Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

TO MY LOVE.

BY J. G. SAXE.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near!
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low;

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Envy, too, has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear!
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When lovers may move with never a fear;
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

THE WEE-BIT BAIRN.

BY J. E. RANKIN.

We ha'e a wee-bit bairn at hame,
Sae blithesome, cannie, bright,
That ever syne the day he came,
Has filled the house wi' light.

He now is twa years auld, or mair,
A' glib o' tongue and foot;
He climbs up lika fatal stair,
He claims lik cast of boot.

Bareft he toddles roun' the streets,
Wi' gran'sire close behin';
Giving lik person that he meets,
Piece o' his childish min'.

Who kens the wee thing, what he'll be,
When years a score ha'e gaun!
Gladding his mither's grateful c'e
Piercing her breast wi' thorn!

God gi'e his angels charge to keep
The bairnie, lest he stray;
And though in death we fa' asleep,
Show him the narrow way.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

List of Captive Unionists in Hospital at Savannah, or in Jail in Charleston—Condition of our Prisoners.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., September 26.—I left the city of Charleston, S. C., Friday, 23d September, at 8 A. M., on steamer *Celt*. A truce had been arranged, and the last shell that I heard, or hope to hear in Rebel hands from the Union forts, came in about 7 A. M. Leaving Chisme wharf we had a fine view of the town on the south side as we passed down the Ashley river to the harbor. When we came near Sumter they shut us up. We could see, however, that the fort is going down. A heap of ruins. The *Celt* met the steamer *Delaware*, of the United States, and delivered the following non-combatants:—

Assistant Surgeon N. Nickerson, 16th Connecticut Volunteers; George G. Brete, 101st Pennsylvania Volunteers; J. Q. A. Meredith, 103d Pennsylvania Volunteers; W. McPherson, 101st Pennsylvania Volunteers; Robert Rae, 1st New York Dragoons; James H. Denny, 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; William H. Craigan, 2d District of Columbia Volunteers; Rev. A. S. White, 5th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery; Rev. Charles Dixon, 16th Connecticut Volunteers; Captain D. B. McKillon, 14th Infantry; Captain J. E. Michaer, 85th Pennsylvania Infantry; Captain E. L. Smith, 17th United States Infantry; to come North on parole to obtain the exchange of some officers we hold.

Enclosed I send you a list of the officers recently confined at Savannah, but who have been removed to Charleston, about six hundred in all. The following were in Hospital at Savannah, September 1, and were all comfortable. I visited them at that time, and being removed the following Saturday to Charleston, I am unable to tell how they are at this date. None, I think, have died since:—

Lieutenant S. P. Hodges, 112th N. Y. Vols.; Lieutenant W. H. Bender, 123d Ohio Vols.; Captain Z. Vaughan; Lieutenant Jacob Serydecker, 46th N. Y. Vols.; Lieutenant S. H. Reynolds, 42d Illinois Vols.; Captain William A. Sands, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry; Captain John Snyder, 4th N. Y. Artillery; Captain G. H. Sawles, 1st Vermont Artillery; Captain J. Kauff, 143d Pennsylvania Vols.

There are no officers at Savannah. All have been removed to Charleston, and are in the jail yards. Some 1200 officers are in Charleston. The privates have been mostly removed from Andersonville. 2300 are at Savannah; some 6000 are at the Charleston race course, and large numbers have been sent to Florence, S. C. The mortality continues great. They are treated better than they were at Andersonville.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF SQUAD 4, C. S. MILITARY PRISON, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AUGUST 15.

