RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 0
For each additional insertion,	50
For Mercantile Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices,	4 00
Professional cards without paper,	7 00
Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line.	

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the neatest and most complete establishment in the County. Four 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

U. S. PATENT AGENCY. C. L. Lochman, 21 Main Street, Carlisle, Pa., executes drawings, specifications &c., and procures patents for inventors.
14feb 68-1y.

ADAM KELLER, Attorney-at-Law Carlisle, Pa. Office with W. M. Penrose Esq. Rheem's Hall.
sept27 67-6m*

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER.

WEAKLEY & SADLER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 16 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa.
nov15 67.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM, B. PARKER

HUMRICH & PARKER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

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.
January 19, 1866.—1 y.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa.
September 9, 1864.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No. 7, Rheem's Hall
July 1, 1864—1y.

J. B. ZEIGLER Attorney at Law, Saint Paul Minnesota. Communications from e East properly responded to.
3jan-3m *.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. 17, South Hanover Street.
May 17—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Rail Road Street, two doors north of the Bank.
☞ Business promptly attended to.
July 1, 1864.

J. R. MILLER Attorney at Law. Office in Hannon's building immediately opposite the Court House.
29nov 67-1y

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham.
July 1, 1864—1y.

M. C HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa., No. 9 Rheem's Hall.
July 1, 1864—1y.

SAMUEL HEPBURN, Jr., Attorney at Law. Office with Hon. Samuel Hepburn, Main St. Carlisle Pa,
July 1, 1864.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at Law, No. 7 South Market Square, Carlisle, Penna.
April 19, 1867—1y.

WM. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwarded.
No fee required until the claim is settled.
Feb. 14th, 1867—tf.

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.
July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

DENTIST.

Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa.
July 1, 1854.

DR. HARTZELL, Allopathic Physician and Accoucheur, having permanently located in Leesburg, Cumberland county, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the public.—Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

REFERENCES.

JOHN G. OLICK, M. D. Waynesboro,
Dr. SAMUEL G. LANE, Chambersburg.
Hon. ED. McPHERSON, Gettysburg,
ISAAC SNIVELY, M. D. Waynesboro.
S. D. FROUTZ, Waynesboro.

N. B. Always found in his office when not otherwise professionally engaged. June 21—tf.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

HOUSEKEEPERS ATTENTION!

All persons intending to go to Housekeeping are invited to call at

WALKER & CLAUDY'S

NEW

TIN AND STOVE STORE,

No. 18, West Main Street,

and examine their immense stock of STOVES, TIN WARE, and everything in our line.

Having greatly enlarged our facilities for doing business by securing the splendid Store Room, No. 18, West Main street, and having just received large invoice of the latest and best devices in the Heater, Stoves Tinware and Japanned Ware line, we feel fully justified in the statement that we can accommodate

All Classes of Customers

more satisfactorily than any similar establishment in this country.

In the stove line we offer the following:

REGULATOR,
EXCELSIOR PENN,
NIAGARA,
COMBINATION,
SUSQUEHANNA,
NOBLE COOK,
QUAKER CITY.

These are all first-class Stoves, which we will warrant to do what they are recommended for; but we have only space to speak particularly of one or two whose merits deserve especial mention.

THE REGULATOR COOK

which possesses advantages which should recommend it to all. It has a *Revolving Top*, by which arrangement the cook can reverse the cooking utensils to any position desired without the lifting of plates and vessels which other stoves require. It is decidedly the best cook stove in the market.

We have also on hand a large stock of

OFFICE, PARLOR AND

DINING ROOM STOVES,

among which may be found the celebrated base burning

MORNING GLORY!

The most beautiful Office and Parlor Stove ever offered to the public.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the MORNING GLORY, which so far has taken the lead of all other stoves in the market. It is a

GAS CONSUMER,

burns it own cinder, and requires very little attention after the fire is made, it being so arranged that it will

FEED ITS OWN COAL!

Is liable to no explosions of gas, and is positively the only stove in the market which has the celebrate

MILL GRATE!

all others are counterfeit imitations.

