merican Volunteer.
D EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
BY
TTON & KENNEDY.
--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.
wo Dollars per year if paid strictly Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid months; after which Three Dollars god. These terms will be rigidly ad- very instance. No subscription dis- ntil all arrearages are paid, unless at f the Editor.

rofessional Cards.

UMRICH. | WM. B. PARKER
ICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Main Street, in Marion Hall, Car-
1868—

E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTOR-
LAW. Office in Building formerly
Volunteer, a few doors South of Wet-

ED STATES CLAIM
AND
ESTATE AGENCY!
M. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South
Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county
, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly
ions by mail, will receive immediate
r attention given to the selling or rent-
l Estate, in town or country. In all let-
uiry, please enclose postage stamp.
1867—tf

BELTZHOOVER,
TORNEY-AT-LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
e on South Hanover Street, opposite
ry goods store.
865.

HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
ce in Rheem's Hall Building, in the
Court House, next door to the "Her-
, Carlisle, Penna.
865.

J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND
UNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his
the hitherto unoccupied room in the
st corner of the Court House.
'69—1y

ENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW
arlisle, Penna. Office same as that of
rican Volunteer."
1868

. SHRYOCK, Justice of the
ce. Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.
1869—1y

GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN-
From the Baltimore College of Dental
Office at the residence of his mother
her Street, three doors below Bedford
enna.
65.

. S. BENDER, Homœopathic
ician, Office No. 6, South Hanover st.,
occupied by John Lee, Esq.
369—1y.

B. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND
COUNSELOR AT LAW,
TH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT,
Cor. Library,
PHILADELPHIA.
69—1y

RT OWENS,
ATE ROOFER,
EALER IN SLATE,
LANCASTER, PA.
ll Work Guaranteed.
ers Left at this Office will receive
ention. October 14, 1869—1y.

Hats and Caps

H SUMMER ARRIVAL
OF ALL THE
NEW STYLES
OF
TS AND CAPS.
criber has just opened at No. 15 North
reet, a few doors North of the Carlisle
nk, one of the largest and best Stocks
nd CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.
, Cassimere of all styles and qualities,
different colors, and every descrip-
Hats now made.
kard and Old Fashioned Brush, con-
hand and made to order, all warrant-
satisfaction.
A full assortment of
EN'S,
BOY'S, AND
CHILDREN'S,
HATS.
added to my Stock, notions of differ-
consisting of
AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,
Suspenders,
Gloves,
Pencils, Thread,
Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c
E SEGARS AND TOBACCO
ALWAYS ON HAND.
a call, and examine my stock as I feel
f pleasing all, besides saving you mo-
JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent,*
No. 15 North Hanover Street.
69.

AND CAPS!
U WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP?
F SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
J. G. CALLIO,
O. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,
n be seen the finest assortment of
ATS AND CAPS
ght to Carlisle. He takes great pleas-
viting his old friends and customers,
ew ones, to his splendid stock just re-
om New York and Philadelphia, con-
part of fine
LK AND CASSIMERE HATS,
n endless variety of Hats and Caps o
style, all of which he will sell at th
sh Prices. Also, his own manufactur
ways on hand, and
MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.
the best arrangement for coloring Hats
nds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at
st notice (as he colors every week) and
st reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of
nds of
BACCO AND CIGARS
n hand. He desires to call the attentio
s who have
COUNTRY FURS
he pays the highest cash prices for he
m a call, at the above number, his old
he feels confident of giving entire sa .s-
869.

Boots and Shoes.

ID STROHM,
W. D. SPONSLER,
JOHN W. STROHM,
W AND POPULAR
SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT
STORE.
13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET,
CARLISLE, PENN'A.
ors South of Inhoff's building,
e just opened the largest and best stock
BOOTS AND SHOES
red in Carlisle, and continue almost
receive such goods in our line as every
ut. Our stock consists in all kinds and
s', Misses and Childrens' strong Leather
Womens' Misses and Childrens' Lasting
Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey and French
Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid
ens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress
Mens' and Boys Lasting Gaiters and
Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Oxford
m Sandals, Buskins and Overshoes;
Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpet Slip-
s', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Sax-
s of all sizes and prices; Traveling
chels and Valises, together with a fine
ts, which we will sell to suit the times,
SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.
tto. Therefore, in issuing our card, it
ed as a personal invitation to all in
ll and look through our stock without
der obligations to buy unless suited in
d price. We shall always try to deal
y one in a straight forward manner,
every customer a full equivalent for his
We hope all will avail themselves of
opportunity to call and see us.
STROHM & SPONSLER.
1869—1y

DORNER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
r' Building, near Rheem's Hall, Car-
has just returned from the Eastern
the largest and most
MPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
AND WINTER GOODS,
of
THS,
CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS,
nishing Goods, ever brought
His cloths comprise
NCH, and
AMERICAN MANUFACTURES,
texture and of all shades.
r being himself a practical cutter of
ence, is prepared to warrant perfect
mpt filling of orders.
is by the yard, or cut to order. Don't
lace. Aug. 26, 1869.