Crossley, S., 2d Lieutenant Co. H, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Conover, J. A., Co. A, Ensign U. S. N.
Conn, J. H., 2d Lieutenant 1st Va. Cavalry.
Carman, J. A., 1st Lieutenant Co. E, 107th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Drake, J. M., 1st Lieutenant Co. K, 9th New Jersey Veteran Volunteers.
Diefenback, A., 1st Lieut. Co. G, 73d Pa. Vols.
Grove, wood, W. L., 2d Lieut. Co. A, 2d Maryland Volunteers, died August 27, 1864.
Jones, H., 1st Lieut. Co. H, 5th U. S. Cav.
Jenkins, G. W., 1st Lieut. Co. C, 9th Va. Vols.
Kelley, J. R., 1st Lieut. Co. A, 1st Pa. Cav.
Kissan, E., Captain Co. D, 9th New Jersey Veteran Volunteers.
Lond, E. De C., 1st Lieut. Co. H, 2d Pa. Art.
Lewry, D. W., 2d Lieut. Co. D, 2d Pa. Art.
McNiu, R. J., Captain Co. C, 1st Penn. Cav.
Marsh, L., Captain Co. B, 87th Pa. Vols.
Myers, F., 1st Lieut. Co. K, 107th Pa. Vols.
Niswander, D. M., 2d Lieut. Co. F, 2d Pa. Art.
Norris, W., 1st Lieut. Co. D, 107th Pa. Vols.
Rushmore, Wm., Act. Master's Mate, U. S. N.
Ross, C. H., 1st Lieutenant A. D. C., 1st Div. 5th Corps (Adjutant 13th Indiana.
Sands, W. A., Capt. Co. L., 1st Penn. Cavalry.
Sailor, J., 2d Lieut. Co. E, 13th Penn. Cavalry.
Smyser, H. C., 1st Lieut. Co. E, 2d Md Vols.
Todd, H. H., Capt. Co. D, 8th N. J. Vols.
Ward, D., Act. Master's Mate, U. S. N.
Webb, G. W., Capt. Co. F, 2d Penn. Artillery.
Wilkins, W. S., Paymaster's Clerk, U. S. N.

NAMES OF FEDERAL OFFICERS HELD AS PRISONERS OF WAR, AT SAVANNAH, GA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.—SQUAD 5.

Camp, T. R., Capt. 52d Penn. Infantry.
Daniels, E. S., Capt. 35th U. S. Infantry.
Piggen, J. T., Jr., Capt. 8th Penn. Cavalry.
Underdown, J. D., Capt. 2d East Tenn. Inf.
Kendall, H. T., Adjt. 50th Penn. Infantry.
Moffly, S. T., Adjt. 184th Penn. Infantry.
White, A. B., Adjt. 4th Penn. Cavalry.
Carter, W. H., Lieut. 5th Penn. Reserves.
Flannery, D., Lieut. 4th N. J. Infantry.
Gray, F., Lieut. 72d Penn. Infantry.
Heston, J. C., Lieut. 4th N. J. Infantry.
Hewett, W., Lieut. 103th Penn. Infantry.
Hazel, E. J., Lieut. 6th Penn. Cavalry.
Herbert, R., Lieut. 50th Penn. Infantry.
Rahn, Oscar, Lieut. 184th Penna. Infantry.
Sitor, J., Lieut. Co. B., 7th Penn. Cavalry.
Sweetland, A., Lieut, Co. A, 2d do
Stover, M., Lieut. Co. H, 184th Penn. Infantry.
Young, A., Lieut. 4th Penn. Cavalry.
Durant, G. R., Acting Master, U. S. N.
Brown, T., Acting Master's Mate, U. S. N.
Whitney, G. E., 3d Asst. Engineer, U. S. N.
Smith, E. D., Paymaster's Clerk, U. S. N.

SQUAD 6.

