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COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

FOR THE EAST.

Express Train, arrives.....11.10 P. M.
" " leaves.....11.20 "
Mail Train arrives.....9.30 A. M.
" leaves.....9.45 "

FOR THE WEST.

Mail Train, arrives.....7.15 P. M.
" leaves.....7.25 "
Express Train, arrives.....7.10 A. M.
" leaves.....7.25 "

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail East, closes daily, (except Sunday,) 8.50 A. M.

Mail West.—Through mail closes 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 9 P. M.

Stage for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Stage for Frostburg, arrives 6.30 P. M.; leaves, 9 P. M.; Mail closes, 8.30 P. M.

Stage for Somerset, arrives, 6 P. M.; leaves, 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Flintstone, semi-weekly—Leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

City Government.

Mayor—DR. CHAS. H. OHR.
Councilmen—J. B. H. CAMPBELL,
HENRY BRUCE,
JOHN KOLB,
GEORGE M. RIZER,
WILLIAM ARMBRUSTER,
JOSIAH ENGLER.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Collector—FRANCIS MADORE.
Bailiff—LEVI W. BRANT.

BOARD meets on the first Monday in each month.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.
Clerk of the Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOVER.
Sheriff—BASIL T. GARLITZ.
State's Attorney—GEO. A. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—JAMES CHISHOLM, Jr.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
J B H. CAMPBELL,
DOUGLAS PERCY,
A. M. L. BUSH.
County Commissioners—
CHARLES RIDGELY,
ELIJAH FRIEND,
JOHN BELL,
J. H. STALLINGS,
J. L. TOWNSHEND.
Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSHEND.
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

CALVERT IRON AND NAIL WORKS.

J. HOPKINSON SMITH,

25 South Charles Street, Baltimore.

Railroad Spikes, Hook-head and Countersunk.
Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns.
Rivets—Boiler and Tank—a full assortment.
Horse and Mule Shoes.
Boat and Ship Spikes.
Bridge and Car and Truss Bolts.
Jan. 1, 1864.

WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

Baltimore street, near the Depot.

DR. G. J. BEACHY,

DENTIST,

Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty,) a few doors below Baltimore street. Jan. 1, 1864.

JOSEPH SPRIGG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

jy.'64.

A. J. BOOSE,
Dealer in

Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions,
MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN,
Canal Basin. jy.64.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHINE, DENTIST,
Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.

HUMBIRD & LONG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Hardware.

Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

Poetry.

THE SNOW.

We find the following, says the Louisville *Journal*, floating about the sea of newspaperdom, and though its mournful cadences fall upon the ear like the strains of well remembered music, we cannot recall the author's name.

Once I was Pure.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skipping along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicksome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around:
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in the mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow flakes, from heaven to hell:
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Pleading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow,
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all
God, and myself, have lost by my fall:
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for moan
To be heard in the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Miscellaneous.

ADVENTURES OF A NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

From the German of Heinrich Zschokke.

[Translated for the Civilian and Telegraph.]

CONCLUSION.

X

In the dance hall, near the supper room, Philip had ascertained by his watch, that it was time to betake himself to the Rendezvous at the Gregorian Church. He was heartily glad that the time had come to restore the purple mantle and plumed hat, to his substitute, for he was beginning to get very uneasy in his princely mask.

Just as he was seeking the door, in order to steal away a negro accosted him, and whispered in his ear: "The Duke Hermann seeks your Royal Highness every where!" Philip shook his head angrily and went out the negro after him. As they both entered the ante-chamber, the negro whispered, "By God there comes the Duke!" and with these words hastily retreated back into the hall.

A tall and lofty mask approached Philip with rapid steps and cried, "Wait one moment, I have a few words to say to you. I have sought you for a long time."

"Only be quick," replied Philip, "for I have no time to lose."

"I would that I had none to lose with you. I have looked for you long enough. You owe me satisfaction. You have subjected me to a bloody outrage."

"I don't know that."

"You know me not?" cried the Duke, and removed his mask. "Now you know who I am, and your own bad conscience must tell you the rest. I demand satisfaction. You and the cursed Salmoni have imposed upon me."

"I know nothing at all about it."

"You contrived the shameful affair in the Baker girl's cellar. At your instigation Col. Kalt assaulted my person."

"Not a true word."

"How? Not a true word? Do you deny it? The Marshaless Blankenschwerd discovered all to me a few moments ago. She was an eyewitness of the spirit comedy which you played with me."

