The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. Carlisle, Pa., Friday July 10, 1868. NO. 28.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 00
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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.

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.

JOHN CORNMAN, Attorney at Law. Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House. 16may 68-1y.

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 10, 1866.—1 y.

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

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

ATTORNEY--AT-LAW.—GEO. S. SMIG, Office, in Inbofl's Building, with W. J. Sheaver, Esq. Prompt attention paid to legal business of all descriptions. 3api 68-1y.

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.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at Law, No. 7 South Market Square, Carlisle, Penna. April 10, 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 forwar ed. No fee required until the claim is settled. Feb. 14th, 1867—tf.

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

S. M. COYLE. W. SCOTT COYLE
COYLE & CO.
JOBBERS IN
Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods and Stationery All orders will receive prompt attention. No. 11, South Hanover St., Carlisle. ☞Agents for the Chambersburg Woollen Mills 6mar 68-1y.

M. E. SMILEY.—
MILLINER & DRESSMAKER,
No. 19 South Pitt Street, Carlisle, Pa.
N. B. Agent for Staten Island Dyeing Establishment. 24april 68.

DR. THEO. NEFF,
GRADUATE OF PENN'A. COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY DENTIST,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has taken the office No. 25, West Main Street, lately occupied by his Father, where he is prepared to attend to all professional business. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platinum. Charges moderate. 11april 68-1y*.

READING RAIL ROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
May 20th, 1868.
GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Lititz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 2.00, 5.25, and 8.10, A. M., and 12.40, noon, and 2.05 9.35, P. M. connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and arriving at New York at 5.00, 10.00 and 11.50 A. M., and 3.50, 7.40, and 10.30, P. M. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 2.50. A. M. and 9.35 P. M. Trains without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Mauch Chunk, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10, A. M., and 2 05, and 4.10, P. M. stopping at Lebanon and Principal Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M. making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road, leave Harrisburg 3.55 P. M.
Returning: Leave New York at 9.00, A. M., 12.00, Noon and 5.00 and 8.00 P. M.; Sleeping cars accompanying the 9.00. A.M. and 5.00, and 8.00 P. M. trains without change. Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia 7 30, A. M., returning from Reading at 6.50, P. M., stopping at all Stations Pottsville at 8 45, A. M and 2.45, P. M., Ashland 9 00, a. m. and 12 10, noon, and 2 00, P. M., Tamaqua at 8.30, A. M and 1.00, and 6.45, P. M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 7.10 A. M. and 12.00 noon.
Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7.30, A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 5.15 P. M.
Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45, A. M. returning leaves Philadelphia 4.30, P. M.
Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading 7.00, A. M., and 6.15, P. M. for Ephrata, Lititz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.
Perkiomen Rail Road Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 A. M. and 5.55 P. M. returning: Leave Skippack at 6.45 A. M., and 1.15 P. M., connecting with similar trains on Reading Rail Road.
On Sundays: Leave New York at 8 00, P. M., Philadelphia 8 00, A. M., and 3.15, P. M., the 5.00 A. M. Train running only to Reading. Pottsville 8.00, A. M., Harrisburg 5.25 A. M. and 4.10 and 9 35, P. M. and Reading at 1.10, 2 55 and 7.15 A. M. for Harrisburg and 7.00 A. M. and 11 40, P. M. for New York and 4.20, P. M. for Philadelphia.
Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates. ☞Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each passenger. G. A. NICOLLS, Gen Sup't.
Reading, Pa., May 29, 1868.