Shaefer, James, Capt. Co. A, 101st P. V. Inf.
Bowers, George H., Capt. Co. I, 101st P. V. Inf.
Benner, H. S., Capt. Co. K, 101st P. V. Inf.
Freeman, B. H. D., Capt. Co. C, 101st Penn. Vol. Infantry.
Clark, M. L., Capt. Co. B, 101st Penn. Vol. Inf.
Comphor, Alex., Capt. Co. D., 101st P. V. Inf.
Longenecker, L. H., Lieut., Adjutant 101st Penn. Vol. Infantry.
King, Thomas, Lieut. R. Q. M. 101st P. V. I.
Kepperd, Thomas, Lieut. Co. K, 101st Penn. Vol. Infantry.
Kirk, James B., Lieut. Co. H., 101st P. V. Inf.
Cubison, James, 2d Lieut. Co. C, 101st Penn. Vol. Infantry.
Warwick, J. F., 2d Lieut. Co. F, 101st Penn. Vol. Infantry.
Mackey, J. F., Capt. Co. H, 103d Pa. V. Inf.
Donaghy, J., Capt. Co. F, 103d Pa. Vol. Inf.
Morrow, J. J., Capt. Co. G, Pa. Inf., sick in hospital.
Crally, E. G., Capt. Co. E, 103d Pa. Vol. Inf.
Bryson, R. R., 1st Lieut. Co. E, 103d Pa. V. I.
Laughlin, J. M., 1st Lieut. Co. A, 103d P. V. I.
Finke, A. L., 1st Lieut. Co. D, 103d Pa. V. Inf.
Burns, S. D., 2d Lieut. Co. H, 103d Pa. V. Inf.
Airy, Washington, Capt. Co. L, 13th P. V. C.
Potter, Harry C., 1st Lieut. Co. M, 18th P. V. C.
Moses, C. C., Capt. Co. H, 58th Pa. Vol. Inf.
Albright, John, Capt. Co. K, 87th Pa. V. Inf.
Fehs, John, Capt. Co. A, 87th Pa. Vol. Inf.
Morningstar, H., 1st Lieut. Co. G, 87th P. V. I.
Barbower, Wm., 2d Lieut. Co. A, 87th P. V. I.
Stoman, C. P., 2d Lieut. Co. K, 87th Pa. V. I.
Krause, John, Capt. Co. A, 3d Pa. H. Art.
Fontaine, Jules, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 73d Pa. V. I.
Goff, Wm. F. Acting 2d Assistant Engineer U. S. Gunboat *Scathield*, U. S. N.
Cooper, John P., Acting 3d Assistant Engineer, U. S. Gunboat *Water Witch*, U. S. N.
Evans, N. C., Capt. Co. A, 184th Pa. Vol. Inf.
Huff, H. B., Capt. Co. D, 184th Pa. Vol. Inf.
McKnage, Capt. Co. E, 184th Pa. Vol. Inf.
Bryan, J. H., 2d Lieut. Co. D, 184th P. V. Inf.
Kauff, J., 2d Lieut., sick in hospital.
Barrett, S. A., Capt. Co. G, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Bejara, J. A., Capt. Co. H., 184th Pa. Inf.
Byrner, J. N., Capt. Co. C, 2d Pa. Reserves.
Donahey, G. D., Capt. Co. D, 7th Pa. Res.
Galloway, L. J., Capt. A. D. C.
Haines, H. A., Capt. Co. C., 148th Pa. Inf.
Noroian, L., Capt. Co. H, 2d Del. Infantry.
Smith, H. L., Capt. Co. C, 53d Pa. Infantry.
Wenrick, J. R., Capt. Co. B, 19th Pa. Cav.
Allen, R., Lieut. Co. A, 7th N. J. Infantry.
Applegate, A. S., Lieut. F, Co., 2d N. J. Cav.
Berger, E., Lieut. Co. F, 73d Pa. Infantry.
Bishoff, F., Lieut. Co. A., 6th U. S. A.
Bradley, W. H., Lieut. Co. S, 2d Del. Inf.
Brown, J., Lieut. Co. F, 148th Pa. Infantry.
Burkholder, D. W., Lieut. Co. A, 7th Pa. Res.
Cassett, C., Lieut. Co. K, 148th Pa. Infantry.
Cooper, R., Lieut. Co. F, 7th N. J. Infantry.
Crawford, C. H., Lieut. Co. E, 183d Pa Infry.
Cunningham, James, Lieut. Co. G, 7th Pa. Res.
Diefenbach, W. H., Lieut. Co. B, 7th Pa. Res.
Drake, C. H., Lieut. Co. G, 142d Pa. Infantry.
Fontaine, E. W., Lieut. Co. G, 7th Pa. Res.
Griffen, F., Lieut. Adj. 55th United States.
Hastings, J. L., Lieut. Co. G, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Hunter, A. M., Co. D, 2d U. S. A.
Justus, J. C., Lieut. Co. K, 2d Pa. Reserves.
Keene, J., Lieut. Co. K, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Laycock, J. B., Lieut. Co. F, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Ludwig, M. S., Lieut. Co. B, 53d Pa. Infantry.
Mangus, F. F., Lieut. Co. E, 53d Pa. Infantry.
Moore, W. Q., Lieut. Co. D, 3d Maryland Cav.
McLaughlin, John, Lieut. Co. G., 53d Pa. Inf.
Neher, Wm., Lieut. Co. K, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Rainere, L., Lieut. Co. C, 22 N. J. Cavalry.
Ruby, S. V., Lieut. Co. A, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Snowwhite, E. H. A., Lt. Co. C, 7th Pa. Res.
Stallman, C. H., Lieut. Co. C, 87th Pa. Inf.
Swartz, C. S., Lieut. Co. A, 24 N. J. Cavalry.
Taylor, John, Lieut. Co. E, 2d Pa. Reserves.
Zigler, A., Lieut. Co. I, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Newman, W. B., Master U. S. N.
Stokes, J. B., Ensign U. S. N.
Pratt, G. W., Masters Mate U. S. N.
Stribey, John, Assistant Engineer U. S. N.
Williams, W. C., Pilot U. S. N.