The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1870. VOL. 56.--NO. 30.

Miscellaneous.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
$1,500 Cash. For 1870. $1,500 Cash.
A VALUABLE PREMIUM FOR ALL.
This splendidly illustrated weekly Journal of Popular Science, Mechanics Invention, Engineering, Chemistry, Architecture, Agriculture and the kindred arts, enters its twenty-fifth year on the first of January next, having a circulation far exceeding that of any similar journal now published.
THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT of the Scientific American is very ably conducted, and some of the most popular writers in this Country and Europe are contributors. Every number has 16 imperial pages, embellished with fine Engravings of Machinery, New Inventions, Tools for the Workshop, Farm and Household, Engineering Works, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings.
Whoever reads the Scientific American is entertained and instructed, without being bothered with hard words or dry details.
TO INVENTORS AND MECHANICS
this journal is of special value, as it contains a weekly report of all the Patents issued at Washington, with copious notices of the leading AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN INVENTIONS. The publishers of the Scientific American are the most Extensive Patent Solicitors in the world, and have unequaled facilities for gathering a complete knowledge of the progress of Invention and Discovery throughout the world; and with a view to mark the quarter of a century, during which this journal has held the first place in Scientific and Mechanical Literature, the Publishers will issue on January first the large and splendid Steel Engraving by John Sartain, of Philadelphia, entitled:
"Men of Progress—American Inventors"
the plate costing nearly $4,000 to engrave, and contains nineteen likenesses of Illustrious American Inventors. It is a superb work of art.
Single pictures, printed on heavy paper, will be sold at $10, but any one subscribing for the Scientific American the paper will be sent for one year, together with a copy of the engraving, on receipt of $10. The picture is also offered as a premium for clubs of subscribers.
$1,500 CASH PRIZES.
In addition to the above premium, the publishers will pay $1,500 in CASH PRIZES for lists of subscribers sent in by February 10, 1870. Persons who want to compete for these prizes, should end at once for prospectus and blanks for names.
Terms of Scientific American, one year $3.00; six months, $1.50; four months, $.00. To clubs of 10 and upwards, terms $2.50 per annum Specimen copies sent free, Address the Publishers
MUNN & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.
How to get Patents.—A pamphlet of Patent Laws and instruction to Inventors sent free.
Dec. 23, 1869.

CITIZENS OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.
We have now on hand and just received from the cities, and from manufacturers, the largest stock of new, cheap, and good goods to be found in any two stores in the valley.
We have the best assortment of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, SATINETTS, JEANS, FLANNELS, TICKINGS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, MUSLINS.
DRESS GOODS,
Silks, Merinoes, Repps, Delaines, Alpacas, Coburgs, Plaids and Stripes.
RIBBONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
Zephyrs,
Towels,
Yarns,
Linen and Cotton Table Diapers,
CLOAKINGS, low prices and fine
HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS and CUFFS.
Velvets, Trimmings and more notions than can be found anywhere under one roof.
FURS AND CARPETS,
Oil Cloths, Druggets, Blinds, Coverlets, Quilts, Hoop and Balmoral Skirts,
SHAWLS,
of every description. In fact a splendid assortment of goods, and more given for the dollar, than any where else.
WOOL,
at the highest price taken in exchange. Give us a call
BENTZ & CO.
Oct. 28, 1869.

GROCERIES, &c.
The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has purchased the Grocery Store of D. V. Keeny, No. 78 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, where he will carry on the Grocery Business as usual. His assortment is varied, and consists in part of
QUEENSWARE,
GLASSWARE,
STONE and
EARTHEN WARE,
CEDAR and
WILLOW WARE
TEAS,
COFFEES,
SYRUPS,
SPICES,
FANCY SOAPS,
ROPES,
TOBACCO,
FISH,
OILS,
HALTERS,
SEGARS,
SALT,
POTATOES,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT,
CORN MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, FLOUR, FEED, and a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first-class Grocery store. Give him a call, and satisfaction will be guaranteed.
Oct. 10, 1869. JOHN HECKMAN.