In the TIN WARE and JAPANNED WARE line, we keep constanly on hand of our own and foreign manufacture, the very latest and best patterns, and made of the very best material by careful workmen

All kinds of ROOFING,

and general jobbing promptly attended to.

Don't forget No. 18, West Main Street.

WALKER & CLAUDY.

21feb-68 3m.

Bryans Pulmonic Wafers,

AT RALSTON'

Dec. 11, 1868

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, March 27, 1868. NO. 13.

RHEEM & DUNBAR, Editors and Proprietors. TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

A. L. SPONSLER'S COLUMN.

A. L. SPONSLER,

Real Estate Agent, Scrivener, conveyances Insurance and Claim Agent. Office Main Street Near Centre Square.

WANTED—$1,000 for one year on Real Estate security.

FOR SALE

A tract of valuable Timber Land containing ONE HUNDRED ACRES, lying on the South Mountain 3 miles above Mt. Holly, known as *the steam saw mill property*. The tract is most favorably located, easy of of access and the timber of the best quality.

For terms &c., apply to

A. L. SPONSLER.

FOR RENT.

A desiradle suburban Residence on West Louther street, Carlisle, containing two acres of ground, having thereon erected a two-story

FRAME HOUSE,

Stable, and other outbuildings, in good condition with abundance of fruit.

Rent $200, to be well secured, payable quarterly.

Apply to A. L. SPONSLER.

Union Pacific Rail Road Company,

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

Interest Payable Semi-Annually in Gold,

Subscriptions received by A. L. SPONSLER, the Company's financial agent at Carlisle.

These bonds having been recently sold for Ninety cents on the dollar, were, on the 31st of January, advanced to 95, and on the 5th of February were again advanced from 95 to 100 (par) at which latter figure they are now held and regarded as the best investment in the country.

FOR SALE.—A desirable town property situate on North East Street belonging to the heirs of Maj John McCartney dec'd. The lot contains about 100 feet in front and 340 in depth. The improvements are a large double 2 story stone

DWELLING HOUSE,

STABLE,

and other convenient out buildings with abundance of fruit and shrubbery. This property will be disposed of upon the most reasonable terms. Apply to

A. L. SPONSLER, Real Estate Agent.
Attorney in fact for the heirs.

VALUABLE TOWN RESIDENCE AT PRIVATE SALE.

Situated on West Pomfret street, near West street, in the Borough of Carlisle.

The lot contains [illegible] feet in front and [illegible] feet in depth to an alley. The improvements are a commodious two-story BRICK HOUSE, containing Double Parlor, Hall, [illegible] on the first floor, and five chambers on the second story. Balcony to back building, a Frame [illegible] attached Smoke House, Bake Oven and other convenient out buildings. A large [illegible] Stable, and Carriage House, Hog Pens, and Corn Crib at the foot of the lot. There is a considerable amount of fruit such as Apples, Grapes, &c., a cellar under the whole house, and a fine Brick Cistern, and Pump, as well as a Hydrant in the yard. For terms &c., apply to

A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent.

sept27 67.

VALUABLE SLATE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

Situate on the North side, and partly bounded by the Cognodoguinet creek, about 4 miles West of Carlisle adjoining, and lately part of the property known as "ZIGLER'S MILLS" containing about 250 ACRES, 25 of which are excellent meadow, or creek bottom land, and about 50 ACRES of which are covered with good timber. The improvements are a large Weatherboarded Dwelling House, containing eight rooms and a kitchen. A large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Hog Pen, Carriage House, Wash House and other convenient out-buildings. An excellent well of water near the door, a fine young apple orchard, besides other fruit, such as Pears, Peaches, Cherries, Grapes &c. This is one of the most productive farms in the township, and the location the most desirable espesially for the raising of stock. The fences are in good order, there being between 600 and 700 pannels of board, and post and rails. The land has all been recently limed over, part of it a second time and is now in the highest state of cultivation. And will be disposed of upon reasonable terms.

For terms and further particulars enquire of

A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent.

sept27 67.