LIST OF UNION OFFICERS, PRISONERS OF WAR, CONFINED AT SAVANNAH, GA., AUG. 31, 1864—SQUAD 2.

Johnson, J. C., Captain 149th Pa.
Marsh, P., Captain 67th Pa.
Schortz, D., Captain 12th Pa. Cavalry.
Barclay, C. F., Lieutenant 149th Pa.
Craigen, W. J., Assistant Surgeon, 2d D. C.
Jones, C. W., Lieutenant 16th Pa. Cavalry.
Kreige, A., Lieutenant 6th Pa. Infantry.
Phillips, F., Lieutenant 5th Pa. Cavalry.
Dick, J. B. Assistant Engineer U. S. N.
Johnson, H., do. do.
Johnson, Isaac, do. do.
McCanley, J., do. do.
Mee, John J., do. do.
McCormick, do. do.
Robinson, E. J., Pilot U. N.

LIST OF THE NAMES OF U. S. OFFICERS, PRISONERS OF WAR AT SAVANNAH, GA., AUG. 31—SQUAD NO. 1

Arthur, S. C., Captain Co. F, 67th Pa.
Beck, W. C., Captain Co. D, 62 Pensylvania.
Benson, A. M., Captain Co. H, 1st D. C. Cav.
Hayden, J. A., Captain Co. F, 11th Pa. Res.
Job, A., Captain 11th Pennsylvania Reserves.
Johnson, J. D., Captain Co. C, 10th N. J.
Mattison, H., Captain Co. H, 12th N. J.
Paul, A. C., Captain, Assist. Adjt-Gen., 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 5th Corps.
Scofield, E., Captain Co. H, 11th Pa. Reserves.
Riley, L. H., 1st Lieut. Co. G, 7th Pa. Reserves.
Breiz, G. Z., 1st Lieut., Assist. Surg. 101st Pa.
Ferguson, J., 2d Lieutenant Co. E, 1st N. J.
Hurst, T. B., 2d Lieut. Co. H., 7th Pa. Res.
Hackey, C., 2d Lieut., Act. 3d Assist. Eng. U. S. steamer *Shawshan*.
Luther, C., 2d Lieut. Co. G, 1st Pa. Rifles.
McElroy, T., 2d Lieut. Act. Master U. S. N.
Post, J., 2d Lieutenant Co. F, 149th Pa.
Ramsey, E. P., 2d Lieut. Co. C 1st N. J.
Sharpe, G. A., 2d Lieut. Co. F, 19th Pa. Cav.
Spencer, W. B., 2d Lieut., Master's Mate, U.S.N.
Stevens, E., 2d Lieut. Co. D, 1st Pa. Vol. Res.
Servis, T., S., 2d Lieut. Act. Assist. Eng. U. S. N.
Weston, C. P., 2d Lieut., Act. Master's Mate, U. S. N.
Wilson, R. P., 2d Lieut. 5th U. S. Cavalry.

THE COAST GUARDSMAN'S TALE.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening. A fine night, this."

"Yes, sir; a niceish sort of night. Pity for us we don't have more of them."

The scene was on the south coast of Cornwall, where I had retired a few days before the commencement of the long vacation, to seek a short repose from the turmoil and worry of the law; leaving behind me the old time-worn buildings of Lincoln's Inn, where the old sun-dial, with its quaint motto, seldom looked at, and still seldomer heeded, is perpetually reminding us of the frail tenure by which we hold our lives; leaving the barristers in their gowns and wigs, hurriedly passing from courts to consultations (or, in other words, from fee to fee); the lawyers, in their black dress, and with their bundles of papers under their arms; and the office boys, with big bags, stuffed full—who I verily believe are hard to enumerate—briefs, cases, opinions, and all the other multifarious paraphernalia of the profession, evidently looking upon themselves as no mean part of their respective establishments; leaving all this busy scene (and only too glad to do so), to seek a little rest and quiet, in about the quietest part of England. I had taken rooms in a little village about half a mile from the sea; and the short walks gradually extended, the regular hours and the quieness of everything internally and externally was fast bringing me round again, when the circumstances I am about to relate took place.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and I stood gazing out of my window at the few strangers still passing up and down the village street, when a sudden wish came into my head to take a walk along the cliffs by moonlight. I had other thoughts of doing this, wondering what sort of life the coast-guardsmen had of it—those men by whom every inch of England, they say, is walked round every night, as they walk up and down, night after night, and year after year; and so I resolved, at last, to put my long-fancied scheme into execution.