CHEAP COAL! CHEAP COAL!!
The subscriber is prepared to deliver, by the car load, to Limeburners and other consumers along the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, the celebrated
HICKORY SWAMP COAL!
at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES FOR CASH!
This Coal is of very superior quality, and will be furnished at prices which will defy all competition.
The subscriber will deliver Coal at Carlisle, during the current month, at the following prices per ton of 2,000 lbs.:

PEA	$3 15
NUT	4 55
STOVE	5 55
EGG	5 55

And to other points of the road, he will deliver it, adding or deducting the expense in freights.
The above rates will be subject to the rise or fall of prices, each month at the mines.
GEORGE ZINN,
Office cor. Main and Pitt Sts., Carlisle, Pa.
Dec. 23, 1869.

FRESH GARDEN, FLOWER, Fruit Herb, Tree, Shrub and Evergreen Seeds, with directions for culture, prepaid by mail The most complete and judicious assortment in the country. Agents wanted.
25 sorts of either for $1.00; prepaid by mail.—Also small Fruits, Plants, Bulbs, all the new Potatoes, &c., prepaid by mail, 4 lbs. Early Rose Potato, prepaid, for $1.00. Conover's Colossal Asparagus, $3 per 100; $25 per 1000, prepaid. New hardy fragrant everblooming Japan Honeysuckle, 50 cts. each, prepaid. True Cape Cod Cranberry, for upland or lowland culture, $1.00 per 00, prepaid, with directions. Priced Catalogue to any address, gratis; also trade list.—Seeds on Commission.
B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established in 1842.
Dec. 23, 1869—

NO HUMBUG! NO HUMBUG!!
Christian Inhoff, of Carlisle, has the sole right as Agent for Cumberland County, Pa., for the sale, wholesale, of a new Burning Fluid called KING'S NON-EXPLOSIVE BRILLIANT ILLUMINATING FLUID, which is superior to anything ever introduced, and can supply the trade through the County wholesale. This Fluid is cheaper than Kerosene or any other oil or compound in use, emits no bad odor or smell, and is perfectly harmless. Merchants and all others wishing to see and to test the article will please call at my store, in Carlisle.
Oct. 7, 1869.—tf. CHRISTIAN INHOFF.

10,000 Agents wanted for the Priest and Nun. This most exciting and interesting book, by a popular authoress, is now ready, and those who wish to canvass for it should apply immediately for circular, (with stamp enclosed,) stating territory desired, experience, &c. Agents wanted everywhere for this and other first-class books and engravings, by CRITTENDEN & McKINNEY, 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Oct. 21, 1869—3m

AMERICAN ALE.—The American Ale Brewery, formerly Gebhart's, has been re-opened by C. C. Faber, who is now ready to supply this justly celebrated brand of Ale to Hotels, saloons and Private Families, at low rates. Ale delivered in all parts of Cumberland, Adams or Perry counties. C. C. FABER.
Nv. 18, 1869—6m.

Poetical.

LOVE AND AGE.

[We doubt not that many a heart, covered by the frosts of even sixty winters, will read the following beautiful lines with the emotions of younger years crowding about it; and he who never attempts to read poetry of any kind will be instantly touched when the eye falls upon these lines:]

I played with you, mid cowslips growing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more,
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no cares our days were laden,
They glided joyously along:
And I did love you very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere,
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
O, then I thought my heart was breaking;
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on to wed another;
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row;
My joy in them was past expression;
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron, plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze,
My earthly lot was far more homely,
But I, too, had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearthstone's wintry glow,
That when my youngest child was christened;
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My oldest girl was married,
And now I am a grandsire gray;
One pet of four years old I carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play,
In our fields of childish pleasure,
Where now as then the cowslips blow,
She fills her casket's ample measure—
And this is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder night,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do 'till our last good night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

Miscellaneous.

FAUNTLEROY, THE FORGER.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

What I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account.

My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking firm of Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy and Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the intimation with a kind appearance of interest, and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep on my legs at starting, and that if he found I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that, and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty and generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to connection, and so forth, I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy, telling me to call on him, at the banking house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion, and, on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright, and gay, and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted everybody. The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking house, I can tell you!

'Well, young Towbridge,' says he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, 'so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet? No? Just on the point of beginning, eh? Very good. You will have your difficulties, my friend, and I mean to smooth one of them away from you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear—Bank with us.'