The Last Crowning Success.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
IMPROVED
HAIR RESTORER
FAVORITE
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle

will quickly restore Gray Hair to its natural color and beauty, and produce luxuriant growth. It is perfectly harmless, and is preferred over every other preparation by those who have a fine head of hair, as well as those who wish to restore it. The beautiful gloss and perfume imparted to the Hair make it desirable for old and young.

For Sale by all Druggists.

DEPOT, 198 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

[illegible]

GREAT SALE OF

DRY GOODS, AT AUCTION.

I hereby announce to the public who desire bargains, that I will commence on Wednesday afternoon, March 4, at 2 o'clock to sell my very large stock of DRY GOODS at public auction.

In this large assortment of goods everything needed by housekeepers and heads of families can be found.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M., of March 4, and will be continued each afternoon and evening until all is disposed of.

The terms will be liberal, as follows:

On all bills under $15 cash on delivery of the goods; on all bills of $15 and upwards notes will be taken payable in bank, with approved security at six months, but to accommodate my patrons I will deduct 6 per cent. per annum from the bills that exceed $15 to those persons that desire to pay cash.

As my store is large and commodious I will have seats prepared to specially reserve for the ladies.

A. W. BENTZ.

21feb-68.

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227 1868 **227**

German Seed Store.

FRESH, GERMAN and OTHER

Field Garden & Flower Seeds

Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees.

Warranted fresh and of best quality at lowest prices by

LOUIS TOURNY & CO,

227 North Second-Str., Bet. Race & Vine

PHILADELPHIA PA.

☞ N. B. Catalogue sent gratis.

14feb 68-3m.

DRESSING CASES, Ladies' and Gentlemen's.

Feb 15, 1866. AT HAVERSTICK'S.

DRY GOODS.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES

AT THE NEW AND CHEAP CASH STORE,

CORNER OF HANOVER AND POMFRET STEETS.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is receiving almost daily from the Eastern Cities, a large invoice of New and Cheap Goods, such as,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

French Merinoes,
Mohairs,
Poplins,
Black and Fancy
French Repps,
Plain and
Fancy De Laines,
Plain and Fancy
Alpaca,
Poplins.

S-H-A-W-L-S! S-H-A-W-L-S!

BROCHA LONG AND SQUARE,
LONG AND SQUARE WOOLENS
BREAKFAST SHAWLS in great variety
and very cheap.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES!

French,
German and
American Cloths,
Black and
Fancy Cassimeres,
Doeskins,
Black and Fancy
Over Coatings, Sattinetts,
Kentucky Jeans,
Undershirts and
Drawers.

DOMESTICS!

Bleached and Brocha,
Table Diapers,
Counterpanes,
and Quilts,
Cotton Flannels,
Bleached and
Unbleached Muslins,
Tickings, Checks,
Towels,
Napkins, &c,

REMEMBER THE PLACE,
ON THE CORNER OF
HANOVER AND POMFRET STREETS,
the room formerly occupied by
B. R. JAMISON & Co.

THOS. A. HARPER.

5nov 67-1y

CASH! CASH!!

I have this day commenced selling of my entire stock of Winter Goods at greatly reduced prices for cash.

FRENCH MERINOES, REPPS,
ALPACAS, PARMETAS,
WOOL PLAIDS.

and other Dress Goods, at Cost.

Shawls, Blankets, Flannels, Lindseys, &c., at very great bargains.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
CASSINETTS, &c., very low.

BALMORALS, lower than ever sold in Carlisle.

Muslins, Tickings,
Ginghams, Checks,
Canton Flannels,

at the very lowest price.

All the best make CALICOES, at 12½ cts.

As my stock has been bought since the great decline in prices, great bargains may be expected. Some articles less than cost to reduce my stock as soon as possible.

CHAS. OGILBY,
No. 47, West Main Street.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

LADIES' MISSES and CHILDREN'S Boots and Shoes, of the very best makes, at cost to close out the stock.

C. O.

1867. SPRING. 1867.

BARGAINS,
NOW OPENING IN

DOMESTIC GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,
CASSIMERES,
SATINETS,
JEANS,

WHITE GOODS.

