Lebanon Advertiser.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 13—NO. 25. LEBANON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1861. WHOLE NO. 647.

Job Printing:

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly and Promptly Executed, at the
ADVERTISER OFFICE, LEBANON, PENN'A

This establishment is now supplied with an extensive assortment of JOB TYPE, which will be increased as the patronage demands. It can now turn out PRINTING, of every description, in a neat and expeditious manner—and on very reasonable terms. Such as

Pamphlets, Checks,
Business Cards, Handbills,
Circulars, Labels,
Bill Headings, Blanks,
Programmes, Bills of Fare,
Invitations, Tickets, &c., &c.

☞ DEEDS of all kinds, Common and Judgment BONDS. School, Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, printed correctly and neatly on the best paper, constantly kept for sale at this office, at prices "to suit the times."

*** Subscription price of the LEBANON ADVERTISER One Dollar and a Half a Year.

Address, WM. M. BRESLIN, Lebanon, Pa.

Out-Lots at Private Sale!

WILL be sold at Private Sale,

8 ACRES OF LAND,

situated in Long Lane, near the borough line, in Cornwall township. It adjoins the land of Widow Palmer, on the North, Wm. Atkins and John Krause on the East. There is a one story LOG HOUSE, weather boarded, erected on the land, and a good WELL in the garden.—The land has fine stones for quarries. This tract will make a nice home for a small family.

☞ It is free from Ground Rent. Good title will be given. ADAM RITCHER.

N. B.—This tract is now covered with fine grass, half of which will be given to the purchaser.

Lebanon, June 13, 1860.

A RARE CHANCE.

J. H. KEIM offers his well known PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT for sale. Thorough instructions will be given to any one purchasing not acquainted with the business. For particulars call at his rooms, in A. Rise's building. [Lebanon, March 20 '61–3m.

Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers at private sale all that certain farm or tract of land, situate partly in Pinegrove township, Schuylkill county, and partly in Bethel township, Lebanon county, bounded by lands of Eckert and Guilford, Benjamin Ayerigg, Daniel Doubert and others, containing one hundred and forty-eight acres and a quarter, with the appurtenances, consisting of a two story log dwelling house, (weather boarded) a 1½ story log dwelling house, a new bank barn, other out-buildings, and a new water power saw mill. For terms, &c., which will be easy, Apply to

G. W. MATCHIN, Agent.

Pinegrove, April 20, 1859.–tf.

National House.

NORTH E. CORNER of Plank road and Guilford Streets
NORTH LEBANON, PENN'A.

TO THE PUBLIC.

HO! all ye thirsty come and drink, for nice cool mineral water, the choicest vintage, and the purest malt liquors grace my bar. And ye hungry come and eat, as the table is loaded with the most substantial fare, and the richest delicacies of the season crown my board—Come man and beast; my house is always open to the stranger and the friend, and for animals the best of provender, fine stabling, and attentive hostlers, are ever ready at my stables.

Yours, Respectfully,

North Lebanon, Sept. 14, 1859. HENRY BOLTZ.

Town Lots at Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his fine 3 ACRE LOT OF GROUND, on the old Forge road, near the Quittapahilla, in this borough. There is no handsomer lot in this locality than this one. It will be sold to suit the times. Payments easy. Apply to

Lebanon, Sept. 25, '60 SAMUEL HARBESON.

Books and Stationery Emporium,

AND

TEACHERS' HEADQUARTERS!

GEORGE WALTZ,

HAS REMOVED

Has removed his Book Store to Market Square, Lebanon, WHERE may be had, on reasonable terms a general assortment of SCHOOL, SUNDAY SCHOOL, THEOLOGICAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS of every description.

Copy-Books, Cypherling Books, leather and paper bound Pass Books, and every variety of STATIONERY, &c., wholesale and retail.

WINDOW SHADES.

A large of variety Plain, Fancy, Buff, Green, Gilt, &c.

PAPER SHADES.

Neat Patterns, Plain, Green, Blue and Gilt. Also the latest and simplest

STYLES OF FIXTURES.

☞ CALL AND EXAMINE. ☜

Lebanon, September 27, 1860.

ABM. SHERK. JONA. GESSAMAN. D. S. LONG.

A New Firm.

Cheap Cash Store, and Milling and Grain Business.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership in the MERCANTILE, MILLING AND GRAIN BUSINESS, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to their establishments. They will continue to keep, at the late stand of SHERK & LONG, a most complete stock of all kinds of GOODS usually kept in a country store, which they will retail Cheap for CASH, or COUNTRY PRODUCE. They also want to buy for cash

50,000 Bushels of WHEAT,
30,000 Bushels of RYE,
20,000 Bushels of CORN,
25,000 Bushels of OATS.