"She has told your Highness a story. I have had no part in your affairs. If you play with spirit comedies, it is your own fault."

"I ask you if you will give me satisfaction? If not I will expose you. Follow me instantly to the King. Either you fight with me, or——to the King."

"Your Highness," stammered Philip, perplexed, "I have no desire to fight with you, nor to go to the King."

Philip was heartily in earnest, for he feared to be compelled to unmask, and to incur considerable punishment for the part he had played, against his intention He therefore made all sorts of excuses to the Duke, and kept his eyes on the door, intending to seize a favorable moment, and run away. The Duke, on the other hand, observed the anxiousness of the pretended Prince, and became so much the more courageous. At length he seized the poor Philip by the arm, and attempted to lead him back to the hall.

"What would you with me?" cried Philip, in despair, and threw the Duke off.

"To the King!" answered the Duke, raging. "He shall know how shamefully a princely guest has been treated at his Court."

"Good!" said Philip, who now saw no better way to help himself, than to resume the character of Prince. "Come on, I am ready. Fortunately I have the billet with me, in which, under your own hand, you offer the Baker's girl so distinguished a position."

"Nonsense, mere prattle!" replied the Duke. "That was a joke which one plays sometimes with a silly burgher girl. You may show it to the King. I will explain it."

The Duke, however, did not seem rightly in earnest about his explanation. He tried no longer to force Philip before the King, and that suited the latter quite well. But so much the more violently the Duke insisted upon his getting into a carriage with him, and driving, Heaven knows where, in order to settle the affair of honor with sword and pistol. To the hard pressed Philip, now, that was not at all convenient. He represented to the Duke all the evil consequences of such a step. But the latter, in his wrath, would not be diverted from his purpose by any consideration, assuring Philip that he had taken all necessary precautions and would leave the same night immediately after the close of the affair. "If you are not," continued the Duke, "the most cowardly being in the land, follow me to the carriage, Prince!"

"I am no Prince," answered Philip, who now saw himself driven to extremities.

"You are. Every person at the ball recognized you. I know you by the hat. You shall not escape me."

Philip removed his mask, showed his face to the Duke, and answered, "Am I the Prince?"

When Duke Hermann saw the quite strange features, he bounded back, and stood as if turned to stone. To have betrayed his most secret affairs to a stranger, increased his consternation and perplexity. Before he could recollect himself, Philip had the door in his hand, and was off like a shot.

XI.

As soon as Philip found himself in the open air, he pulled off with lightning quickness his mantle and hat, rolled up the one and stuck it into the other; and thus, with both under his arm, he sprang along the streets to the Gregorian Church.

There stood Rosa already in an angle of the lofty church tower and waiting for him.

"Ah! Philip, dear Philip!" said she to him as soon as she recognized him, and pressed his hand "What a pleasure hast thou given me. Oh how happy are we! See I have had no rest with my friends since. God be praised that it is thou. I have already waited here a quarter of an hour, and am almost frozen. But I do not think of the cold, for joy."

"And I, dear little Rosa, thank God alas that I am with thee again. To the devil with all the tittle-tattle of great people I will tell thee another time of all the mad adventures I have had. Tell me, Heart's-child, how goes it with thee? Dost thou love me a little?"

"Ay! thou hast become a great man, Philip, and it belongs to me to ask whether thou lovest me a little?"

"Thunder! How did'st thou know that I was a great man?"

"Thou did'st tell me thyself, Philip, only don't be proud, now that thou art become such a terribly rich man. I am a poor girl, and am certainly not good enough for thee. But Philip, I have already thought to myself, that if thou could'st abandon me now, I would much rather thou had'st been still a gardener. I should grieve to death, if thou could'st leave me."

"Rosa, tell me what thou art prattling about? I have been Prince for an hour and a-half, but only in joke, and I will never play such a joke again in my life. I am now again Watchman, and as poor as ever, I have, indeed, five thousand gulden with me, which I received of a Mameluke—which might help me in our need—but alas! they do not belong to me"

"Thou speakest strangely, Philip!" said Rosa, and gave him the heavy purse of gold which she had received from the Prince. "There, take thy money again. It is almost too heavy for my knitting bag."

"What should I do with all that gold?" Where did'st thou get that Rosa?"

"Thou hast drawn a prize in the Lottery, Philip."

