The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1868. NO. 49.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 00
For each additional insertion,	50
For Mercantile Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices,	4 00
Professional cards without paper,	7 00

Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the neatest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of materials suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Hall Road Street, two doors north of the Bank. ☞ Business promptly attended to. July 1, 1864.

J. R. MILLER Attorney at Law. Office in Hannon's building immediately opposite the Court House. 29nov 67-1y

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham. July 1, 1864—1y.

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

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

G. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. ☞ Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it. January 19, 1866.—1 y.

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

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No. 7, Rheem's Hall. July 1, 1864—1y.

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER.
WEAKLEY & SADLER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 16 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa. nov16-6y.

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

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

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

WM. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwarded. No fee required until the claim is settled. Feb. 14th, 1867—tf.

DR. GEORGES. SEAWRIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. ☞ Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford. July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa. 18 July 4, 54.

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

DR. THEO. NEFF,
GRADUATE OF PENN'A. COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY DENTIST,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has taken the office No. 25, West Main Street, lately occupied by his Father, where he is prepared to attend to all professional business. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platinum. Charges moderate. 17april 68-1y*.

JOHN DORNER.
MERCHANT TAILOR
In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle Pa., has just returned from the Eastern Cities with he largest and most
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
consisting of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vestings,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.;
ever brought to Carlisle.
His cloths comprise
ENGLISH,
FRENCH, and
AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS
of the finest texture and of all shades.
Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of long experience is prepared to warrant perfect fits, and prompt filling of orders.
Place Goods by the yard, or cut to order. Don't forget the place.
1may 68-tf.

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

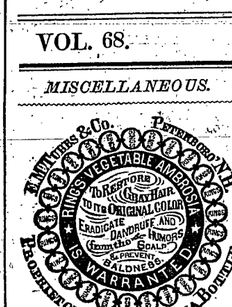
GAS FITTING & PLUMBIN.
The subscribers having permanently located in Carlisle, respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Their shop is situated on the public Square in the rear of the 1st Presbyterian Church, where they can always be found.
Being experienced mechanics, they are prepared to execute all orders that they may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices.
HYDRAULIC RAMS,
WATER WHEELS,
HYDRANTS,
LIFT & FORCE PUMPS,
BATHING TUBS, WASH BASINS and all other articles in the trade.
PLUMBING AND GAS AND STEAM FITTING promptly attended to in the most approved style.
☞ Country work promptly attended to.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Don't forget the place—immediately in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church.
GAMPBELL & HENWOOD.
July27 68-1y.

THE FARMER'S BANK, OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
Recently organized, has been opened, for transaction a general banking business, in the corner room of Niven's new building, on the North West corner High street and the Centre Square.
The Directors hope by liberal and careful management to make this a popular institution, and a safe depository for all who may favor the bank with their accounts.
Deposits received and paid back on demand, interest allowed on special deposits, Gold, Silver, Treasury Notes and Government Bonds, bought and sold. Collections made on all accessible points in the country. Discount day, Tuesday. Banking hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M.
J. C. HOFFER, *Cashier.*
DIRECTORS.
Given, President, Wm. H. Miller,
Thomas Paxton, David Heikes,
Ben W. Leighead, A. J. Herman,
31mar 68-tf Abraham Witmer.

ACTIVE AND EFFICIENT AGENTS WANTED IN THIS COUNTY FOR THE
UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Claiming as this Company does, some advantage peculiar to itself. Agents are afforded an easy and successful method for securing risks, A liberal commission paid to agents, who must furnish first class references. Address, D. S. Gloninger, M. D., General Agent, No. 120 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GEO. G. DOSH has a prime cigar for five cents. Try them. 21may-tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.



RING'S
VEGETABLE AMBROSIA
IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!
Gray-Headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!
Young People, with *light, faded or red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!
People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!
Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!
Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!
Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!
Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!
For Sale by Druggists generally.
feb768-1y

