

The subscriber, after over five years of experience in his profession, begs to inform the public that he still continues his business at his old and well known location, in the building of Jacob *Zug, Esq., South-East Corner of Market Square,* over the Store of Messrs. Leidich & Miller, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons, and where he is fully prepared to take

PHOTOGRAPHS,
CARTES DE VISITE
AND AMBROTYPES,

from miniature to life-like size, and to guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. The arrangement of my Sky-Light enables me to take perfect *likenesses* on cloudy as well as in clear weather.—An experienced Lady Operator is in constant attendance at the Rooms to wait on lady customers. Constantly on hand and for sale at reasonable rates, a fine assortment of

ROSE WOOD, UNION AND GILT FRAMES.

☞ Negatives of all Pictures taken are preserved and persons wishing duplicates of the same can have them on short notice, either by personal application or by letter. Thankful for past favors, will hope for a continuance of the public patronage.

JOHN C. LESHER.

Oct. 11, 1866—6m

POSITIVELY THE BEST!

C. L. LOCHMAN

AGAIN TRIUMPHANT!!

The FIRST PREMIUM has again been Awarded to C. L. LOCHMAN, for the BEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

His long experience in the business and his intimate knowledge of all that relates to the production of a PERFECT PICTURE, in chemistry, art and mechanism, enables him to make Photographs, unsurpassable in most galleries, and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

FINE LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS,
Colored and Plain,
CARD PICTURES FOR ALBUMS,
old and new size,
PORCELAIN PICTURES
of exquisite finish.

Every lady should have one of these taken; they give the most charming complexion.

AMBROTYPES

in every style of cases, and all kinds of work done in a First Class Gallery. Copies made in the most perfect manner.

Negatives are registered, and duplicates can be had at any time.

The public is cordially invited to pay a visit to the gallery and examine specimens.

A large lot of FRAMES and ALBUMS for sale cheap.

Photographs made in all kinds of weather equally well.
Dec. 13, 1866

MRS. R. A. SMITH'S PHOTOGRAPHIC Gallery South-east Corner Hanover Street, and Market Square, where may be had all the different styles of Photographs, from card to life size.

IVORYTYPES, AMBROTYPES, AND MELAINOTYPES:

also Pictures on Porcelain, (something new) both Plain and Colored, and which are beautiful productions of the Photographic art. Call and see them.

Particular attention given to copying from Daguerrotypes &c.

She invites the patronage of the public.
Feb. 15 1866.

Dickinson Commercial College

GREAT EDUCATIONAL INDUCEMENTS.

A First Class Business College at Carlisle, Penn'a.

THIS Institution is now entering upon its third year in its present location; during which time it has received a liberal home support, and also an encouraging share of patronage from six different States of the Union. We feel encouraged from the result of past efforts and shall spare no pains or expense in building up an institution second to none in the country.

Education adapted to all—the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Artisan, the Business or Professional man.

YOUNG MEN of limited education.

YOUNG MEN will find educated in other respects, but deficient in the branches taught in a first class Business College.

YOUNG MEN of limited means, who would possess the best requisite to embrace and distinction.

YOUNG MEN who are desirous of receiving the greatest amount of useful information at the least comparative expense are invited to investigate the peculiar merits of our Model System of practical training and eminently popular course of Study.

BRANCHES TAUGHT,

Single and Double Entry Book-keeping, in its various forms and applications, including General Wholesale and Retail Business, Forwarding, Commission, Exchange, Jobbing and Importing, Railroading, Steamboating, Banking, Partnership Settlements, Business Calculations Mercantile Law, Correspondence, Practical and Ornamental Penmanship, Phonography, English Grammar, Composition, Telegraphing, &c.

☞ Students enter at any time.

☞ None but competent instructors employed, and a sufficient number to insure individual instruction to all.

☞ Send for a Circular giving full particulars.

A. M. TRIMMER,
Address, Carlisle, Pa.

Aug. 22, 1866.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES are superior to all other for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. Contain all the latest improvements; are speedy; noiseless; durable; and easy to work.

Illustrated Circulars free. Agents wanted.—Liberal discounts allowed. No consignments

Address, EMPIRE S. M. CO., Broadway, 616 N. Y
July 26, 1866—1y

Dry Goods.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

AT NO. 18.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS
AT
S. C. BROWN'S
NEW DRY GOODS STORE!

GOODS ARE REDUCED FROM 10 to 20 per Cent.

In consideration of the great decline, the undersigned is now offering the greatest inducements offered in the county.

