# The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 69. CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1869. NO. 25.



## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the largest 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.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. 7, South Hanover Street. May 17—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Hill 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

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

JOHN CORNMAN, Attorney at Law Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House. 15may 68 1y.

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.

W. J. SHEARER, Attorney at Law, Office, North East Corner of the Court House. 12feb 69-1y.

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER.
WEAKLEY & SADLER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 16 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa. nov15 67.

CYR. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.
HUMRICH & PARKER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

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

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

DR. J. S. BENDER.—Homœopathic Physician. Office in the room formerly occupied by Col John Lee. 3djan 68-1y.

DR. GEORGES SEAKIGHT, 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. PERFECT. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa. 15july 4, 54.

E. L. SHRYOCK, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE Office, No. 3, Irvine's Row. 7may 67.

JOHN DORNER.
MERCHANT TAILOR
In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle Pa., has just returned from the Eastern Cities with the largest and most
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
consisting of—
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., ever brought to Carlisle.
His cloths comprise ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN MANUFACTURES of the finest texture and of all shades.
Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of long experience is prepared to warrant perfect fits, and prompt filling of orders.
Piece Goods by the yard, or cut to order Don't forget the place.
15may 6-tf.

FRESH ARRIVAL
*Of all the New Spring Styles of*
HATS AND CAPS.
The Subscriber has just opened, at No. 15 North Hanover St., a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best stock of HATS & CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.
Silk Hats, Cassimeres of all styles and qualities. Stiff Brims different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made. The Dunkard and old fashioned brush, kept constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction. A full assortment of STRAW HATS. Men's boy's and children's fancy.
I have also added to my stock, Notions of different kinds, consisting of Ladies and Gent's Stockings, Neck-Ties, Pencils Gloves, Thread, Sewing Silks, Suspenders, Umbrellas, &c., Prime Segars and Tobacco always on hand.
Give me a call and examine my stock, as I feel confident of pleasing, besides saving you money.
JUSTIN A. KELLER, Agt.
31may67 No. 15 North Hanover St.

GAS FITTING & PLUMBING.
The subscribers having permanently located in Carlisle, respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Their shop is situated on the public Square in the rear of the 1st Presbyterian Church, where they an always be found.
Being experienced mechanics, they are prepared to execute all orders that they may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices
HYDRAULIC RAMS, WATER WHEELS, HYDRANTS, LIFT & FORCE PUMPS, BATHING TUBS, WASH BASINS and all other articles in the trade.
PLUMBING AND GAS AND STEAM FITTING promptly attended to in the most approved style.
☞ Country work promptly attended to.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Don't forget the place—immediately in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church.
CAMPBELL & HENWOOD.
July 27 68-1y

THE FARMER'S BANK, OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
Recently organized, has been opened, for transaction of a general banking business, in the corner room of H. Sieve's new building, on the North West corner of High street and the Centre Square.
The Directors hope by liberal and careful management to make this a popular institution, and a safe repository for all who may favor the bank with their accounts.
Deposits received and paid back on demand, interest allowed on special deposits, Gold, Silver, Treasury Notes and Government Bonds, bought and sold.
Collections made on all accessible points in the country. Discount day, Tuesday. Banking hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M.
J. C. HOFFER, *Cashier.*
DIRECTORS.
R. Given, President, Wm. H. Miller,
Thomas Paxton, David Heikes,
John W. Craighead, A. J. Herman,
7mar 68-tf Abraham Witmer.

THE CARLISLE COOK STOVE.
Manufactured at F. GARDNER & Co's Foundry and Machine Shop, Carlisle, CANT BE BEAT This is the testimony of scores of families in Cumberland, Perry and Adams Counties, who are now using them. Call and see them.
CORN SHELLERS,
running either by power or by hand—constantly on hand and for sale by F. GARDNER & Co. Foundry and Machine Shop, East Main Street.
STEAM BOILER MAKING.
We are prepared to make Steam Boilers of all sizes and kinds promptly and on the belcot terms. A Smoke Stacks and all articles in that line. Repairing of Boilers and Engines promptly attended to in the best manner.
F. GARDNER & CO.
Foundry and Machine Shop, Carlisle, Pa. jan 24-67.