DRESS TRIMMINGS,
ZEPHYRS,
RIBBONS,
NOTIONS, &c.
AT
RING'S NEW STORE,
No. 55 WEST MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Mansion House, next to Post Office, Carlisle.

GENT'S FURNISHING AND VARIETY STORE.

No. 13 South Hanover Street.

The subscriber begs leave to inform gentlemen and housekeepers and the public generally, that he has now and will keep constantly on hands, a large and elegant assortment of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Cotton Merino and Woolen Shirts and Drawers, Hosieries all kinds, Black and White Kid Gloves, Thread and other Gloves, Neck Ties, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Gents' Traveling Bags, Linen and Paper Collars, Cuffs, &c. Also, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, consisting in part of Cedar and Willow Ware, all kinds, Chamber sets, Brushes and Combs, all kinds Rugs, Buckets, Foot Tubs, Soaps, Perfumeries, Pens, Stationary, &c. Don't forgot the stand, No. 13 South Hanover Street, two doors, South of Washmood's Grocery Store, Carlisle,

C. INHOFF.

may24 67-tf.

LOOK OUT DRY GOODS MEN TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the East with my Spring Stock, and as usual, I am selling Goods a little cheaper than any other Dry Goods House in town. I do not think it necessary to occupy a column of newspaper to endeavor to keep up my reputation for selling cheap Goods, nor do I wish to resort any clap trap to gull the public. All I ask of them to call and examine for themselves, and if not satisfied with the prices not to buy. Remember the stand No. 32, North Hanover street, next door to Dr. Kieffer's, and Miller & Bowers' Hardware store.

WM. A. MILES.

P. S. I will say nothing about my third and fourth grand openings.

april19 67.

HOTELS.

PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL.

(Recently kept by G. Wetzel).

CORNER OF NORTH HANOVER AND LOUTHER STREETS, CARLISLE, PA.

I have become the proprietor of this well known Hotel, and by strict attention to business hope to receive and deserve a liberal share of the public patronage. Having long experienced in the business, I hope to be able to give general satisfaction to all who will patronize me. All my old friends and acquaintances are cordially invited—and as many new ones as are desirous of a hospitable reception.

☞ Charges reasonable, and accommodations for men and horses.

JOHN REILEY.

april10 67-1y

CUMBERLAND VALLEY HOTEL,

CORNER OF MAIN & BEDFORD STS., CARLISLE.

The undersigned desires to inform his friends and the traveling public that he has taken charge of this well known stand, and is prepared to accomodate visitors with boarding and lodging on reasonable terms. His table is supplied with the best the market affords. His bar contains the choicest of liquors. His departments are commodious and airy; his stable is in charge of a careful and experienced ostler, and he hopes to be able to give entire satisfaction to all his guests.

JOHN B. FLOYD.

may3,67 1y.

HUTCHISON'S HOTEL,

Late Brady House,

CORNER OF STATE & THIRD STREETS,

Immediately in front of the Capitol,

D. H. HUTCHISON, *Prop'r.*
Harrisburg, Pa.

jan 4 67-tf.

ISAAC K. STAUFFER

Watchmaker and Jewelery,

No. 148

NORTH 2D ST., COR. OF QUARRY,

PHILADELPHIA.

An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware constantly on hand.

SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

☞ Repairing of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to.

6dec 67-1y.

HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

Hoofland's German Tonic.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Great Remedies for all Diseases

OF THE

LIVER, STOMACH, OR

DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, Extracts) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange, etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters.

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

should be used.

The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhea, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is Strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons Advanced in Life,

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instill new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson.

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,

E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS,
German Druggist, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle	$1 00
" " " half dozen	5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles,	1 50
per bottle, or a half dozen for	7 50

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

POETICAL.

The Old Canoe.

The following beautiful lines have been going the rounds of newspaperdom for several years without credit. Whoever the author is, and we confess our inability to name him, should claim the wandering progeny of his brain, as they are worthy of his palmiest days of genuine poetry:

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky side:
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lays at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silver screen;
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the wave, slimy
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower:
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still;
But the light winds play with the boat at will;
And lazily in and out again
It floats, the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pulled it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RETRIBUTION.

"Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails, drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered clashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkes flew from their iron hoofs like a flight of fire flies. The postillion, with voice and whip put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though the wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head towards his companion, a lovely young female, who, pale, silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulders.

"Kate, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate fame.

There was no reply. Morley leaned his face towards hers, and by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks. "God of heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this! Kate, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley."

The name he uttered like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysteric sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover. The alarmed but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace; and, drawing back, she looked wildly and eagerly in his face.

"Morley, said she, in a voice of thrilling tone, Do you love me."

"Dearest, best Kate," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it!"

"Do you love me, Morley," she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devoted—madly!" cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us—"

"No more oaths—enough of protestation. Are you willing, by one action, at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?

"I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine! Return, Morley, return!" Morley gazed at her as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return, Kate?"

"Return instantly!"

"Kate, are you serious—are you," he might have added, "in your senses," but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no inconsistent, no fickle," she subjoined, reading the impression that was rising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love I am capable to change, do not Morley, insult me by doubting even by a look. But, O! if you love me as you ought as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father—"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he uttered, so astonished was he.

"Ay, to my father, my gray-headed, my doting, my confiding father; take me to him, before his heart is broken by the child he loves! I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, whilst the carriage rolled on to my perdition! I could not speak, but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father," she cried with a loud voice and look of supernatural solemnity, "he lay on his death-bed, his eyes turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested upon me, as I lay in your arms—he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ear—his eye is now upon me! Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it be too late—"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Kate!"

"Do you still hesitate!" she cried, "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon her father!—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her life!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility! He was confounded—subdued!

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn you horses' heads," he cried, "we shall return!" The steeds seeme to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return when Kate revived.

"Where am I?—whither am I carried?" she exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father!—

can it be!—but no I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot! God bless you, Morley, God bless you! my dear, dear Morley!" And with her pure arms around his neck, she imprinted a sister's kiss upon his lips and dissolved, in delicious tears, sank with confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The etherial influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moment of passion—not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected—had Morley felt so triumphantly happy!

"Where is he? is he alive—let me see him—is he well?" shrieked Kate, as she rushed in the house of her father.

"For whom do you enquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Kate's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus! I am not what you think me. But my father—my father! is he alive. Is he well? O, dear aunt, have pity on me? I am repentant—I am innocent?"

"In one word Kate, are you married?"

"I am not!"

"Heaven be praised! Follow me—your father is not well!"

"Quick! Quick! before it is too late!" And the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father," 'do not avert your face. Father I am your own Kate; I am restored to you as I left you! By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment! By the memory of my mother—'

"Cease, girl! cease!" said the old man, endeavoring through the weakness of age and in infirmity, and the workings of agonizing feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me truly; is this gentleman your husband?"

Kate was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said Morley, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it until it is given with your sanction: and without that sanction dearly as I love her, and hopless as I may be of your consent; I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word, as a man of honor. I may have inherited your hate, but I'll not deserve it!"

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father: "Morley, my daughter is yours!" Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Kate, on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his. The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Kate's favorite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress. The happy father sat with his arm around his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said—

"Behold in all this the goodness of God! Behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties: Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light of heaven, had entailed my hate upon all his offsprings I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you who had never offended me, and whom every one else loves. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given away before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me, and but the morning of this blessed day, I had resolved over the holy book to prove my contrition for my sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow creatures by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I felt, at least thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost; my will was hastily drawn out; I bequeathed my beggared daughter, but the father's curse. It would have been signed this night, for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"Oh my father," interrupted Kate, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned; "in pity cease, my dear father."

"Bless you, forever bless you, my ever excellent Kate, your filial obedience has prolonged your father's existence."

Coon Fight in Kentucky.

A coon fight is one of the glories of life in Kentucky. The programme is this: Some one announces to the gentlemen planters of an extended neighborhood that he will give a barbecue and coon fight on a certain day, at such a place, and they are invited to bring themselves, their friends and their dogs, for his coon is a veteran, and will make a big flight. This brings a large gathering of men and dogs to enjoy the feast and the fight. The coon is placed in a barrel with one head out, laid flat so that cannot be taken on the flank or rear, and the dog that brings out the coon—and it takes one of pluck to do that—wins the bet.

