THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

'1....nsS—Two Dollars per annum payable n all cases in advance.

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER is published every evening, Sunday excepted, at \$5 per annum in advance.

OFFICE-Southwest Corner of Center

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 71

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING OCTOBER 5, 1870.

NUMBER 40

Poetrn.

FALLING LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling.
Thick upon the forest side,
Severed from the noble branches,
Where they waved in beauteous
They are falling in the valleys,
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds in sunny spring the
First their dulect music sing.

They are failing, sadly failing, Closs beside our cottage door? Pate and facted, like the loved on They have gone forever more. They are failing, and the sunbea. Bitine in beauty soft around; Yet the fadde leaves are failing, Failing on the mossy ground. They are falling on the streamlet, There the silvery waters flow, And upon its placid bosom Onward with the waters go. They are falling in the church-yar Where our kindred sweetly skey Where the did winds of sammer Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
When the autumn breezes sigh,
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling, when the tempe
Monns like ocean's hollow roar.
When the inpulses whole and a

They are falling, they are falling, While our saddened thoughts st. To the sammy days of childhood. In the dreamy long ago. And their laded lines cential us. Of the blighted homes and dream Faded like the falling leaders. Castapon the by streams.

shore
The weary waves wish sadly, and a grief
Sounts in the wind, like farewells fond an
brief. The cricket's chirp but makes the silence mor Life's antumn comes; the leaves begin to fall. The moods of spring and summer possuway; The glory and the rapture, day by day repart and soon the quiet grave folds all. O thoughtful sky, how many eyes in vain Are lifted to your beauty, full of tears! How many hearts go back through all th Heavy with loss, eager with questioning pair To read the dim Hereafter, to obtain One glimpse beyond its earthly curtain where where Their dearest dwell, where they may be

e'er Senfember's slender erescent shines again ! TWO PICTURES OF THE RHINE. The angel Peace her wings divine Waved o'ver the vailey of the Whine. Tranced in a golden calm. Tranced in a golden calm, boyes nummed in the greenwood shade, A drowsy plaint the river made, And heavenher times the herd-belts played. Than chime from Noire bane.

The grain had caught a golden gliat. The grapes an opalescent that Prom Summer's beams benign; And Cheerini Labor, glaucing round on field and vineyard, plenty crown in fancy saw the ripe sheaves bound, The clusters rahing wine.

Not Tempe's vale, when Earth was yound And Greece with snepherd music rung. A loyeller seem could show. The dream-light of the Age of Gold Seemed lingering soft on field and fold, On cottage foof and tarret hold.

God! what a change—'the peace no more War shokes, to-day, each Rhenish shore, War blurs the Rhenish skles. The vineyards shrived in his breath, And on the crimson plain beneath. Mowed down by myrhad-banded Death— A human harvest lies!

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding fare-

well to the fact that we were olden inter-well to the old country. But so it was; and though my heart was sore at parting from/my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.
The days glided by even as the great ship gided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were at sea. me was the Lizard, and we were at sea. Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me, whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight. dhark was in sight.
The days grew into weeks, and with

"Omnious."

up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung a leak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may the exception of the mean plunged overloard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of factories and the component the vessel rose higher and each moment the vessel rose higher and the carch moment the vessel rose higher. p all night.

ing of awe as we thought of the frail degrence we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept; but we all sat watching and longing for the morning. At another time, I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold, but there was the sense of the great soliude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone.

shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible, that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft cloud flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the craelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft tropical evening that I elicited that reponse from him; and as he spoke, he drew me closer to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"A re you keeping anything from me, clive?" I said gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"Trouble, little one, he happing the provent of the waves and the little vessel.

"But I should not be happy if I fell that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance, you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you screen me."

"Beaten with my own weap ms." he began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the aid lightly; and then, in an undertone, came a time when every one except the I am uneasy, darling, about the vescaptain, who sat pale and stern steer-"I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deek, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked, after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I cannot bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not no defend the self-seed always.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I cannot bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not not fieed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.
"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping, looks ournity to the sail or through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some luge wave to engulf us; and then some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. one | First the wind went down, and then b "Aes, love. Three days ago, one First, the wind went down, and then by day, two men were at work at one, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening; to-day, it was commenced at day-break, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night?"

I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night?"

ing that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden

ing of awe as we thought of the frail defence we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept; but we all sat watching and longing for the morning. At another time, I could have remained a transfer with wonder and joy at the glorious surprise which flooded the whole rious surprise which thought and the stout of the captain and the captain and the stout of the captain and the captain and the stout of the captain and the cap gle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in—but the bot-

tle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingled with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and I ank upon my husband's neck, and I

went to sleep.