NOTICE.—ALWAYS ON HAND
Fine Lot of Dried Beef, Beef Tongues, Hams Shoulders and Sides Also, a fine lot of Choice Teas, Dried Fruits of all description, such as Brunelles Seedless Raisins, Prunes, pared and unpared Peaches, Apples, pared and unpared Pears, German Cherries, &c., with a full line of Groceries usually kept in a first quality Grocery store.
GEO. B. HOFFMAN,
12feb69. No. 68, East Pomfret Street.

FARMER'S TAKE NOTICE.
McQUISTON'S CULTIVATOR WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
The undersigned are now prepared to give all necessary proof that McQuiston's patent CULTIVATORS are far excel any other now in use. The many evidences of the very best farmers in Cumberland county, the simple mechanism of the machine, and the little money they cost, will in the first place recommend them. But the little labor required to work with them, the double work they perform, and the perfect trueness of their working, will not fail to convince every good farmer that they are the best farming implement now in use. Persons wishing to purchase will please call on F. GARDNER & Co., at Carlisle Foundry and Machine Works, Samuel Coover, agent for Buyer Company at Spring Mills, Cumberland county.
COOVER, HUTCHINSON & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Chartered by Special Act of Congress, Approved, July 25 1868
Cash Capital - - $1,000,000.
PAID IN FULL.
BRANCH OFFICE:
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.
Where the general business of the Company is transacted, and to which all general correspondence should be addressed.
OFFICERS.
CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice-President.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.
This Company offers the following advantages It is a Native Company chartered by a special act of Congress, 1868.
It has a paid up capital of $1 000,000.
It offers low rates of premium.
It offers more larger insurance than any other company for the same money.
It is definite and certain in its terms.
It is a home company in every locality.
Its policies are exempt from attachment.
There are no unnecessary restrictions in the policies.
Every policy is non-forfeitable.
Policies may be taken which pay to the insured, their full amount, and return all the premiums so that the insurance costs only the interest on the annual payments.
Policies may be taken that will pay to the insured, after a certain number of years, during life an annual income of one-tenth the amount named in the policy.
No extra rate is charged for risks upon the lives of females.
Insurers, not to pay dividends to policy-holders, but at so low a cost that dividends will be impossible.
Circulars, Pamphlets and full particulars given on application to the Branch Office of the Company, or to
E. W. CLARK & CO., Philadelphia,
General Agent for Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey.
11sep 68-1y

MARQUART'S CELEBRATED LINIMENT,
FOR MAN OR BEAST.
*this Valuable Preparation is admirably adapted to the Cure of all those Diseases for which a Counter-Irritant or External Remedy is required.*
REFERENCE.
Abram Marquart, Esq., has shown me the receipt of which his Liniment is composed. From my knowledge of the ingredients, I do not hesitate in certifying that it will be beneficial where an external application of the kind is indicated.
A. STEWART, M. D.
Shippensburg, Sept. 15, 1868.
Fully conversant with the chemical components and medical effects of A. Marquart's Liniment, I cheerfully commend it to those who may need it.
Jacksonville, Pa. S. N. ECKER, M. D.
Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in saying that I have used your Liniment for chapped hands, and it cured them and made them feel soft. I think it the best I have ever used, and would cheerfully recommend it to the general public.
WM. GRACY.
Newton Township, Pa., Nov. 24, 1868.
I hereby certify that I have used A. Marquart's Liniment for Scratches and Spavin on two of my horses with the greatest success, and would recommend it to all that are in need of anything of the kind.
C. MELLINGER, County Treasurer.
Stoughstown, Pa., Nov. 18, 1868.
Mr. A. Marquart:—Dear Sir: I have used about half a bottle of your Liniment on my horse for a bad Collar Hall, which was the most obstinate sore of the kind I ever saw; also on my arm for rheumatism, and it has given entire satisfaction in both cases. I would not be without it for ten times it cost and cheerfully recommend it to the public.
MICHAEL LAFSHAW.
Jacksonville, Pa., Nov. 20, 1868.
A. Marquart, Esq:—Dear Sir: I had a very severe attack of Rheumatism in my back, so that I could scarcely walk, which was very painful. After two or three applications, I found it to relieve me, and would recommend it as a excellent Liniment.
JACOB SEVERS.
Walnut Bottom, Pa., Nov. 19, 1868.
☞ AGENTS WANTED! Address
A. MARQUART,
Walnut Bottom, Cumb. Co., Pa.
For sale at HAVER-TICK & BRO. Drug Store, Carlisle, Pa.
11dec 68-1y.