THE COMING CONFLICT!
We give greater inducements to Agents than any other House in the trade. Ladies and Gents, get up Clubs in our great
ONE DOLLAR SALE
of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Silver Ware, Plated Ware, &c.
Thousands can testify as to the superior quality and the large remuneration received for selling our goods. We will present to any person, (free of expense), sending us a club, goods worth $3 to $300, or will pay cash if necessary.
All goods sold at an uniform price of ONE DOLLAR for each article.
We have made special arrangements with the celebrated ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY, to supply their standard Teas and Coffees at their best Prices.
Agents wanted everywhere. Descriptive circulars will be sent free, on application.
CHAS. LETTS & CO., Manfrs' Agents,
64 & 66 Federal Street, Boston Mass.
26June, 68-1m

GET the best Photographs at Lochman's Premium Photograph Gallery Main Street, Carlisle Pa. 8 68-1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD!
CHANGE OF HOURS!
On and after Monday, May 11th, 1868, Passenger Trains will run daily, as follows, (Sundays excepted):
WESTWARD:
ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 8.05 A. M. Mechanicsburg 8.33. Carlisle 9.15, Newville 9.50, Shippensburg 10.24, Chambersburg 10.45, Greencastle 11,23, arriving at Hagerstown 11.50 A. M.
MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 3.40 P. M., Mechanicsburg 2.13, Carlisle 2,45, Newville 3,20, Shippensburg 3,50, Chambersburg 4.30, Greencastle 5,05 arriving at Hagerstown 5,35 P. M.
EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg 4,15 P. M. Mechanicsburg 4.47, Carlisle 5,17, Newville 5.30, Shippensburg 6,17, arriving at Chambersburg at 6,45 P. M.
A MIXED TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 8.05 A. M., Greencastle 9,25, arriving at Hagerstown 10,10 A. M.
EASTWARD:
ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Chambersburg 4.45 A. M., Shippensburg 5,14, Newville 5.45, Carlisle 6,18, Mechanicsburg 6,47, arriving at Harrisburg 7,15 A. M.
MAIL TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 8,00 A. M., Greencastle 8,35, Chambersburg 9,15, Shippensburg 9,45 Newville 10,10, Carlisle 10.53, Mechanicsburg 11,26, arriving at Harrisburg 11,55 A. M.
EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 12.05 P. M., Greencastle 12,53, Chambersburg 1,10, Shippensburg 1,43, Newville 2,15, Carlisle 2,58, Mechanicsburg 3,26, arriving at Harrisburg 3,55 P. M.
A MIXED TRAIN leaves Hagerstown 3.15, P. M. Greencastle 4,22, arriving at Chambersburg 5,15 P. M.
☞Making close connections at Harrisburg with trains to and from Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg and all points West.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Chambersburg, Pa., May 8, 1868. } O. N. LULL. Sup't.
10may-68.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY HORSE INSURANCE AND DETECTIVE COMPANY.
CAPITAL $50,000.
The above Company has been organized for the Insuring of all kinds of live stock against loss by death, theft or accident.
The rates of Insurance are as low and as favorable as any Company of the kind in the United States; while an abundant capital, and a careful management of its affairs, make it most desirable to those wishing to insure.
W. B. MULLIN, President.
WILLIAM McCLELLAN, Vice President.
W. F. SADLER, Secretary.
Applications for Insurance can be made to H. K. PEFFER, Agent at Carlisle Pa.
Or to J. E. JOHNSON, Actuary, Shippensburg Pa. 8may 68-1y

J. BEETEM & BROTHERS,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants
(Henderson's old stand,
At the head of MAIN STREET, Carlisle, Pa.
The highest market price will be paid for Flour, Grain and produce of all kinds.
Coal of all kinds, embracing
LYKENS VALLEY,
LOCUST MOUNTAIN,
LAWBERRY, &c., &c
Limeburners' and Blacksmiths' Coal constantly for sale. Kept under cover, and delivered dry to any part of the town. Also, all kinds of Lumber on hand.
J. BEETEM & BROS.
1Apr 68

GROSS' UNRIVALLED LINIMENT!
After several years' experience with this preparation, the subscriber places it before the public in the confident belief that it will meet every reasonable expectation. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. For bruises, cuts, festering sores, fistula, spavin, sprains, swellings, &c., in horses, it has proved an invaluable remedial agent; while its efficacy in curing diseases of the human flesh such as frosted limbs, cuts, sores rheumatism, burns, scalds &c., has been fully tested.
☞For sale at Humers Grocery Store and Hugh's Confectionary Store. 22may 68-6m.