I had been sauntering along for about half a mile, looking at the blue waves, reaching far, far into the distance, and chequered here and there by the distant sail of some fishing-boat, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and at the long golden track, reaching far away up to the base of the cliffs—the footpath of the fairies, as I had been told long ago—and peopling it, in my fancy, with the light spirits of the air, tripping along in many a fantastic maze on the glittering surface, and calling to their sister spirits in the water below, when I was startled by an approaching footstep, and looking up, saw a man close to me, while the inviting smell from a short pipe quickly recalled me from my fancies to the sense of ordinary existence.

All that I noticed of his dress was that he had on a rough pilot-coat, with a low hat, while a thick walking-stick formed his only apparent weapon of offense and defense. In short, it was with him that the sentences "first above written" were exchanged.

I soon found that my new acquaintance was one of that very body of men that I had so often pondered about; and so, having fallen into conversation, I walked on a bit with him.

"I suppose you don't have much to do now besides walking up and down, do you?"

"Why no, sir. There's not as much firing as there used to be, once on a time, though I have seen some goings on in my time—Mind where you are treading, sir!" he exclaimed. "The cliff is not very safe along the edge, and if it gave way you would be smashed on the rocks below, like a poor fellow I knew was some time ago. God rest his soul!"

"What of him?" I said. "Did any one fall over there?"

"Why no, sir. He didn't exactly fall over, and it wasn't over this cliff, neither, but the one we shall come to next. My beat ends there, and, as I am a bit before my time, I expect my mate won't be up for ten minutes or so, and, if you like to hear the tale, though it's not so much after all, I will tell you on the spot where it all happened. Indeed, to say the truth, I shall be very glad of your company, for it's a whisht spot, and, often as I have walked there, I am always glad to turn my back on it again."

We soon reached the bay by the light of the moon. After looking along the cliff to see if there were any signs of his companion, and not finding any, he sat down on a stone, and I lighted a cigar, and, taking my place beside him, he began:—

"It is not so many years ago, sir, eight or nine, maybe, when a young gentleman came down here, as it might be you, to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place, like. He wasn't a bad looking sort of fellow, and had small and white hands. Indeed, most people called him handsome, though there was always a kind of a look about his mouth I didn't like to see. He was staying up at the Miner's Arms, and there soon got tales about the town, of the way he and two or three other wild young fellows about here, as there are everywhere, used to go on; the sitting up at nights, and drinking and card-playing, and the wild freaks they used to be at; but as he always had plenty of money, and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish), Polmarthen, the landlord, sir, never cared to say anything to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and no doubt he made plenty of money out of his customers; but it would have been better for him if he had never let Mr. Hendon under his roof. His daughter—pretty Kate Polmarthen, as she was always called—was the prettier girl for miles round—I see you guess what's coming—and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honor, and many a young man would have given much to have stood well in her good graces; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favor in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva, a likely young fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to young Tregarva, who was only a fisherman; but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more; and though I hear there was some trouble about it, yet, in the end, he gave way to her in this. It was not long, however, after Mr. Hendon came down here, that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She would sit silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would speak sharply and harshly to him, and then sometimes burst into a flood of tears, and beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest and best of men, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow. I was sitting in my cottage, one day, towards the evening, thinking it would soon be time to be going off on my beat, when young Tregarva burst in with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. "What is the matter, man," said I; "have you seen a ghost?" But he staggered to a chair, and fell, rather than sat, down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs that burst from him seemed to shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood by him for some time, but he seemed to grow worse instead of better, and at last I laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Come, Ralph, be a man; what is all this about?' He turned on me like a tiger. 'Leave me alone, curse you. Do you too mock at me?' and, with one spring, he was past me, and out at the door like a madman. I followed in haste, greatly alarmed, as you may suppose, but could see nothing of him. There was a mist rising, and any one would have been invisible at any moderate distance; and it was with deep forebodings that I went my rounds that night. When I returned to my cottage I noticed a small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hendon to Kate, evidently written in a hurry, and was all crumpled up, as if it had been clutched in the fingers. No doubt it had dropped from Ralph's hand, though how he got it I do not know. It left no room for doubt. He urged her to fly from the village before her condition became known, and promised that he would provide for her. Soon after I heard more. That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That very morning her bedroom had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was that her father made no search after her—for he made none. Hendon was still in the valley, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I keeping our own counsel. What need to publish the certainty of her shame? We heard nothing of Ralph for three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh! so haggard and wild he looked, and with a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gayety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him out into conversation were met with such bursts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself. And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high tide, and the sand gets quite covered. It was high water about half-past eleven on the September evening, when I was on my beat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the top of the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a voice down below, on the beach, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this I looked over, and saw there was a figure there, and that he was rushing about, and shouting up. I could recognize the voice of Hendon, and called out 'Holloa, there!'