Wheeler and Wilson and Elliptic
LOCK STITCH
*Sewing Machines.*
*The Best Simplest and Cheapest.*
THESE machines are adapted to do all kinds of family sewing, working equally well upon Silk Linen and Cotton goods, with silk, Cotton and Linen threads, making a beautiful and perfect stitch alike on both sides of the article sewed.
All machines sold are warranted.
Call and examine at Hall Road Telegraph Office, Carlisle, Pa.
May 24, 1867-tf. JOHN CAMPBELL.

DR. W. D. HALL. AND DRS. MARY S. HALL.
HOMOEOPATHIC Physicians and Medical Electricians. Office and residence, No. 37, South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Penn. All Acute or Chronic diseases successfully treated.
Palmer, Donaldson, Uniontown, Pa. Cured of Heart Disease, of two years standing, in five weeks. Had been given up to die.
Miss Clara Glitzer, Germantown, Pa. Liver Complaint, of two years standing. Cured in two months.
Benj. Reeser, Uniontown, Pa. Inflamation of the eyes, with loss of the sight of one—out of sixteen years standing. Cured in three months.
Mrs. Mary Gilbert, Germantown, Pa. Dyspepsia of two years standing. Cured in two months.
Mr. T. Wood, Girard Ave., and Warnock St., Philadelphia. Cured of General Debility of three years standing.
Miss Emma Morris, 1221 Girard Ave., Phila Pa. Dyspepsia and Gravel of three years standing. Cured in six weeks.
Frank Feiff, 712 North 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa. "White Swelling" of nine years standing. Cured in five months.
Mrs. Augusta Browning, Belpre, Ohio. Womb disease of 18 years standing. Causing at times insanity, so that her friends were compelled twice to put her into an Insane Asylum. Cured in two months.
All consultation free. Offices strictly private.
Drs. Hall respectfully refers to the following ladies, residing in Carlisle, Mrs. Jas. Masonhelmer, Mrs. Wm. Hastings, Mrs. Wm. Jackson, Mrs. J. Parker, Mrs. Henry Snyder, and many others.
26feb 69-6m.

REMOVAL.
C. L. Lochman has removed his establishment to his
SPLENDID NEW GROUND FLOOR GALLERY,
opposite Paxton's Hardware Store, where he cordially invites the public to examine the place and his numerous specimens. The well known skill of the proprietor as an artist, with a superior light, and entrance not elevated on the first floor, are a sufficient inducement to the public to patronize this establishment. His pictures are universally acknowledged to be equal to the best made in Philadelphia or New York, and far superior to any in this country. Please call.
C. L. LOCHMAN.
8mar 69-tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.
AND
Central Pacific Railroad
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Over *fifteen (1500) hundred miles* have been built by two (2) powerful companies; the Union Pacific Railroad, beginning at Omaha, building west, and the Central Pacific Railroad beginning at Sacramento and building east, until the two roads shall meet. Less than two hundred and fifty miles remain to be built. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the through connection between San Francisco and New York will be completed by July 1.

As the amount of Government aid given to each is dependent upon the length of road each shall build, both companies are prompted to great efforts to secure the construction and control of what, when completed, will be *one and the only grand Railroad Line, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coast.*

One Hundred and Ten Million Dollars ($110,000,000) in money have already been expended by the two powerful companies engaged in this great enterprise, and they will speedily complete the portion yet to be built. When the United States Government found it necessary to secure the construction of the Pacific Railroad to develop and protect its own interest, it gave the companies authorized to build it such ample aid as should render its speedy completion beyond a doubt. The Government aid may be briefly summed up as follows:

First. The right of way and all necessary timber and stone from public domain.

Second. It makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which, when the road is completed, will amount to twenty-three million (23,000,000) acres, and all lit within twenty (20) miles of railroad.

Third. It loans the companies fifty million dollars ($50,000,000), for which it takes a second lien.

The Government has already loaned the Union Pacific Railroad twenty-four million and fifty-eight thousand dollars ($24,058,000), and to the Central Pacific Railroad seventeen million six hundred and forty-eight thousand ($17,848,000), amounting in all to forty one million seven hundred and six thousand dollars ($41,706,000).

The Companies are permitted to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as they receive from the United states, and no more. The companies have sold to permanent investors about ($40,000,000) forty million dollars of the First Mortgage Bonds. The companies have already old in (including net earnings not divided, grants from State of California, and Sacramento city and San Francisco), upwards of ($25,000,000) twenty-five million dollars capital stock.