SHERK'S
Tincture of Roots
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Disordered Stomach and Liver, Costiveness, Impurity of the Blood, Headache, Vertigo or Giddiness, Nervous Debility, Fever and Ague, Incubus or Nightmare, General Debility, Cramp, Colds, and Pains in the Back and Side.
This is not a new Medicine; the receipt for making it was brought from Germany to Baltimore, Md., over fifty years ago by Mr. Klein, who introduced it among a few of his German friends and neighbors, who, finding it to be an invaluable remedy of the above diseases, recommended it to others, until it became, and still continues, to be, the household medicine of a large portion of the Germans of Baltimore.
The Bitter Tincture of Roots is composed of the juices of a number of the most valuable roots, and seeds known to the medical faculty, with a sufficiency of pure old rye whiskey to make one of the most effectual Tonic Tinctures ever offered to the public. Every person should use it every Spring Summer and Fall to purify the blood, give tone to the stomach and invigorate the system.
TESTIMONIALS.
The Rev. Geo. Hunter says:—
I do hereby certify that having used one bottle of Sherk's Bitter Tincture of Roots, I have found it invaluable for the stomach and bowels. It relieved me of pains, nausea and costiveness and created an excellent appetite. I confidently recommend it to all as a reliable medicine. GEO. HUNTER.
Jan. 27th 1868.
Having been afflicted for some time with dyspepsia, costiveness, loss of appetite, and general prostration of the system, I used Sherk's Bitter Tincture of Roots, and in a short time found myself entirely relieved, and my health restored. JOB HERBST,
No. 21, North Hanover St., Carlisle.
I hereby certify that the Medicine, known as Sherk's Bitter Tincture of Roots, has for my knowledge, cured costiveness, nightmare, loss of appetite and general debility. J. W. SMILEY,
No. 33, North Hanover St., Carlisle.
Having been afflicted with costiveness for a long time, I tried Sherk's Bitter Tincture of Roots, and have found it highly efficient, relieving me in a short time. Try it and you will find it good.
A. W. BENTZ,
No. 27, South Hanover St., Carlisle.
In the summer of 1866 my health failed so that my whole system was prostrated as if worn out, so that I was unfit for business. I used Sherk's Bitter Tincture of Roots for some time, and was completely restored to health. I believe this medicine will do all that is claimed for it. SAMUEL GOODYEAR.
Carlisle, February 1, 1868.
Having been afflicted a long time with nervous debility and indigestion, I used Sherk's Bitter Tincture of Roots, and have found it exceedingly beneficial, and recommend it to all as a reliable medicine. Mrs. E. KELLER.
There is more medical virtue in one of these bottles than in a gallon of many of the Bitters and mixtures now offered to the public.
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY
A. SCHAUBLA & CO.,
No 35, South Hanover Street Carlisle Pa.
Also For Sale by Druggists and all country Stores.
DR. ROCK'S
PAIN VICTOR
Cures Neuralgia, Toothache and pains in the stomach and bowels in ten minutes. It never fails to cure pains in the back and lame backs. It is the best cure for Rheumatism, Sprains Cholera, Morbus and Summer Complaints.
The Pain Victor is Nature's Cure, gathered from the vegetable kingdom, not a mineral poison. It should be in every house—a sure and certain help in time of need.
The citizens of Carlisle that have used it testify as follows: I have been subject for the last fifteen years to attacks of rheumatism and lame back which for the last two years had become so severe at times that I was entirely disabled for business, I used your Dr. Rock's Pain Victor this spring, and part of one bottle has entirely cured me. I recommend it with confidence to others. JACOB MARTIN,
No. 31, South Hanover Street, Carlisle.
I have used your Pain Victor for weakness in my back, and have found a perfect cure in a short time. I believe it to be an infallible cure.
JOHN R. PILKAY.
The Rev. E. A. Brady, Pa., Bible Agent says: I have used your Dr. Rock's Pain Victor in my family, and found it a sure and quick cure for Neuralgia and Toothache. E. A. BRADY.
It cured me effectually of Neuralgia and Toothache JOHN H. LANDIS.
Dr. Rock's Pain Victor cured us of Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Mrs. LOUISA MORRISON
We cheerfully recommend your Pain Victor for an invaluable remedy for headache.
WM. B. BUTLER.
JOHN J. FALLER.
Made and sold by A. Schaubla & Co., No. 35, South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa. Where every person afflicted with Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache and pains in the Stomach is invited to call and be cured in ten minutes, free of charge.
For sale by Druggists and all country stores.
6June 68-3m.