'You are very kind, sir,' I answered, 'and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion, if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid I am afraid I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than three hundred pounds of surplus cash in the world after paying what I must pay before I set up my office, and I should be ashamed to trouble your house, sir, to open an account for such a trifle as that.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' says Mr. Fauntleroy. 'Are *you* a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you like. Stop! I haven't done yet. When you open the amount, speak to the head cashier. Perhaps you will find that he has got something to tell you. There! there! go away—don't interrupt me—good-bye—God bless you!'

That was his way—ah! poor fellow, that was his way.

I went to the head cashier the next morning when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My checks, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily, being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first-rate transaction, which would give me profit and position, and everything I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security beforehand for a large amount.

In this emergency, I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heaps of papers about him, and the same hearty easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon with some little hesitation and nervousness, for I was afraid he might think I was taking an unfair advantage of his former kindness to me.—When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines on it in his rapid way, handed the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking house for the whole amount, and for more, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then, and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime, the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all; but I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on to the later time, and to the discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating.—During this interval, thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset, my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good large offices and a respectable staff of clerks, and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock on a certain Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written, all the people who had appointments with me had been received. I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going home, when one of my clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very important business.

'Did he mention his name?' I inquired.

'No, sir.'

'Did you ask him for it?'

'Yes, sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was.'

'Does he look like a begging letter-writer.

'He spoke sharp and decided, sir, and said it was in your interest that he came, and that you would deeply regret it afterward if you refused to see him.'

'He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then.'

He was shown in immediately; a middling-sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner, dressed in a style of shabby smartness, eyeing me with a bold look, and not so overburdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in. I had never seen him before in my life, and I could not form the slightest conjecture from his appearance toward guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fixing his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradation of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

'Is your name Towbridge?' he began.

'Yes, I answered, dryly enough.

'Do you bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, and Graham?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Answer my question, and you will know.'

'Very well, I *do* bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy and Graham—and what then?'

'Draw out every farthing of balance before the bank closes at five to-day.'

I stared at him in speechless amazement. The words, for an instant, absolutely petrified me.

'Stare as much as you like,' he proceeded coolly, 'I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you again, and look sharp about it.'

'Draw out my money!' I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. 'Are you in your right senses? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first banking houses in the world?—What do you mean—you who are a total stranger to me—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?'

'I have explained myself. Act on my advice or not, just as you like. I've done what I promised, and there's an end of it.'

He turned to the door. The minute hand of th clock was getting on from the twenty minutes to the quarter.

'Done what you promised,' I repeated, getting up to stop him.

'Yes,' he said, with his hand on the lock. 'I have given my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good afternoon.'

He was gone before I could speak again.

I tried to call after him, but my speech suddenly failed me. It was very foolish, it was very unaccountable, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute hand was on the quarter.

My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had had time to think, I am perfectly certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manners of the stranger; the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank, toward which his words pointed; the chance that some underhand attempt was being made, by some enemy of mine, to frighten me into embroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which be was associated as partner—all these considerations would unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have had time for reflection; and, as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on that memorable day.

As it was, I had just time enough to act, and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made at the beginning of the week had so far decreased my balance that the sum to my credit in the banking-book barely reached fifteen hundred pounds.

I snatched up my check book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and ordered one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed.—What impulses urged me on except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the influence of the vague inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had arroused in me, without stopping to analyze my own sensations—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door the clerk had started to the bank, and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover my control over myself until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter, the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank notes and had locked them up in the safe, my better sense seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before and since as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honor and the credit of his house, and that on the word of an absolute stranger, of a vagabond, if ever there was one yet. It was madness—downright madness in any man to have acted as I had done. I could not account for my own inconceivably thoughtless proceeding. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe and looked at the bank notes again. I locked it once more, and flung the key down on the table in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly, telling me in the plainest terms that I had risked depriving myself of my best and kindest friend henceforth and forever.

It was necessary to do something at once toward making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that, as soon as I began to cool down a little, there was but one plain, straight-forward way now left out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and, without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door and asked for him, I was told that he had not been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room.

I sent in my name at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other, and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarrassing and humiliating on my side. Still, I could not go home. I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview, I should have been far more uneasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief the bank porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in.

What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them is more than I can tell now. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was talking about at the time. The one circumstance which I remember clearly is that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man, and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balance by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for anything I knew to the contrary, might, after all, have been only started in jest.

Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent look, which I had observed on his face when I came in, remained on it while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him even to keep up the appearance of listening to me; and when, at last, I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up the hope of getting any further all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few civil commonplace words.

"Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologizing. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more about it, and bring the money back on Monday if you still honor us with your confidence.