"'Help! help!' he cried. 'I am cut off by the tide; I can't swim; send a boat. For God's sake help me!' So it was. Sauntering along, he had I suppose waited there, and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I saw him, so that he must have waited at least that time with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done. True, I had a rope, and instinctively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry a bit about with me; but what good was it now? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my beat to go for assistance he would be drowned long before I could return. Even while I hesitated I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side. 'I can go down that cliff,' said he, in the incasured tone he had always used since *then*, though there seemed to be an expression of savage exultation in his tone that night which made me shudder. 'I'll go. Give me that rope.' 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'it is certain death!' While I spoke, however, he had snatched the rope out of my hands, let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down hand over hand, clutching at every little bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip and he would have fallen, literally smashed on the rocks below; but he seemed to bear a charmed life; for still I could see him going down, further and further, crawling like a lizard, till he was only some eight or ten yards from the bottom. There is a flat edge of rock there, and he lay down on it. It was a still night, and I could hear him as plainly as I could you, sir. 'Mr. Hendon!' he called out. 'Oh, thank God, you are come at last!' I heard Mr. Hendon answer. 'Here I am; how can I reach you? I have a rope with me; if I throw it you can you get up here?' 'Yes, yes, be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I am half dead with cold.' 'Just so,' was the strange answer of Tregarva. 'Quick, quick; do not trifle with me; I shall drown.' You will not drown for half an hour yet, Mr. Hendon,' replied Tregarva, with a laugh; but such a laugh! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend. 'Oh, for mercy's sake, be quick.' 'Mercy' echoed Tregarva. 'Such as you have shown shall be shown to you. Where is Kate Polmarthen?' 'I do not know. I do not, indeed. Quick! the water is over my knees.' 'Liar!' returned Ralph, heedless of the agonizing entreaties. 'I have ventured to come near you. Do you think it was to save you? No; it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. When I heard of her flight, I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. She had dropped it in her hurried departure. But never shall you meet her in this world. Liar! seducer! Your last hour has come. I have but to throw you this rope, and you are safe. Your life is in my hands; but had I a thousand lives, and were each of them entwined in your one, I would give up all, all, to punish you.' Again the scream arose—'Mercy! mercy!' 'Mercy!' again echoed Tregarva. 'Such mercy as the lion shows to his prey, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins; and as the water comes higher and higher, think of her whose body and soul you have murdered, think of me, whose peace of mind you, in your wantonness, have utterly wrecked, and then ask for mercy. Never!' Oh! that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Hendon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave almost tore him away from his frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieking out mingled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up with a hoarse boom against the rocks, while above all rose the frantic yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terrors and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. The crisis arrived. One mountainous wave came rolling in, and while his death-shriek still rings in my ears, Hendon was torn away from his hold. His white face appeared gleaming amongst the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bleeding and shattered body was borne out to sea.

Ralph was rescending the cliff, when, losing his scanty foothold, he slipped away. For one moment he hung suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight, he fell—down into the same tomb to which he had consigned his victim. *His* body was never found. That of Hendon was recovered next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of 'wilful murder' was returned against Tregarva.

"I have little more to tell. Poor Kate and her babe lie side by side in the churchyard. And now, sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone? But I see my mate is coming, just in time, so I will tell you good night, sir."

"Good night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser man.

The Origin of Sunday Schools.

The question of the origin of Sunday Schools has been much discussed by the religious world. We find in a late number of the *Sunday School Times* an interesting statement on this subject in its editorial columns, which we reproduce in a condensed form. Whatever of individual and local effort may have been made in some small degree resembling a modern Sunday School, yet it is clear that until 1781 there was no Sabbath School system known, nor any such organized permanent religious school as we describe by the term in extenso.