LAY IN YOUR COAL.—As the weather is now very propitious, and the prices are most favorable for the laying in of your
WINTER'S COAL.
The subscriber would offer his stock to the public knowing full well the disposition of the trade generally to make many promises to effect sales. The subscriber would prefer to learn the quality of the coal he furnishes speak for itself and he will be held to the following which are his old standards.
1st. To sell none but the
BEST COALS
to be had.
2nd. To sell as
CHEAP
as any in the trade.
3d. To deliver what his customers buy, and not to mix with a
LOWER PRICED
article to make the price to suit his sale.
4th. Believes in the principles that
SCALES
cannot be in use (without repairs) for a series of years to the advantage of the customers.
5th. To keep all kinds of coal to be had elsewhere.
6th. Never to
MISREPRESENT
coal to make a sale.
7th. To
GUARANTEE 2,000 lbs
to the ton.
8th. To give the customers the advantage of
ANY CHANGE
in price at the mines.
9th. Is
DETERMINED
to do all in his power for the benefit of those who deal with him. Send on your orders and you shall be dealt in fairly with and on as favorable terms as any yard in the place.
A. H. BLAIR.
17july 68.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
I have this day commenced selling off my entire stock of Summer Goods at greatly reduced prices,
FOR CASH.
GRENADINES,
LAWNS,
MELANGES,
BARRED LENO,
FRENCH PARASOLS,
CHIENE POPLINS,
ALAPACCAS, &c., &c., at cost.)
BLACK SILKS,
NETT SHAWLS at cost,
A full line of SATIN, BARRED and STRIPED JACONETS, and WHITE MARSEILLES under price SUMMER CASSIMERES, and COTTON PANTS STUFFS, great bargains.
HOOP SKIRTS & BALMORALS,
Cheaper than ever sold in Carlisle.
Muslins,
Tickings,
Ginghams,
Checks, &c., the lowest price.
Stockings,
Gloves,
Corsets,
Buttons and other notions in great variety and very cheap.
DELAINES, 12½, 18, and 20,
CALICOES, 8, 10, 12½,
CARPETS AT COST.
Now is the time to secure bargains in all kinds of DRY GOODS as many articles will be closed out less than cost.
CHAS. OGILBY,
No. 47, West Main Street, Carlisle.
Great Bargains in Parasols and White Quilts.
24july-68.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH!
James McGonigal, at No. 83 South Hanover St. Carlisle, would call the attention of his friends and the public generally to his large stock of
STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE,
which he feels assured will give satisfaction in both quality and price.
In the stove line he would call especial attention to the
EMPIRE GAS BURNER & PARLOR HEATER.
It is a Perpetual Base Burning Stove. The Furnace will heat an upper and lower room perfectly, and is guaranteed to be perfectly free from explosion of gas. It is so constructed that its rays of heat are deflected to the floor, warming the feet instead of the face. It is a gas consumer, and is perfectly clear from dust. Its ventilation is complete, and the burning gas and ignited coals shine out through the Mica Windows, giving the brightness and cheer of an open fire. Call and see it. He also offers all the latest and most improved patterns of
PARLOR STOVES,
and a large stock of Cook Stoves, consisting of the
Nimrod,
Niagara,
Ironsides,
Quaker City,
Farmer,
and a variety of others, all of which are warranted to be best clays Stoves and to give entire satisfaction.
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,
made of the very best material, and all other things necessary for housekeepers in his line of business kept constantly on hand.
His expenses are trifling, compared with others, as he defies competition, and would ask those desiring anything in his line of business, to ascertain prices elsewhere, and then give him a call and satisfy themselves that he can sell better articles for less money than any other establishment in the county. His motto is, Quick Sales and Small Profits. Old metal taken in exchange.
Spouting, Roofing and Jobbing promptly attended to, made of the best material and at moderate prices.
JAMES McGONIGAL.
mar68-1y

MARBLE YARD.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, Mantles Door sills, on hand and made to order South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.
R. OWEN.
march 18-6'y

HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
Hoofland's German Tonic.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Great Remedies for all Diseases
OF THE
LIVER, STOMACH, OR
DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
Hoofland's German Bitters
is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, *Extracts*) of Roots Herbs and Barks, making a prepared, tinted, and entirely highly concentrated, and entirely *free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.*
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.
Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use
Hoofland's German Bitters.
In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
should be used.
The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.
The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility etc., is very apt to be deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.
DEBILITY,
Resulting from any Cause whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.
There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is Strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.
Persons Advanced in Life,
and feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will infuse new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.
NOTICE.
It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.
To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.
WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN
Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.
Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.
TESTIMONIALS.
Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes: *Philadelphia*, March 16, 1867.
"I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.
"I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and in cases of debility, and of great benefit in want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.
Hon. James Thompson.
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.
"I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.
From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and suitable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates St.
From Rev. E. D. Fendall,
Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all whom are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,
E. D. FENDALL.
CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.
Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street Philadelphia.
CHARLES M. EVANS,
German Druggist, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle	$1 00
" " " half dozen	5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles,	1 50
per bottle, or a half dozen for	7 50

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Poetical.

IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the School-boy—"Huzza!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart warm but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that burns in the blood of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer, and nearer, his soft cushioned chair
Is wheeled tow'ards the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" shouts the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the dark storm his own home appeared;
Though leagues intervened, he can see
The clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife, with her babes on her knee!
O Love! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
To know that our dear ones are safe from its power

"It snows!" says the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball;
And visions of conquest, of splendor and mirth,
Float over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this snow-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sighs
Have stilled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden you'll read in her tear-swollen eyes;
On her cheek pale with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food"—
And she hopes, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
As she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor widow! That sorrow thy God only knows:
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows.

Miscellaneous.

A Morning With Gamblers.

BY REV. JOHN McCLINTOCK D. D.

In the earlier years of my ministry, I formed a special fellowship with a very intelligent and pious family. The father and mother were of the vigorous Scotch-Irish stock; clear headed and sound hearted people. The children inherited strong health of mind and body: and were all quick-witted and lively. I loved them all dearly, and came at last to make their family destinies, their joys and sorrows, my own.

One of the sons, Edward, was a fine fellow of eighteen, exuberant in life and strength, but full of sweetness and good humor. Young as he was, he showed great talent for business, and was already a trusted clerk in a large mercantile house, with a liberal salary for those times.

I was called out of bed one morning, at about four o'clock, to see this young man. He was in great distress, and could hardly tell his story; but it came out at last, and was bad enough when it came. "I have been spending the night at different faro tables, and have lost about three hundred fifty dollars.

"Whose money was it?

"It belongs to my employer. I must go to the office this morning and account for it. What *shall* I do?"

I found on questioning him, that he had been gambling for two or three months. He had begun by learning to play cards of a fellow clerk; playing at first merely for the pleasure of it, but soon found that a "small stake was necessary to give interest to the game." In short, he had gone the road which thousands have trod before him. From "innocent card playing to betting at whist, and from the whist-table to the faro-bank. Of course I was very angry with the boy. But I was sorry, too, as I looked into that fair young face, now agonized with fear and shame—sorry for him, and still more sorry for the proud father and fond mother, who must soon know of their dishonor.

But I had to brush away these emotions and answer the practical question, "What shall I do?" It was plain that the first thing to be done was to get the money back, if possible. I dressed rapidly, went to the house of a legal friend, and woke him up. His advice was soon given. "Don't try law with these people. Go to them yourself, alone, and demand the money, on the ground that they won the money from a minor." I decided to try.

I confess that this decision made me nervous. I had never handled a card, had never been in a gambling-house, nor spoke with a professed gambler. Moreover, it was not yet six o'clock in the morning. I went home, swallowed a cup of coffee, and, set out on my strange errand.

Edward had lost seventy dollars at Franklin's gambling-house; one hundred and fifty at Hodgson's, and one hundred and thirty at Dufour & Clark's. He gave me each address, street and number; my task was to go to these men, talk to them face to face, and get the money—if I could.

Franklin was my first man. It was seven A. M. when I knocked at his door—there was no bell to pull. A maid admitted me after some parley, and led the way into a back room, where I found Franklin shaving before a little glass hung at the window. His appearance was not prepossessing; a bullet head, covered with a heavy shock of iron-gray hair, and set strongly on a pair of brawny shoulders; a bull-dog expression of face; the whole figure indicating animal force, brutality and obstinacy. His gruff "What do you want at this hour in the morning?" did not tend to reassure me. The upshot of my conference with him was a blunt refusal. "The fellow took his risk and must stand by it." With that I left him.

Hodgson was my next man. His "place of business" was shut, but a negro who was hanging about told me where he lived, in a distant part of the city. A carriage soon set me down in front of a grocery store with the sign "W. B. Hodgson, Family Groceries." A decent, even handsome woman, with a good honest face, presided at the desk. The place was in perfect order, with all the air of prosperous trade. She told me that Mr. Hodgson had gone down town on business. "I must see him this morning, Madam, on private business." The word "private" arrested her; an expression of fear and trouble gathered rapidly over her honest face. It was clear that she was no partner in the gambling trade, except to share its shame. I told my errand plainly. "You will find my husband at his place" by this time and he will give you the money."

I found Hodgson a man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with the look of a well-to-do tradesman and an open frank expression. My story was hardly begun when he asked:

"Do you recognize me?"

"No."

"Well said he you paid me my wages many a day, when I worked in the Methodist Book Concern, and you were cashier."

He told me the steps of his fall, hoped "some day to give up this part of his business," and bore the lecture I gave him with the best possible feeling.

"As for Edward," said he, "I have often warned the boy not to come into this or any such place. Here is the money, handing me out one hundred and fifty dollars.

I told him of my failure with Franklin "Go first to Dufour & Clark's—you will get your money there; they have no principle but are arrant cowards. Then tell Franklin that both Hodgson and Dufour have paid up, and say from me that *that he had better.*"

There was an emphasis on the "had better" which was full of meaning.

In five minutes I had reached Dufour's He was not at home; but I would find him at 23 Jones street.

"Whose place is that?"

"O, it's a house where many of the gambling fraternity gather of a morning."

To Jones street, therefore, I went, and found No 23—a smart three story, brick house. The front entry was open, but the way was soon stopped by a green-baize door. At my rap it was opened a little.

"Is Mr. Dufour here?"

"Yes; up stairs."

I could see that the ground-floor room was nearly full of men; the second story contained a similar lot; and I confess to a little tremor when I was told to go to a story higher. Here, again, the baize door stopped the way; but the door-keeper called Dufour out.

"What do you want with me?" he asked.

"Come down stairs; I will tell you my business below."

A little to my surprise, he put on his hat and came quietly down to the front door. Here he stopped and demanded my errand.

"Walk on with me," said I.

"Not a step till you tell me what you want."

He was a young man, apparently about twenty-five; of good person and manners. I put my arm within his, and said;

"Now if you will walk quietly with me, like a gentleman, toward your place, I will tell you my errand as we go; if not, I will call the police."

My grip of his arm was pretty firm. He looked at me for a moment, and submitted.

At first he scouted my demand for a return of Edward's money, but by-and-by he softened and told me his story. It was the old story of temptation and weakness, with the old excuse and palliations. He gave a half-promise to reform, but would not fix a time to begin. We reached the door of his den, in the second story of a very good house. Without rapping, he walked in, and I followed. A stout, ruddy man, of thirty or so, sat at a table, writing or casting up accounts.

"Well, Clark," said Dufour, "we must shell out freely for last night's work."

Clark looked up from his desk, saw me behind Dufour, and in a sudden access of cowardly fright, ran out of the door and hurried down the stairs. In a moment more, I saw him scaling the fence of the back-yard. Dufour burst into a hearty laugh:

"He's off! He took you for a judge or policeman to say the least. But that won't stop our settlement."

He drew out a drawer of the desk, counted the money in gold, and handed it over.

"Tell your young friend to never enter this place or any of the sort again."

"And let me tell you," I replied, "that the place is just as bad and will be just as fatal for you as for him."

The poor fellow seemed softened and saddened as he bade me good bye.

It only remained to see Franklin again. I told him that the other two had disgorged. "What is that to me?" You will get nothing here." "Mr. Franklin," said I, "Hodgson says that you *had better* pay up." He looked at me for a moment, opened his pocket-book, and counted out seventy dollars.

By ten o'clock in the morning the money was in Edward's hands, and he was spared the shame of acknowledging himself a defaulter. But I had made it a condition that the facts should be made known to his parents, and to his employer, with strong promises for the future. One would think such a lesson as this might have saved him. Alas! the poison was in his veins; in a few months he was "bankrupt in purse and character." and he has never risen again.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—An old whaler seated in the bows, told some remarkable yarns, one of which was that on a whaling voyage he chanced to be swimming alongside of the ship, when he suddenly saw an immense whale bearing down upon him, with great force. It would not do to dive under him, and it was no use trying to get astern of him, and trying to escape by getting forward of him would be certain destruction. The whale came rapidly on, with his ponderous jaws wide open. The man made a feint of swimming before him, but suddenly tacked and went through the open jaw before the monster had time to shut his mouth and swallow him; then while the whale was recovering from his astonishment at this evasion, the man got astern of him, reached the ship, harpooned the whale, and secured the prize. During the shouts and laughter which followed this account, some one compared his case to Jonah, but Jack did not allow that there was any similarity. "Jonah," he said, "was a landsman and a lubber to get inside of a whale, anyhow, and, besides, Jonah was a parson."

THE LOSS OF HOOKER.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO A STRICKEN AND BEREFT SOLDIER.

George A. Townsend, whose military campaigns well fit him for the task, pays, in the Hartford *Post*, this tribute to the genius and character of General Joseph Hooker, the hero of Lookout Mountain, who has lately been retired from the army:

A graver topic comes to me, and to you also, in the loss of the name of Joseph Hooker, from the roll of the army. Few can take his place in talent, and who in beauty and fame? He was the Henry Clay of soldiers—generous, instinctive, reliable, electrical? He opened battle at the moment on order. When McClellan said at Antietam:

"General Hooker will advance on the right at seven o'clock!" They woke at headquarters to hear his first cannon break the morning, as if the second-hand of his watch had been the fuse to fire it. He was the promptest soldier known to either army. Some were too proud, others irresolute, some lymphatic; he was cheerful, yet remorseless at times, and as a lover, not of carnage, but of battle, few ages afford his match

He was the handsomest man in vital beauty I ever saw. Decatur must have looked like him. His nostrils and his eyes were not fire but light, never blazing with intense feeling, but shining like the dawn. He was the perfection of manly, American beauty, as we conceive it, when all our hetrogeneous tribes shall be wedded into one patriotic homogenity with the English dew and the bronze of our autumn most manifest. His walk, the turn of his knee, the straightness of his thigh and leg, the exquisiteness of his foot, what gentleman can forget?

And likewise his waist and chest, almost a woman's! They grew into a pair of shoulders that the opaulette never enhanced. The carriage of his head should have touched a nun, and Raphael would have made him pose for St. Michael. The last time I saw him was coming down the steps of the Astor House, and turning to look after him, a stranger said to me:

"Who is that?"

"Joseph Hooker."

"He's beautiful, sure!"

When the war began, Hooker was living in straits in California. His appearance had been a temptation to him, and he filled no very high and dutiful use among mankind. He embarked at once, with only his sword, and when I saw him first he commanded a brigade in the Army of the Potomac, and was encamped behind McClellan's line of doom-bound entrenchments, in the corps of Keys, I think, perhaps in Heintzleman's, among the very nearest troops of any to Richmond.

Kearney was his neighbor, and the two were the first to observe McClellan's boyish and irresolute incompetency. Kearney was rich enough to speak his mind, and Hooker was indignant enough. It was at their camps I first heard the distrust of McClellan. The latter, meantime, was thick as persimmons with these men: Slocum, Newton, Baldy Smith, Fitz John Porter, Andrew Porter, and Hancock. The latter of these was the only one that came to fortune, and the former the only one that came to desert Newton has disappeared. Baldy Smith was always an envious man, and he is said to have written coarse criticisms on Grant recently, which I should believe. Porter we know, who nearly reached the apothesis of Admiral Byng. Hancock is the best rewarded man of the army, according to his "heft." Slocum is a Seward Democrat, and I always believed him to be both a soldier and a gentleman.

At length the romance of "Little Mack" was "whaled" out of him by the tremendous attack of Stonewall Jackson. Then the 'ins' went out and the 'outs' in. I was abroad when Hooker commanded the army, but officers have told me of his bearing there—vitally, and in decision equal to the place, but in calibre of mind perhaps unequal to the mighty charge of a great army He did not think so. Certainly he made the best of that place till Grant came to look after it, for the battle of Gettysburg was the combined victory of the Lieutenants and Marshals of the Army of the Potomac, christened by Reynolds, godfathered by Meade, and by none better befriended than by John Sedgwick.

When Hooker was removed by Halleck, he rode out of the camp indignantly, and reappeared to the country in the brilliant tableau of Lookout Mountain.

I doubt not that he would have won the battle of Gettysburg as well as Meade did, and been more the personal hero of it, but possibly his quick temper and fine self-esteem (which recall Henry Clay to me) would have made him less useful, clerically, to Grant afterward; for Meade was Grant's willing and diligent clerk Sometimes I believe that if Hooker had held the Army of the Potomac to Gettysburg, he, not Grant, would have been the hero of the war to receive the sword of Lee, and that Grant would never have been called East, except in charge of Sherman's army. For Hooker, without great girth of brain, had more life than any soldier I ever saw. His contempt of geography was like Sherman's He loved fighting and going forward as much as Sheridan. And his enterprize was like Pizarro's.

As an orator he was one of the finest among soldiers As a candidate for President, Zachary Taylor would have been Sancho Panza compared to him; for with victory and his magnetism, he would have beaten Thomas Jefferson before the people. This is talking of the irrevocable, but many soldiers will agree with me in it, while all of them will admit that it was better for the Republic that the common sense head of Grant should carry these intoxicating laurels rather than this fair Alcibiades, with his brilliance, his ambition, and his adventurous spirit.

As it was, Hooker, at the end of the war, was a revived and satisfied man, perceiving himself that the good genius of the country had ordered well.

In Cincinnati he met, in the prime of life and intelligence, one of the most splendid ladies of the country, the sister of William S. Groesbeck (lately the President's counsel), a lady whose pure and elevated character had been strong enough to decline matrimony in the mere spring of life. He found her in the midsummer of her days fair as a girl, composed as a wife, and the last of his conquests was the highest testimonial ever given to his person and his character.

Now the soldier began to feel what he had vaguely appreciated before—that of which Bonaparte died unconscious—the dignity and happiness of social, domestic, life. He took command of the department of New York; his friends rejoiced at his good fortune; no such presence walked Broadway.

In the height of all this the blow came. He was paralyzed.

His wife carried him to Europe, reduced as he was from Adonnis to a cripple. In all soft lands he searched for health; the softest land was in her presence. She also became sick with care and diligence. They returned together to New York not very long ago, and Hooker, seeing his old quartermaster, Le Duke, of Iowa, coming to see him, said:

"This is all there is of Joe Hooker!"

They wept together, like women.

At Watertown, the other day, the noble wife of the General died. He has resigned his commission. God's ways are past finding out.

Dickens's Christmas Carol.

[*From the Atlantic Monthly for December,*]

There is not, in all literature, a book more thoroughly saturated with the spirit of its subject than Dickens's 'Christmas Carol,' and there is no book about Christmas that can be counted its peer. To follow old Scrooge through the ordeal of loving discipline whereby the ghosts arouse his heart, is to be warmed in every fibre of mind and body with the gentle, bountiful, ardent, affectionate Christmas glow. Read at any season of the year, this genial story never fails to quicken the impulses of tender and thoughtful charity. Read at the season of the Christmas festival, its pure, ennobling influence is felt to be stronger and sweeter than ever. As you turn its magical pages, you hear the midnight moaning of the winter wind, the soft rustle of the falling snow, the rattle of the hail on naked branch and window-pane, and the far-off tumult of tempest-smitten seas; but also there comes a vision of snug and cosy rooms, close-curtained from night and storm, wherein the lights burn brightly, and the sound of merry music mingles with the sound of merrier laughter, and all is warmth and kindness and happy content, and, looking on these pictures, you feel the full reality of cold and want and sorrow as contrasted with warmth and comfort, and recognize anew the sacred duty of striving, by all public means, to give to every human being a cheerful home and a happy fireside. The sanctity of that duty is the moral of Christmas, and of the "Christmas Carol." That such a book should find an enduring place in the affectionate admiration of mankind is an inevitable result of the highest moral and mental excellence. Conceived in a mood of large human sympathy, and expressed in a delicately fanciful yet admirably simple form of art, it addresses alike the unlettered and the cultivated, it touches the humblest as well as the highest order of mind, and it satisfies every rational standard of taste. So truly is this work an inspiration, that the thought about its art is always an afterthought. So faithfully and entirely does it give voice to the universal Christmas sentiment, that it seems the perfect reflex of every reader's ideas and feelings thereupon. There are a few other books of this kind in the world,—in which Genius does, at once and forever, what ambling Talent had always been vainly trying to do,—and these make up the small body of literature which is "for all time."

REV. DR. BEECHER—We have a good anecdote of the father of the Beecher family, which we do not find in his biography.

Some years since, he was going home one night with a volume of an encyclopædia under his arm, when he saw a small animal standing in his path. The doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. The skunk, as might have been expected, opened his battery with a return of fire so well directed, that the divine was glad to retreat.—When he arrived at home, his friends could scarcely come near him, and his clothes were so infected that he was compelled to bury them.

Some time after this, some one published a pamphlet speaking very abusively of the worthy doctor, who was asked—

"Why don't you publish a book, and put him down at once?"

His reply was prompt and to the point:

"Sir, I have learned better. Some years ago, I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to repeat the experiment."

BRANDY AND WATER.—Drinking brandy and water is quite popular with certain residents of San Francisco, who have indulged in the habit since the fall of '49 or the spring of '50. Among those given to the habit was a gentleman known to his acquaintance by the sobriquet of "The Major." He liked his brandy and water as well as any one in the world, and indulged in it as often. Some time ago he was stricken down with dropsy, and drew nigh unto death's door. Hearing of his condition,