He is selling best Prints at 20 cts.,
Best 1 yd. wide Bro. Muslin at 24 cts.,
12½ yd. best Cot. Table Diaper at 62 cts.,
1 yd. best Tick at 36 cts.

DRESS GOODS!

American Delaines at 30 cts.,
Lustres,
Alpacas all colors,
Cobergs all col's. 3 to 6 quars. wide,
Wool Delaines 3 to 5 quarters wide, from 60 to $1 00,
38 inch French Merinoes, best makes $1 25.

MEN'S WEAR! MEN'S WEAR!!

Broadcloths, very cheap,
All Wool Cassimeres from $1 00 upwards,
Sattinets, Jeans, &c., &c.
A full line of
Notions,
Hosiery,
Gloves,
Zephyr Hoods,
Shawls,
&c., &c.

Call and see for yourselves. Remember the place.

S. C. BROWN,
No. 18 West Main St., Carlisle.

Nov. 29, 1866.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

SELLING OFF AT COST

AND NO MISTAKE!

I am selling off my entire stock of Dry Goods AT COST, consisting of French, Plaid and Plain Poplins, all wool Repps, French and English Merinoes of the most beautiful colors, all wool and American Delaines, Cashmeres, Black and Colored Alpaccas,

LADIES' CLOAKING AND SHAWLS,

Shirting and other Flannels; Canton Flannels, Checks, Ginghams, Tickings, Table Linen, Ladies' Vests and Under Ware of every description, with a large assortment of Misses and Infants Merino under Vests of every size, Calicoes, Muslins, Balmoral Hoop Skirts, &c., &c.

Also, a large assortment of Gentlemen's Wear, Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Sattinets,
Jeans,
Shirting,
Flannels,
&c., &c.,

all of which must be sold *at cost* until the entire stock is sold. My goods have all been bought—some at the lowest auction prices, the remainder at the lowest wholesale prices at the New York and Philadelphia markets.

WM. A. MILES,

North Hanover Street, next door to Miller & Bowers' (formerly John F. Lyon's) Hardware Store. Remember the number—32 North Hanover, Sign of the Yellow Fannel.
Nov. 22, 1866.

GREAT EXCITEMENT
AT
BOILING SPRINGS
SINCE SAWYER & HURD
HAVE OPENED UP THEIR NEW STOCK OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

SAWYER & HURD are now prepared to present to the public a magnificent assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes. SAWYER & HURD respectfully invite the especial attention of the ladies to their elegant assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

containing the latest styles and kinds of goods selling in the New York and Philadelphia markets, Dress Silks, in varieties of colors and styles,

WOOLEN DRESS GOODS

of every kind, Poplins of all colors, barred striped and plain, medium priced goods, Double Delaines, Figured and Plain Reps and other cheap goods. SAWYER & HURD invite the attention of the ladies to their beautiful stock of

DRESS SHAWLS

in every color and style. We also invite the special attention of the gentlemen to our select stock of

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Over Coatings,
Cheap Cassimeres,
Sattinets,
Jeans, &c.

A FIRST CLASS TAILOR

whose reputation is wide spread, will make up at short notice in the best style, any of the above goods. All kinds of notions, Under Shirts, Drawers, Gloves, Hanover Buck Gloves, Ties, Hose, &c. SAWYER & HURD request housekeepers to examine their well selected stock of Oil Cloths, Shades, Blankets, &c. All the various kinds of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

kept in immense supplies, Flannels, Ticks, Calicoes, Shirtings, Sheetings, Table Diapers, and all kinds of White Goods,

BALMORAL AND HOOP SKIRTS,

best and cheapest in the country. In fact everything to induce purchasers to give us a call.

☞ Highest market prices paid for all kinds of Produce.

Do not forget the place and well known stand formerly kept by A. M. Leidich, Esq., Boiling Springs.
Dec. 6, 1866—3m

NEW STORE!
NEW GOODS!
RING'S
NEW DRY GOODS STORE,
MAIN STREET,
Opposite the Mansion House,
Next door to the Post Office.

Having rented the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. A. Miles, the undersigned invites the attention of the ladies of Carlisle and its vicinity to his WELL SELECTED STOCK of

DRY GOODS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
AND NOTIONS,

Just received from the Eastern Cities.

By strict attention to business, and a careful study of the wants and tastes of his customers, he hopes to obtain a share of the public patronage.

J. G. H. RING.

☞ Special attention given to DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Nov. 8, 1866—1y

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!
FALL 1866.
A. W. BENTZ, South Hanover Street, CARLISLE.