"What? Have I won? and yet they told me at the Council House that my numbers did not come out! See I bought a ticket, and hoped there might turn up a little prize for us, to set us up at housekeeping. But the gardner, Rothmar, told me this afternoon as I came to the Council House too late for the drawing, 'Poor Philip, no number!' Hurrah! there I have won! Now I can buy a great garden, and thou art my wife. How much is there of it?"

"Philip, hast thou got a little tipsy in the New Year's night? Thou must know how much there is better than I. At my friends I could only peep secretly into the purse under the table; and was right scared when I saw glistening one gold piece after another. Then I thought, 'I don't wonder now that Philip was so unruly.' Yes thou wert right ungovernable. But truly I did not wish to find fault with thee, I could myself fall upon thy neck and weep for joy."

"Rosa, if thou wilt fall upon my neck, I will hold thee, but here is a misunderstanding. Who brought thee the gold and said it was my lottery prize? I have the tickets yet in my chest at home, and nobody has demanded them from me."

"Philip play no pranks, thou did'st thyself tell me so half an hour ago, and gave me the money."

"Rosa, recollect thyself. I saw thee this morning going home from Mass, and we agreed upon our meeting to-night. Since then we have not seen each other."

"Except half an hour ago, as I heard thee blow thy horn, and called thee into Steinman's house. But what hast thou under thy arm for a bundle? Why goest thou without thy hat this cold night? Philip, Philip! take care of yourself. That much money might make thee light headed. Thou hast certainly been into a tavern, and taken more than was good for thee. Hast thou not? What little bundle is that? Heavens! it is a ladie's silk dress! Philip, Philip, where hast thou been?"

"Certainly not with thee, half an hour ago. I believe thou wilt make fun of me. Answer me where did'st thou get the money?"

"Answer me first, Philip, where did'st thou get this ladie's dress? Where hast thou been?"

As both were impatient to get answers, and gave none, they began to be somewhat mistrustful of each other and to scold.

XII.

It happened in the present case, as it commonly does, when a pair of lovers get into a quarrel. So soon as Rosa took out her white handkerchief to dry her eyes, turned away her head, and one sigh after another welled up from the depths of her breast, *she* was confessedly in the right, and he in the wrong. And he acknowledged his wrong; and admitted that he had been to a masked ball; but that the garments he had under his arm were no women's clothes, but a silken domino, with a mask and a hat.

But having made this remorseful confession he was subjected to a very strict examination. Every girl in a large city knows that a masked ball is a very dangerous labyrinth and battle ground for unguarded hearts. One plunges into a sea of pleasant dangers, and not unfrequently goes down if he is not a good swimmer. Rosa knew that her friend Philip was not one of the best swimmers in the world; it is hard to say why, however. Thus, he was called upon to say whether he had danced or not, and on his reply in the negative; if he had had any adventures or affairs with a female? Philip could not deny that. He confessed everything, but added that the ladies in question, were all of high rank, and had all taken him for another person. Rosa doubted, indeed, a little, but suppressed her suspicions. When, on her inquiry, as to whom he had been taken for, and to whom the mask belonged, he constantly answered Prince Julian. Rosa shook her unbelieving little head; and yet more improbable was his story that the Prince had taken his place as watchman, while he was at the ball. But he soon annihilated her doubts by asserting that the Prince, (for he had no doubt of the rank of his substitute) would soon make his appearance at the Gregorian church, as had been agreed between them, and reclaim the elegant mask in exchange for his watchman's coat, staff and horn.

The alarmed maiden now began better to understand her own adventure in the dark passage. It had occurred to her then that there was something strange and unusual in the manner and conduct of the pretended Philip. And now that it came to her turn to confess exactly how she came by the money, for the lottery prize; she stammered so long, and hesitated so much that Philip began to feel very unpleasant.

Finally, she related all that had occurred, but when she came to the kiss, and its return, she stammered again, but out it came at last.

"It is not true!" cried Philip, "I have neither given thee a kiss nor received one from thee."

"It was meant for thee," said Rosa, softly and coaxingly. Philip rubbed the blond hair on his temples to prevent its standing strait on end.

"Hear, Philip," said Rosa, anxiously, "If it was not thee, I believe all the incredible things thou hast related. It must have been Prince Julian in thy clothes."