WHAT IS THERE YET TO BE DONE?

In considering this question it must be remembered that all the remaining iron with which the road is contracted for, and the largest portion paid for and now delivered on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad, and that the grading is almost finished.

WHAT RESOURCES HAVE THE COMPANIES TO FINISH THE ROAD?

First. They will receive from the Government as the road progresses about $9,000,000 additional.

Second. They can issue their own First Mortgage Bonds for about $9,000,000 additional.

Third. The companies now hold almost all the land they have up to this time received from the Government; upon the completion of the road they will have received in all 23,000,000 acres, which at $1.50 per acre would be worth $34,500,000.

In addition to the above the net earnings of the roads and additional capital, if necessary, could be called in to finish the road.

WAY BUSINESS—ACTUAL EARNINGS.

No one has ever expressed a doubt that as soon as the road is completed its through business will be abundantly profitable.

Gross earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for *six months* ending January 1st, 1869 were upwards of $3,000,000

The earnings of Central Pacific Railroad, for six months, ending January 1st 1869, were $1,750,00 gold

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Expenses | $55,000 gold | |
| Interest | 450,000 " | |
| | | 1,050,000 " |

Net profit of Central Pacific Railroad, after paying all interest and expenses for six months $750,000 gold

The present gross earnings of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads are $1,200,000 monthly.

HOW LARGE A BUSINESS IS IT SAFE TO PREDICT FOR THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD?

We would give the following facts derived from Shipping Lists, Insurance Companies, Railroads and general information:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Ships going from the Atlantic around Cape Horn, 300 | 80,000 tons |
| Steamships connecting at Panama with California and China, 35 | 120,000 " |
| Overland Trains, Stages, Horses, etc., etc. | 20,000 " |

Here we have two hundred and thirty thousand tons carried westward and experience has shown that the last five years that the returned passengers from California have been nearly as numerous as those going.

HOW MANY PASSENGERS ARE THERE.

We make the following estimate:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 110 Steamships (both ways) | 70,000 (actual for '68) | |
| 200 Vessels " | 4,000 estimated | " |
| Overland " | 100,0 0 " | " |
| Number per annum | 174,000 | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Present price (averaging half the cost of the steamships), for both passengers and tonnage gives the following result:— | |
| 174,000 passengers at $100 | $17,400,000 |
| 400,000 tons, rated at $1 per cubic foot | 15,640,000 |
| | $33,040,000 |

Basing calculations upon the above figures without allowing for the large increase of business which can safely be looked for, then estimate the running expense at one half and we have a net income of $16,520,000; which, after paying the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds and the advances made by the Government, would leave a net annual income of $9,000,000 over and above all expenses and interest.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Co are both, principal and interest, payable in gold coin; they pay 6 per cent. interest in gold coin, and run for thirty years, and they cannot be paid before that time without the consent of the holder.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad for sale at par and accrued interest, and First Mortgage Gold Bonds of Central Pacific Railroad at 103 and accrued interest.

DE HAVEN & BRO.,
Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Etc.,
No. 40 South THIRD Street
29jan69. PHILADELPHIA


JUNE ROSES.

The Roses have come with the Summer,
And the red and the white blossom fair,
And the scent of their balmy breathing
Is loading the dreowy air.

Their shell like leaves drop lightly
All through the long June hours,
And light like perfumed snow-flakes,
In the garden's grassy bowers.

Oh, sweet are the wild white roses
That cling to the green wall,
But one to that goes not the sunlight
In sweeter and dearer than all!

One white rose, locked and hidden
In a dark, still grave away,
That bloomed on that garden terrace
One year ago to day.

When the air was sweet and breezy,
And the roses blushed in the sun,
And their pink leaves fluttered lightly
On the west wind, one by one.

Then, under the cool, close arbor,
We values had the summer storm
Gather and pass over heaven,
And its sunlight clear and warm.

And, under the sweet green shelter,
I leaned on that shadowy tall,
While the thunder roll of above us,
And the hope began to fall.

And he plucked one white rose dripping
With the rain in its pale fair,
And his hand swept over my forehead,
As he wove it in my hair.

Now again the June sun shineth,
But last year's flowers are gone;
Only that white rose, withered,
Lies in his grave forlorn.

In the warm rain downward pattering,
I have given it many a tear,
Shed for the form and beauty
That died with the rose last year!

And the love that went with the blossoms
As lovely and full as they,
And it has shed my white rose,
And I dead, like the flower to day!