I have just made my second fall addition to my already great and extensive stock of DRY GOODS. I have selected the most desirable goods that could be obtained in the Eastern Markets, paid most special attention to variety and taste, and am fully assured that after a thorough investigation is made, my numerous patrons (the ladies, of course!) will have all their wishes gratified.

I have a variety of Ladies' DRESS GOODS, such as Plaid and Plain Poplins, Lukins, French Merinoes, of every shade and quality, Coburgs, Mous de Laines, and Alapacas, all colors. A full line of

MOURNING GOODS!

Mourning Silks, Bombazine, Repp, double and single width, all wool; De Laines, Alpacas, English Crape Veils and Collars, London Mourning Prints, &c.

MUSLINS! MUSLINS!

very cheap and good. A large invoice of Clothes, Cassimeres, Jeans, Velvet Cords, A variety of Ballantivals; Shaker and heavy twilled Flannels Mode, Solferino, Blue, Brown, Wine, Green and Scarlet Saque Flannels, White and Colored Home-made Flannels; good Canton Flannels; Prints; Gloves, Hosiery and Buttons of every kind; Shirts and Drawers; HOODS; Nubias and Breakfast Shawls; Blankets at lowest prices.

Don't forget the well known stand, south of the Court House, as we are prepared and will sell at the lowest prices.

A. W. BENTZ.
October 11, 1866.

Furniture, &c.

A. B. EWING,
CABINET MAKER
AND UNDERTAKER,
WEST MAIN STREET,
CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
NEW FURNITURE
for the Holidays, comprising

Sofas, Camp Stools,
Lounges, Centre Tables,
Rocking Chairs, Dining Tables,
Easy Chairs, Card Tables,
Reception Chairs, Ottomans,
Bureaus, What-Nots,
Secretaries, &c., &c.,
Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE,

of the Latest Styles.

COTTAGE FURNITURE IN SETTS,

Splendid New Patterns.

BEDSTEADS AND MATTRESSES,

GILT FRAMES AND PICTURES,

in great variety.

Particular attention given to Funerals. Orders from town and country attended to promptly and on reasonable terms.
Dec. 43, 1866—1f

CABINET WARE HOUSE.
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the Undertaking business, and is ready to wait upon customers either by day or by night. Ready made COFFINS kept constantly on hand, both plain and ornamental. He has constantly on hand *Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Case,* of which he has been appointed the sole agent. This case is recommended as superior to any of the kind now in use, it being perfectly air tight.

He has also furnished himself with a new Rosewood Hearse, and is prepared to attend, when he will attend funerals in town and country, personally, without extra charge.

Among the greatest discoveries of the age is *Well's Spring Mattress,* the best and cheapest bed now in use, the exclusive right of which I have secured, and will be kept constantly on hand.

CABINET MAKING,

in all its various branches, carried on, and Bureaus, Secretaries, Wardrobes, Ware-rooms, Upholstered Chairs, Sofas, Pier, Side and Centre Tables, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Washstands of all kinds, French Bedsteads, high and low posts; Jenny Lind and Cottage Bedsteads, Chairs of all kinds, Looking Glasses, and all other articles usually manufactured in this line of business, kept constantly on hand.

His workmen are men of experience, his material the best, and his prices shall be the lowest city style, and all under his own supervision. If will be warranted and cold low for cash.

He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. For the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him he feels indebted to his numerous customers, and assures them that no efforts will be spared in future to please them in style and price. Give us a call.

Remember the place, North Hanover street, nearly opposite the Deposit Bank, Carlisle.

DAVID SIPE.

Dec. 7, 1865.

Clothing.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

GREAT FALL IN PRICES.

The undersigned is now receiving his complete assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which for style, beauty and price, cannot be excelled.

His stock consists in part of fine Black and Blue French and English Cloths, Extra Heavy Doeskin, three cut and

FANCY CASSIMERES.

Also, a large variety of Cassinets and Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans, and Cottonnades, Linens, and Linen Drilling, in great variety. Also a great assortment of

READY MADE CLOTHING.

of every style and quality, White Linen and Woolen Shirts, Summer Drawers, &c. Constantly on hand a large assortment of Ties, Collars, Hosiery and Gloves, Linen, Silks and Cotton Handkerchiefs.

Also a full assortment of Trunks, Carpet Bags and Valises, of every size.

Clothing made to order at the shortest notice. Call and examine the stock.

Don't forget the stand—South Hanover Street, adjoining Miller & Bowers' Hardware Store, Carlisle.