Philip had long since suspected that, and cried; "The rascal! He has stolen *my* kisses from thee. Now I understand why he gave me his Mask, and wanted to be *I* for an hour or so!" And now occurred to him the Mask who had told him about the opera singer Rollina; and about Rosa, herself. He renewed his examination of the poor girl more strictly than before, as to whether she had ever seen the Prince before? or had ever noticed a nobleman following her to and from church, or pretending to have business in Milk street? Or whether a gentleman, or anybody, had ever been to her mother with benevolent propositions of assistance in their poverty?

All Rosa's answers were so appeasing, and bore, so perfectly, the impress of the most unembarrassed innocence, that Philip felt his heart grow light again. He warned her against sneakers, and against the generosity and compassion of the noble; and Rosa on her side warned him of the dangers of Masked balls, and of adventures with ladies of high rank, which had already proved the ruin of so many young men. They forgave each other all unconsciously committed sins, and Philip was on the point of demanding the kiss which had been intended for him, but which he had not received, when the pair were interrupted in the very instant by the appearance of a stranger.

He came running towards them at the top of his speed, and stood breathless at their side. By overcoat, staff, hat and horn, Philip recognized his man upon the spot. He was seeking the wearer of his Mask. Philip handed him his hat and domino, and said, "Gracious Sir, here are your things. In this world we will not exchange our parts I came too short thereby!"

The Prince cried, "Quick, Quick!" threw the watchman's official mantle in the snow, bound on his mask and domino, and put on his hat. Rosa sprang back in fear, Philip cooly put on his old coat, and took his staff and horn.

I promised thee a drink money, comrade, "said the Prince. "But so true as I live, I have not got my purse with me."

"I have it!" answered Philip, and handed the purse over, "you gave it to my bride there. But gracious sir, we decline presents of that sort."

"Comrade, keep what thou hast, and get out of the way as quick as thou cans't, it is not safe for thee!" cried the Prince, hastily, and moved away. Philip held him firmly by the mantle. "Gracious sir, we have one thing to do yet."

"Fly, I tell thee, watchman! Fly, they are after thee."

"I have no cause to fly, gracious Sir. But I have your purse here——"

"Keep it, and run while thou canst!"

"And a Bill from the Marshal Blankenschwerd to deliver up."

"Thunder! how did's't thou and the Marshal Blankenschwerd come together, watchman?"

"He said it was a gambling debt, which he had to pay you. He has left to-night with his wife for his Polish estate."

"Art thou mad? How knowest thou that? When did he give you this matter for me?"

"Gracious Sir, and the Finance Minister, Count Bodenlos, will pay your debts to Abraham Levi if you will use your influence with the King to retain him in the ministry."

"Watchman, thou art possessed of the devil!"

"But I have refused him in your name."

"Thou? the Minister?

"Yes, gracious Sir, and I have also completely reconciled the Countess Bonan with the Chamberlain Pilzow, again."

"Which of us is a fool?"

"One thing more. The Singer Rollina is a common strumpet. Gracious Sir, I know of her love affairs. You are imposed upon. I therefore held it unworthy of your Royal Highness to visit her, and have countermanded the supper with her to-night."

"Rolina? How came'st thou to her?"

"Yet once more The Duke Hermann is terribly enraged against you on account of the cellar history. He will complain of you to the King."

"The Duke? Who told thee all that?"

"Himself. You are not yet safe. But he'll not go to the King because I threatened him with the Billet which he sent to the Baker girl. On the other hand he wants to fight you. Take care of him."

"Tell me one thing, know'st thou how the Duke came to know that I——"

"The Marshaless Blankenschwerd told him all. She acknowledged to him that she played the part of the witch in the juggle."

The Prince took Philip by the arm, and said. "Spass vogel thou art no watchman!"

He turned Philip's face towards the light of a lamp glimmering in the distance, and was confounded at seeing the feature of a perfect stranger.

"Art thou possessed of Satan? or——who art thou?"

"I am Philip Stark, the gardener, son of the watchman Gottleib Stark!" answered Philip calmly.

XIII

"Halt, there, fellow! We are just looking for you," cried many voices, and Philip, Rosa and the Prince saw themselves suddenly surrounded by half a dozen stout members of the worthy police. Rosa raised a loud cry. Philip seized the frightened girls hand, and said. "Fear not!" The Prince tapped Philip on the shoulder, and said, "It is a silly trick. It was not without reason that I told thee to make off with thyself in time. But do not fear; nothing shall happen to thee."

"That is as it may turn out afterwards," said a policemen. "In the meantime he must go with us."

"Where?" asked Philip. "I am engaged in my duty. I am the Watchman."

"We heard that already, and it is even on that account that you must go with us."