For which they will pay the highest Market Prices.—They will also take GRAIN on STORAGE. The will keep always on hand and sell at the lowest prices, COAL, by the Boat Load or by the Ton; all kinds of MILL FEED, SALT, PLASTER, &c.

☞ They solicit the business of all their old friends and the public, and will endeavor to deal on such liberal and just principles as will give satisfaction to all.

SHERK, GESSAMAN & LONG.

North Lebanon, March 13, 1861.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

HELLO, Betsy, where are you going that you are dressed up so?

Ans.—I am going to J. H. KEIM in Adam Rise's Building to have my Likeness taken.

Ques.—Why do you go to Keim and not to one of the other rooms to have it taken?

Ans.—Because Keim's Pictures are sharper, clearer and more truthful than others and nearly everybody goes to him.

Ques.—Can you tell me why his pictures are superior to others?

Ans.—Yes! he has 9 years practice, and has superior Cameras, and all his other fixturer are of the most improved kind.

Ques.—What kind of Pictures does he take?

Ans.—He takes Ambrotypes, and Melainotypes, of all sizes and superior finish; and Photographs, from the smallest up to Life Size, Plain and Colored in Oil. He takes all sizes Photographs from Daguerreotypes of deceased persons and has them colored life like, by one of the best Artists. His charges are reasonable and his rooms are open every day (except sunday) from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 6, P. M. Don't forget, KEIM'S ROOMS is the place you can get the Best Pictures. [July 3, 1861.

CLOCKS.
Thirty Day,
Eight Day,
Thirty Hour,
CLOCKS,
Just Received at
J. J. BLAIR'S Jewelry Store,
Lebanon Pa.

July 3, 1861.

CHEAP STORE
OF
RAUCH & LIGHT.

At the Corner of Cumberland Street and Plank Road,
LEBANON, PA.

MESSRS. RAUCH & LIGHT take pleasure in informing their friends and the public generally that they have just opened a large and carefully selected assortment of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES.
QUEENSWARE, &c.,

to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public. Their

DRY GOODS,

have all been selected with the greatest care from the largest Importing Houses in Philadelphia.

GROCERIES,

A large stock of cheap Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Chocolate, and all kinds of Spices. Also, a large assortment of

QUEENSWARE,

among which are the newest patterns, together with almost an endless variety of Goods in their line of business, which will be sold very cheap for cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange.

BAGS! BAGS!! BAGS!!!

The attention of Millers and Farmers is directed to their large stock of BAGS, which they will sell at wholesale prices.

October 17, 1860.] RAUCH & LIGHT.

GRANT WEIDMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office in Cumberland street, in the office of his father, Gen. John Weidmann.

Lebanon, August 28, 1861.

J. H. BOWMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, has REMOVED his office to Funck's New Building, (second story,) Cumberland street, Lebanon, Pa.

Lebanon, April 6, 1859.

CYRUS P. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—Office in Walnut street, nearly opposite the Buck Hotel, and two doors south from Karmany's Hardware store.

Lebanon, March 23, 1861.–1y.

PHOTOGRAPHY,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

EXECUTED in the best style known in the art, at C. G CRANE'S GALLERY,
532 Arch Street, East of Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.

Life Size in Oil and Pastil,
STEREOSCOPIC PORTRAITS,
AMBROTYPES, DAGUEREOTYPES, &c.

For Cases, Medallions, Pins, Rings, &c.

June 26, 1860.

SUN UMBRELLAS, Parasols, rich and fine; Skeleton Skirts, Dusters, Shawls, and a variety of other goods for ladies, just received and for sale cheaper than the cheapest by HENRY & STINE.

George Hoffman's

LEBANON COUNTY

TRANSPORTATION LINE.

By Lebanon Valley Railroad.

PARTICULAR attention will be paid to Goods shipped by the Lebanon Valley Railroad. Goods will be sent daily to and from Philadelphia to Lebanon, Myerstown and Annville Stations, and all other points in the County.

FREIGHTS contracted for at the least possible rates and delivered with dispatch.

The Proprietor will pay particular attention to, and attend personally, to the receiving and delivery of all Freights.

For information, apply at his Office at the Lebanon Valley Railroad Depot, Lebanon.

EDWARD MARK, his Agent in Philadelphia, will always be found at *W. H. Bush's Merchant's Hotel, North Third st., Philadelphia.*

July 11, '60.] GEO. HOFFMAN.