ISAAC LIVINGSTON.

May 10, 1866.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

The subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs leave to inform the public that he continues the

CLOTHING BUSINESS

in all its various branches, at his old stand, East Main Street, two doors west of Saxton's Hardware Store, Carlisle. He will, as heretofore, keep constantly on hand the

MADE-UP CLOTHING

of all kinds, and at prices that defy competition.

OVERCOATS, DRESS COATS, FROCK COATS, PANTS and VESTS,
in every style and variety.
Shirts, Drawers, Gloves, Collars, Stockings, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders,

and every other article to be found in a first-class clothing emporium.

Also, the best of French Cloths and Cassimeres, in every variety, and he has engaged the services of an experienced cutter, and especial attention will be paid to putting up customer work in the latest and most fashionable style.

JOHN TREIBLER.

Oct. 25, 1866—1y

GRAND DISPLAY
OF CHRISTMAS GOODS!
AT NO. 35 WEST MAIN STREET,
KRIS KINGLE
IS COMING!!

Fond parents look to the interest of your sweet darlings!

John H. Rheem, late of the Firm of Rheem & Spahr, announces to the public, that he has purchased the interest of his late partner, and that he has just returned from the City, with a magnificent stock of

CANDIES, TOYS AND FANCY ARTICLES,

consisting in part as follows:

Drums, Trumpets,
Dancing Jacks, Horses,
Mules, Toys and Dolls,
of all sizes, shapes and colors;
Doll Heads, Violins,
Arms, Furniture Sets,
Shoes & Stockings, Tables,
Whips, Bureaus,
Sleds, Balls,
Guns, Monk's on Sticks,
Trains of Cars, Elephants,
Wagons, Dogs,
Wheelbarrows, Cats,
Nine Pins, Mice,
Magic Lanterns,

and endless variety of other Toys, suitable to the fancy of both young and old.

I have selected my stock of Fruits and Confections with the greatest care, and have the finest assortment ever brought to Carlisle, among which are

MALAGA GRAPES,

Barbara and other Dates, Crystalized Fruits o all kinds,

LARGE WHITE TOYS,

Candy Apples, Peaches, Pears and Eggs, Tar Drops, St. John's Bread, Cream Cocoa, French Creams of all sorts.

I am also manufacturing and have on hand Clear Candy Toys, such as Baskets, Buckets, Rabbits, Deers, Locomotives, Tubs, Birds, Chickens, and fancy Figures of all descriptions.

Also, a splendid assortment of Tatties, of my own manufacture, such as Rose, Vanilla, Lemon, Butter, Caromel, Walnut, etc.

All the above I now have at the old stand, No. 35, where I will be happy to see and accommodate all who may favor me with their patronage.

J. H. RHEEM.

Dec. 20, 1866—tf

HENRY G. BEIDLER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
KERSVILLE,
CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

Will attend promptly to the calling of sales, at the lowest rates. An experience of several years, warrants him in guaranteeing satisfaction in every case. Residence near Diller's Bridge, West Pennsborough township.
Jan. 8, 1867—3m

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Under Shirts, Drawers, Men and Boys Gloves, &c., is at PLANK'S Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap Ware Room, S. W. corner of North Hanover Street and Locust Alley, midway between Thudium's and Wetzel's Hotels, Carlisle.
Nov. 18, 1866—6m

Poetical.

THE SLEIGHRIDE.

Mirth awake! The day is dying,
Hail with joy the starry hours,
While the frolic colors flying,
Dash the snow in pearly showers.

Light the laugh, the pleasure nameless—
Wrapt in robes from distant plains,
Where the bison, huge and tameless,
Roves the lord of vast domains.

High above us swims the crescent,
Sharp the air and clear the skies,
Circling vapors, iridescent,
From the glens and brooks arise.

On the foaming leader dashes,
Swift the sleighers seem to fly,
While Aurora flames and flashes,
Firing all the Northern sky.

Through the snow crests in the billows,
Over bare and breezy swells,
Fleet is every steed that follows,
Jingle jangling all the bells.

Over ice rifts sharply twanging,
Past the frowning, fissured height,
Where the pointed pedants hanging,
Silver shimmer in the light.

Underneath the forest arches,
Hoary with the touch of time,
Where the oaks and bending larches,
Jeweled blaze with moonlit rime.

In the dim and far recesses,
Echo dwells, the banished maid,
Mocking still, she still transgresses,
Flitting through the winding glade.