He looked down at his papers as if he was anxious to be alone again, and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting sadly enough that I had not yet made my peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on Sunday. He was not there, and his servant could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it now, but to wait till his week-day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning half an hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account as soon as possible after the bank opened.

On entering my office, I stopped with a startled feeling just inside the door.—Something serious had happened. The clerks, instead of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me, they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

'Have you heard the news, sir?' he said.

'No. What is it?'

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale; I felt my knees trembling under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy and Graham had stopped payment.

'The circular has not been issued more than half an hour,' continued my managing clerk. 'I have just come from the bank, sir. The doors are shut; there is no doubt about it. Marsh & Company have stopped this morning.

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew who was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday had taken instant possession of all my thoughts, and his words of warning seemed to be sounding once more in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the bank when not another soul outside the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house, when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft that I had so bitterly reproached myself for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me? and why had he brought it to my ears?

I was still groping, like a man in the dark, for an answer to these two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me—when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first.

While I and my clerks were discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office, and overwhelmed us with the news that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when that fearful news reached me. My fellow merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy's fellow trustees had come up to Lodon to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone into the city to make an appointment with their stock broker for a future day, when their fellow trustees might be able to attend. The stock broker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot, with a view to saving as much time as possible, and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out down to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the document authorizing the selling out was produced; and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's signature, the forged signature of their own names. This happened on Friday, and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded on the Saturday. On the Monday I heard from my friends the particulars which I have just narrated.

But the events of that one morning were not destined to end even yet. I had discovered the failure of the bank and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened in the strangest and the saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or guilt. Before my friends had left my office before I had exhausted the arguments which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me in favor of the prisoner, a note marked "Immediate" was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I looked at it. It was written from the prison by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me when I recognized his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I easily obtained the order, and went to the prison.

The authorities, knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, were afraid of his attempting to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out as they opened his cell door. The other, who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerately affected to be looking out of the window the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head drooping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees when I first caught sight of him. At the sound of my approach he started to his feet, and, without speaking a word, flung both his arms round my neck.

My heart swelled up.

'Tell me it's not true, sir! For God's sake, tell me it's not true,' was all I could say to him.

He never answered—oh me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms round my neck, and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear.

'Did you get your money out?' he whispered. "Were you in time on Saturday afternoon?'

I broke free from him in the astonishment of hearing those words.

'What!' I cried out aloud, forgetting the third person at the window. 'That man who brought the message –'

'Hush!' he said, putting his hand upon my lips. 'There was no better man to be found, after the officers had taken me—I know no more about him than you do—I paid him well, as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of the errand.'

'You sent him, then!'

'I sent him.'

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world by taking on myself the arrangements of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crime he had committed, so I could do him the last little service he was ever to accept at my hands with a good heart and a clear conscience.

I say nothing in defence of his character—nothing in palliation of the offence for which he suffered. But I cannot forget that in the time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to greater intellects than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood toward others and his steadfast truth toward me. It is as certain as that we sit here that one of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this world was the effort he made to preserve me from being a loser by the trust that I had placed in him. There is the secret of my strange tenderness for the memory of a felon; that is why the word villain does somehow still grate on my heart when I hear it associated with his name.

THE GAMESTER'S PALACE.

CROSSING THE GILDED THRESHOLD OF A NEW YORK HELL.

Some years ago a gentleman of wealth, residing in Albany, became involved in domestic difficulties which culminated in a separation. Broken-hearted, wretched, and reckless, Gen. Ransom came to New York, purchased an elegant brown stone mansion adjoining an Episcopal church in one of the fashionable streets up town, and opened a first class gambling establishment. The elegance and liberality of the house led many to predict that its grandeur could be but temporary—that no faro bank could sustain such a palace. All predictions proved false, and to-day Gen. Ransom's gambling house, not one thousand miles from Chamberlain's establishment in 25th street, is one of the most sumptuous and most extensively patronized of any in the United States.

THE BEWILDERED DISPLAY.

The house is 50x150, four stories high, brown stone front, high stoop, and furnished throughout luxuriously. At the ringing of the bell the immense plate glass doors are opened, and a young colored boy appears and ushers you into the drawing-room. A stranger is at once struck with the magnificence of the apartment. The main parlor is a long room, artistically frescoed and elaborately furnished, and carpeted with a velvet medallion. Between the front windows is a long French mirror stretching from ceiling to floor, and on its sides hang heavy blue satin curtains over white lace. Mirrors are hung over the two mantlepieces, which are of solid black walnut hung with blue and gold, and a mirror is inlaid in the back of every door in the entire house.

THE BANQUET.

In the centre of the room is a long black walnut table, where every night at eleven o'clock supper is served—suppers that cannot be bought—suppers that would delight the palate of Epicurus. The steward of the establishment does not hesitate to boast that no other man in the United States can serve the suppers he does, and certainly he should be permitted to indulge in a little egotism. Everybody is welcome, is pressed to sit down and eat as much as he will, free of all expense, whether inclined to gamble or not. There is no obligation—the courteous and handsome proprietor seeming pleased that you enjoy the repast. Two colored servants noiselessly move about with silver trays, and it is a rule of the house that they never accept a fee, the wages they receive being sufficient compensation for their services.—Two great sideboards, loaded with fruits and wine, stand in the room close to the wall. Any one is free to call for liquors and cigars, and to offer money in payment is an insult.

THE GLITTER OF THE BANQUET HALL.

The walls of this banquet hall are frescoed in blue and gold; all the furniture corresponds; the chandeliers are of gold, mounting a dozen globes each, flooding the room with gaslight; and the oil paintings on the wall are valuable. In the parlor there is no evidence of gambling—no tables, fixtures, nor apparatus of any description. The men sit around in easy chairs, read, smoke, and talk.—No singing, whistling, or disorderly conduct is allowed, and at all times the profoundest quiet prevails. Adjoining the parlor is the

FARO BANK.

You enter beneath a beautifully frescoed arch into a large circular room, with an umbrella ceiling, surmounted by a cupola. The walls and ceiling are painted in dark green and gold, the carpet is of green velvet with gold figures, the furniture is of black walnut and green reps, and a gorgeous chandelier is suspended with gold chains from above. A cosy soft coal fire throws a glare of scarlet light upon the rich carpet, and the mantel is ornamented by a large mirror and handsome bronze clock. At the head of the room is a long table, around which are always seated a number of men engaged in the game of faro.

THE DEALER.

A fine-looking man, known South as "Major," sits behind the "green cloth" frequently from eight in the evening until five the next morning. The cards are all of the b st material, and in the faro dealing they are enclosed in a case of solid silver, pushed gently out one by one by the dealer. On the other side of the room stands the roulette table, elegantly mounted in silver. Opposite is the whist, poker, and euchre table, around which throngs continually gather to play or to watch the progress of the various games. The "chips," "counters," &c., are all the best that money can buy, and new packs of cards are called into requisition nightly.

THE PLAYING

is, in gamblers' terms, "on the square," the proprietor priding himself upon his *honorable* and *conscientious* dealings at all times. Large sums of money change hands every night, and $500,000 is the reputed "strength" of the bank. The *habitues* of the elegant establishment are men of all classes. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, artists, generals, and young men about town are frequents of this palace of the gamesters. Even the reverend clergy have been known to gamble here, and a once prominent General of the Union army is a constant visitor and determined gambler. Many of the stylishly dressed men who congregate in front of the Hoffman House during the afternoon, or at Ford's famous bar, under the St. James, are the "friends" of the house.

DURING THE DAY

it is very quiet in and outside the place. The shades are all pulled down, no one goes in or out, and one at first regards the place as the private residence of some retired merchant. Gen. Ransom is very popular, dresses in good taste, wears no diamonds or jewelry, and is on good terms with his brother professionals and associates.—*New York Sun.*

FORTUNATE CONGRESSMEN.

Surprising Instances of Financial Prosperity—Three-Story Bricks and Stone Fronts.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that we have sunk to that low degree in our political system that the question of three story bricks and stone fronts must enter largely into the discussion of the merits of public men. It has recently come up in this city as affecting the probity and integrity of two of Ohio's distinguished and loyal sons, who represent Radical constituencies in the House of Representatives. I had heard in Ohio of General Schenck's $32,000 establishment, but not till I arrived here did I learn that his distinguished colleague, General Garfield, was also rearing a top-loftical pile of brick and stone on one of the fashionable avenues of the Federal city. Nor should I allude to a subject which relates so exclusively to the private business of the "loyal sons" aforesaid, had I not lying within close eye range at the present writing a very interesting and instructive volume containing a full report of the impeachment of a party by the name of Johnson. An example set by the patriots and statesmen who pushed that trial forward with so much zeal and so little discretion must be worthy of all imitation. In that volume will be found every conceivable application of aqua fortis to develope the alloy in A. J.'s moral character; and among the other high-minded expedients will be seen examinations of dry goods bills and bank accounts. Very well. If it was right to investigate the shopping accounts of the President's daughter in hope of finding a peg to hang an impeachment article upon, why may we not make public matter of a three-story brick with a brown stone front, whereof Messrs. Schenck and Garfield stand confessed? I do not assert that these gentlemen are exceptions to the general rule of Congressional economy, by which men are enabled to spend $10,000 a year out of a salary of $5,000, and establish a sinking fund of half a million to retire on at the close of two or four years' service. The wonder is rather that they haven't gone into architectural investments before, now, than that they should be embarking in them at present. There are many in the Third District whose ears are accustomed to Schenck's plea of poverty. In fact his poverty, and not his will, has consented to his remaining in the public service any time these six years. Yet he has found means to make the tour of Europe recently, and now his utter indigence blossoms in $32,000 worth of towering brick. All, as he says, the proceeds of wild lands. Well, there is no telling what sort of euphemism will be invented next, or how soon we shall have to adapt ourselves to a new edition of Webster. I have heard of many incomprehensible designations, but this thing of calling the whiskey ring "wild land," rather beats me. Then there is that amiable and loyal person who represents benighted Ashtabula, and the home of sturdy old Ben. It is yet a question whether his home or Schenck's will be the grander in its majestic proportions. And yet, a few years ago, General Garfield wielded the ferrule in a country college, and administered broken doses of mental philosophy to the plastic minds of rural youth. This, as we all know, is not a lucrative employment. Few men accumulate fortunes at it. It is cultivated, for the most part, on their diet of this world, and the hope of bright reward in that which is to come. But whence the house? A vile copperhead question doubtless, but I again enter the plea of the loyal example set forth in the impeachment trial, wherein it was sought to blacken the character of the President by some mysterious association supposed to exist between the price of a peticoat and the patronage of the Executive. If there is any large amount of indignation at such remarks as are contained in this paragraph, let it be remembered that they come from a disregard, on the part of the Radicals, of the sound advice given by Shakspeare, to "heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself."—*Washington Correspoudence Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Touching Case of Insanity.

A reporter of the Washington *Star* has recently visited the government asylum for the insane, and among other incidents of his visit, gives the following:

A lady of rather graceful figure was hitting the billiard balls with considerable brilliancy. We thought she might be an attendant, but she proved to be a "patient." The only sign of insanity was a fluttering restlessness which kept her constantly in motion. She showed cultivation and intelligence, and seemed to feel it her duty to extend to us the courtesies of the ward. She took us to see her birds, her plants and an immense number of pretty knicknacks she had worked with needle and scissors, among st them a drawer full of beautiful cornucopias she had prepared for the Christmas festivities. Her history is rather romatic and touching. In her youth she was a Philadelphia beauty.

A derangement of mind followed upon some illness and she was sent to an insane asylum, was cured to all appearances, at least in the opinion of a young physician who attended at the hospital, who fell in love with her, and married her. But soon after marriage the taint of insanity again showed itself. Again and again she went to the hospital, and again and again returned home apparently cured. She was aware when the attacks were coming on, and with the same heroism and devotion shown so touchingly by Mary Lamb, the sister of Charles Lamb, was accustomed to take fearful leave of those dear to her, and voluntarily make her way to the asylum. In this way she is at the government asylum, and stays there cheerfully and contentedly as the best place of the kind she has been in.

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JOB PRINTING.
CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of JOB and CARD Printing.

ON THE RACCOON.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The Raccoon iz a resident ov the United States ov America; he emigrated tew this country soon after its diskovery by Columbus, and nothing but his claws tew get a living with.

He is one ov them kind ov persons whoze hide iz worth more than all the rest of him.

He resides among the heavy timber, and cultivates the corn fields and nabring garden sass for sustenance, and understands his bizziness.

His family consists ov a wife and three children, who live with him on the inside ov a tree.

He can always be found at home during the day, reddy tew receive calls, but hiz nights are devoted tew looking after his own affairs.

He dresses in soft fur, and hiz tail which iz round, haz rings on it.

These rings are ov the same material that the tail iz, and are worn on al occasions.

During the winter he ties himself up into a hard knot and lays down by his fireside.

When spring opens, he opens, and goes out tew see how the chickens have wintered.

His life is az free from labor az a new penny, and if it wasn't for the dogs and the rest ov mankind, the raccoon would find what everybody else haz lost a heaven upon earth.

But the dogs tree him and the men skin him, and what there is left ov him ain't worth a cent.

He is not a natural vagabond like the hedgehog and the alligator, but luvs to be civilized and liv among folks; but he has one vice that the smartest missionary on earth can't redeem, and that iz the art ov stealing.