WALTER'S MILL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has entirely rebuilt the Mill on the little Swatara, formerly known as "Straw's" and later as "Wengert's," about one-fourth of a mile from Jonestown, Lebanon county, Pa.; that he has it in complete running order, and is prepared to [illegible] customers regularly with a very superior article of

FLOUR,

as cheap as it can be obtained from any other source.—He keeps also on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices CHOP, BRAN, SHORTS, &c. He is also prepared to do all kinds of CUSTOMERS' WORK, for Farmers and others, at the very shortest possible notice and invites all to give him a call. The machinery of the Mill is entirely new and of the latest and most improved kind. By strict attention to business and fair dealing he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, &c., bought, for which the highest Lebanon Market prices will be paid. FRANKLIN WALTER.

May 8, 1861.

Winchester's HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF

Consumption, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Marasmus, Loss of Appetite, Neuralgia, Female Complaints, and all Disorders of the Nervous and Blood Systems.

This Remedy has obtained a great reputation for most EXTRAORDINARY CURES IN ALL STAGES OF CONSUMPTION. It is recommended by many thousand Physicians in the United States and Europe—having been used with RESULTS UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF MEDICINE.

The *Hypophosphites* have a two-fold and *specific* action; on the one hand, increasing the principle which CONSTITUTES NERVOUS ENERGY, and on the other, being the MOST POWERFUL BLOOD GENERATING AGENTS KNOWN. In cases of *Nervous Debility*, or *Prostration of the Vital Powers*, from any cause, this Remedy has no superior.

"Winchester's Genuine Preparation"

Is the only reliable form of the HYPOPHOSPHITES, made after the Original Formula of Dr. Churchill.

☞ INQUIRE FOR AND USE NO OTHER!

☞ A FAIR TRIAL IS A CERTAIN CURE! ☜

☞ PRICES.—In 7 oz. Bottles, $1.—Six Bottles for $5. In 16 oz. Bottles, $2.—Three for $5. Circulars gratis. *Sold by all respectable Druggists*, and at the Sole General Depot in the United States, by

J. WINCHESTER, 36 John St., N. Y.

THE SPECIFIC PILL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR

Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, and Genital Irritability in either Sex.

This Malady, the terrible consequences of which are too well known to require more than a bare allusion to them, is one of the most insidious, and therefore dangerous, of all the long catalogue of human ills. It saps the very springs of Life, rapidly undermines the constitution, and sinks the unhappy victim into imbecility and a premature grave! From one to six boxes of the SPECIFIC PILL are generally sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the most aggravated cases, whether CONSTITUTIONAL, or arising from ABUSE or EXCESSES.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

"We believe it to be, in the treatment of *Spermatorrhea*, as near a Specific as any medicine can be."—B. KEITH, M. D. [Am. Jour. of Medical Science.

"I have found them all that could be desired. Their effect has been truly wonderful. I used them in case of Spermatorrhea of long standing which has been under treatment for years. I think three boxes will complete the cure."—E. P. DICKEE, M. D.

☞ This is not a Homœpathic Remedy, nor is there any mercury or other deleterious ingredient combined with it.

PRICE:—$1 per Box. Six Boxes for $5, by Mail, prepaid. For sale by all respectable Druggists, and at the Sole General Depot in the United States, by

J. WINCHESTER, 36 John St., N. Y.

October 9, 1861.–1y.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

S. S. RAMSAY & BRO., in Funck's building, corner of Cumberland street and Don alley, have on hand and for sale, either by the yard or made to order, a large lot of

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES, and
VESTINGS,

well selected from Good Houses. Good Fits and substantial making guaranteed to all. Also Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Fancy and Plain Linen Shirts, Under Shirts and Drawers.

S. S. RAMSEY & BRO.

Lebanon, August 8, 1861.

Fancy Furs! Fancy Furs!!

JOHN FAREIRA, 718 ARCH St.eet, between 7th and 8th Sts., (late of 818 Market St.,) Philadelphia, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF, and DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF FANCY FURS, *for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wear.*

Having now manufactured and in store my usual large and beautiful assortment of all the various styles and qualities of Furs, adapted to the coming Fall and Winter Seasons. I would respectfully invite an examination of my stock and prices from those intending to purchase, as I am enabled to offer them very desirable inducements.

All my Furs have been purchased for cash, and made by experienced and competent hands, and as the present momentary troubles render it necessary that I should dispose of my goods at very small advance on cost,

I am satisfied that it will be to the interests of those who design purchasing, to give me a call.

☞ Recollect, the name, number and street: John Fareira, (New Fur Store,) 718 Arch Street, Philad'a.

September 11, 1861–5m.

TAKE NOTICE.

BUILDERS will do well by calling on J. H. BRESSLER Agent, as he is prepared to do all kinds of TIN-ROOFING, SPOUTING and JOB WORK generally, at the very lowest prices. He also has on hand a large and good assortment of all kinds of TIN WARE, and all of the most improved Gas Burning COOK STOVES and PARLOR STOVES. Also, all the different and latest improved RANGES AND HEATERS, of all kinds. He also keeps constantly on hand a large stock of all kinds of ROOFING, SLATE, which he offers at less price than they can be bought of any other slatemen in the county.

☞ WARE-ROOMS—One door East of the Lebanon Valley Bank, Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa.

Lebanon, January 9, 1861.

Fashionable Tailoring!

REMOVAL.

MICHAEL HOFFMAN would respectfully inform the Citizens of Lebanon, that he has REMOVED his TAILORING Business to Cumberland Street, two doors East of Market Street, and opposite the Eagle Hotel, where all persons who wish garments made up in the most fashionable style and best manner, are invited to call.

TO TAILORS!—Just received and for sale the N. York and Philadelphia Report of Spring & Summer Fashions. Tailors wishing the Fashions should let the subscriber know of the fact, so that he can make his arrangements accordingly. MICHAEL HOFFMAN.

Lebanon, April 10, 1861.

WOOD and COAL YARD.

I THE undersigned, having bought Mr. Henry Spoon's Wood and Coal Yard, a short distance north-east of Messrs. Foster & Mutch's Foundry, in the borough of North Lebanon; and also bought from 200 to 300 CORDS OF WOOD and from 600 to 1000 TONS OF COAL, of all kinds and grades, which I will sell at the yard or deliver at as small profits as will suit the times. I therefore invite all those that are in want of any of those articles to call and see the same, ascertain prices, and judge for themselves. DANIEL LIGHT, (merchant.)

North Lebanon, July 3, 1861.

HENRY & STINE are daily receiving fashionable Dress Goods, such as Gazelles, Mozambiques, Modenas, Lawns, Lavelles of all kinds for traveling dresses; Silk Challys, Silk Tissues, Crape De Spangs, Ginghams and Grey Dress Goods of every description, offered at unusually low prices by HENRY & STINE.

☞ All the above goods offered at very low prices.

Miscellaneous.

AN ENGLISH

DETECTIVE'S STORY.

A SEARCH FOR A CRIMINAL IN AMERICA.

Being off of duty for the time, and the evening close and sultry, I was just settling myself in the open window of my lodgings, to smoke a quiet pipe, when another member of the force came to tell me that I was wanted by the superintendent. I went at once as required.

"Banks," said the superintendent to me, when I was in his room, and the door shut, "we have got a clue at last towards finding that man Jennings."

"Indeed, sir, I am glad to hear you say so," answered I, and I spoke the truth. Uncommonly glad I was, for our profession, like the rest, has its pride about it, and we had been a good deal twitted in the newspapers for not having succeeded, during seven months of fruitless search in securing that particular criminal. A shy fellow was that Jennings. His doubles and twists had baffled some of the deapest heads in the police, and although we had often come upon his hiding place just after he had left it, we never could lay hands on him.—He was not a common offender. Well educated, and born in a very respectable station in life, he might have done well, and made an honest fortune, if he could but have kept straight. He was clever and a first-rate accountant, and got the post of cashier to the —— Bank, while still quite a young man. I need hardly repeat his story—how ne forged, and figures in pass books, and played ducks and drakes with the floating balance of his employers. It is a common narrative. He went off at last, just when detection grew certain, and carried with him nineteen thousand pounds, besides valuable papers and securities for a large amount. Every exertion was made, no expense was spared, and many times we seemed sure of him as he prowled up and down the country in various disguises; but at last the scent grew colder and colder, and we feared Jennings had given us the slip for good and all. Five months had elapsed since the last time he had been seen or heard of, and we had given up the job as hopeless, when the superintendent sent for me, and gave me the above information.

"Yes," said my superior, rubbing his hands together, as was his way when he was thoughtful, "we have got a clue to him at last. But he is a long way off—out of our reach, perhaps. He is in America."

This did not surprise me in the least. The number of rogues that I have had, professionally, to hunt down, and who were on their way to America, or starting to go to America, or making up their minds to go to America, would astonish you. Why, when we hear of a runaway criminal, the first thing we think of is Liverpool and the line of packets.

"Banks," went on the superintendent, "I intend to send you after him. But I doubt very much whether you will be able to track him out, much less to bring him and the property back to England with you."

"I've very little fear about the matter, sir, if I can but come up with him." I answered cheerfully enough; for, you see, during the seven years I had been in my present department of the force, I had been on similar errands three times—twice to America, and once to France, and had been successful on all occasions. Not that I am not a bit more expert than my comrades, nor perhaps equal to some that I could name, but that an offender can be generally traced out, if a man will but give his whole heart to the work.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "but I need not tell that this Jennings is a slippery customer, and too wide awake to fall into the errors of ordinary scoundrels. You won't find *him* drinking at the bar of a Bowery tavern, nor get lodging at a water side hotel in New York. You took your first man in New York that way, did you not, Banks?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"And your second at Philadelphia, where you had an easy bargain of him. But this is a rather matter. Jennings has gone to the South, Banks?"