From the Boston "Every Saturday".

## A SAVAGE BEAUTY.

It was on one of the great Eastern rivers that I made the experience you are about to hear. There are reasons which I must not disregard, for preserving this vagueness as to the locality. But I would assure the reader, in all seriousness that my story is true, and its moral sound. As a rule, one expects anonymous adventures—without date or address—to be alike amusing, scandalous, and false,—but the two latter qualities my tale decidedly has not. Strictness of fact is its justification, for the moral contained therein can necessarily be useful only to a few.

Picture to yourself a solitary canoe lying moored in the midwaters of a great tropical river. There are now houses and towns on the banks which, at the time I knew them, were but verdant swamps, broken here or there by a tiny patch of rice-ground, a cluster of little huts, or the tall dwelling of a chief. On the evening of which I speak, ten years ago, not an European could have been found within a hundred miles of my canoe. The night fell suddenly down, dark and windy; the tide was at its highest, and only the extreme tips of the "nipas"—that ugly sister in the graceful family of palms—rose above the flood. My canoe was anchored above their fern-like crowns, and over it and under the stiff, awkward branches thrust themselves. The breeze moaned and whistled among them, rattling their harsh leaves together. There were as yet neither stars nor moon; the clouds seemed to hang almost on the dark surface of the water, which stretched rippled and soughing, on either side, till its eddies were lost in an abyss of vapor. Far off, above the invisible bank, a red light glowed through the mist, and the boatmen declared that it burned in the house of a great war chief a mile away. There was nothing to see through the dull evening vapors, except that distant fire; nor to hear, except the rustling of the wind, the bending of the "nipa" boughs, and the eager but monotonous sucking of the tide.

My boatmen lighted their fire forward. Soon it began to blaze, under the fostering of a dozen hands already numbed with cold. The red sparks leapt from swirl to swirl of the river timidly, brightened, took courage, flamed up, and irradiated a wide expanse of troubled water. My native boatmen clustered round their stone hearth as closely as the narrow sides of my canoe would suffer them. A brave and honest set they were as ever traveller loved, but most exceedingly ugly. As they crouched before the fire, forward, their picturesque costumes and mushapen features outlined against the blaze and ruddy smoke, I pleased myself, lying on my mattress, with recalling old German stories of gnomes and goblins, to which strange creatures my poor boatmen were curiously like. But I don't know that in all my wanderings I ever felt so utterly alone, so small a speck on the great breast of nature, as that night. I watched the breathing swathes of mist stalking over the water to my very side. I listened to the gurgling of the tide, and its steady "lap" against the gunwale, and I thought of times and faces in pleasant Europe with a sort of despair.

Suddenly, my meditation was broken by a pealing "Ho—o," from the mid-darkness. My boatswain answered the unseen challenger, and held a short conversation with him in the dialect of the interior; then, addressing me, thus announced visitors: "The brave chief from the next reach, my lord, desires to present his slavish worship." "Tell the brave chief of the next reach," I answered, "that his slave, and all his slave's ancestors in their coffins, rejoice at this happy meeting. And pass a candle aft, if there happens to be one left in the locker!" There was one left in the locker, which I stuck into a bottle and fixed to the gunwale. In another moment the sharp nose of a canoe shot out of the misty curtain into our red half circle. I was used to these visits from savage chiefs, and felt little interest in the strangers. Their courtesy entailed a certain diminution of my precious stores, specially of spirits and tobacco, and an uncertain sacrifice of other valuables. Not that these naked friends of mine stole! But they had a horribly frank habit of asking point blank for aught that took their fancy, and it was not an easy, or perhaps quite a safe thing, to disappoint them. Therefore, though prepared to give current value for the presents which this worthy chief was sure, under any circumstances, to send next day, I could easily have dispensed with his courteous visit over night.

There were three persons, I saw, in the approaching canoe. Two paddled, and the third sat aft. I did not look particularly. My boatmen had hastily raised over me the thatch, called "Kajong," which protects a traveller from the sun, this ceremony was no doubt proper under the circumstances, but it had the effect of limiting my view. The canoe grated alongside my larger craft, but the deep shadow cast by the "kajongs," hid from me the appearance of its occupants. I raised myself in the cross-legged position in which the Eastern voyager so soon acquires, and prepared a neat oration. In another moment a tall muscular old man emerged from the darkness, rested his hand lightly on the gunwale of my boat, and stepped in, with no more commotion than is caused by walking aboard a three-decker. "The brave chief of the next reach," observed my boatswain ceremoniously, and I greeted the worthy old man with a smile and a shake of the hand. He sat down at the farther side of the boat, silently, but in great and visible contentment. I prepared to assail him with certain statistical questions, such as, I assure you, these savages are neither perplexed to hear nor unable to answer. "How many fighting men follow you?" I was about to ask, when another hand was placed upon the gunwale, another figure came up suddenly from the dark river, and stepped with ease upon my rickety craft. "The wife of the brave chief who lives on the next reach," announced the boatswain, who sat crouched beneath the kajongs. I smiled and shook hands. The wife took a place beside her husband with a familiar confidence pleasant to see. "How many fighting—" I was interrupted again! My left hand rested on the gunwale, instinctively placed there when the "brave chief's wife" boarded me, to counteract any ugly lurch which her unskilfulness might cause. On this hand was suddenly placed another, belonging evidently to a person outside my boat. So small and slender were those fingers that thus clasped mine so soft and dainty and delicate—all the blood in my body tingled; for I thought, surely 'tis the hand of a mermaid!—a lovely! But no, a third visitor rose from the darkness—rose, resting its hand still on mine—rose and stood upright before me, framed in the velvety blackness of the night. It was the figure of a young girl, sixteen years of age at most, which thus stood up suddenly before me, sparkling and shining in the candle-light. She was simply clad in a short petticoat of woolen stuff, which did not quite reach to the knee. Her arms and wrists were encircled with many bracelets of gold and shell, and ornaments of brass; it was a crime so to overload them, for their shape was worthy of a Hebe. Round and round her waist a chain of small gold rattles was twisted, which tinkled faintly with each motion. Her graceful head had no covering, except such coils of fine black hair as three English women might with joy have shared among themselves. The hair was not parted, but drawn back from the forehead, and tied in a smooth knot, with a quantity of strongly-scented flowers; the ends fell in a shower behind, almost to her waist. This fashion, which civilized ladies are just adopting, is the common coiffure of the land I speak of. The girl's features were perfect, from low, round forehead to dimpled chin! And wholly European in character, save that no eyes of our zone could laugh with such velvet softness, nor plead with humility so irresistible. For this young savage's face shown down upon me with dewy lips parted in a timid smile, and innocent, saucy eyes, that said, plainly as words, "Am I not pretty? You are a great lord, and almost more than man, but you cannot refuse me a place in your canoe!" And all the while she kept her little soft hand in mine, while I stared dimly upwards, marvelling at her loveliness. "The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach!" gravely announced my boatswain from under the kajongs.

"The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach is welcome to her slave's resting place!" I said, with an affectation of mighty indifference. But the attempt failed, I suspect, for my boatmen forward, who had, like all their race, a true Italian interest in the minutest *affaire de cœur*, laughed gently as they sat beside their fire, and stole a glance aft. But the little beauty was too profoundly conscious of her own value, personal and political, to care one straw for the impertinence of mere boatmen. She murmured a few words, in a voice sweet as the lips from which it issued, and received a merry answer from her father. Then she looked down at me with a joyous smile, and, putting her foot on the gunwale—Ah! but I cannot leave that foot undescribed. Would I were a poet, gifted with Theophile Gautier's skill to celebrate the divinity of form! His fervor I feel in recalling the vision of that fairy foot, but not a tone of that wondrous voice have I. What was it that enraptured me?—a foot!—a member common to all animals, and sufficiently despised.

I will give the measurement of it, as taken afterwards. The girl was of ordinary height, four feet ten or so; her foot lay easily in my hand,—that is, was something under seven inches long. When I closed my grasp on that daintiest of prizes, my second finger and thumb, could meet within an inch round the instep, or, by the exercise of some little strength, could be made to touch. But what is measurement of lines and inches in a work of supremest art? Color and shape and exquisite life give the charm. The prettiest of English feet, white as milk, and veined with sapphire, is to the little dusky limb of an Eastern girl as an elaborate marble of Canova's to the small bronze gem I hold within my hand. That child's foot revealed to the acute beholder great facts in ethics, on which big books have been written, and big arguments expended. He saw there expressed the suppleness of her race, the grace and delicacy that shuns exertion, the activity which, with bare-like speed, distances our tortoise-pace; and he saw, besides, the hurried, nervous circulation, and the fragility of structure. But, indeed, that little foot, resting still on my gunwale, was a bronze of the best period roused to life. The skin was smooth and polished as metal, and the tone, save where its natural color was subdued by a tinge of henna or tumeric, matched that of Corinthian brass. The ankle was worthy of the foot. Such graceful lines, "attaches" so prettily rounded, I never hope to see again in living flesh; instep arched as an Arab's, lean and smooth like his; toes, not crushed together, nor curled up, nor pressed out of all roundess by the habits of boots; neither spread abroad like a negro's, but each standing slightly apart, lithe, tremulous, dimpled as an infant's at each joint. The nails were carefully polished, and regular as those of a hand, a stain of henna gave to them the very tones of agate. Ah, such an exquisite foot!