From beneath the cracking bridges,
See the struggling waters flow;
Sparkling round the frosted ridges,
Ribbon streaming through the snow.

See! the wood fire, redly gleaming,
On the cheerful window plays,
Lighting roomy halls and beaming
From the inn of other days.

Here, with song, and dance, and chorus,
Swiftly by the moments run,
Till the mirth-awakener eddies o'er us,
Tinted by the rising sun.

Pleasures past. Alas, how fleeting
All our joys and comforts are;
Time is like a wave retreating,
Bearing all things bright and fair.

Scarce we raise the brimming measure,
Scarce the sparkling nectar sip,
Ere the counter wave of pleasure
Bears it rudely from the lip.

Miscellaneous.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN."

"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh! such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter, in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-in-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual, quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and cannot, by any possibility make five. Only being with all her gentleness, a little thick-headed, she does not see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to err, even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the evil one tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as may be he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose that he *can* know everything.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public, for the good of the community, in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it was to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business," of which business persons like myself continually get, and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a portmanteau, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since, though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family*—affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and at the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularize, had opened the doors of their long hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the full end of the day, when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab, the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half illumed the room into which we were shown. It was an old fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting room; one end being fitted up as a library, while at the other—pleasant thoughtfulness, which already warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a hungry, weary traveller, a tea dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well supplied, elegant board was the only thing we noticed about the room, except one other thing, which hung close above the tea-table, on the paneled wall.

It was a large full length portrait, very well painted—the sort of portrait of which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be!" It had individually, character—the soul of the man as well as his body; and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful spot this must have been; one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would add have shed a brightness over any home, and over any society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvass face, which glimmered in the fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the gentle benevolent eyes seeming to follow one about the room, as the eyes of most well painted full-face portraits do. "You never saw him Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of a man he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so strong, that when the widow came in, we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely-healed wound.

She was a sweet-looking little woman—pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She, merely performed the duties of the tea-table, whilst the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters—evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appeared to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterized their lost father; and they had, my wife whispered me, a still greater attraction in her eyes (she had, dear soul! two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been—how deeply beloved, how externally mourned!

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead, we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and therefore, it happned that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which minute by minute took a stronger hold on my imaginations, my wife's too—or that quality of universal tender-heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her but she was watching either our hostess or that likeness which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture! It seemed, in its wonderful true simulation of life, to sit almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversational table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—hearing everything, observing everything, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling; for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate; I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself; but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the center of which stood a lamp—one of those reading lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits; opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if concious of all that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us—choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters, yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glauce in the pause of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock, when looking up at the picture, from which for the last half-hour I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared alive; now the whole face was rounded. It grew up, out of the flat canvass as if in bass-relief or like one of those terribly painful casts after death—except that there was nothing painful or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face—such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by, and it had the coloring and the form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, look by look, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening dress, became shapely and natural—statuesque yet still preserving the lines of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire, gave a curiously reality to the whole.

By-and-by, my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil-painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a life-like figure, or statute, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice; but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least—was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fireside.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait—identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure, I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless—endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Prosteslus:

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive thought a happy place."

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awaking no shudder or repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologizing to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance:

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?"

It was *him* then—summoned back, how or why or in what form, corporeal or incorporeal I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed; that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way—as people would talk to a benevolent member of family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet "of the color that papa used to like;" the books that she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them, the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day; in short all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionate interested *living* father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small, such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common sense and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile—reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all these petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful undertone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations of these strangers (meaning my wife and me—how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us!) she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedlock days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he had meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favorite pupil; how his old friends Mr. A—— and Sir B. C.—— had a quarrel, and everybody said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on, to all of which, the figure listened with its immovable silence—its settled changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect, that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We knew nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a f. low creature die—has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be anything, or worth anything, it must be a very different life from this—with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghastly specter, but an apparation full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

The dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their highly necromancy-haunted dwelling, that its ludicrous incongruity, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short, I cannot tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare-dream, this mockery of mortal affairs, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it; we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" exclaimed one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and convulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer, Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-sane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo-spiritualists of the present day—people who twenty years ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar," rose in those dear soft sensible eyes, which had grown wild and calmed my restless heart and unquieted brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs.——," naming our name, "have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all good-night."

The appearance bent upon us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid good-night like any other courteous host.

Now, in his lifetime, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and lovable man than I. More than once I had travelled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith; his labors apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom living I had so honored—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me like a chill or horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I passed before *that chair;* I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresist