The Pittsburgh Post.

James P. Barr, Editor & Proprietor. SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1863. Vol. XX.—Established 1842.

COMMERCIAL INFORMATION.

Pittsburgh Committee of the Board of Trade for Nov. and Dec.

Wm. M. SHINN, V. P. | JAS. I. BENNETT
JNO. S. DILWORTH | Wm. McCORRERY.
DAVID McCANDLESS.

Movements of European Steamers.

FROM EUROPE.

Andrew	Glasgow	New York	Nov	19
Hansa	Southm'ton	New York	Nov	19
Kangaroo	Liverpool	New York	Nov	19
N American	Liverpool	Portland	Nov	27
Arabia	Liverpool	Boston	Nov	29
Caledonia	Glasgow	New York	Nov	29
Bavaria	Southm'ton	New York	Dec	3
Baltimore	Liverpool	New York	Dec	3
Norwegian	Liverpool	Portland	Dec	4
Scotia	Liverpool	New York	Dec	6
Edinburg	Liverpool	New York	Dec	10
Europa	Liverpool	Boston	Dec	13
Un't Kingdom	Glasgow	New York	Dec	17
Hamm'nia	Southm'ton	New York	Dec	17
Persia	Liverpool	New York	Dec	20
New York	Southm'ton	New York	Dec	24
Africa	Liverpool	Boston	Dec	24
Teutonia	Southm'ton	New York	Dec	31
Borussia	Southm'ton	New York	Jan	7

FROM AMERICA.

Saxonia	New York	Southampton	Dec	13
Hibernian	Portland	Liverpool	Dec	13
Manchester	New York	Liverpool	Dec	13
China	New York	Liverpool	Dec	13
Kangaroo	New York	Liverpool	Dec	20
Hansa	New York	Southampton	Dec	20
Arabia	Boston	Liverpool	Dec	24
Caledonia	New York	Glasgow	Dec	27
Bavaria	New York	Southampton	Dec	27
Scotia	New York	Liverpool	Dec	30
Europa	Boston	Liverpool	Jan	7
Un't Kingdom	New York	Glasgow	Jan	10
Persia	New York	Liverpool	Jan	14

Great Advance in Pittsburgh Railroad Stocks.

The New York *Post* says:

Pittsburgh advanced 3½ and was selling at 59½. We have to record another day of excitement on the Stock Exchange. The volume of business is immense. Large blocks of stocks thrown upon the market by those who purchased at lower prices and think that the time to pocket their profits has come, are eagerly taken at still higher prices bid for more. The commission houses are full of orders, and all classes appear to believe in the "upward tendency of prices."

The movement in Pittsburgh still continues. The transactions this morning were enormous, and the price went up to 59, and that is bid at the 1 o'clock call.

PORK PACKING ITEMS.

Cincinnati.

Hogs had a firmer place in the estimation of drovers, to day, but an advance was not easily granted by packers. The heavy weights are more decidedly preferred, and such advance as is established is made on them. It was rumored that sales had been made at $4 90, and that a lot of extra had brought $5. For averages of 200 lbs $4 50@4 85 uniformly asked. Those weighing 220 or 230 lbs were held at $4 75.

Messrs Fork continued to have a fair market to-day, and sales were made at $10 75@11 for country, and $11@11 25 for city.

Lard was quite dull at 8¾c for city in tierces. Seven hundred tierces of country were sold at 8½c.

RIVER NEWS.

St. Louis.

The river here has become stationary, and is 14 feet 6½ inches above low water mark in December, 1860.

We have no late news f om any of the upper rivers. We presume they are all about stationary.

There is at least about 14 feet in the channel out to Cairo, and there is, in fact, a big river all the way between this port and New Orleans. A portion of it has, however, been unexplored by Northern navigators for some years. Southern alligators have had it all to themselves.

We learned yesterday that, in all, over ninety steamboats loaded with troops have passed Helena, bound South. This grand movement on the Father of Waters ought to act as a gentle purative, and we doubt not that its effects will be made manifest in this region.

Here, it has swollen fully three feet since our last report. The Lower Ohio is in fine navigable order. The Cumberland and Tennessee are also reported rising. Freights are offering in fair quantities for all points.

HONEY MARKET.

The following rates were maintained by our Brokers yesterday, viz:

Gold	23	Silver	22
Demand Notes	23		

Eastern Exchange.

New York	¼	Philadelphia	¼
Baltimore	¼	Boston	¼

Western Exchange.

Cincinnati	par	Cleveland	par
Louisville	par	St. Louis	par

PITTSBURGH PRODUCE MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY POST, Saturday, Jan 3d, }

Remarks—Business was dull; this, however, is the dull season of the year and large operations are not expected. The new year's business does not open before the 18th or 20th of the month.—The weather continues remarkably pleasant for the season. Our rivers are in good navigable order. The imports from the West continue large, the exports in that direction have been limited. Our market is fairly supplied with the leading articles: dealers, however, confine their operations to meet the local trade.

Apples unchanged. Sales 50 bbls Russetts at $2 25; 60 do do; 100 do terms withheld.

Butter—Unchanged; sales 900 lbs roll, 18@19c; inferior at various prices.

Seeds—Flax is in fair demand; sales 200 bushels at an average of $2 45. Nothing doing in other descriptions.

Oils continues dull, the nominal rates being Refined, be t brands, 50@55c; Oil Creek, 45@50c; Lubricating, 20@30c; Crude Petroleum, 12½@15c; Duck creek, 25c; Benzole, deodorized, 20@25c.—The market contains more sellers than buyers at these figures.

Cheese—Sales 80 Boxes W. R., 12c.

Eggs—Sales 15 barrels at 18c.

Hay—Offerings light: sales were mad at $15 50 @17 a ton.

Bacon—The demand for new meat has been limited; sales were made in a small way at Hams, plain, 8@8½c; S. C. 6¾@10c; Shoulders, 5c.

Whiskey—Sales 65 bbls City rectified at 38@40c. Demand good.

Flour—Market inactive; the sales made being altogether from store. Buyers manifest no disposition to operate at this time. sales 100 bbls Extra, $5 85@5 60; Extra Family, $6 25@6 50; do do $6 50 72 do Extra $5 90; 56 do Extra Family, $6 75.

Grain is unchanged with a limited demand. We omit quotations.

Sugar—Sales 11 hhd N. O., 10¾@11c 10 bbls C'ns of, 14¼c.

Molasses—Sales of 20 bbls N. O., 55c.

Coffee—Sales of 10 bags Rio, at 33c.

R. W. Flour—Sales 4,000 bbls in bulk $3 50 per cwt.

WM. M. FABER & CO.,

STEAM ENGINE BUILDERS

Iron Founders,

GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS,

Near the Penn. R. R. Passenger Depot

PITTSBURGH, PA.

MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF Steam Engines, ranging from three to one hundred and fifty horse power, and suited for Grist Mills, Saw Mills, Blast Furnaces, Factories, etc.

Give particular attention to the construction of Engines and Machinery for grist mills, and for supplying rotary and circular saw mills.

Have also on hand, finished and ready for shipment at short notice, Engines and Boilers of every description.

Also, Portable Boilers and Sheet Iron separately.

Warm air from Shafting; Hangers and Pulleys in every variety, and continue the manufacture of Woolen Machinery and Machine Cards.

Our prices are low, our machinery manufactured of the best quality of materials, and warranted in all cases to give satisfaction.

Orders from all parts of the country solicited and promptly filled. feb1-1yr

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES, PENSIONS, BACK PAY, and other just CLAIMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, promptly procured at reasonable rates. Apply to D. H. HAZEN, 163 Fourth street, Pittsburgh, and CHARLES C. TUCKER, Washington, D. C. no1-3ms

THIS DAY—

Just opened a complete assortment of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. W. H. McGEE & CO., 143 Federal street, Allegheny city. no1

WALL PAPER, CHEAP—BOTH French and American, will be sold without advance in price until New Year's at the old stand, 87 Wood street, by W. P. MARSHALL. ☞ Rags wanted. no15

PIANO DEALERS.

NEW PIANOS.

A NEW STOCK OF 7 OCTAVE PIANOFORTES now receiving from Boston and New York, selected especially for the Holiday's. Persons desiring to make a valuable and charming present are invited to call and see them at the warerooms of, JOHN H. MELLOR, dec20 81 Wood street.

SECOND-HAND PIANOS—A THIRD large lot of second-hand Pianos for sale at 250, 200, 175, 150, 125, 100, 90, 75, 60 50 and 25 dollars. JOHN H. MELLOR, dec20 81 Wood street.

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS.

IN STORE—A SPLENDID NEW SUPPLY of Mason & Hanlin's (Boston) Melodeons and Harmoniums, in elegant rosewood and walnut cases. Melodeons at $50, $60, $75, $100, $125 and $150. Harmoniums at 60, 80, 100, 125, 200, 250, 300, 350 and 400 dollars. For sale by the sole agent, JOHN H. MELLOR, dec20 81 Wood street.

$1,000 WORTH OF PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

of the most superb workmanship in every detail, and from the best manufacturers in the country. They have been selected with the gre test possible care, specially for the Holiday's. Prices low. For sale by JOHN MELLOR, dec20 81 Wood street.

$150. PIANOS. $150.

NEW SEVEN OCTAVE PIANOS, IN Rosewood cases, iron frames and overstrung bass, $150; with mouldings, $160; with mouldings, carved legs and inlaid name board, $165, $185, $200, and upwards; the same, with pearl keys, $225, $250, &c. The above Pianos though cheap, are very excellent. Second-hand Pianos at $25, $40, $50, $60, $75 and $100. New Melodeons from $50 upwards.

MUSIC. MUSIC. MUSIC.

We publish hundreds of different pieces of Music, a large number being by the first masters in the musical world. Also, Instruction Books for nearly all musical instruments, select Band Music, the Day School Bell, Sunday School Bell, Nos. 1 and 2, Patriotic Song Book, Harp of Freedom, &c. Our Catalogue, which is furnished free as air to all who send for it contains lists of all the varieties of music, with prices attached. Nobody in the country should be without it. Orders by mail or express promptly filled, and as faithfully executed as if the person ordering were present. Remit money in a registered letter or by express. HORACE WATERS, Ag't, np25 2wd&3tw. No. 481 Broadway, N. Y.

STEAM FROM NEW YORK —TO— LIVERPOOL.

THE STEAMSHIP

GREAT EASTERN.

WALTER PATON commander, will be dispatched from

NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL, —ON— SATURDAY, January 8d,

First Cabin	$119 to $155,

each berth, according to the size, situation or accommodation of the state-rooms; all having the same privileges in the Saloons and in regard to meals and attendance.

Suites of apartments for families may be engaged by special agreement.

Servants accompanying passengers and children under twelve years of age, half fare. Infants free.

Second Cabin state-room berths, meals furnished at separate table..... $80

Third Cabin, intermediate state-room passengers, found with beds, bedding, tables utensils and good, substantial food..... $55

Steerage, with ample provision and cooking utensils..... $35

Each passenger allowed twenty cubic feet of luggage. An experienced surgeon on board.

For Freight and Passage, apply to CHAS. A. WHITNEY, At the office, No. 26 Broadway, New York, HOWLAND & ASPINWALL, Agents, or THOMAS RATTIGAN, Agent, WATER STREET, PITTSBURGH. dec20:tf

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION upon the estate of Mrs. SARAH B. FETTERMAN, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills, &c., all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present them to GILBERT L. B. FETTERMAN, No. 137, Fourth street, Pittsburgh, oc3:6t-law Administrator.

CORNWELL & KERR,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS,

(At the old established Coach Factory,)

DUQUESNE WAY,

NEAR ST. CLAIR STREET.

Repairing done as usual. 57

DAUB & CAPPELL,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

NO. 155 SMITHFIELD STREET.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A large and well selected stock of

FALL GOODS,

consisting of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.

ALSO—A large stock of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

including *Woolen Shirts, Paper Collars, Neck Ties*, and everything usually kept by first class Furnishing Stores. Orders promptly executed. aug3lyd

DUQUESNE WORKS.

HAILMAN, BAHM & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Iron, Nails, Plow Spring, Am. B. Steel, Springs, Axes, &c.

WAREHOUSE, NO. 77 WATER STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. 1yw

GEO. R. COCHRAN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Office No. 69 Grant street, near the Court House, Pittsburgh.

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO his care will receive prompt attention. Collections made and the money promptly remitted. dec6:1yd

OFFICE QUARTERMASTER U. S. ARMY, Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 19, 1862.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at this office for the delivery at Memphis, Tennessee, of Two Hundred Thousand

200,000 Bushels of Coal.

A. MONTGOMERY, Major and Quartermaster, U. S Army. dec22:tf

CHARLES L. CALDWELL, (Successor to Jas. Holmes & Co.,)

PORK PACKER,

Dealer in Bacon, Lard, Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef, &c.

Corner Market and First streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. dec1,1yd.

LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER MINES —AND— **SMELTING WORKS.**

PARK, M'CURDY & CO., Manufacturers of Sheath, Braziers and Bolt Copper, Planed Copper Bottoms, Raised Still Bottoms, Spelter Solder, &c. Also importers and dealers in Metals, Tin Plates, Sheet Iron, Pitch, &c.

☞ Constantly on hand, Tanner's Machine and Tools. Warehouse, No. 149 FIRST and 126 SECOND STREETS, Pittsburgh, Penna.

☞ Special orders of Copper cut to any desired pattern. fe21:1yd&w

JOHN LITTLE, Jr.,

NO. 106 FOURTH STREET,

STOCK AND BILL BROKER

Promissory Notes, Stock Bonds, and Mortgages bought and sold. jy18.

YOU WILL PLEASE CALL AT JOS. H. Borland's, No. 58 Market street and purchase a pair of those cheap Balmoral B. ots that he has just received.

THE DAILY POST—ADVANCED RATES.

One year, by mail	$8 00
Six months, "	4 25
Three " "	2 15
One " "	70
One week, delivered in the city	18
Single copies	3
To agents per hundred	2 00

NEW ADVERTISING RATES.

The following rates of advertising have been agreed upon by the Publishers of the Pittsburgh Daily Press, to take effect on and after the 10th day of November, 1862, on all new contracts:

FOR STANDING MATTER.

PER SINGLE SQUARE, EVERY DAY.

One insertion	$ 60	Two months	$ 9 00
Two insertions	1 00	Three months	11 00
Three insertions	1 25	Four months	13 00
One week	2 00	Five months	14 00
Two weeks	3 50	Six months	15 00
Three weeks	5 00	Nine months	20 00
One month	6 00	One year	25 00

FOR CHANGEABLE MATTER.

Which allows the privilege of a weekly change of matter, to be inserted among new advertisements.

PER SINGLE SQUARE, EVERY DAY,

Six months	$18 00
Twelve months	30 00
Administrators' Notices	2 25
Marriage Notices	75
Death Notices, each insertion	50

☞ All advertisements ordered in for one Month, or less time, to be cash at the time of ordering.

SELECT TALE.

MY UNCLE'S CASHIER.

[Concluded from Thursday.]

"My dear nephew, you must have been very drunk, or else—no, that is not possible; your father's child could not get drunk. I do, myself, sometimes; but he could not deliberately lie. No, my dear, Charles, M. Vernay is an old and tried servant of mine, and I will not believe you. I will not insult him by it. You were drunk, sir, very drunk. Don't let me hear of it again."

I went to my desk. An hour afterwards, M. Vernay came in with my uncle.

"Charles, did you balance your cash last night?"

"Yes sir. I always do."

"It was right?"

"Quite right."

"There is a mistake somewhere," said M. Vernay. "There is missing a sum of 1,000 francs."

"It can't be in my accounts, uncle, for here is the book, and here is the balance to correspond."

"True."

"Let me cast it," said Vernay.

He did—520,346.

"Try that, M. Wardes. I do not make it correct: I make it more."

I cast it again, and it was more by just 1,000 francs. I cast it again—521, it was. My uncle cast it—521, it was.

"How is this, Charles? you said you made the balance right. Did you look at your cash last night?"

"I did. I can assert that the balance last night in the book and in the cash box was the same. I can prove it. I posted it, according to M. Vernay's system in the daily balance book.

"It is 520 here, M. Wardes."

He handed the book to my uncle. The door opened.

"Well, Francois, what is it?"

"Only that I shall give this to Monsieur Wardes. I found it in his chamber."

He held out a paper to me: it wasa note for 1,000 francs.

"Charles, my boy, you should let me know when you want money. M. Vernay, see those books corrected." And my uncle walked away.

How the day went I do not know. I noticed, however, that M. Vernay once or twice went down into the strong room and brought up some books and that no woman came for money.

About five o'clock M. Vernay came to me, after my uncle and the other clerk had gone, and said:

"M. Wardes, we have been looking at the accounts of Madame la Marquise —: will you help me to carry these books down? the porter has gone; I am rather late."

I took the books and followed him down into the basement. He unlocked the outer safe, where the general books were kept, and passed through to the inner safe, in which were kept the deeds and valuable securities, on which my uncle lent money; this was separated from the outer safe by an iron gate in the day time and at night by a solid fire-proof door.

He put his books on the shelf, and requested me to put mine on the same shelf, in the proper order. The numbers on the backs were almost illegible, and I was some time, even in the strong gas light, trying to read them.

"Can I help you, M. Wardes?"

"No, thank you, I have just done with them."

I put up the last book, and turned to go. The heavy door swung rapidly on its hinges—I heard the spring catch and the key turn, and I was in black darkness.

"M. Vernay! M. Vernay! The door is shut."

"I know it," said his voice, muffled by its thickness, "you have access to all my books, now."

I heard the heavy clash of the door of the outer safe, and then silence, as deep as death, was around me. I did not swoon or faint. I felt I was the victim of a most horrible trick; it was nothing more—I should be released in the morning, and I would make him repent it. I heard, presently, a hissing sound—presently I smelt gas. I should never see the morning. I should be stifled with gas—the plan was clear before me now. An accident—no one knew I helped him down with the books—he did not know I was in the safe, and he shut the door. It was purely one of those accidents that will happen.

Still the gas hissed like a serpent before the fatal spring. I must stop that. I felt round the walls for the burner, and soon found it. There was no tap! I remembered now, the tap was in the outer safe, and the gas was lighted in the inner one by a long stick beteen the bars of the gate.—My finger stopped it in a moment, but I could not keep my finger there always. I tried, and the arm became so tired of the coatracted position that I could not keep my finger over it to save my life. I thought of some other plan. Light it—alas! I did not smoke, I had no means to do it; and if I had, it would only have consumed the air, every inch of which was as precious as life itself. At last I thought of something that would do; I tore some corners off the leaves of a book, chewed them into a pulp, and put it over the hole in the tube, pressing it in hard. The hissing ceased. I climbed up the shelves and smelt round the burner—I had one foe less. I then began to think seriously as to the chances of the air lasting till released the next morning. In the morning? this was—O God! Saturday! Saturday! Sunday and Monday—two nights and a whole day!—There was no hope! I might have lived till the morning, but on Saturday there was no business done, and my absence would be easily accounted for by that horrible mistake in my books.

Two nights and a day—how many hours? To Sunday night at five, twenty-four. To Monday morning at ten, seventeen.—Forty-one long hours! Forty-one hours! There was not air enough to last me ten! I felt around the doot, it was all but air-proof. If I could make them hear! It was impossible; the house was on the other side of the noisy court-yard—I must die! And Victorine! No, no—ten thousand times no! I must live—I *will* live.

I bethought me of my old store of knowledge. How long could I live without fresh air? How many hours had I in that time to reach it, I paced the length and breadth of the room—I measured its height, and found that by breathing only twenty times a minute, I could live for thirty-hours; that would be till six o'clock on Monday morning; and after that I must have air—air was life. I must bore through the walls, the lock was impregnable. The walls of brick would yield to tools. Tools! mockery! I had but a pen-knife—a toy—and I had thirteen hours to get through at least two feet thick. It was a work of years not hours. Tools! a long, pointed bar and a hammer. I remembered to have seen a mason boring through a wall at my father's with such tools. My pen knife was two inches long. The gas burner! I tried it, it was soft brass, my knife could cut it readily. It might work through beside the gas pipe.—The man surely bored a larger hole than the pipe would fill. I felt the pipe where it went round the wall, and then pricked the wall with my knife; the cement with which the hole had been filled round the pipe was harder than the wall itself.

In tracing my way round the room my hand touched the gate. It was rapture! bliss! I had despaired—was now full of hope. I passed my hand carefully over the gate: I felt one of the bars, they were made of round iron, about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and after running through the frame-work of the gate were pointed at the end. But to get them out of that frame-work! I pulled one. It yielded a little, and then mocked at my efforts. I must have a hammer. I felt carefully round the walls again. The shelves were all let into the walls—there was nothing! I felt away to allow the gate to roll back, and the shelves were supported on brackets. If those brackets were of wrought iron I was helpless—cast iron might save me yet. I felt them carefully and compared them; if they were wrought, they would be unlike in some points—if cast, alike in all. I knew now what the touch of the blind must be, so full of instruction to the mind.

They were cast iron, not a trace of difference could be found. One more sign and I was certain: if cast, they would be cast in a mould, and there would be a slight roughness in the casting where the halves of the mould had been joined—the same in again. There was the roughness—the same in both. And now to break them off. A blow, a heavy blow, alone could do it. I remembered to have noticed, when putting away the books, a small chest: of apparently solid iron, on one of the shelves. I sought for it, and found it; it was heavy, nearly the fourth of a hundred weight, I thought. I poised it carefully, and felt I had just strength enough to throw it with an aim. I cleared away the books from the slate shelf, which rested on one of those brackets, and then, measuring the distance carefully, threw the chest on to it. It fell short, and crashed on the floor.

☞ Once more I tried, and this time successfully. The missile smashed the shelf into pieces, I kicked and beat away the smaller fragments till the bracket stood out from the wall itself. And now came the test of my skill. If I threw once at the bracket in that black darkness, I threw twenty times or more; at last, one fortunately directed blow, and I had the joy of hearing it ring on the pavement of the room.

I had now a hammer—awkward, it is true: still a tool that would give a blow with a certain force. I struck again and again at the bars of the gate, they yielded, as the others had done, and then were fast. I sank down exhausted with my useless efforts. Why did they not yield? I could give no more force to the blow—to throw the chest at them would be useless; the size would spread the blow over two or three of the bars, and the force would be lost. I must cut through one of the bars in the middle and thus wrench out the half I needed. How had I seen men cut through iron? With files—I could not hope for these. I remembered to have heard of prisoners who cut through iron bars with a watch spring—by what horrible fatality was my watch at that moment in the case on my dressing table. A watch spring—a thin piece of steel. Would iron do? It might. In almost less time than it takes to tell, I had broken up one of the sheet iron deed boxes, and by carefully bending a piece of it backwards and forwards on the sharp edge of the chest I had used as a missile, I obtained a strip about the length of my hand, and two fingers broad, and with this I commenced sawing one of the bars. Half an hour's hard work produced no impression on the bar, and had turned up the edge of the soft sheet-iron on both sides.

If it had been a question of saws, I could have turned ten deed boxes into a hundred saws to cut through that one bar. Alas! it was no such thing, the saw would not cut; and then sprung up before me the vision of a large yard with blocks of stone and the motion to and fro of the suspended saw of the stone sawyer, and his little trickling water barrel and heap of sand. Once more I went to work, I broke off a corner of one of the stone shelves (the lower ones were of stone, the upper ones of slate,) pounded it fine with my hammer, and then wetting the edge of the saw with saliva, I strewed the pounded stone upon it. I felt the saw become steadier and steadier, and at last I could feel with my nail a little nick in the bar. I worked for nearly three hours at this one bar, changing my saw when it was worn hollow for another and another till I had worn out six of them. I was nearly thro'—another half hour, and I should be quite through: yet it might break off now with a blow—it might—and it might leave a ragged end to my chisel that would destroy half the force of my blows when I came to bore through the wall; I would not strike, but kept on patiently, and at last the saw went through. I seized the end, and in a few minutes I held in my hand the instrument of my lucky deliverance.

The air of the safe had by this time become close and stifling, and it was only by stooping that I could breathe freely.

I had still, as far as I could judge, some five hours left—in those I must accomplish my deliverance or die.

I now commenced sounding with my hammer for the least solid part of the wall.

In striking it on a part nearly opposite the shelves cut out for the gate, I thought I heard it sound hollow; I struck again and again without success; it all seemed alike. Once more I determined to strike over the whole space I had previously struck; this I did, and found the spot, about the size of a penny piece from which the sound came. I then carefully felt the wall in the neighborhood, and found a rough indented line ran from this place round the angle of the wall, and on the wall in the same line were three small holes in a circle. I decided at once that this was the place of some burner fixed, and afterwards removed; the rough line was the mark left by the pipe, and the hollow place must be the hole through which the old pipe entered the room. I drove the chisel into the place and found it hard—very hard, but still hollow. My life now hung upon the choice of a right place; if this hole was filled up with the hard cement, and the difference of sound arose merely from difference in density, then I had better try the wall over for a brick softer than the rest; but if it was not full—if those who should have filled it had put but a few inches of cement at each end of the hole; then in another hour I was as safe as if I were free. I would risk it. That hallow sound was so cheery that I *would* believe that it must be a true guide.

Blow after blow, and the hole grew deep, and my progress less as my control over the point of the instrument lessened, when one sudden, sharp blow drove the chisel into the wall the length of my arm. The place was hollow. I had now but to drive it through the crust of cement on the outer wall, and I should live. I drove it cautiously and carefully, and at the last heard the echo of the pieces falling on the other side, and drawing out the chisel, felt the air rush in.

How can words convey the sensation! I experienced as I drew in the God-given breath of life! I could now defy Death; there was a fountain at which I could drink and live.

For hours I sat close to the hole and breathed, and then fell asleep. I know not how long I slept, but I awoke sore and tired, and with a horrible hunger and thirst on me. I could not have many hours more to stay, so I hoped on, and tightened the belt to ease the gnawing pain at my stomach. And now began the horrors of solitude; while I had employment for the mind, I felt no pain of any kind; now I was going mad with anxiety and fear. I must find employment. And what in this utter darkness? But if darkness, why not light? Yes, I would have light. For this I must enlarge the hole, and went to work again with blistered hands, and in two hours had enlarged it to twice its original size, and had consequently four times as much air flowing in.

My next step was to grate from the edges of a book a paper powder for tinder, and, spreading this on the ground in a heap, I struck with the point of my hammer the stone shelf above it. The sparks flew about at the contact, but it was at least an hour before one lodged in the heap and set it smouldering. I watched anxiously as the little red ring grew larger and brighter in the heap, and then, applying a piece of thin paper rolled to a fine point to the centre of the ring, I gently blew the redness into flame;—yes, flame!—real flame, that blinded me by its brightness, that seemed to pierce my brain with a sword, so long and deep had been the darkness.

I took my paper stop from off the gas and heard the serpent hiss once more—this time without fear. I lit the issuing gas, and then sat looking at it, as Bartimeus might have done in the joy of his new-found sight.

I had done—I had light and air; but still I must have employment or I should rave.

Employment. The thought came to me of the unfortunate sentence that had caused me to run this risk: "If I had access to his books, I would prove that fraud was possible."

There they were—every one; not one missing. Could I prove it? *Could?* I *must*. My good name depended on proving it. If he was true, I was false. I set to work, and, with my pencil, which I happily had with me, I went through account after account, from beginning to end, and well was I rewarded; for I learnt that my uncle, supposed to be rich, had been systematically robbed for years by this scoundrel, and was now almost ruined; and that his daughter's portion, invested in English securities, had been sold out, and the interest paid by M. Vernay himself, so that father and daughter were at the mercy of this man.

These facts I learned from a small locked book that was in a box marked with M. Vernay's name. So confident had the servant been of his master's trust in him, that he had left in that master's safe the whole of the securities of his nefarious investments, and there they were, with a systematic account of them in this book; so that while the master, who was supposed to be worth his hundreds of thousands, was almost a bankrupt, his clerk was a man of immense wealth.

When I broke the lock of that book and read down its columns, I felt a joy and a pleasure that would have enabled me again to endure what I had suffered, if it would have led to the same result.

I made notes of the whole affair, and took the securities into my possession, and then calmly waited long, long hours; I could not tell how long, for I was waked up from a kind of stupor by the sound of a door opening, and then I heard the voice I knew so well—that of M. Vernay.

"You need not stay; I can bring up all I need. Give me a lucifer."

He was speaking to the porter.

I heard the muffled-sounding footsteps; I heard the key turn in the lock; and, then, as the door opened, I stood face to face with my foe, and where he expected to find darkness and death he found light, life. He saw me—saw, in my hand, his book that contained the secrets of a life-time, with the lock forced—saw his scheme defeated, and himself an outcast. It was too much for his mind. He shrieked a cry of mingled horror and fear, and fell in the doorway as if he was dead.

I went up stairs to the office, said to the porter, "M. Vernay is below in the strong-room; go down and see to him," and went over to the house.

I suffered a long illness, during the whole of which Victorine was my nurse, and thanks to that and a good constitution, I recovered, and got up such a clear case against M. Vernay, that the whole of the property I had rescued was restored to my uncle.

To M. Vernay this was a matter of indifference, for his mind never recovered the shock, and he spent the short remainder of his life in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The mistake of the thousand francs was easily explained by the application of a magnifying glass to the figures. He had cleverly altered the *one* to a *nought*, and bribed Francois to put the missing note into my room.

Need I add that I am now in possession of my uncle's business, and blessed by my Victorine's constant presence; and further, that my present strong-room can be opened from the inside with perfect ease?—*Once a Week.*

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