She stepped on board, laughing merrily, and sat behind her father. The old folks talked of their barbarous politics,—how the neighboring tribes were threatening to renounce their allegiance to a chief now aged. Insidious propositions were made me to abide awhile, for no visible object, at their village; but not even the charms of that lovely girl who sat, all silent and submissive, by the gunwale, could tempt me to permit my name and color to be used as a political influence among these astute, yet simple savages. Whether the daughter had been brought aboard, with hopes of swaying me, I do not know, but I am inclined to think not. She was the only child at home, and the pet of this venerable chief. Besides, I doubt much whether even her parents knew or guessed what a treasure of beauty they possessed in her. The loveliness was not quite of the style most admired by these good folks. The points I have described to you are common to many, to almost all, of their women, except the features. Doubtless, had I asked the critical opinion of any dusky Don Juan round about touching the merits of this girl, he would have answered, with that superb air we see daily at the "circle,"—"Not bad. Her mouth is too small, and never stained red with betel. Her teeth are white, which is a terrible blot, and reflects the gravest discredit on her parents. Her hair is long, and her feet are small, but Tragi's daughter has longer tresses and finier hands, while her teeth are black as burnt cocoa-nut can make them, and no man ever yet saw her without a crimson stain like blood upon her chin; mais pour ce quit s'appelle une dot, mon cher!"

She did not speak ten words all night, but sat under the shadows of the kajongs and slyly watched me, smiling from time to time with such girlish grace as made my very heart stir. Now and then she laughed at some unintelligible witticism of her brave old father; a sweet, happy laugh that did one's ears good to hear. In fact, I fell in love that night, and I know that if we had not met again, I should have returned to civilized life a victim henceforth to Byronic melancholy; feeling a desperate conviction that the only being I could ever love dwelt some fifteen thousand miles off as the crow flies, in a palm-thatched house beside an unknown river.

But I met her again. My business on this river of her father's took me almost to its head waters and in a month's time I began to drop down stream again. Will you bear with me reader, while I vent my soul in telling the delights of a canoe-voyage through the watery highways of a tropical forest? Heaven grant that before many months I may again be floating on their deep bosom! Ah, why can I not paint these scenes as vividly as they press upon my memory? I cannot, for often have I tried, and never with success. I would tell of the start at early dawn, while yet the night mists are curling on the water,—while yet the monkeys call musically to each other in the forest-trees. I would describe the eager bustle of my boatmen getting ready for the day's labor. I would tell how, with a wild cheer, they dip their paddles in the chilly stream, and make the tiny craft to fly from its halting place of over night.

Ay, I would have my companion sit by me in fancy, underneath the matted awning which obstructs the glare of early daylight on his knees, and glass ready to his hand. For they have keen eyes, those boatmen of mine, and long ere your dull sight discovers the creature they point out with such mute eagerness, it will have flitted through the trees and disappeared, leaving naught but a doubtful trail. Game is thick in these woods to him who has quick eyes and a steady hand, but not one hoof or paw will he see who takes to the brilliant East the listless motions of Pall Mall. Hist! What does he whisper with such still excitement, that brown "serang" squatted on the bows? Steady behind! The eager paddlers cease their clanking stroke, hush the broad just and extemporized song. They dip their paddles with such skill, that velvet sinking into oil would make a splash as loud. Without a sound we glided above the water, steadily, as with a wish, onwards. The "serang's" outstretched hand guides our eyes to a black shadowed reach, where the water sleeps and rots, overdrowned with fleshy leaves and pallid, unwholesome flowers, taking no color from the sun. What is there? Too well we know our trusty boatswain to fear false alarms from him. We strain our eyes; and at length, beneath the deepest shade, just where that dark-leaved shrub drops its pendulous boughs into the stream beside the fallen trunk, all clothed in ferns and orchids and many-colored fungi, that lies rotting in the eddy, we think to trace a shadowy outline as of some monster crouched along the ground. Gently, silently, we drop down. The quick-sighted monkeys have fled this spot, and far in the distance we can hear their clashing progress through the tree-tops. The very birds are still. Gradually, gradually, a fulvous coat defines itself against the oily green leaves. There is on all nature a hush that may be felt. Round and nearer eyes, widely distended now, half in fear and half in threat, gleam iridescent in the dusky nook. We can see the flash of white teeth between lips drawn back, we can almost hear the "spitting" like an angry cat's which welcomes us to this solitude. Now is the moment! Up rifle, both together! With a savage snarl he turns and shows all his spotted side. Now,—now! And the panther,—trots airily away with his tail upraised, and considerable contempt depicted on his features!