And it was so; but it was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end, that it was not until after the state of the state. days of unremitting attention that rea-son returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin.— For a long time I could not realize the For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heavy motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sign, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction it was for them to encounter my husband's face, but so careworn, pallid, and anyious, as to be almost unrecognizaanxious, as to be almost unrecogniza-ble. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew

our end may be divined when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor; and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed was to afford Christian burial—a rite, indeed, needed by the three sailors; Captain Webster and the second-mate being the Webster and the second-mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months that I recovered from a strange nervous depres-

covered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness bring before me, in all the Viviness of reality, those terrible hours when all scemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterwards that the two boats with the grow were also picked up, after many crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from death.

History of Famous Han-to-Man in the South. A description of a duel is always fas-cinating to most readers; to those where they prevail, because the duel is the sen-sational fact among their local customs; o those where they do not prevail, be cause of the wonder and dramatic character of such a custom; and to all, because a duel supposes peculiar personal courage, and is sensational in the highest degree. It requires resolution and animal pluck to stand up to be shot at; but it by no means follows that a man who fights a duol possesses any unusual amount of courage, and after all, fighting a duel is not so risky as most people think. Either those who fight are wretched shots, or else their nerves are by no means steady; for the firing is notably uncertain, and few are fatally hit. A shot in the leg is far more common than a shot in the head.

Among those who look upon the duel ause of the wonder and dramatic char

mon than a shot in the head.

Among those who look upon the duel as one of the reasonable possibilities of their lives, practicing with the pistol is a regular study, and is reduced to systems. "Taking aim," in the usual manner, by deliberate sighting of an object, is not the mode accepted. The whole thing is made a mechanical method looking to the habit of bring-

who were known as professed duelists
—that is, you were constantly in danger
of being challenged by them, for good
cause or for none at all; and to go out
with them was simply to arrange your
mortal affairs and speak to the sexton,
for they were "dead shot"—they could
put a dozen balls in the same hole successively. Such men were haughty
and insolent, of course; and, of course,
were treated with distinguished consideration. Of this class was one Gholson, cessively. Such men were haughty and insolent, of course; and, of course, were treated with distinguished consideration. Of this class was one Gholson, of Mississippi, and of one of whose duels we now propose to speak.

It was somewhere about 1840 that an 'unpleasantness' of a political origin occurred between Gholson and a gentleman who had never fought a duel, named Prentiss. (tholson had filled half a dozen graves with his victims.—He was a Democrat and Prentiss was a Whig. A very large and highly results of the elbows—there was a moment's pause, each nerving himself for the hor-

pushed on under the murderous fire until he came face to face with Ritchiefiring his still loaded duelling pistol directly at Ritchie—made a lunge with his cane sword, which was parried—and then fell to the ground with five pistol wounds, one fatal in the groin. He died within three days. Young Ritchie took to violent drinking and died in about two years, leaving his property of some \$25,000 to Pleasants' daughters, who refused to accept it. A pistol ball killed

object, is not the mode accepted. The whole thing is made a mechanical method, looking to the habit of bringing the weapon to a certain line and level by long practice, and pulling the trigger with little regard to the "sights." Some men fire after bringing the aim and pistol down to a level with the antagonists; others by raising the arm and pistol; and some by resting the elbow on the hip, and firing without sight, relying upon long practice to hit an object. The author once knew a gentleman who could cut a twine line at ten paces, without sighting, and by "firing from the hip." The object of firing from a downward aim is mainly to protect the body. In Henry A. Wise's duel with Colton, he fired from a raised weapon; Colton's arm was broken by the shot, but it saved his life.

was broken by the shot, but it saved his life.

"Regular duelists always use the "hair trigger.3" It is just possible that Broderick lost his life in his duel with Judge Terry, in California, from this cause and carelessness. He had a glove on his hand, and before he could raise the weapon it exploded. This left, Terry an undisturbed shot, and his horrible accuracy and coolness were shown by his remark when he fired, and Broderick dropped: "I struck him a little too much to the left!" His shot, in is opinion, though fatal, was not exactly artistic.

Duelling in this country prevails as a custom only in the Southern States, and is manifestly, though slowly, dying out. There were men, however, formerly who were known as professed duelists—that is, you were constantly in danger.

immortalized his hand, was us utterly a fearless man as ever was born. He was full of enthusiasm over the fatal superiority of his knife, and discussed the matter with all the zeal of an inventor, and the crudition of an expert. A huge Spaniard once argued the case with Bowie, claiming that a good old "Span-ish knife" was not only the equal of the

back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from death.

How Dreams are Caused.