"Let him go, men!" said Julian, and felt in his pocket for money. But as he found none he whispered secretly to Philip to give him his purse. The policeman however, tore them apart, and cried, "Away! there shall be no more collusion here. The mask, also, is suspected, and must go with us."

"Not he!" said Philip. "You wanted the watchman. I am he. If you can answer for arresting me in the discharge of my duty, then take me where you please. But let this gentleman go"

"It is not your business to teach us whom we shall arrest on suspicion!" replied one of the Policemen. "All of you shall go. March!"

"The lady too?" asked Peilip. "I hope not."

"Well, the girl may go. We have no warrant for her. But we must have her name and residence, and see her face, in case of necessity."

"She is the daughter of the widow Bittner in Milk street," said Philip, not a little provoked, as the fellows turned the face of the weeping girl to the light of the lantern, and gaped at it curiously.

"Go home, Rosa!" said Philip. "Go home: fear nothing on my account. I have a good conscience."

"But Rosa sobbed so violently, as to awaken the sympathy of the policemen, even. The Prince availed himself of this circumstance to escape with a sudden spring. But one of the worthy fellows was a still better springer than he. With one jump the latter was at his side, and cried, "Hallo! He has a bad conscience. He must go with us. Forward, march!"

"Whither?" asked the Prince.

"Straitway to his Excellency, the Sir Minister of Police."

"Hear, men," said the Prince, gravely, yet affably; for he did not at all like to betray his connection with the business of the watchman. "Hear, men, I have at this moment, and quite accidentally met this watchman; you have no business to arrest me. I belong to the Court. If you undertake to force me to accompany you, you will sue your error tomorrow morning, on bread and water, in the tower."

"Let the gentleman go, for God's sake!" cried Philip. "Believe my word, he is a great Lord, and can season your interference with him very distastefully to you. He is——"

"Silence!" cried Julian. "*Nobody* must know out of thy mouth, who I am, if by any means thou hast guessed my name. Hearest thou. *Nobody! No one*, I tell thee, let come what will. Dost thou hear?"

"We but do our duty," replied a policeman, "and they'll not put us in the tower for that. But that might happen to the gentleman in a Mask, himself. We have heard such stories before, and do not fear his threats, Forward, march!"

"Hear reason, men," cried Philip, He is a very distinguished gentleman of the Court."

"If he were the King himself, he should go with us. That is our duty. He is suspicious," was the answer.

"Yes, in deed," said one. "Great Lords of the Court truly have secret intercourse with the watchmen, the like of you, and whisper in their ears, as he did in yours, just now!"

"While they were yet talking, a carriage with eight horses, and many torches going before, drove up in front of the church. "Halt!" cried a voice within the carriage, as it came up to the assemblage of Policemen who surrounded the Prince.

The carriage stopped, the door opened and a gentleman sprang out in an overcoat, upon which glistened a diamond star. He approached the group, pushed the policemen back, and scrutinized the Prince from head to foot, and said, "Right! I recognized the bird by his feathers at a distance. Mask, who are you?"

Julian did not know in this dilemna which way to turn, for he easily recognized Duke Hermann.

"Answer me!" cried the Duke in a thundering voice.

Julian shook his head and beckoned to the Duke to go away. But the latter was the more eager to know with whom he had had to do at the ball. He inquired of the Police officers. They stood with bared heads around the Duke, and said, "they had a warrant to take the watchman immediately to the Minister of Police: for he had been singing scandalous verses, as they had heard with their own ears; that he had eluded them through dark cross streets and allies, until they had found him here by the church in confidential conversation with the mask, who seemed to them even more suspicious than the watchman himself. But that the mask had represented himself as a gentleman of the Court, though that was evidently mere swagger They had considered it their duty therefore to arrest him."

"The man does not belong to the Court," replied the Duke. "You may be sure of that. I give you my word. He got into the Palace in some inexplicable manner, and made everybody there believe he was Prince Julian. He was finally obliged by me to unmask, but he deceived and escaped me. He is an unknown person, and an adventurer I have informed the Lord Stewart of the Household about him. Lead him directly to the Royal Palace, men. You have made a good prize." With these words, the Duke turned round and re-entered his carriage, repeating as he went, "Don't let him escape." He then drove on.

The Prince saw himself lost. To show his face to the Policemen was unsuited to his plans, for his street amusements would then known to the whole city. He saw less danger in unmasking before the Lord Steward, or even the Police Minister. Determined, at length, on his course, he cried, "Very well! come on!"