DOSH & BAYLER have a prime Yara Cigar for five cents. Try them. 10may-68.

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, etc., is very apt to get deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from Nervous Debility, 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, Limbs, etc., Burning 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 Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.
DEBILITY,
Resulting from any Cause whatever; EXPOSURE 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 instil 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 solicitous of good health, and to use their own exertions to secure it never fail to use them when 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 organ, and a 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 medicine, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in your own 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.

To The Beauty of a Season.

FROM LONDON SOCIETY.

When first I knew thee, Mirabel,
Thy cheek with Nature's roses glowed,
Thy golden locks I loved so well
In unadorned luxuriance flowed;
Thy gentle eyes of heaven's own hue
Throw glances innocent of art,
And mirrored in their depths of blue
Each movement of thy guileless heart.

But all is changed now Mirabel—
That piled up hair those clust'ring curls,
With store of borrowed tresses swell
That once were some poor peasant girls'
The stain of carmine ill supplies
The banished grace of blushes red;
And where truth only lit thine eyes
False belladona gleams instead.

When first I loved thee, Mirabel,
And for my love no favor found,
My heart sustained the anguish fell
Of what I deemed a deadly wound;
But since I've seen thy every charm
Debased into a painted lie,
I feel my heart is healed from harm,
And bid my pain and thee good-bye.

Little Blossom.

Little Blossom lay a dying,
At the setting of the sun,
While the shadows of the twilight
Hid the hill top one by one;
Her short life was almost over,
And her journey almost done;
She would cross the silent portals
With the setting of the sun.

Low she whispered, as the twilight
Drifted through the silent air,
"Do'nt you hear the angels calling?
They are waiting for me there."
Then her little hands were folded
On her slowly beating breast,
As our children pray at nightfall,
Ere they drop away to rest

Then her baby face grew saint-like,
With a strange, unearthly calm,
While the whispers of the breeze
Seemed the cooing of a psalm
That we heard the angels chanting,
Through heaven's door, opened wide,
And her bark of life was anchored
Safely on the other side.

Miscellaneous.

JULIA ATKINS; OR, The Doctor's Match Making.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barnet," cried Dr. Singletary, as we drew near a neat farm house, during one of our morning drives.

A tall, healthy-looking young woman, in the bloom of maternal beauty, was feeding chickens at the door. She uttered an exclamation of delight, and hastened towards us. Perceiving a stranger in the wagon, she paused with a look of embarrassment. "My friend who is spending a week with me," explained the doctor.

She greeted me civilly, and pressed the doctor's hand warmly.

"Oh, it is so long since you have called on us that we have been talking of going up to see you as soon as Robert can get away from his corn-field. You don't know how little Lucy has grown lately. You must stop and see her."

"She is coming to see me herself," replied the doctor, beckoning to a sweet blue-eyed child who stood in the door-way. The delighted mother caught up her darling, and held her up before the doctor.

"Doesn't she look like Robert," she said. "His very eyes and forehead; bless me, here he is now."

A stout, hale young farmer, in schecked frock, and brown straw hat, came up from the adjoining field.

"Well, Robert," said the doctor, "how do matters stand with you? Well, I hope—"

"All right, doctor. We've paid off the last of the mortgage, and the farm is all free and clear. Julia and I have worked hard, but we're none the worse for it."

"You look well and happy, I am sure," answered the doctor. "I don't think you are sorry you took the advice of an old bachelor, after all."

The young wife's head dropped until her lips touched those of her child."