This is your exclamation, doubtless, but the cruel facts of memory should not be allowed to mingle with the bright picture of imagination. I have missed many easy shots in stern reality but in my simplest dream I'd scorn to introduce a rifle not warranted to carry twenty miles, and true as death. But if you will have it so, we'll leave the panther in his wood and pursue our our voyage.

The day, day grows on to noontide! Ashore every living thing has sought the shade and rests therein; but we, gliding over downwards with the stream, hug the reedy banks where great trees overhang and shelter us and so press on. Flowers are over us, and under, and around unnamed weeds, but the more beautiful in our sight for the world's ignorance of them. Lilies, blue and red, and white of every shape and every size, sleep on the surface of "black-waters" and warm, stagnant pools beside the river; of such calm spots now and then we catch a glimpse through some arch of tufted reeds, or under the green-fringed bridge of a fallen tree. No man "hath come since the making of the world" to see the beauty here. For beauty there is, in these little solitary ponds, more exquisite than human skill can imitate. Ah! but there are other denizens than the sweet flowers and the pretty "Hylæ" and the honest, loud-throated bull-frogs. Great snakes dwell here and twine themselves among these hideous dwellers a brilliant jewelled colored creature from the swift stream near by. He dashes round the pond in high impatience and disdain, raising his shiny head and seeking the outlet with wicked eyes that gleam like fire. Sometimes the horrid creatures of the pool, the sickly looking snakes and enormous worms—yet more ghastly than the others in their foul softness—grow jealous of the gemmed intruder, and set on him with hooked teeth and whip-like tails and deadly poison. Then to one who stands by a terrible sight is given. Now on the surface, now in the still depths below, the merciless fight goes on. The hunted reptile darts hither and thither, plunges head foremost down among the lily roots, springs into the air, twists through his foes with exquisite activity. They the foul crowd in chase! They swim against one another, they bite and strike in their vexation or in payment of outstanding feuds. Though each enemy be twice times his size, yet is this brilliant stranger armed with a subtler venom, more than a match for any two of them; but numbers prevail, and unless he find in time, the grass-grown entrance to the pool, he commonly falls a victim to the outraged ugliness of the indwellers. Yet in general, one might stay long beside these still and flower-grown waters without discovering a trace of the monsters they contain. Pretty sights are those most common at their banks. In the dawn and at eventide a hundred curious, graceful creatures come here to slake their thirst. Chattering monkeys slide down a creeper and thus suspended in mid-air, drink from their small hollow hands,—glancing ever round,—above, below, with eyes of quick suspicion, pausing each instant chattering uninterruptedly to reassure themselves. Birds of every size and hue flutter to the shallows, and drink gratefully. Big herons and huge white cranes stalk about and chase the little bull-frogs in their muddy nests. Squirrels—from the small beauty no larger than a mouse to that vast fellow with the crimson stripe along his sides—hop about the banks sucking the buds and roots of water-plants. Deer, too, sometimes visit this spot, when hunters or wild beasts have scared them from their favorite stream. Butterflies hover over it; orchids trail their blossoms down almost to its surface. There is more beauty than horror here. I was wrong to put those snakes first in the description.

And then afternoon comes on, and evening. The alligators slide down in their oily manner, from the sand-banks, as the declining sun begins to leave the river. And then, then, what wondrous effects of golden light succeed! How keen the blue shadows! How mysteriously dim each long vista of the trees! The sunshine seems almost to drip in liquid gold from twig to twig, and leaf to leaf, as it brea