"I am ready to follow him, sir," said I. So, after some more necessary talk, the superintendent gave me the information that had come to the ears of the government, and my instructions and money to defray expenses, besides telling me where and how to draw for more, and handing me a warrant to apprehend the body of Caleb Jennings, properly signed by the Secretary of State. Some more help was afforded me by a photographic portrait of the runaway which had been procured with great difficulty, and only a very little before, from the artist who had kept a copy as usual. Perhaps, if we had had the photograph to assist us half a year back, we might have circumvented him, for we heard afterwards that he had twice seen and spoken with our officers, who took him for somebody else.

"Well, good luck to you, Banks," said the superintendent at parting; "and if you wanted, which I don't believe, any further inducement to do your best in forwarding this important capture, I am in a position to supply it. The commissioner especially selected you for this duty; adding, that in the event of success, you might expect your immediate promotion to be inspector. Now, good-bye, and don't fail to bring Jennings back with you."

So I went. I did not disguise from myself, as I steamed over to New York, that a difficult business lay before me. My two former trips across the Atlantic, although they only gave me a sight of two Northern cities, had taught me that America differed from England by long chalks, and that there was still less likeness between North and South than between the Old Country and the New. I cannot pretend to much book knowledge, though I improve my mind when I have a chance, but I had talked to Americans a good deal, and read many of their newspapers, and kept eyes and ears open; and I knew pretty well that, down South, the law was less respected than elsewhere, that duels and street rows, and stabbings, and gougings, and shootings, were only too plenty, and human life valued at a very low figure; and that showed the cunning of Jennings in taking his precious self and his ill-gotten cash down South, instead of staying, as all the uneducated scamps did, among the whisky shops and fourth rate boarding houses of the seaports. *He* knew, Jennings did, how much tougher would be the work of any officer to ferret him out, and bring him back, if he were to put thousands of miles of rail and river, and unhealthy climates, and lawless places, betwixt him and the usual landing place for passengers from England. Besides, in the Slave States, where people's tempers are hot and peppery, the odds were fifty to one that a Britisher would never be suffered to make a capture. It would be resented as an insult to the States, and I should be likely to get a leaden pill administered to me by some native boon-companion of the forger. I did not lose heart when I thought over all this, but I determined I would be cautious, and not burn my fingers if I could help it. I went from New York to Norfolk, in Virginia, not that it was believed the man was there, because he had been heard of in Nashville, Tennesee, at a later date, but because it was better to track him regularly, and rake up every scrap of information against a rainy day. This is indeed a maxim of profession, never to neglect trifles. Nothing *is* a trifle to those who have patience and wit to use it. I've known an old button, a torn envelope, a worn out slipper, serve to bring a rogue to justice when all else had failed.

From Norfolk, having picked up what little I could, I went off into Tennessee, to Nashville town. Well, Jennings had been there. Not under his own name: he was not such a greenhorn as that. At Norfolk he had been called Mr. Smith, and at Nashville he was Captain Williams. These changes of name would have thrown me clear off of the scent, but for the portrait. I showed the photograph to a negro waiter at one of the principal hotels, and says he:—

"Dat's Massa Cap. Williams."

This black remembered Williams, or rather Jennings, because he had won a lot of dollars at billiards, and chucked Pompey a five dollar piece out of his winnings. But though I heard of his destination, and made out that he had gone west to Little Rock, in Arkansas State, I was less lucky when I followed him there I was six days in Little Rock before I could hear the least word of news about him; and as I do not want to make myself out a cleverer person than what I am, nor a more knowing one, I freely own that I found myself thoroughly out in my estimate of the difficulties of my search. You see, I had heard the Yankees were very inquisitive, never at rest till they had wormed out a stranger's business; and quite true, so they are; but they forget almost as quick as they learn, seeing they have no real interest in the matter, but just ask questions because it is their habit, and talk they must. So it came about, that when, in any American city or village, I went high and low to trace out my shy customer, the work was like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack.

Often and often did I sigh to be in one of those nice little market towns at home in England, where the dogs sleep all day on the pavements, and the tradesmen look at one another over the half doors of their shops.—Those are the places in which to inquire about a man in hiding. A stranger can't go into them without setting 50 tongues gossipping; house-maids cleaning door steps, shop-boys and their masters, nurses, children, old ladies, boys and men lounging at corners, all remark the strange face. But in America, with all the curiosity of the American people, so many thousand queer persons come and go, that they pass out of sight and out of memory at once, and especially is this the case in the West and South, and a pretty source of trouble it proved to me.

Six days I wasted in Little Rock, and then, after all, it was the stoker of a steamboat from whom I gleaned fresh news. This man had come up from the river side to see his sweetheart and he reported Jennings to be living under his own name at Memphis in the Columbian Hotel. I suppose the rascal thought, after taking so many aliases, his own name was as safe as any other for a bit. However, quick as I was in hurrying to Memphis, I found that Jennings was gone; indeed, the landlord had forgotten his personal appearance, and could only say that he was tallish and dark, which he was; but as for his being the original of the portrait, he could not say, nor could the waiters, though the bar-keeper was ready to swear to it. Off I went right up the river to Cincinnati, in pursuit of Jennings. At Cincinnati, I lost him again, then I saw his name accidentally in a steamboat office; went after him to Chicago, and then to Buffalo, and then to London, Canada West; and the end of my wild goose chase was, that just as I felt sure of victory, I came up with this Jennings, but he was not my Jennings. He turned out to be a corn dealer, an honest townsman of London, Canada West, two inches taller than the absconded cashier, and no more like him than I was. Here was a blow to my hopes. I was fairly at my wits' end. I had to draw for money and had nothing to show for what I had spent, but the fact of my having traveled over an immensity of land and water. I declare I could have cried with vexation, as I turned from the corn dealer's door. Nor was my sorrow, I assure you, all selfish. Of course, I knew my reputation was at stake, and my promotion to an inspectorship too; but that was not all: we detectives have a real pride and pleasure in being, in a sense, the protectors and helpers of the honest part of the community, and I hate a rogue to get off scot free—it does so encourage other rogues.

At New Orleans, I found a letter from the superintendent, bidding me keep a good heart, and never slacken my endeavors; for the joint stock company that had been defrauded were most anxious and resolute to spend anything to effect the arrest of their treacherous servant. It was not merely out of revenge, not yet for the nineteen thousand pounds, though that is a vast amount of money; but there were papers among those he had gone off with that had been merely deposited with the bank, title-deeds, of estates, vouchers, and what not, and no cost was too great to get them back. The superintendent would send another officer to help me, if I chose. I didn't choose. After all this baffling and winding, tho't I, I will run my fox to earth, if I grow gray in searching for him. If he is in America, I'll find him. Indeed, I tried very hard to do so. I spent months in the chase, and to recount all my wanderings would be tedious. Here I got a clue, and I followed it for a time, and then it broke short off. And at another place I would get a fancied inkling of my man's whereabouts, and find out somebody who was evidently in hiding, and get within arm's length of the person, and find him a suspicious-eyed, slinking stranger. Bless you! Jennings was not the only rogue hiding himself in the South. And now New Orleans, which had been deserted ever since summer brought the yellow fever, began to be full to overflowing.—I went there, now that the healthy cold wind,—the nother as they call it—had taken to blowing, and the people were crowding in for their winter's gaiety. I had a notion Jennings might be there; there were so many as bad as he, and worse, and I knew New Orleans attracted all the scamps in the country; but though I believe I went into every bar and billiard room, and cafe and gambling-house in that profligate city, never a glimpse of Jennings could I get. He had been a wild fellow in England—on the sly, of course; for he was a finished hypocrite, and his masters had thought such a pious, modest, industrious young man didn't live as their model cashier. This was why I looked for him in the haunts of gay folks. But I did not see him, could not hear of him, and began to despair. I was at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, by mere accident. I had been up to St. Louis in consequence of quite false information, and, on my return from that idle errand, the boat had run aground two miles above Vicksburg. Nobody was the worse except for the delay; and we all had to sleep at that place as the best we might. Knowing the tastes of Jennings, I always went to flash first-chop hotels, as the likeliest wherein to hear of him; but on this day I found the chief establishment crowded and went to a decayed second-rate hotel, kept by a snuffy old French creole. It was evening, and though the American called it cool, I found it warm enough to make it pleasant to sit by an open window in the big dining saloon, where I could enjoy my brandy cobler and cigar in peace.

