The Lancaster Intelligencer,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
COOPER, SANDERSON & CO.
H. G SMITH, J. M. COOPER,
WM. A. MORTON, ALFRED SANDERSON

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable all cases in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE QUARE.

☞All letters on business should be addressed to COOPER, SANDERSON & Co.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 66. LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1865. NUMBER 41.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per square of ten lines; ten per cent. increase for fractions of a year.
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Literary.

"Nine Cheers for Old Zim," Or, Breaking Down the System.

In a remote county of Pennsylvania the scene is laid. The time was the year 1842, when party spirit rose to 102 deg. in the shade, in every hamlet the length and breadth of Uncle Sam's glorious domain. The respective political parties met in convention at Bugstown (the county seat), and made their nomination for county officers. As there were many aspirants for the few nominations, it follows, as a matter of course, that there were some bitter disappointments—to no one more than to "old Zim," who was confident of getting a nomination for sheriff.

Zimmerman, or "old Zim," as he was familiarly called, was a miserable old codger, who was well to do in the world yet had an all-powerful thirst for office, and he was up at every convention for a nomination for something, from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

He was reputed wealthy; that is he owned a farm and had money, but he never showed the color of it, except he unfortunately got on a spree, then he would show it broadcast—but that was only a biennial occurrence.

A few evenings after the nominations above noted, a knot of the dissatisfied were congregated at the Black Horse Tavern, discussing the merits of the fortunate nominees.

"Gentleman," said old Zim, "merit and long service to the party is no recommendation in this country. The wireworkers and schemers have it all their own way."

"Aye," responded one of the bar-room loafers, "they does the pickin' out and they expects us to do the voting."

"But, gentlemen," continued Zim, "they will fetch up agin a snag or a sawyer one of these days. Yes, gentlemen, by the etarnal, I'll upset their apple-cart and spill their peaches. I'll see whether it's the 'people' or a set of broken down political hacks as makes the county nominations. By Judas, I'll break down the system! I'll run as a volunteer candidate for sheriff, and if I don't lay 'em out, then my name aint Zimmerman, that's all."

This determination was received with favor by the crowd, and Zim sealed it with a "half for red eye."

Full soon he was in the field, announced through a card in both papers to his fellow citizens, pledging himself to discharge the duties of the office with impartiality—*in case he was elected.*

Right lustily did old Zim go to work, and things appeared to go swimmingly. He canvassed the country, and the people were profuse in their promises of doing their best for him. In one of his peregrinations he met Wattles the nominee of Zim's party, who was also on an electioneering tour.

"Ha, Wattles," said he "my fine fellow, I'm sorry to see you allow yourself to be the tool of the unholy and corrupt cabal—I say I am sorry to see you sacrificed, but you're bound to be beat. I'll show them that the freemen of this country will not bear dictation; so my friend, if you wish to save yourself from the disgrace of a defeat, you had better resign in my favor."

Wattles expressed his conviction that he should feel very much used up in such an event, but at the same time he had made up his mind to stand the hazard of the die.

Election day at length came, and my worthy friend, armed with a hat full of tickets, stationed himself on the ground of his own precinct, and commenced dealing out his tickets, and urging his claims in the strongest kind of a way; miser as he was, he made his friends swim in Monongahela long before the polls were closed.

The election over, evening came on apace, and the eager expectants gathered in the bar-rooms to await the counting of the votes, and the returns to come in from the different townships. Old Zim was flourishing about, treating the crowd, expressing his full confidence in the people and success of his effort to "break down the system."

Seated in a remote corner were a number of wags, in low but earnest conversation, and any one who might have chanced to see them would at once have concluded that something was to follow. The consultation soon broke up, and the plot began in about fifteen minutes to develop itself. The clatter of a horse's hoofs were heard on the frozen ground—a solitary horseman rode up the door, and flinging the reins over a post, rushed into the bar-room, where he was soon raised on a table, and silence commanded.

"Here," said he, drawing a strip of paper from his pocket, are the returns from Lower Buffalo township:—Wattles, 50; McGregor, 40; Zimmerman, 190."

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, taking off his hat, "I'm obliged to you for this expression of your—that is to say, let us *take a horn all round.*"

Of course the crowd acquiesced in this proposition, and the welkin rang with the loud huzza. But, hark! scarcely had the eager crowd imbibed before another horseman came galloping up to the inn.

"Begum township one hundred majority for Zimmerman!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Again did old Zim attempt to speak, but his feelings overcame him, and he ended by inviting the entire company to just call for whatever they wanted. Again the glasses jingled as the excited multitude wedged themselves towards the bar, and again was heard the clatter of horse's hoofs.

"Dublin township, one hundred and thirty majority for Zimmerman!"

"Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah."

The excited candidate was wild with joy and excitement, and he again invited the party up to drink.

Another horseman came! another, and still another! each one bringing an overwhelming majority for old Zim from the township he represented.—Alas, that it should be the same horse, who performed the feat of a quarter race every hour that night, and it should be the same mad wag under various disguises that brought old Zim the glorious news! The column, as footed up, gave Zim a cool thousand majority.—Didn't he rave and pitch? Well, he did! Didn't he spend a cool thirty? the landlord's till groaned under the weight of old Zim's deposits.

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "My heart is full, (his head wasn't anything else,) and I can only say, that the glory of this contest belongs to you; but I feel a ('brick in your hat,' said a wag,) pride that I have been the humble instrument of breaking down the system." [Nine cheers.]

Thus matters progressed until those who were completely "sewed up," were laid out and the remainder found their way home—some charitable friends of the sheriff elect toating him on a shutter to his domicil.

Early in the morning, the village wags with throbbing temples, met at the tavern to take "a hair from the dog that bit them," and to laugh over the "saw" played on old Zim; but scarcely had they commenced worship before in stalks the old gentleman, still under the delusion that he had carried the day—nay, more, he insisted on spending a V by way of a morning whet.

The wags were determined to keep it up as long as possible, and again drank and congratulated him on his success. In the midst of the noise and confusion, in bounded an inky printer's devil, who deposited an extra on the table, containing the returns. Eagerly did old Zim seize and hover over it, but a minute. The conclusion of it is all-sufficient for the reader. It read as follows:

"By the above it will be seen that the Democracy has again triumphed, as Wattles' (Dem.) majority over Thibbets, (Whig) is one hundred and fifty. Zimmerman, volunteer, had three votes in Beegum, two in Dublin, one in Lower Buffalo, and one in this borough, (supposed to be by *himself*,) making a total of seven votes."

The extra dropped from Zim's hand's; he moved towards the door, then looking around full at the gaping crowd, he said leisurly—

"Gentlemen, you may all *go to* ——!" And rushing from the bar-room, he was never again heard of in Bugsburg.

Prof. Wennel's Ghost.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

The pink chamber was the prettiest room in Craig Cottage. Mr. Westgate, the gentlemanly owner of Craig Cottage, had expressed a mild approval of it when Bertrade, his bright, brunette daughter called him in to see it as the furnishing was completed: but Bertrade, flushed with success, was hardly satisfied.

"Why, papa, it's perfectly exquisite! like the inside of a sea-shell. See the rosy tinges reflected on the white window shades by the pink damask draping. See the light fall in a glow on the little Xantho yonder. Oh, *how* pretty. *Don't* you think it beautiful, papa?"

"Yes, my dear. I hope Prof. Wennel will like it."

"Prof. Wennel!" screamed Bertrade, "you don't intend to put him here."

"Why not? it is the prettiest room in the house."

"But he's a man."

"What of that?"

"This is a lady's room. Indeed it is papa; it isn't fit for a gentleman. There are too many toilette arrangements, and no accommodations at all for cigars."

"Prof. Wennel doesn't smoke, and he's a guest to whom I wish to do all possible honor. I wish him to be accommodated by the best the house affords in every way."

Mr. Westgate was mild but firm. Bertrade pouted in vain.

"A horrible great man in that little nest!" said she to her sister Lou. "Just think of it! He'll tear everything to pieces, I know he will."

"Nonsense, Bert, I should think Mr. Wennel was a wild cat."

"Lou, don't all men wear muddy boots, dash the water about in bathing, scatter cigar ashes, and put their feet on the chairs?"

"No, my dear; papa dosen't."

"Papa's an exception to all men in every way."

"You'd better wait and see if Prof. Wennel isn't, before you get in such a passion about him.'

"I'm not in a passion. I wish before he comes here to spoil that beautiful room, that he'd blow himself up in some of his chemical experiments—but I'm not in a passion! I know I shall hate him though—I want the room for Nellie."

"Papa's favorite guest before yours, my dear."

"Of course; papa would not care if Nellie slept in the attic."

"Now, Bertrade."

Bertrade, rather ashamed of her last remark, was silent, and sat tying knots in her wrapper cord and jerking them out again. Just then there was a ring of the door bell, the sound of voices in greeting, and Lou observed quickly:

"Prof. Wennel has come, Bert."

Bertrade sat still until she heard her father show the professor into the pink chamber, then she threw herself upon the lounge and cried tears of vexation.

Neither of the sisters had ever seen Prof. Wennel. He had been at college with Mr. Westgate, and they concluded of course, that he was equally elderly and studious. They were not aware that he was barely forty, being eight years younger than Mr. Westgate, and though interested in literature and science, hardly considered a bore in the best society in Europe which he had frequented for the last five years.

Pretty Nellie Dashton arrived that evening. There was no pink chamber for her use. She found no fault with the pretty white-draped bed room with a dressing room attached, which was assigned her, but Bertrade expressed to her her indignation.

All the girls were a little surprised when they met Prof. Wennel at the tea table. He was fine looking and agreeable. Nellie said so when they had flown back to their retreat—the bay-window in the upper hall, where Lou always sewed.

"Dear little six footer! I wonder how he likes the lace of his toilette cushion," said Bertrade, incorrigibly.

"I'll tell you what I should do if I were you, Bert," said Nellie.

"What?"

* * * * *

Prof. Wennel sat in his room reading. It was nearly twelve o'clock at night. The damp night-wind blew in at the open window and made the light flicker as it shone through its alabaster shade, upon the table at his side. The room was indeed like the heart of a rose; but if Bertrade Westgate had not been so very much prejudiced, she would have seen that Prof. Wennel, with his classical face and slender hands, did not look much out of place there.

Suddenly something, he never knew what, made him raise his eyes from his book. In the centre of the room stood a slender figure robed in a shroud, white and glimmering; and at the instant his eyes fell upon it the town clock it began to strike twelve in the distance. As the ast stroke died, the figure moved silently toward the door and glided out.

The professor sat staring at empty space, doubting his senses. He was so astonished that he never stirred in his seat for ten minutes. He sat gazing straight forward until the book, slipping from his relaxed hand, fell upon the floor and startled him.

"I have been asleep and dreaming," said he; and he prepared to retire. Yet as he drew the white coverlet over his shoulders, he had a suspicion that what he had seen was not a dream.

The next morning at breakfast he said to his host—

"Phillip, is this an old house?"

"Well, it has something of a history, I believe. It has been in my possession but a year, and we have lived here only a few months."

"What is its history?"

"It was built by a man named Alligood, I don't know how long ago. He lost his young wife here immediately after his removal to it. Then Dr. Grant bought it."

"Did Alligood's wife die of sickness?"

"I believe there was a report that she poisoned herself on account of some former attachment. Do you know anything about it, Bertrade?"

"Yes, Papa," said Bertrade, slowly stirring her coffee; "everybody thinks it is quite true that she poisoned herself because she was married against her will, to Mr. Alligood. "And," continued Bertrade, observing that Prof. Wennel was regarding her attentively, "they say she was found with the glass in her hand dead in the room we have furnished as the pink chamber."

"How horrible! I shouldn't think you'd dare to live here," murmured Nellie Dashton, shrugging her dimpled shoulders, and everybody saw Prof. Wennel shudder, but he changed the conversation.

That night he retired to bed as early as ten o'clock, but somebow he could not sleep. At twelve o'clock he was as wide awake as ever he was in his life, and there in the centre of the room stood the same white figure which had visited him the previous night. As before, its stay was brief. It retreated as he fixed his eyes upon it, and vanished at the door, which closed softly behind it. The Prof. never closed his eyes all night.

The next day he hinted to Mr. Westgate that he thought of returning home. His host was astonished.

"Why, Arch., I thought you were going to stay all summer with me."

"So did I," said Bertrade, softly.

Prof. Wennel murmured something about changing his plans, and declared that he really felt as if he must depart on the following day.

That night he was visited again; the fact did not accelerate his departure, for the Prof. had the belief that directly after the door closed upon his ghost, he heard a smothered laugh, and he remained until the next night.

Just as the clock was on the stroke of twelve, his chamber door opened, and the shape appeared. He kept his head bent over his book, until it had advanced into the centre of the room. Then, instead of sitting still, dazzled by fear and fascinated with wonder, he quietly arose, produced a pistol, and said calmly:

"Take off that sheet, or I'll fire."

The figure paused slowly to retreat.

"I'll give you but one second," he said, firmly.

The figure paused, wavered—the sheet fell, and Bertrade sank on her knees before him.

"Oh, Prof. Wennel, forgive me—and don't, oh, don't tell papa!"

Pallid and lovely, with her dark ringlets falling in disorder on her shoulders, the Prof. lowered his pistol before her beseeching face.

"Have you any excuse for such conduct Miss Westgate?"

"No—yes—oh, I can't tell you; but I did it partly for fun. Won't you forgive me, and not tell papa? I'll do anything for you; indeed I will."

He stood quietly before her as she still knelt at his feet.

"You ask a great deal of me. You have destroyed my plans for the summer, forcing me to tell your father that I must go away."

"I know, but you can make some excuse not to go, if you like. I will help you if you won't tell him. Say—say—."

"May I say that I have fallen in love with his daughter, and so have changed my mind a second time?"

She was on her feet in an instant, all her pallor given way to a burning blush. He smiled, but she did not see him, for her eyes were on the floor.

"May I say it?" he repeated.

She looked up with a little indignant flash.

"No."

He went nearer, took her hands, and made her look at him.

"May I, Bertrade?"

"Yes," she said.

And Professor Wennel married his ghost.

Important Proclamation—Prominent Rebels Pardoned.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, October 11, 1865.

WHEREAS, The following named persons, to wit: John A. Campbell, of Alabama; John H. Reagan, of Texas; Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; George A. Trenholm, of South Carolina; and Charles Clark, of Mississippi, lately engaged in rebellion against the United States Government, who are now in close custody, have made their submission to the authority of the United States, and have applied to the President for pardon under his proclamation; and

WHEREAS, The authority of the Federal Government is sufficiently restored in the aforesaid States to admit of the enlargement of said persons from close custody; it is ordered that they be released on giving their respective paroles to appear at such time and place as the President may designate, to answer any charge that he may direct to be preferred against them, and also, that they will respectively abide, until further orders, in the places herein designated, and not depart therefrom: John A. Campbell, in the State of Alabama; John H. Reagan, in the State of Texas; Alex. H. Stephens, in the State of Georgia; George W. Trenholm, in the State of South Carolina; and Charles Clark, in the State of Mississippi; and if the President should grant his pardon to any of said persons, such person's parole will be discharged. (Signed)

ANDREW JOHNSON, President.

—Most bachelors are smart, but it is only husbands who are now shrew'd.

—Love in a cottage is all very well when you own the cottage, and have plenty of money at interest.

—A kind of angling that doesn't always take: Fishing for compliments.

—Political croakers would almost rather share in any calamity than fail in prediction.

—There is no monarch's signet-ring that is typical of as much duty as the wedding-ring is.

—Opportunities, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

—When is silence likely to get wet? When it reigns.

My Cold Bath.

[From "Once a Week."]

One morning, during the long vacation Emerson and I were standing on the pier of a small watering-place on the Kentish coast, waiting for the one great excitement of the day, the landing of the boat from London. As this was the only relief to the monotony of life at Newton, all the "rank and fashion" were assembled to enjoy it. I had fallen into a brown study under the genial influence of a pipe and the calm summer's morning. Still my eyes were fixed on a pretty girl, who was fishing for sea anemones with her parasol. I was first struck by her figure, but still more so with her face, when she turned around, and addressed an elderly gentleman who was sitting behind her. Emmerson was looking about him, and launching forth in praise of some angel with whom he was deeply smitten, an event which occurred so often that I had ceased to take any notice of it.

Suddenly Emmerson, who had for some time been watching the direction of my eyes, said, "What should you do if that girl were to tumble in after one of those jellyfish?"—he always would call sea anemones jellyfish.

"I suppose I should have to jump in after her," I replied, very ungraciously.

"Well," said Emmerson, "I think then it is very probable that the last of the Plantagenets will have an impromptu bath before he goes home. But I don't believe you would jump in even to save my life, much more that of a girl you never saw before in your wretched benedictine existence, you old misogamist.

"At all events," said I, "I hope she won't take it into her head to try and drown herself before I have finished my pipe."

I soon became once more absorbed in watching the lovely figure of the girl as she eagerly leaned forward over the water to catch her glittering prey, occasionally turning round to the old man behind her, and showing a beautiful face, with bright, sparkling, deep brown eyes, dark rich hair, and pearly teeth.—Presently, as I had just looked out to seaward to see if the boat was coming, I heard her say, "Oh, papa, here's such a beauty! I must get it;" then I heard a splash and a scream.

The next moment my coat was off, and I was in the water. Luckily, I could swim well; but quick as I was, she had sunk twice, and the tide which was running like a millstream, had taken her some distance before I could reach her. Just as she was sinking for the last time, I dived and caught her; but my coming too near had nearly proved the destruction of us both, for she seized me with a drowning grasp, and dragged me under water too. At length she became insensible, and I extricated one arm from her, and tried to paddle back; but by this time my strength was nearly exhausted, when a boat from the steamer, which had just arrived, picked me up, and took us both to the pier, where I soon recovered consciousness.

Such, however, was not the case with Ethel, (as I afterwards found she was called.) She was taken home on a hand-barrow, and for some time her life was despaired of. Her father was too anxious to say much to me then, but called the next day to thank me, for I was too ill to go out. He said that after some hours she had revived a little, but was still in a precarious state.

I suffered no further inconvenience than a bad cough; but I never shall forget Emmerson's surprise. He afterwards said to me, grasping my hand, "Plantagenet, I fancied that, in spite of your apparent coldness, you would be just the man to risk your life to save another's and your mermaid is worth saving, for her face is too pretty to be made food for fishes." * * *

As soon as I was able I called on Col. Murray, whom I found was an old Indian officer, and father of the young lady whose life I had so providentially saved.

It was some time before Ethel was able to leave the house; when she did so, however, I used to accompany her to the beach, leaving Col. Murray at home, in sight, with the *Times*. Miss Murray would often laughingly say she was glad of her accident, as it led to an acquaintance which was a relief to the dull life she had hitherto passed, knowing no one. I assured her the pleasure was mutual, but I added, sorrowfully, "I must return to town on Monday next"—this was Tuesday.

"Must you?" said she; "so soon! Oh, do stay a fortnight longer; can't you?" I explained that this was impossible. "Then" said she, "you must call on us in London; there is my card."

I took the card, on which was inscribed, "Miss Ethel Murray, 75 Pemberton Square." I promised to call, but a feeling of sadness had come over us, for which Emmerson rallied me afterwards.

Emmerson coming up at that moment, I introduced him, but I saw by the twinkle of his eye that he meant mischief, for I always chaffed him unmercifully when I got the chance, which was often, as "angels" abounded; each more beautiful than the last. But I was always called a misogamist; and yet here I, the grave Geoffrey Plantagenet, was positively "spooning."

Emmerson immediately began chatting in his usual lively way, and Miss Murray was apparently delighted with him, much to my annoyance, as I certainly dreaded him for a rival—taller by three inches than I was, good-looking and lively; no very great heart about him, perhaps, but girls don't mind that. Presently Emmerson jumped up and rushed off after an angel who was just coming from her bath.

"I am glad you like my friend," said I, when he was gone.

"Yes," she replied, "pretty well; he is very amusing, and will do to talk to."

"What do you mean by that?", said I.

"I hardly know,", she replied: "but I mean no one could ever care for him, I should think."

This relieved my mind, and the rest of my time at the seaside passed happily and rapidly away.

It was bliss to see Ethel bathe, and then to walk by her side and talk to her, as I usually did all day; for her father, good man, never troubled himself about her; she always did as she liked. I used to love to see that beautiful hair float over her shoulders—to watch her every motion. I was too happy; I knew a change must soon come. * *

As Emmerson and I went back to town of course I got plenty of chaff, but at the same time Emmerson sided completely with me, and cheered me up. When I said that I had no chance of winning such a lovely and rich bride, he said that I was of an old family, though poor, and that he was fully prepared to assert that I was the best fellow in England, and that, if the "old nabob" did not consent at once, he should propose to take forcible measures to compel him, even hinting at an elopement, and a desire to assist.

When I had been in town about a month I called at Pemberton square, and was shown up into a handsome apartment, where the marks of Ethel's hands were evident everywhere.

I received a sound rating for not calling before, and I explained that I had been engaged, and therefore unable to do so, but all in vain. Miss Murray was disappointed. She said that, as I thought it such a bore, she hoped I would not trouble myself again.

This was too much for me. I threw myself on my knees before her and commenced a flood of entreaties, but was interrupted by a fit of coughing. That cough saved me—it reminded her of a drawing girl saved from death.

"Oh, Mr. Bertrand," she said, "don't make excuses. It is I who ought to apologize, for being so thoughtless and unkind. I am sure you come as soon as you were able. Please call in the evening—every evening; papa will be so glad to see you. But you have not lost your cough—do you take anything for it?"

"No," I replied; but I added that my coughs always hurg about me. I expressed a hope that she had not suffered from her involuntary cold bath; and she assured me that, though still delicate, she was quite well She said she knew that I had been sitting in my wet clothes. I acknowledged that I had, for which I got a reprimand.

We were now better friends than ever; and when Col. Murray came in, he seemed very glad to see me, but complained of my staying away so long. Ethel, however, hastened to stop him, by assuring him that I could not possibly have come before, and that it was very thoughtless of him to think that I could.

The evening passed rapidly and pleasantly. When I left, I had strict orders to come again as soon as I could, and always to come when I liked.

That night, over a pipe, I had a long consultation with Emmerson, and told him all that had passed. He was delighted, and told me I was a made man, safe for a thousand a year. He only wished he could light upon a partner in every way so eligible.

"Did they give you a good feed, old boy?" said he.

"Yes," said I; "but Ethel did look so charmingly, you can't imagine."

"Oh, I dare say she did!" said he. "Was the house well furnished?"

"Yes, very," I replied; "and she was so kind!"

"Oh, I've no doubt she is well off," said Emmerson. "Did she ask after me?"

"Yes," said I; "and told me to bring you up."

"Take care," said Emmerson; "I shall be cutting you out. But really, will you ask her if she has a cousin equally well off and good locking, who would do for me?"

"I will inquire," said I; "but first let me settle my own affair."

After a few more words we separated; and went to bed. * * * * * *

As may be imagined, after my last orders, I called at Colonel Murray's very frequently, Emmerson used to come, too; sometimes, and he often used to ask me to find him some one to make love to, as he felt wretchedly lonely now; he did not care to come with me to play second fiddle, and he dared not attempt any seige of Ethel himself, for he always used to say that she had surrendered to the enemy (meaning me), and that her fortifications were too strong for him. I used to think sometimes that I was loved in return, but then again a chance expression would dash all hopes to the ground. If I stayed away two days she would seem piqued; but again in a minute she would laugh and ask me if I supposed she cared?

Certainly, love is a great humbler, for now when I looked at Ethel, I used to think I was totally unworthy of her; she seemed to me quite a superior being, and yet I had often met grander and nobler women, but never one whom I loved before. I had often resolved to risk my happiness, but as often as I began a preamble she would laugh in the middle and take away all my courage.

One evening, however, I told her straight out that I loved her, and she told me she returned my love. Now I was happy, with my arm round her waist, and her head on my shoulder. All seemed to prognosticate bliss; alas, how soon was the cup of happiness dashed from my lips! When I mentioned "papa," she said he was sure to consent, from his love for her, and besides that, he had taken a great fancy to me, for I resembled an old friend of his in India. I was at this time not quite one and twenty, and I thought objections might be raised to my youth, but I never expected the blow that came.

* * * * * * *

I spoke to Col. Murray, and he put me off for some time, but at length he said he was sorry he could not bestow his daughter on me, as he had made a promise to an old friend on the subject.

I was wild with grief, rushed into the draw-room, where Ethel was sitting, caught her in my arms, gave her one long kiss, then rushed from the house. The last words I heard were, "I will never forget you. I cannot love another."

As soon as I reached home, Emmerson could see that something was wrong; it soon came out, and now followed a scene; he was as much excited as if he himself had been rejected; he muttered curses, "not loud but deep," on the "old sinner's" head, swearing he would find out what his promise was, and if that was any excuse for drawing on his daughter's deliverer to treat him thus. But his great idea seemed to be a runaway match. "Nothing easier," said he; "I will stand by you and help you." But to this I knew Ethel would not consent.

A few weeks after I attained my majority and resumed the name of Plantagenet, which I had dropped for that of Bertrand, by the will of an eccentric uncle, who left me a considerable sum of money, on condition that I dropped my father's name till I was twenty-one, as they had quarreled; but my uncle now being dead, I again used my own name of Geoffrey Plantagenet. By this time I found that anxiety and disappointment had rendered me so weak as to require country air; so I went to a retired place.

Immediately after I left London, Emmerson called at Col. Murray's and asked to see the colonel privately. The colonel received him not very graciously; but nothing disconcerted at this, he said, "I suppose you are aware, sir, that my friend is dying?" The colonel started. "He gave me this for you," continued Emmerson, handing him a note.

Col. Murray hastily broke the seal, and at the moment he glanced down the letter he uttered an exclamation and fell fainting to the ground. Emmerson seized a glass of water that stood by and dashed it in his face. In a few minutes he recovered sufficiently to speak; his first words were, "Where is he? Take me to him. I must see him at once. Is 't too late to save him?" In fact, without a word he started off after me.

Emmerson brought the colonel to me. I was then lying on a couch much exhausted, and feeling very ill. When they came into the room the colonel rushed towards me, and seized me by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear Geoffrey, found at last!"

The rest is soon told. It appeared that my father was an old friend of Colonel Murray's in India, and that Col. Murray had made up his mind that no one but his old friend's son should ever marry Ethel. Hence his rejection of my suit. The sight of his signature as Geoffrey Plantagenet (which he knew was the name of his old friend's son) brought him to my side. Formerly I had, for the reason before stated, been always called Bertrand.

Ethel was informed of what had happened, and of course came down to me immediately. It was a likeness to my father that Col. Murray had noticed, and that prepossessed him in my favor.

As soon as I was well enough we were married. Emmerson figured at the wedding in fine style, and said a great many complimentary things. Now he is a welcome guest at our house. Ethel says that she always blesses the day when she fell into the water, as that made her Mrs. Plantagenet; and thus we often talk over "My cold bath, and what came of it."

What Dick Blaize Found in Church.

I'd been to church. I'm not a man to sail under false colors, and pretend I went reg'lar, for I didn't; but when a lad has been on a three years' cruise, and through no end o' gales, and come home safe and sound at last, it's only right he should report himself at headquarters. Some didn't; but I had a good old mother once, and she taught me a great deal that I've forgotten now (more shame for me,) besides some things I remember. So, feeling that the Lord's hand had been in my coming home alive, I went to where they say he comes oftenest, and that's to church.

It was a grand sort of place; but I had my 'longshore togs on, and my new silver watch, and a collar as white as old sail—and in I walked, bold as brass. It was evening, about seven bells, and the glims were all alight. Chaplain, he was there in the wheel-house, and all the passengers aboard. I sailed up the straits, looking for a seat, but Lord love ye! they all hate state-rooms, with the doors shut, and though I said, once or twice, "Shove up, shipmate," nary lad of 'em budged an inch.

"Look-a-here, my man," says I to a fellow acting as convoy to a lot of ladies jest come in, "my opinion is you need a missionary. I've been among the benighted heathen, in parts where they're nigh as black as your coat, and though they eat each other now and then, them that's convarted never tries to keep the others out in the cold when there's a meetin'. Chaplain wouldn't hear on't if they did."

Well, the chap turned up his nose at me, and said something about "being under no obligation to find seats for strangers," and I set sail for the door, when he pints, and I looks, and, bless her pretty heart! there was a lady holding her door open, and a kind o' bowin', as much as to say, "Cast anchor here, and welcome."

So I made my best bow, and went in. There warn't another soul but us two there, and I felt sheepish, I can tell you. I warn't two-and-twenty then, and was afore the mast yet. And she was a beauty!—like a little yacht with streamers flying, and holiday sailing ahead. If she'd turned up her nose at me I'd not have wondered. But she didn't; she gave me a book, with blue velvet on the binding, to sing out of, and smiled when she did it. And bless ye, I forgot what the chaplain was saying, looking at her. I don't know where she got her eyes, unless a bit of summer sky was used to make 'em, for they were jest as blue. Well, when it was all over, such a time as I had treading on the women's long petticoats, and being scowled at, coming out! I was making headway down the street, when I saw a fellow half-seas over make up to a lass and put his arm about her waist and try to kiss her. She screamed, but before she could scream twice I was alongside of her. "Hands off, you lubber!" said I, and I laid him sprawling.

And then I saw the lass was the very one I'd been looking at all the evening—the only Christian (according to my reckoning) in church.

Says she, "I'm very much obliged to you, sir."

Says I, "You ain't—not at all, miss; and now, if you've far to go, I'll walk alongside and pilot you, if you'll permit."

Says she, "I have a very little way to go; that's father's house; but thank you a thousand times."

Well, she pointed to a reg'lar first-class sort of place, all white marble, that I knew to be Cappen Jersey's. And Cappen Jersey was my cappen. I'd sailed with him for years—'prentice at first, hand arterward. And, Lord love ye, I felt almost frightened to think of sitting and walking alongside *his* daughter. I made my best scrape and bow, and somehow stammered out about giving best respects to the cappen, and the honor of having sarved her.

Then says she, "Papa must thank you himself." And there, true as the sea-sarpent, was Cappen Jersey at the parlor port-hole. She told him what had happened, and he said, "My man, you've done your duty," and made me come in and have a glass of wine. He called it wine, look ye, but I've my doubts of it, for it was sour as swipes, and fizzed like soda-water when the cork came out. I should have took it for spiled cider. However, cappen's wine isn't to be sneezed at by foremast-hands, and I took it.

Well, I took myself home arter that, but I took her along o' me. I could see her eyes and her mouth and her hair—'twarn't gold, nor brown, nor yet flaxen—sort o' like moonlight with a shadow in it—as well as if I'd been in one o' them daguerreotype machines and had her picter took off on my heart, and at night I dreamed of her.

Look here, shipmate, if you'll keep dark I'll tell you what I dreamed: That I—Dick Blaize—*kissed* Cappen Jersey's daughter! I don't believe in a man stepping out of his place. Nobody under a first mate had a right to dream that, and I own up I was to blame.

That wasn't the worst—I vow it wasn't. I thought of her arter I was awake jest the same; and I did think if I could be cappen, and have her for my wife—Eva her name was: I'd heard the Cappen call her so—I'd not want to die, nor yet to go to heven. Life would be so happy to me!

Well, I went on loving and hoping, and we took another voyage, and yet another; and I got on, and was promoted, and by-and-by I found myself second mate, and then she was not spliced yet. I was six-and-twenty, and had a little money put by, and thoughts of her had kept me from too much grog and company that might ha' done me harm; and says I, one day, "I'll have her yet before I go to Davy Jones' locker."

I didn't give up thoughts of Miss Eva Jersey, and being second mate, I found chances after while to talk to her, and I was a handsome young fellow then—wanity you'll say, but it's truth—and she took a shine to me. When I knew it I was beside myself with joy.

Secret a bit we were about it, as lovers will be, and the cappen was a man to be afraid of. But one day I went to him, and says I, "Cappen, I've a word to say to you."

I couldn't go on at first, but by-and-by I managed to stumble through it.—"I loved his daughter and wanted him to give her to me." That was my yarn, and Lord love ye! the squall it raised. Cappen rose up and looked at me.

"Have you been drinking, my man?" says he.

"No, Cappen," says I.

"Then you're mad," says he.

"Nor yet mad," says I.

He pointed to the door.

"I haven't had my answer," says I. "I beg pardon, Cappen, but I want to hear it."

Ladies may read this, or I'd write down what he said to me. Talk about oaths after that!

"I don't deserve this, sir," said I.

"You deserve a cowhiding. If I had a jack-o'-nine-tails handy I'd lay it over your back," said he. "Miss Eva Jersey is a lady, and you a common sailor."

"Second mate now, sir," says I.

"Second fiddle-stick's end," says he.

"And, sir, she—she likes me," said I. Then cappen kicked me out. Mind ye, he was sixty-five, or I'd not have let him do it."

Next thing I heard Eva was sent away to an aunt's, and the nigger that waited on the cappen ashore fetched me a note bidding me good-by, and saying that she "must obey her father." That was duty. Let every man and woman do their duty. I did mine; for, you see, I'd engaged with Cappen Jersey for a new voyage, and the time was come; and though it went agin me, I couldn't desert, though I said "it's the last voyage we'll have together, my hearty." Said it to myself, you know.

I did my duty. I worked hard. But all the light was gone out o' my sky. I was in a fog, with my compass lost. Life warn't nothing to me, and soon I had a chance for death.

For there came to us such a gale as never blew before, when we were not far from the Gold Coast; and after it had blown a bit it seemed to me the cappen lost his senses. He might have saved the ship, but he was obstinate, and so she went upon a rock and split to pieces. We took to the boats in the storm.—I never saw any of my messmates again. We might as well have been afloat in egg-shells. The first I knew, after knowing nothing, was lying in burning sand on my face; and when I cleared my eyes I saw I'd been washed ashore. Two men lay alongside o' me. I turned the first over; it was the cook, Peter; he was stone-dead. I looked at the next; it was the cappen. Yes, 'twas poor old Cappen Jersey, and he wasn't dead, for he groaned when I touched him.

Says I, "What cheer, cappen?"

Says he, "I sha'n't live to see my girl again, Blaize."

"Tell that to the marines!" says I. "We're on main land, I fancy, and niggers or not, I never knew men I was afraid of. We'll get home yet, cappen."

"You may," says he. "I must stay here; my leg is broken."

So it was. The hero had been bruised and beaten nearly to death, besides, though he bore it so well, and I found myself piping my eyes as I looked at him; but I was a bit of a surgeon, and I set the limb and bandaged it—bark for splints, and my shirt for bandages—and then (that was a hard job) I took poor Peter's clothes and made a kind of bed for cappen in the shadiest place I could find, and buried the cook, with a bit of prayer, and set down to think. I couldn't go a step, and I must feed him and myself. I had a bit of liquor in a flask, and that was all.

I couldn't tell you much about how we lived, sometimes burning, sometimes soaked to the skin, half the time hungry. I found berries and roots and a bread-fruit tree, and caught a parrot and roasted her. I stuck to the cappen. I suppose a month went so, and he could just move a little; and then I began helping him on my easy stages, hoping to come to some place where we should see human faces. We didn't, only to woods we were afraid to go through for the wild beasts, and I wished we had staid near the shore, where we might have seen a sail.

I learned how to say, "Give us to-day our daily bread" then, and the Lord sent it. But one day—a burning day—I could find neither water nor food. We were starving. I was as weak as a child, and the poor Cappen weaker than I.

And the Cappen said to me over and over again, "Go, Blaize"—'twasn't my man now—"you can escape, perhaps. Leave me. I'm only an old dying man."

And I had answered, "No one shall ever say Dick Blaize desarted his Cappen." But I knew we were both doomed. Neither flesh nor fruit nor water could I find. And at last I sat down in despair.

Well, to cut a long story short, messmates, we were rescued, came ashore at Marblehead at last, and I was well and hearty, but the poor Cappen laid low. I had thought we'd bury him at sea, but it didn't come to that, and they took him home on a litter to die there; but before he went he held out his hand to me.

"God bless you!" he said. "No son could be kinder than you have been;" and I went away wiping my eye.

I'd got to love him out there on the Gold Coast.

Well, I was uneasy, and I walked the deck of my room the best part of the night, and at daybreak some one says, "Ahoy, Mr. Blaize!" and I opened the door. A boy was there. Says he, "Cappen Jersey has sent for you—he's dying."

I knew it must come; but my heart sank like the lead in deep water. I set sail for the house leaving the lad quite out of sight, and got there in a few minutes. The nigger took me in, and there was Cappen in bed and Chaplain alongside, and Eva crying as if her blessed heart would break. And Cappen says to me:

"Blaize, time is short for me, I must speak fast. You love my girl still?"

Says I, "I haven't words to tell how dear he is to me."

Then the Cappen took her little hand and put it in mine, and says to the chaplain.

"Let me see it done before I die."

And before I knew what had happened I was called on to answer would I take this woman to be my wedded wife? and had said:

"Will I? Why, if you'll give her to me, Cappen, you give me my bit of heaven afore my time." At which Chaplain took me up sharp.

And then we were married, and the dream came true, for I kissed her.—*Harper's Weekly.*

An Interesting Incident of the War—A Lesson Taught.

Many instances have been given by travellers of the affection shown by the Arabian horses towards their masters; and so much, also, has been written to prove their sagacity, as to make one believe, at times, that they must be endowed with an instinct which approaches nearly, if not quite, to the reasoning faculty of a human being. Be this, however, as it may, we very much doubt if among the feats narrated of the horses of the East, any can be found that exceeds in affectionate devotion the following incident, which was told us a few days since at Saratoga by the soldier to whom it occurred. The narrator is a young Irishman, and like many others of his nation, joined, shortly after his arrival in America, Sheridan's brigade. It was in one of those forced marches when they had driven back the enemy and had been in the saddle for several consecutive days and nights, that this trooper availed himself of a temporary Lalt, to slip from his saddle and stretch himself upon the turf—his horse, meanwhile, brousing in the immediate vicinity. He had slept for some little time, when he was suddenly awakened by the frantic pawing of his horse, at his side. Fatigued by his long ride, he did not rouse at once, but lay in that partially conscious state which so frequently attends great physical prostration. Soon, however, the faithful animal, perceiving that its efforts had failed to accomplish their object licked his face, and placing its mouth close to his ear, uttered a loud snort. Now thoroughly awake, he sprang up, and as the horse turned for him to mount, he saw for the first time that his comrades had all disappeared, and that the enemy were coming down upon him at full gallop. Once mounted, the faithful beast bore him with the speed of the wind safely from the danger and soon placed him among his companions. "Thus," he added with emotion, "the noble fellow saved me from captivity and perhaps from death."

Can there be found on record a more beautiful example of affectionate devotion on the part of a dumb brute to his master than this? Undoubtedly similar examples have occurred during the recent war, which will forever be buried in oblivion. Would that they might be brought to light, if their narration could in any degree mitigate the cruelty to which the horse is constantly subjected, especially in our large cities, where many of the drivers are more brutal than the beasts they have in charge.

Slaughter of Indians.

A Fort Laramie, D. T., correspondent of the Chicago *Times* describes in detail a series of attacks made by the Indians near Yellowstone river upon a number of troops under Capt. Coles, consisting of his own regiment mounted as riflemen, with one section of artillery and a battalion of the 12th Missouri cavalry. The latter seem to have fallen back several miles, the Indians being in large force, and apparently determined to destroy the command. The writer says:

On the evening of September 3d he was again attacked by the Indians in great force, but repulsed and pursued them ten miles, when he camped on the west bank of the Powder river, where the engagement was resumed at daybreak the next morning, the Indians commencing the attack on the west side of the camp, but in every quarter they were defeated with heavy loss until 8 o'clock in the forenoon, when they attempted a grand *coup de main* by crossing a party of 1,500 or 2,000 to the other side of the river, where they made a furious attack on the river side of the camp. One company had already been thrown across, though it fell back to the west bank, which was held by four companies of the 2d Missouri light artillery, armed with Spencer's repeating carbines and Colt's army revolvers, and advantageously posted in a clump of timber that came up to the water's edge. One piece of artillery was also brought to bear on the crossing.—The Indians came dashing down from the bluff in a confused mass, yelling like a horde of fiends let loose from infernal regions, and as the advance entered the river, which was less than fifty yards wide, our boys opened on them. The slaughter was awful, but retreat was impossible, as those in the rear were continually rushing up, pressing the advance directly under the fire until the river was literally damned with the bodies of the slain. This disastrous repulse completely demoralized the Indians, who fled in every direction. Their loss in this battle is estimated as 600, while we lost only one man killed and Lieut. Kelley and two men wounded.

The advance column of Col. Sam. Walker was attacked a few days later by 3,000 Indians, but the savages were put to flight. The troops reached the fort after a heavy march, exhausted and destitute of provisions, besides losing 400 horses in a bitter storm of rain and snow.

Two damsels passing through the depot at Springfield, Mass., a day or two since, where having an animated discussion on the subject of coiffure, and one exclaimed: "What do you think, Maria? It took me thirty-five minutes, this morning, to make my water fall."

Love of Married Life.

The affection that links together man and wife, is a far holier and more enduring passion than young love. It may want its gorgeousness and imaginative character—but it is far richer in holy and trusting attributes. Talk not of the absence of love in wedded life! what! because a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace," are we to believe the fire extinct? It burns with a steady flame shedding a benign influence upon existence a million times more precious and delightful than the dreams of philoosphy.

—"Billy," said a benevolent vender of food for stoves, as with cheerful visage he sat down to his matutinal repast, "is it cold?" "Wery cold, father," was the reply. "Is the gutters froze, Billy," rejoined the parent. "Wery hard, father, they is," was the response. "Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "put up the coal two pence a pail, Billy. God help the poor!"