On the occasion to be described a large party assembled with numerous fine dogs, eager for the fray. The sport began,—but every dog of the party was whipped out by the sharp teeth and claws of the gallant coon. As a matter of course there was a noisy clamor, and some tough swearing at the result. There was a seedy Yankee present looking with a grin of delight, as each defeated dog gave up the battle. He had with him a miserable yellow cur, which went sneaking about with its tail between its legs snapping and shying at every dog that offered tokens of friendly introduction.

In the midst of the uproar, Yankee quietly remarked:

"Wal, gentlemen, I think I have got a dog that will bring out that 'ere coon."

"Where is he? Where is he? Bring him out," shouted a score of witnesses.

"Thair he is" pointing to the miserable cur.

There was a general laugh, and immediately offers of bets in any quanity.

"Wal, gentlemen, I han't got much mon- but here's my watch and three dollars. That 'ere watch is a leetle old, but it's an all-fired nice time-keeper."

"I'll bet you ten dollars against your watch and the money."

"Wal, I guess that's about fair. I'll do it."

After a great deal of coaxing and pulling the mongrel was hauled close to the mouth of the barrel, The Yankee after patting and calling his dog pet names for a minute, suddenly seized him, and thrust him into the barrel, stern first.

The next instant, with an agonized yelp, out came the dog—and out came the coon, too—fastened by tooth and claw to the haunches of the fleeing dog. The screams that followed may not be described.

"I guess I'll take that 'ere money and watch," quietly remarked Mr. Yankee, and he took them.

The loser, with a scowl, by way of self comfort observed:

"I reckon your dog is spoiled."

"Wal—yes—guess he's leetle damaged; but I never reconed him worth mor'n ten dollars.

* * *

Abijan Hunt, an old resident of Williamsburg, will be remembered by many of the older residents of Hampshire County for his quaintness and love of a joke. On one occasion he went to Boston, and at the hotel at dinner inquired for chicken, which proved to be remarkably tough, whereupon the old gentleman asked the landlady where the fowl came from. She knew her customer, and replied that "it came from Williamsburg." "Impossible!" said Mr. Hunt, "for the town hasn't been incorporated over forty years!"

* * *

There are thousands of men in the world who smile and fawn upon a man in his prosperity, but when adversity overtakes him, they are the first not only to desert, but also to traduce and slander him.

Anecdote of Sherman.

When General Sherman was at Atlanta, preparing for his famous "march to the sea," an order was promulgated directing all civilions to leave Atlanta (North or South) within twelve days. The day of its issue a gentleman entered Sherman's office and inquired for the general. The latter answered, very promptly, "I am General Sherman."—The colloquy was very nearly as follows:

Citizen—General, I am a Northern man, from the State of Connecticut; have been living at Atlanta for nearly seven years; have accumulated considerable property here, and as I see that you have ordered all citizens to leave within twelve days, I came to see if you would make an exception in my case. I fear, if I leave, my property will be destroyed.

General Sherman—What kind of property do you own, sir? Perhaps I will make an exception in your case, sir.

Citizen—I own a block of stores, three dwellings, a plantation two miles out of town, and a foundry.

General Sherman—Foundry, eh! what have you been doing with your foundry?

Citizen—Have been making castings.

General Sherman—What kind of castings? Shot and shell, and all that kind of thing?

Citizen—Yes, I have made some shot and shell.

General Sherman—You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you? and you still claim favor on account of being a Northern man!—Yes, sir, I will make an exception in your case; you shall go South to-morrow morning at sunrise.—Adjudant, see that this order is carried out. Orderly, show this man the door.

Citizen—But, General, can't I go North?

General Sherman—No, sir; too many of your class there already, sir.

* * *

The Alpine Horn.—The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. I have heard that when the last rays of the sun gild the summits of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As [illegible] as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words, the sounds are prolonged many min[illegible] while the echoes of the mountain and grottoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock, the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveler with enthusiasm and awe.