In order to prove that almost any dream can with tolerable certainty, be cartied by special classes of stimulants. Mr. Maury caused a series of experiments to be performed on himself when salep, which afforded very satisfactory of the stimulants, and betting was lively—Gholson having great odds in the "pools." Some bets were made that both would fall, as Prentiss had a high reputation for cools were made that the utmost calmness and self-possession, especially in "stription of fator of fator of fator of the stription of the stription of fator of fator of the stription of fator of

offered his hand. But who would not feel that a clasping of hands, however fervent, would be quite an inadequate symbol of the emotion which would oc-cupy the hearts of men in such circum-stances as those? And so it is with (all he same in kind, though certainly not

the same in degree, as the nose rubbing of the Polynesians, and similar modes of the Folynesians, and similar modes of greeting employed by savages.

If any person should be inclined to doubt whether hand-shaking is a difficult operation, let him consider the different modes in which the custom is observed among his various friends and appropriate the control of the and acquaintances. There are negative modes and there are positive modes of shaking hands. There are, first of all and acquamentation modes and there are positive modes and there are positive modes what in the people who seem to fear that if they once give you their hands they may never get them back again, and who manœuvre so that you may not possess yourself of more than the tips of their dingers. This mode of hand-shaking ingers. This mode of hand-shaking sledge and commenced operations on the use it, tippers. Closely allied to them is another sort of half-handed shakers—another sort of half-handed shak

pistols in a belt and a short, strong, sharp, Roman sword.—He also held a light cane, using it as a "rest" for his revolver and his uttor instantly carried him being and bit the continent. A few years after this bowle nor of his revolver did not come down. Orders were premisive given to let go the lea braces and man the topsail downhaul, but by this time the ship had been again struck by a heavy sea, and she was completely hove on to her beamends, with the water pouring down the funcional she then turned bottom upward, and gradually sank stern first. From the time the ship was struck to her going down only from five to ten minutes clapsed. The number on board at the time was 520.—When the Captain was first lost sight of it was thought that she had missed the fleet, which is not an uncommon occurrence on a dark night, and when it is blowing hard, and no one imagined she had gone down. ter is at 90 in the shade, and when the only hope of escaping a sunstroke scruzion to be to drink so much tea and to wears to little clothes as shall best promote perspiration, then the tyranny of the social law which compels us to grassing the hand of a casual and very interest the hand of a casual and very interest almost insupportable. But the inconvenience of the practice of shaking hands is not confined to the season of hot weather only. There is probably no mode of salutation commonly practical properties of shaking hands is not confined to the season of hot weather only. There is probably no mode of salutation commonly practically and the difficulties and embarrasments. The difficulty of many civilized nation which is so encompassed with difficulties and embarrasments. The difficulty of many continued to the season and the obetame; and—for people with alm of the state o

changed a remark with the engineer officer who had come off the first, watch, and thus he is certain as to its being just past 12 o'clock. When he got up into the after turret, the ship gave a heavy roll to starboard, and continued in that position, gradually heoling over more and more, until he found the officer coming into the port-hade on the top of the turret, through which he crawled, and then found himself over-hade on the however, succeeded, with tive others, including Captain Burgoyne, in reaching bottom uppermost, and observing the haunch passing within a few yards of them, he cried out, "Now, jump, men; this is your only chance." He and three others did so, and succeeded in getting into the boat. They in vain endeavored to regain the pinnace, to save their Captain, but the sea running so very high prevented them from fulfilling their task, and in the attempt they were struck by a heavy sea, nearly swamping the boat, and washing the man (George Meyers) overboard. It was then determined to let the boat run before the sea, as the land was become to be sea, as the land was become to be desired.

IRNERAL ADVERTISING, 7 cents a line for 41 cents, and 4 cents for each subsequent line.

LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES-

of us, on all occasions of deep and special The Bobbery of the Northumberland Bank.

The Williamsport Bulletin says:—Wo are informed by a gentleman who was stopping in Northumberland, on Thursday night last, that the First National Bank of that place was entered by burglars, and from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars in coupon bonds carried off. It occurred in this wise: About half-past eight o'clock in the evening, as the watchman, a one-armed man, entered the building, he was roughly seized by four men, who were concealed board. It was then determined to let the boar run before the sea, as the land was known to be leeward of them. About 2 o'clock they sighted the light on Cape Finisterro, and afterward observed land. They made for it, and succeeded in landing, about noon of the 7th, at Finisterre, and at 4 o'clock, after making all necessary inquiries and drying their clothes proceeded to Corcubion, where they found they found the Vice-Consul, who telegraphed and sent the news of the sad disaster through Coruma to England. The Monarch's boats picked them up. I was awoke just before 12-o'clock