"Sorry!" exclaimed her husband; "not we. If there's anybody happier than we are within ten miles of us, I don't know them. Doctor, I'll tell you what I said to Julia the night I brought home that mortgage. 'Well,' says I, 'that debt's paid, but there's one debt we can never pay as long as we live.' 'I know it,' said she, 'but Dr. Singletary wants no better reward for his kindness than to see us live happily together, and to do for others what he has done for us.'"

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, catching up his reins and whip; "you owe me nothing, but I must not forget my errand. Poor old widow Whiting needs a watcher to-night, and she insists on having Julia Barnet, and nobody else. What shall I tell her?"

"I'll go instantly: I can leave Lucy as well as not."

"Good bye, neighbors."

"Good bye, doctor."

As we drove off, I saw the doctor draw his hand hastily across his eyes, and he said nothing for some minutes.

"Public opinion," said he at length, as if pursuing his meditations aloud, "public opinion is, in nine cases out of ten, public folly and impertinence. We are slaves to one another—we dare not take counsel of our consciences and affections, but must needs suffer popular prejudice and custom to decide for us, and at their bidding are sacrificing love and friendship, and all the best hopes of our lives. We do not ask what is right and best for us, but what will folks say of it. How few dare seek their own happiness by the lights which God has given them, or have strength to defy the false pride and the prejudices of the world, and stand fast to the liberty of Christians. Can anything be more pitiable than the sight of so many who should be choosers and creators under God of their own spheres of utility and happiness, self-degraded into mere slaves of propriety and custom—their true natures undeveloped, their hearts cramped and shut up, each afraid of his neighbor, and his neighbor afraid of him, living a life of unreality, deceived and being deceived, and forever walking in a vain show? Here, now, we have just left a married couple who have taken counsel of their honest affections rather than the opinions of the multitude, and have dared to be true to themselves in defiance of impertinent gossip."

"You allude to young farmer Barnet and his wife, I suppose," said I.

"Yes. I will give you their case as an illustration. Julia Atkins was the daughter of Ensign Atkins, who lived on the mill road, just above Deacon Warner's. When she was ten years old her mother died; and in a few months afterwards her father married Polly Wiggins, the tailoress, a shrewd, selfish, managing woman. Julia, poor girl, had a hard time of it; for the Ensign, although a kind and affectionate man naturally, was too weak and yielding to interpose between her and his strong-minded and sharp-tongued wife. She had one friend, however, who was always ready to sympathize with her. Robert Barnet was the son of the next door neighbor, about two years older than herself. They had grown up together as school-companions and playmates; and often in my drives I used to meet them, coming home hand-in-hand from the woods with berries and nuts, talking and laughing as if there were no scolding step-mother in the world.

It so happened that when Julia was in her seventeenth year, there came a famous writing-master to Pecawkin. He was a showy, dashy fellow, with a fashionable dress, a wicked eye and a tongue like the old serpent's when tempting our grand-mother. Julia was one of his scholars, and perhaps the prettiest of them all. The rascal singled her out from the first, and the better to accomplish his purpose, he left the tavern and took up lodgings at the Ensign's. He soon saw how matters stood in the family, and governed himself accordingly, taking especial pains to conciliate the ruling authority. The Ensign's wife hated young Barnet, and wished to get rid of her daughter-in-law.—The writing-master, therefore, had a fair field. He flattered the poor girl by his attentions, and praised her beauty. Her moral training had not fitted her to withstand this seductive influence; no mother's love, with its quick, instinctive sense of danger threatening its object, interposed between her and her tempter. Her old friend and playmate—he who could alone save her—had been rudely repulsed from the house by her step-mother, and indignant and disgusted, he retired from all competition with his formidable rival. Thus abandoned to her own undisciplined imagination, with the experience of a child and the passions of a woman, she was deceived by false pretenses, bewildered, fascinated, and beguiled into sin:

It is the same old story of woman's confidence and man's duplicity. The rascally writing-master, under pretence of visiting a neighboring town, left his lodgings and never returned. The last I heard of him he was a tenant of a Western Penitentiary. Poor Julia! driven in disgrace from her father's house, at last found refuge in the dwelling of an old woman of no very creditable character. There I was called to visit her, and although not unused to such scenes of suffering and sorrow, I had never before witnessed such an utter abandonment of grief and shame and remorse. Alas! what sorrow was like unto her sorrow? The birth hour of her infant was also its death.