He is seckond only to the crow in petit larceny, and will steal what he kant eat nor hide.

He will tip over a barrel ov apple sass just for the fun ov mauling the sass with his feet, and will pull out the plug ov the molasis, not because he luvs sugar enny better than he does young duck, but jist tew see if the molassis haz got a good daub.

I hev studdied animal deviltry for 18 years, bekause the more deviltry in animal, the more human he iz.

I can't find by searching the passenger list that Noah had a coon on board, but I am willing to bet 10 pound of mutton sassage that mister coon and hiz wife commuted by stealing a ride.

I never knu a raccoon tew want ennything long that he could steal quick.

Enneybody, who haz ever looked a coon right square in the face, will bet yu a dollar that he is a dead beat, or under five hundred dollar bonds, not tew go into bizness for the next ninety days.

I hev had tame coons by the dozen, they are az eazy to tame as a child, if yu take them young enuff, but I kan't advise ennybody to cultivate coons, they want az much look-after az a blind mule on a tow path, and there ain't enny more profit in them than thar iz in a stock dividend on the Erie Rail road.

I never was out ov a pet animal since I kan remember till now, but I hev gon out ov the trade forever; lately I discovered that it was a good deal like making a whissel out of a kats tale, ruining a comfortable tale and reaping a mean whistle.

Raccoons liv tew be 65 years old, if they miss the society of men and dogs enuff, but thare ain't but few ov them die ov old age; the northwestern fur company are the great undertakers of the coon family.

A Desperate Affray.

A desperate character named Cooper, who had been whipped by a party of regulators in Pulaski county, kentucky, caused the arrest of some of his neighbors, whom he accused of administering his chastisement. Last Saturday morning was fixed for his trial, and Cooper and his friends entered Somerset the county seat, armed to the teeth. Here the accused parties numbering twenty, and Cooper and his confederates equally strong, entered into a quarrel, which culminated in a regular pitched battle. One hundred and fifty shots were fired, resulting in the killing of three men named Todd, Daulton and William Pleasants, and mortally wounding one James Pleasants. The fight was abated by mutual consent, both parties being out of ammunition. A short time after, each party having recruits, its forces were about to re-enter the town, but armed citizens warned them off.

A LITTLE GIRL BURIED ALIVE.—*The Discovery Made too Late.*—About four weeks ago a little German girl in Brooklyn took sick with the lock-jaw, and rumor says that in a few days she was thought dead and was buried. On the evening of her burial, the mother, for some reason, was led to the grave, and with her ear pressed to the ground, thought she heard a noise and believing her child to be moving in its coffin. She withheld from asking assistance for fear of being ridiculed, and immediately procured a spade and began to dig up the earth. Soon she came to the coffin, and hurriedly taking it from the earth opened it, and there found the body of her child, nine hours after its burial, as warm as if it were living, and lying on its side. She took the child to her house, where a physician was immediately called in and every restorative applied to bring the child to life. It was too late. The soul had taken its flight, and in a few hours more the body was cold and icy. It was soon buried again, and has not since been disturbed. This report is common talk among the citizens of the West Side, and the story as above related is well known to a great many reliable persons residing on Detroit street and in Brooklyn.—*Cleveland (O.) Leader*,

☞ John J. Eckel, who was a boarder with Mrs. Cunningham-Burdell when the celebrated murder was committed at No. 31 Bond street, New York, died at Albany recently, and it is reported that Mrs. Cunningham and her daughter were present at the deathbed of their former boarder. Just before dying Eckel made a confession or statement, in which he denied any connection with the Curdell murder, and that he did not know who committed it. On the night of the murder he said he entered the house about 11 o'clock. Mrs. Cunningham met him in the lower hall, and appeared confused and excited. She preceded him up stairs, and closed the door of the room occupied by Dr. Burdell. She then accompanied him to the door of his own room, locked the door, and retired to bed. He said he was entirely ignorant of the murder until after the discovery of the body. Eckel was an attendant of the Presbyterian Church, but the ministers of that denomination declined to perform the rites of the Church either before or after his death.

☞ A darkey returning from church was asked to give an account of the sermon. 'Well sah, de sermon was upon de miracle ob de loaves and fishes. De minister said how der was seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes devided 'tween de twelve 'postles.' 'Well what miracle was there about that?' 'Why, sah, de miracle was dat dey didn't bust.'

☞ 'WAITER,' said a fastidious gentleman, exhibiting a singular-looking object on the soup-ladle, 'Waiter, do you know what that is, sir?' 'That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often find them in soup, sir. No extra charge, sir?'