* * *

Good Natured People.—Be good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily-white mend its complexion. When you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the features you really see, nor yet the tint of the brilliance of the eye. You see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of a heartfelt goodness which wins your regard in spite of external appearance, and defies all the critical rules of the æsthetic. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is always in fashion, and always in season. Everybody admires it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire, and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen nor lost however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search, and when found merits a protection. Possess yourselves of it, young woman; no talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible among the other sex. Secure it, young man; you could have no better attraction for a loving woman, and no safer guarantee of domestic happiness.

* * *

Misunderstood the Text.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to church-going—to accompany the family to church, on the first sabbath of his stay.—Upon their return to the deacon's house, he asked his hired man how he liked the preaching. He replied, "I don't like to hear any minister preach politics."

"I am very sure you heard no politics to-day," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passage," said the deacon.

"I will. He said, "If the Republicans scarcely are saved, where will the democrats appear?"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake.—These were the words—If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?"

"O, yes," said the man, "he might have used those words, but I knew deuced well *what he meant.*"

We Fade as a Leaf.

As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.

* * *

When Rowland Hill was, some years ago, in Scotland, he was introduced to an aged minister, somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said: "Weel, I have been looking for some teem at the leens of your face?" "And what do you think of it?" said Mr. Hill. "Why, I am thinking that, if the grace of God had na changed your heart, you would ha been a most tremendous rogue." Mr. Hill laughed heartily, and said, "Well, you have just hit the nail on the head."

* * *

Letter Writing.—An angry letter never accomplishes the desired end and an insolent one harms none but the writer. This is true of all correspondence, but more especially when applied to communications of a business nature. In this department the true gentleman is easily recognized; and with him, above all others, is it gratifying to deal. His demands, which if couched in other language, would be rejected, are often complied with, and whatever the business there is satisfaction in performing it.

* * *

The most appropriate lining for a ladies bonnet is a smiling countenance.

THE FOX.

Of the many species of this animal to be found in all parts of the world, the naturalists assign seven to this continent—the silver-grey or black, the red, the cross, the swift, the grey, the coast, the prairie and the arctic fox. The first named of these, the silver grey or black, is exceedingly rare, and furnishes the most valuable fur known to commerce single skins selling in London for two hundred dollars,—gold—each. To sportsmen, however, the red and and the grey are the most interesting species. We have no conception—in this country of the trouble and expense to which the hunting men in England put themselves for a supply of foxes. They will set aside lands worth a thousand dollars an acre to agriculture to make artificial covers for their foxes, as many as a thousand of which were imported in 1849. A single individual, a celebrated master of hounds in the south of England, gave an unlimited order to Phillip Castang, the well known dealer in Leadenhall, to stock his country; through his agents in Holland, France, Germany and Scotland, Castang got together seventy five brace of foxes, which were all turned down in one neighborhood. There was a very perceptible difference in the appearance of these foxes, due doubtless to their different nationalities. Holland continues to supply the greatest number, and, they are reckoned in Engalnd the best of the foreign foxes.

Naturalists are clearly mistaken, as all Southern hunters know, in the assertion that red foxes are found everywhere on this continent for there is not a better authenticated fact, that the first red foxes seen in Maryland were imported by our fox hunting ancestors from England long before the revolution, and turned down on the eastern shore of the Chespeake; to which section of the State they were confined for several years, until, during an unusually severe winter, they crossed the bay on the ice to the western shore; there were certainly no red foxes in Mississippi as late as 1838, for the writer hunted there regularly three times a week, for five seasons, and never saw one.—Wherever the red makes his appearance the grey disappears sooner or later, the red drives him out; and where two exist together in the same neighborhood, the grey falls a victim to the hounds, where the red, from superior staunchness and game, more frequently escapes.

The supplanting of the grey by the red fox is much to be regretted. An ordinary pack of hounds can generally kill the former in from one to two hours, and his manner of doubling in circles and rarely running more than four of five miles from the starting point, affords much better sport than the red fox, who will frequently make a bee line of from twenty, reaching even to fifty miles from the spot where he is "bounced." To kill greys we want musical dogs of medium speed, packing well together; for the red, your dogs cannot be too fast, if they will but keep the line of scent; to find these two qualites combined is difficult to do.