Most luckily, there was a big screen of stamped and gilded Spanish leather which cut my slice of the room off from the rest, and shut me up as completely as if I had been in a box of one of our own old taverns in the city of London. I had got but half-way through my glass of delicious iced-beverage—and why they are not as common at home I do not know—when in came two young men, and sat down at a distant table, and called for refreshments, which the black waiter brought them. I took a peep at them through the screen. I had never seen them before. But from what they said I guessed them to be overseers of plantations somewhere up the country; or one might have been an overseer, and the other a bookkeeper. Believing themselves to be alone, they began to talk very freely. They talked of New Orleans, and gambling, and duels, and conquests over the fair sex, and the like profitable discourse, and then of negroes, crops, and cotton, till I nearly dropped asleep. And yet I listened. You see I made it my duty to listen, for, who knows! queer things do come out sometimes. At last one young fellow began to rally the other about his being smitten' with a certain Miss Linwood, the daughter of a planter, which the other laughingly denied—"Kate Linwood is pretty enough," said he; "but if little Kitty cares for anybody, it's for Harvey Vaughan."

"What! that naval fellow—second lieutenant of the *Vesputius* frigate, ain't he?" yawned the other.

"Yes" said the overseer. "A good looking chap enough, and no nonsense about him; but he'll find himself cut out when he returns from his cruise. Old Linwood swears his daughter shall take that new overseer of his, for better for worse, tho' the girl hates the skunk; and quite right too."

"Is that the fellow," asked the other, "that Linwood hired when Bill Brown cut the place?"

"The idential individual," was the answer. "He's flush of the rhino, it seems, and has lent old Linwood no end of dollars on mortgage. A precious ass he must be, for the Lesmoines plantation is worn out, and every nigger worth a cent has been sold at New Orleans. But perhaps the scamps did it to buy pretty Kate."

"What's his name? A Canadian ain't he?"

"He says his name's Duff, and hails from Canada; but to my mind, he has the cut of a Britisher born—a darn, slim chap, that shows his teeth, when he smiles, in the funniest way possible, just like a dog grinning."

"By Jews," thought I; "that's my man!"

Of the importance of my recent discovery, I had very little doubt. To be sure, it might turn out to be moonshine, like the story of the Canada corn dealer who had led me such a dance through the northwest, but I felt pretty sure this Duff, this rich overseer, was no other than the runaway cashier. And very sharp o Jennings too, very sharp and clever; to adopt a regular calling, and a calling so popular in the South as that of the overseer, was a stroke of which a great many poor rogues would have been incapable. But to get a hold on his insolvent employer, marry the daughter of the house, and become a landholder in due time, allied to a respectable family—that was about the most prudent thing he could have done. How could he guess I should ever be siting in the hotel at Vicksburg, listening to the talk of those lads? It was by mere accident the boat grounded, by mere accident that the other houses were filled, and yet see how it checkmates all his excellent precautions!

When the young men were gone, I slipped out, and made inquiries, in a guarded way. Lesmoines plantation and Mr. Linwood. First, one couldn't tell me; then another thought the estate was down stream a hundred miles; next, I was roundly asked what I wanted to know for, and whether I was a tarnation thief of an abolition spy, wanting to steal away niggers. But I pretended I was traveling for a Manchester house, and had some book debts to look up. I heard at length that the Lesmoines property lay back a little distance from the river, hard by a town called Princeton which is built on the bank of the stream, just at the angle where three States meet. Those three States are Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. I dare say it pleased Jennings all the better on that account, increasing as it did the chances of escape.

I lost no time in going up to Princeton and there I put up at a litte boarding house kept by a Swiss, and where foreigners mostly lodged. Hitherto I had been traveling in the printed calico line, but now I had to sing a different song. Having partly served my time as a locksmith and bell-hanger, in my native place, years before, I entered and took up the trade again. I bought a basketful of tools at Vicksburg, second hand, except one or two chisels, because it would never do to have everything bran new and bright, as if I were a shamsmith. A little oil and charcoal dust on my hands and clothes, and I really made up the character very fairly, though my old master would have started to see me in a shabby suit of black, with a swallow tailed coat, cut for evening wear, and a black stock, but that is American fashion. I gave myself out for an English workman, seeking employment, and who had been a twelve-month at New Orleans. To pass myself off for a Yankee I knew to be hopeless; in fact I had tried it, and could not imitate the twang so as to impose upon those who are born to it. Besides I was a deal too sturdy and round faced, and not tall enough, for any one to imagine me a New Englander much less a Southern man.—So I just took the character I have spoken of, and which secured me from suspicion. I was not silly enough to begin chattering, directly, about Lesmoines plantation and the affairs of its proprietor. But I heard Mr. Linwood canvassed more than once in conversations I listened, and the general opinion was, that he was a ruined man. But what I heard about Miss Katherine, his daughter, interested me a good deal. There were no two voices about her; every one said she was good and pretty, and going to be sold to the new overseer, who had got such influence over her weak father; and folks swore it was a shame. She had been, so I understood, regularly engaged to Lieutenant Harvey Vaughan, of the United States navy; and he was absent in the full faith that she was true to him, and that when he came back a first Lieutenant, they should be married. But the poor young officer was likely to find the girl he loved the wife of another man; for Duff or Jennings could twist old Linwood around his finger. He had lent the planter money—a most unusual thing for overseers, to do—but people guessed he had the cash by some speculation or gambling hazzard. The land of Lesmoines was good, but mostly exhausted; there was plenty of virgin ground yet that grew nothing but weeds and wild cane, but there were no hands to break it up; and why! Because old Linwood, a self indulgent, careless person, with a tast for cards and claret, had gradually sold off all his best slaves to pay debts of honor and pressing bills, and could hardly get on at all. In this reckless, ruinous course he had been encouraged by his two last overseers, who had lined their pockets with their share of the purchase money, having been commissioned to manage the sale of the field hands at New Orleans City.—Everybody said that Duff was playing a still bolder game, since by marrying his master's only child, he was sure to be owner of Lesmoines one day: and a vigorous owner might restore the property to its original value.—All people agreed that Kate Linwood detested Duff, and loved the absent lieutenant, but that her father who was a violent man, for all his easy ways about money had terrified her into a reluctant consent.