At that date (1781) Mr. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, a true philanthropist, organized schools for the instruction of poor children on the Sabbath. This was undoubtedly the beginning of the vast Sunday School agency that now prevails throughout Christendom. Abundant proof of this fact can be supplied by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, letter of John Wesley, and from publications of the Sunday School Society of London. These are witnesses who could not be mistaken, and are competent to settle the question.

The first great improvement in these schools was substituting gratuitous for paid teachers. Mr. Raikes paid his teachers for years, and the London Sunday School Society continued to pay its teachers until about 1795, or for sixteen years. The first Sunday School Society organized in Philadelphia, on January 11, 1791, paid its teachers. According to official documents published in 1828, the M. E. Church claims that Mr. Wesley and the Methodists introduced this great improvement into the Sunday School system six years after Mr. Raikes first established one, and ten years before the London Sunday School Society ceased to pay its teachers.

After giving quotations from various documents to establish the fact, the article closes in these words:—"These facts settle the question that, both in England and in this country, the Methodists first practised gratuitous Sunday School instruction, and introduced this great improvement into the system, which the Rev. John Angell James says 'has been the great cause of the present flourishing state of these institutions.' These statements also prove that the Methodists first established Sunday Schools in this country.

"MOTHER, where's Bill?" "My son, do not let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William." "Well, mother, where's William?" "In the yard, feeding the ducks." "Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the ducks have such broad williams?" "Go out to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll box your ears."

AN ENGLISH CUSTOM.—In Murray's "Handbook for Kent and Sussex," a curious custom of Cranbrook, in Kent, is noticed. It says:—"When a newly-married couple leave the church, the path is strewed with emblems of the bridegroom's calling. Thus carpenters walk on shavings, butchers on sheepskins, shoemakers on leather parings, and blacksmiths on scraps of old iron."

AMUSEMENTS.

CHESNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE.—No. 1121 CHESNUT Street.
ALLISON & BISCKER.....Proprietors.
MORAN'S MINSTRELS
in an elegant
MUSICAL PERFORMANCE
EVERY EVENING.
Commencing at 8 o'clock precisely.
Admission 25 cents. Reserved Seats 50 cents. Box Office open from 10 to 2. 10-1-tf

MRS. JOHN DREW'S NEW ARCH ST. THEATRE.
LAST NIGHT! LAST NIGHT!
Of the Brilliant Engagement of
EDWIN ADAMS.
TO-NIGHT (Saturday) October 1, 1864.
THE DEAD HEART.
Robert Landry.....EDWIN ADAMS
Toupee.....Stuart Robson
The Abbe Latour.....Mr. Carden
Katherine.....Miss A. Graham
Cerlestie.....Miss C. Jefferson
WHICH SHALL I MARRY?
Nailem Tight.....Stuart Robson
MONDAY—VESTVALI, BEL DEMONIO.

MUSICAL FUND HALL.—
A CARD.—Owing to the great success of the two Concerts given by the Associated Artists of the Italian Opera, Comprising—
Mme. LORINI WHITING, Signor STEFANI,
Signor VESTA, Signor MODIO,
Musical Director and Conductor.....MR. S. BEHRENS
Are in order to comply with the requests of several distinguished ladies and numerous citizens, the Manager has concluded to give positively
THE LAST GRAND CONCERT
ON MONDAY EVENING, October 3, 1864,
When an entirely new and exceedingly brilliant programme will be performed.
Admission, 50c. Reserved Seats, 50c. extra. Reserved seats can be obtained at J. E. GOULD'S Music Store, SEVENTH and CHESNUT Streets, commencing Saturday, October 1, at 9 A. M.
Doors open at 7½. Concert commences at 8. 9-30-3t

ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS—GRAND STEREOPTICON.
STEREOPTICON.
STEREOPTICON.
TOUR OVER THE WORLD.
TOUR OVER THE WORLD.
THIS EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK,
the Marvellous Illusion of
THE GHOST!
THE GHOST!
And other special Novelties.
Admission, 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. 9-29-3t*

NEW CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—
GROVER & SINN.....Lessees and Managers.
Positively the last week of Miss SUSAN DENIN.
Positively the last week of the SEA OF ICE; OR, A THIRST FOR GOLD. This beautiful sensation drama has created the most intense furor, crowding the Theatre nightly with our most intellectual and refined citizens.
The performance will conclude with a new and very laughable concoletta, entitled I'AN SHAVING, introducing Miss Effie Germon, Mr. Walter Lennox, and James E. Sherry.
Doors open at 7. Commence quarter before 8 o'clock.
THIS GREAT FANCY PICTURE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON at 2 o'clock, at the reduced prices, when the SEA OF ICE; OR, A THIRST FOR GOLD, will be performed. 9-30-1t