A subscriber of ours at Paris, Kentucky, has recently made the acquisition of a pair of English hounds. We venture the prediction that a cross of these dogs on the best native hounds will make the best pack in Kentucky; the "shaggies" and "painted" dogs of Madison and Montgomery will be "no whar."—*Turf, Field & Farm.*

An Old Penny.—We were shown, a day or two ago, a very antiquated-looking copper penny, date perfectly illegible, but coined, probably seventy years ago. Old as it was, the legend "Liberty" was distinctly visible. It was a thick old fellow, its edges well hammered and rounded, and it had evidently been a "chucker," one with which the boys used to play at "pitch and-toss." It looked to us like an old and welcome friend, and reminded us forcibly of the happy days when we delighted in playing at the fascinating game of "heads I win, tails you lose," and when pennies were scarcer with us then than they are now. Well, good bye, old friend; your race is run, and, like some good men we have known, after having accomplished your mission, will soon be forgotten, perhaps despised. Well, "sich is life."—*My Note Book.*

There is an old gentleman living in Silver Spring township, this county, who believes that the earth is flat, and that the Democratic party is the only hope of the country. The old chap is a little "flat" himself.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

It seems that we have a new Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It is "the Democratic Executive Committee of New Hampshire." This patriotic body has ordered the President to order Gen. Grant to order Gen. Sickles to report to Gen Hancock for duty under his rank as colonel, and the President has obeyed. Here is a new way of conducting an election campaign. If you can't meet your opponent's arguments, and his speeches are converting all your voters, have him taken out of the way. At any rate, it is a compliment to the effectiveness of Gen. Sickles' New-Hampshire addresses.

A new paper, organ of the Don't-pay-your-Debts party, has been started in St. Louis, under the title of *The Repudiator*. Well, that is frank, at any rate. Suppose the rest of the Democratic journals follow its example. Let us have *The Hotel Burner*, *The Yellow Fever Rag*, *The Daily Nigger-Smasher*, *The Pirate's Own*, and *The Weekly Rioter*. And for the milk-and-water papers which take both sides at once, such names as *The New-York Thimble-Rigger* or *The Little Joker* would be at once pretty and appropriate.

Mr. Bancroft has negotiated a treaty with the North German Confederation relative to the rights and privileges of naturalized American citizens of German birth, of whom military service has heretofore been claimed. It provides that natives of Germany must obtain a license to emigrate, which shall be registered, and that thos who after having taken out their naturalization papers, have resided five years in the United States, shall be released from the obligation of military service in Germany. If it were not for the saving clause as to license, this would be a great concession on the part of the Prussian Government, but with that clause standing, it remains in the power of the Government to prevent the emigration of any person whose service they may desire at home.

Romeo—the big burly and belligerent elephant, who killed his keeper and has since been in close confinement at Hatboro', has got one leg out of his fetters, and is engaged in demolishing everything that comes within his reach. A huge pen of planks, through which sharp spikes are driven, backed with a heavy bank of earth, has been erected about him.

Hiram Smith, an eccentric old bachelor at Chester, Mass., is having his sepulchre hewn in a large rock in that town. He pays a man $700 to do the work, and by the stipulation the cave is to be seven feet long, four feet wide, and four deep, and after the coffin is put in the aperture, it will be sealed up with a marble slab and cement. Smith says he doesn't want mud to get around his bones; he means to have a dry place for them. The scheme is an old fancy of his.

The temperance element of society will be gratified to learn that General Grant is addicted to the use of no intoxicating beverages, and in every sense of the word is a total abstinence man. This statement is made on reliable authority, to nail the malicious falsehood started by his enemies, that he was a habitual drunkard.

A new system of steam heating has been put in operation in Boston. It is a system in which water is boiled by the heat furnished by ordinary gas burners, and it thoroughly warms a Boston store 40 by 18 feet, using only a half pint of water and two gas burners.