It took me a fortnight, or more, to make out even this confirmation of the news I had picked up at Vicksburg; and sharp as my watch was, I never could get a glimpse of the designing overseer. He never came into town at all. He had friends in Princeton, or perhaps I should say associates, who now and then rode out to Lesmoines; but for a month or more he had not been seen in the place. I could guess why. He had his suit to press and his influence to keep up. At last I heard a day had been actually fixed for wedding. Impatience is a poor quality in most vocations, but it is fatal to the usefulness of a police officer. Still I got impatient. I strolled to the boundary of Lesmoines estate twice over, and I was almost tempted to talk to the poor old negroes that were hoeing or rail mending, but I luckily let them alone; I say luckily, because a Britisher, even plain workman, cannot speak to a black field hand without drawing on himself suspicion and ill-will. But just as I was getting weary of waiting, and ready to run some risk, chance stood my friend. Into the town came riding, on a tall bay horse, a dark slim well-looking chap, genteelly dressed, and wearing a panama straw hat for the sun. I was in the verandah of the boarding house smoking, but directly I clapped eyes on the horseman, a sort of flutter ran through me, and I felt as nervous as a young girl when she sees her sweetheart coming towards the house in Sunday clothes. Down I went into the garden, among the thick magnolia and coffee bushes, and peep out through the branches that screened me nicely. The man rode closely by the palings; I whipped out the photograph from the inner pocket where I kept it, opened the case, and campared the portrait with the rider. Yes, it was Duff, *alias* Jennings: I was sure it was; and yet he was so much browner and older looking I half doubted, and the Panama hat made a difference. I slipped out and followed. He rode about town, to the saddler's, for a whip lash, and to talk about a set of new girths; then to a general store, to order matters for the negroes—Osnaberg cloth, bacon, and so forth; and next he went to the tailor's. Off he got, tied up his horse to one of the white wooden pillars of the piazza, and went in. I guess he was ordering his weddiug clothes. A fine time he was about it. At last he came out, adjusting his gloves—he was desperate dandy—and took hold of the reins of his horse, untied the knot in them, and leisurely mounted. As he did so, something tickled his fancy, and he smiled, a very peculiar dog-smile, that curled up his lips and showed his teeth queerly. Often had I heard of that look in Jennings, and my heart leaped, for I knew then for certain he was the right man. He never observed me, but rode to a few more stores, and I lounged after him, with my hands in my pockets, and a careless saunter. It *was* a funny thing, the absconded cashier of the —— Bank riding like a lord through Princeton streets, and myself strolling after him, with my face as stupid as a young yokel's at a fair. By and by, I saw him riding up to the very boarding house where I lodged, and I drew near too, and out came the landlord, and talked to him. The landlord spies me out, and hulloes and beckons, and up I sauntered.

"Glad I've found you, Banks," says the Swiss; "you'd have lost a job else, for here's a gentleman inquiring for a locksmith."

You must know there were only two locksmiths in town, a German and me.—The German was a sad drunkard, in liquor half the week, and just then I knew he could not have held his head up, if the President had wanted him. I was therefore hardly surprised; but if being Jennings that required my services, I was more pleased than I chose to show.

Jennings looked at me with a sort of superfine, haughty air. He had caught up the feeling of contempt with which "mean whites" are regarded in the South. "Ah, you're a locksmith, my man?" says he, cutting at the coffee bushes with his long-lashed whip.

Now, if I had been passing for a Yankee, I'd have given my reply as saucily as the question was asked, but being known for an Englishman, I put up a forefinger to my hat, and answered: "Yes, sir; can I do anything for you?" quite civil.

"You're a Britisher, I calculate," says

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