The agony of her spirit seemed greater than she could bear. Her eyes were opened, and she looked upon herself with loathing and horror. She would admit of no hope, no consolation. She would listen to no palliation or excuse for her guilt. I could only direct her to that source of pardon and peace, to which the broken and contrite heart never appeals in vain

In the meantime, Robert Barnet shipped on board a Labrador ves el. The night before he left he called on me and put in my hand a sum of money, small, indeed, but all he could then command.

"You will see her often," he said, "do not let her suffer, for she is more to be pitied than blamed."

I told him that I would do all in my power for her, and added that I thought far better of her, contrite and penitent as she was, than of some who were busy in holding her up to shame and public censure.

"God bless you for these words," he said, grasping my hand. "I shall think of them often. They will be a comfort to me." As for Julia, God was more merciful to her than man. She rose from her bed thoughtful and humbled, but with hopes which transcended the worst of her suffering and shame. She no longer murmured against her sorrowful allotment, but accepted it with quiet, and almost cheerful resignation, as the fitting penalty of God's broken laws, and the needed discipline of her spirit. She could say with the Psalmist: "The judgments of the Lord are true; and Thy judgment is right."

Through her exertions she obtained employment in a respectable family, to whom she endeared herself by her faithfulness, cheerful obedience, and unaffected piety.—Her trials had made her heart tender with sympathy for those in affliction.

She seemed inevitably drawn towards the sick and suffering. In their presence, the burden of her own sorrow seemed to fall off. She was the most cheerful and sunny-faced nurse I ever saw; and I always felt sure that my own efforts would be well seconded when I found her by the bedside of a poor patient. Beautiful it was to see this young girl, whom the world still looked upon with scorn and unkindness, cheering the depending, and imparting, as it were, her own strong, healthful life to the faint and weak; supporting on her bosom through weary nights, the heads of those who, while in health, would have deemed her touch pollution; or to hear her sing for the ear of the dying some sweet hymn of hope or resignation, or calling to mind the consolations of the gospel and the great love of Christ.

"I trust," said I, "that the feelings of the community were at last softened towards her."

"You know what human nature is," replied the doctor, "and with what hearty satisfaction we censure folly and sin in others. It is a luxury which we cannot easily forego, although our own consciences tell us that the consequences of vice and error are bitter enough without the aggravation of reproach and ridicule without. So you need not be surprised that in poor Julia's case the character of sinners like herself did not keep pace with the mercy and forgiveness of Him who is infinite in purity. Nevertheless, I will do our people the justice to say, that her blameless and self-sacrificing life was not without its proper effect upon them."

"What became of Robert Barnet?" I asked.

"He came, after an absence of several months, and called on me before he had seen even his father and mother. He did not mention Julia, but I saw that his errand with me concerned her. I spoke of her excellent deportment and useful life, dwelt upon the extenuating circumstances of her error, and her sincere and hearty repentance.

"Doctor," said he, at length, with a hesitating embarrassment of manner, "what would you think if I should tell you that, after all that has passed, I have half made up my mind to ask her to become my wife."

"I should think better of it if you had wholly made up your mind," said I. "And if you were my son, I would not ask for you a better wife than Julia Atkins. Do not hesitate, Robert, on account of what some ill natured people may say. Consult your own heart first of all."

"I don't care for the talk of all the busy bodies in town; but I wish that father and mother could feel as you do about her."

"Leave that to me," said I, "they are kind-hearted and reasonable, and I dare say will be disposed to make the best of the matter, when they find you are decided in your purpose."