CHRIST REJECTED,
The great and celebrated picture by West, the chef d'œuvre of the artist,
IS NOW ON EXHIBITION
AT THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS,
No. 1025 CHESNUT STREET,
In addition to the ENTIRE Art Collection of the Academy. Admittance, 25 cents; Season Tickets, 50 cents. 9-14-1m*

THE GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT for the Championship of the State of Pennsylvania will commence at SANSOM STREET HALL, on MONDAY, October 3, 1864, and terminate MONDAY, October 10, 1864.
AFTERNOON AND EVENING EXHIBITIONS.
Play to commence at 2 P. M. and 8 P. M.
Each game is to be 500 Points Carom.
PUSH SHOTS BEGARRED.
The following names are the Competitors for the Championship and Prizes:—E. H. Heine, E. J. Plunkett, H. W. Rewes, C. Bird, J. Paoner, J. W. Montgomery, H. T. Hyall, Victor Isaephe. Messrs. Kavanagh, Phelan, Goldthwait, Foster, and other prominent players are expected to be present.
Single Admission, 50 cents.
Season Tickets secured seats, $5.
To be had at the principal Billiard Rooms and Hotels.
H. T. HYALL, J. W. MONTGOMERY, and VICTOR ESTEPHE, Committee of Arrangements. 9-26-4t*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN INVINCIBLES,
NATIONAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA, September 30, 1864.
ORDERS NO. 1.
I. The Club will assemble at their Headquarters on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, October 1, at 4 o'clock, precisely, for the purpose of going to READING, Pa., to participate in the demonstration to be held there on that evening.
II. Tickets can be procured of the Treasurer, at the Hall, to-day and to-morrow. Price of which will be one dollar and thirty cents ($1 30) for the excursion.
III. The uniforms will be ready for distribution THIS (Friday) EVENING, at the HALL, where those who desire them can obtain them.
IV. The following named gentlemen are appointed permanent Aids to the Chief Marshal:—
JOHN S. WEIMER,
A. W. EYMAN,
S. S. WHITE,
JOHN D. GROVER,
CHARLES J. ELLIS,
JESSE GAULT.
And the following named gentlemen are appointed permanent Assistant Marshals of this Club:—
ALEX. B. WALKINSHAW,
GEORGE TAYLOR, Jr.
V. The Company Organizations will be under the command of the Company Commanders, who will see that they are in line at the time stated.
By order of
CHARLES W. SMITH,
9-30-2t Chief Marshal.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FIFTH WARD.—Fellow-citizens:—A meeting of the citizens of the Ward, without distinction of party, has framed the following ticket, which is now presented for your suffrages, with the confident belief that you will find it every way worthy of your support. It has been selected irrespective of party, and solely with an eye to fitness and qualifications, and therefore cannot be regarded in any sense as a partisan ticket. It has evidenced in a desire on men of all persuasions to prevent the election of ignorant, incompetent, and corrupt men to offices of honor and trust. The candidates here named are all persons of education, familiarity with local laws and the duties of public business, and thoroughly honest and reliable. This character they have earned for themselves in their previous parents in life, and we feel certain that should they be honored with an election at this time they will prove faithful to the trust which they have been named, they will reflect lasting credit upon the citizens of the Fifth Ward.
We appeal to you, then, men of the Fifth Ward, to lay aside for this occasion all partisan predilections so far as the choice of your local officers is concerned, and agree harmoniously to rally at one effort to elect good men to office. Should this effort be successful it must exercise a powerful influence here for a warning all parties of the necessity of exercising more circumspection in making their local nominations. In conclusion we respectfully ask your suffrages, fellow-citizens, for the subjoined independent ticket.
By order of the Independent Executive Committee.
R. P. KING, Chairman.

INDEPENDENT WARD TICKET.
ALDERMEN,
JAMES McCAHEN,
A. WILSON HENSEY.
CONSTABLES,
WILLIAM CLARK,
G. H. PAUL.
SELECT COUNCILMEN,
R. FURNISS ALDRIDGE, for one year.
CHARLES WEST, for two years.
COMMON COUNCILMEN,
J. J. KENNEY,
JOHN LAWSON, } For three years.
JOHN A. McCARNEY, 9-27-tf

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING,
FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK,
PH