I did not see him again, but a few days after I learned from his parents that he had gone on another voyage. It was now autumn, and the most sickly season I had ever known in Pecawkin. Ensign Atkins and his wife both fell sick, and Julia embraced with alacrity this providential opportunity to return to her father's house and fulfill the duties of a daughter. Under her careful nursing, the Ensign soon got upon his feet, but the wife, whose constitution was weaker, sunk under the fever. She died better than she lived, penitent and loving. Julia had now, for the first time since the death of her mother, a comfortable home and a father's love and protection. Her sweetness of temper, patient endurance, and forgetfulness of herself in her labors for others, gradually overcome the scruples and hard feelings of her neighbors. They began to question, whether, after all, it was meritorious in them to treat one like her as a sinner beyond forgiveness. Elder Staples and Deacon Warner were her friends. The deacon's daughter—the tall, blue-eyed, brown-locked girl, you noticed at church the other day—set the example among the young people of treating her as their equal and companion.

One mild winter evening I took Julia with me to a sick patient of mine, who was suffering for want of attendance. The house where she lived was in a lonely and desolate place, some two or three miles below us, on a sandy level, just elevated above the great salt marches stretching far away to the sea. The night set in dark and dreary. The fierce northwesterly wind swept over the level waste, driving the thick clouds before it, shaking the doors and windows of the old house, and roared in its vast chimney. The woman was dying when we arrived; and her drunken husband was sitting in stupid unconcern at the fire-place. A little after midnight she breathed her last.

In the meantime the storm had grown more violent; there was a blinding snow falling in the air, and we could feel the jar of the great waves as they broke upon the beach.

"It is a terrible night for sailors on the coast," I said, breaking our long silence with the dead. "God grant them sea room!"

Julia shuddered as I spoke, and by the dim, flashing firelight I saw her weeping. I know her thoughts were with her old friend and playmate on the wide waters.

"Julia," said I, "do you know that Robert Barnet loves you with all the strength of an honest and true heart?"

She trembled, and her voice faltered as she confessed, that when Robert was at home, he had asked her to become his wife. "And like a fool you refused him, I suppose, the brave, generous fellow."

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "how can you talk so? It is just because Robert is so good and noble, that I dare not take him at his word. You, doctor, would have despised me if I had taken advantage of his pity or his kind remembrance of the old ways when we were children together. I have already brought too much disgrace upon those dear to me."

I was endeavoring to convince her in return that she was doing injustice to herself, and wronging her best friend, whose happiness depended in a great measure upon her, when, borne upon the strong blast, we both heard a faint cry, as of a human being in distress. I threw up the window, which opened seaward, and we leaned out into the wild night, and listened breathlessly for the sound. Once more, and once only, we heard it, a low, smothered, despairing cry.

"Some one is lost and perishing in the snow," said Julia. "The sound comes in the direction of the beach plum-bushes on the side of the marsh. Let us go at once."

She snatched up her hood and shawl and was already at the door. I found and lighted a lantern, and soon overtook her. The snow was already deep, and sadly drifted, and it was with extreme difficulty that we could force our way against the storm. We stopped often to breathe and listen, but the roar of the wind and waves was alone audible. At last we reached a slightly elevated spot, overgrown with dwarf plum trees, whose branches were dimly visible above the snow.

"Here, bring the lantern!" cried Julia, who had strayed a few yards from me. I hastened to her, and found her lifting up the body of a man, who was apparently insensible. The rays from the lantern fell upon his face, and we both, at the same moment, recognized Robert Barnet. Julia neither shrieked nor fainted, but kneeling in the snow, and still supporting the body, she turned towards me a look of earnest and fearful inquiry.

"Courage!" said I, "he still lives. He is only overcome with fatigue and cold."

With much difficulty, partly dragging, and partly carrying him through the snow, we succeeded in getting him to the house, where, in a short time, he so far recovered as to be able to speak. Julia, who had been my prompt and efficient assistant in his restoration, retired into the shadow of the room as soon as he began to rouse himself, and look about him. He asked where he was, and who was with me, saying that his head was so confused that he thought he saw Julia Atkins by his bed-side. "You were not mistaken," said I. "Julia is here, and you owe your life to her."

He started up and gazed around the room. I beckoned Julia to the bedside, and I never shall forget the grateful earnestness with which he grasped her by the hands and called upon God to bless her. Some folks think me a rough old fellow, and so I am; but that scene was more than