He and Philip went. Rosa looked after them weeping.

XIV.

Philip might almost have believed in witchcraft or that he was in a dream. For so confused and various were the events of this night, that nothing *like it* had ever occurred in the whole course of his life. He he really nothing to reproach himself with, except his exchange of clothes with the Prince and the part he had played against his will, at the ball. But as the Prince had probably not acted his own watchman's part quite so regularly as he would have done himself, else why was he arrested as watchman? He expected not to find favor.

At the palace, Philip's heart beat faster. They took his mantle, staff and horn from him. The Prince spoke a few words with a nobleman, and the policemen were immediately sent away. The Prince then ascended the steps and bade Philip follow. "Fear nothing," said Julian and left him. Philip was led into a litle ante-chamber, where he remained a long time alone.

At length a royal chamberlain came and said, "Come with me. The King desires to see you."

Philip was almost beside himself with fear. His knees trembled under him. He was led into a handsome apartment. There sat the old King, laughing at a little table. Near him stood the Prince Julian without a mask. There was nobody else in the room.

The King observed the young man a long time, as it seemed with a sort of satisfaction.

"Relate to me exactly," said the King, to Philip, "everything thou hast done to-night" At this affable address of the reverend Monarch, Philip recovered his courage; and confessed to a hair, what he had done, and experienced from the beginning to the end. Yet was he shrewd and modest enough to conceal what he had heard, under his princely mask, from the Courtiers, all that might place the Prince in embarrassment before his father.

The King laughed aloud many times in the course of the narrative, made a few inquries into Philip's parentage and occupation; took a couple of gold pieces from the table, gave them to him and said, "Go now, my son, and attend to thy duty. No harm shall happen to you But discover to *no* person what thou hast done and heard this evening. That I command thee! Now go!"

Philip fell at the King's feet and kissed his hand, while he stammered out a few words of gratitude. As he stood up again in order to retire, Prince Julian said: "I humbly beg your Majesty to permit the young man to wait without a few moments. I owe him a little debt for the trouble which I have caused him to-night."

The King smilingly nodded his head and Philip withdrew.

"Prince!" said the King, and warned him threateningly with upraised finger, "It is fortunate for you that you told me the truth! I will, therefore, forgive your wild and foolish pranks. You deserved punishment. Another such a boyish trick and I will be implacable. Nothing shall then excuse you. The story of the Duke Hermann, I must know more about. Yet if he goes away, I may drop it. Of that which you say of the Police and Finance Minister, I expect the proof at once. Go you now, and give the young gardener a drink-money. He has conducted himself more sensibly in your mask than you in his"

The Prince left the King. In an adjoining chamber, he laid aside his ball dress, put on his overcoat, caused Philip to be called, and commanded him to accompany him to his palace. Here, was Philip obliged to narrate word for word everything, which, as the representative of Julian, he had heard and said at the ball.

When he had done, Julian clapped him on the shoulder and said: "Hear, Philip, thou art a prudent, clever fellow! Thou wilt be useful to me. I am contented with the What thou hast said, in my name, to the Chamberlain Pilzow, the Countess Bonan, the Marshal and his wife, Col Kalt, the Finance Minister and the rest, I find very reasonable, and I will stand by it, as if I had said it myself. On the other hand, thou must stand by the verses, which I sung in thy name as watchman. Thou wilt be punished by dismission from the service, but let that annoy thee not. I make thee, in place of it my castle-gardener. I give into thy care the gardens of both my Castles, Heimleben and Quellenthal. The money I gave to thy bride shall remain to her as her dowry, and the notes of the Marshal Blankenschwerd I will redeem on the spot from thee for five thousand gulden. Now go, serve me faithfully, and conduct thyself properly."

XV.

Who was happier than Philip? He flew in full spring to Rosa's house. She was not yet gone to bed; she sat with her mother at the table and wept. Philip threw the full purse on the table and said, breathless: "Rosa, that is thy dowry! and these five thousand gulden are mine. I have been guilty of a fault, as a watchman, and therefore I lose the enjoyment of that office. but to-morrow morning, I go to Heimleben, as Prince Julian's Castle gardener. And you, mother, and Rosa must go with me to Heimleben. My father and mother must also go with us. I can now support you all. Hurrah! God give all good people such a happy New Year!"

Mother Bittner knew not whether she could trust her ears at Philip's story, and her eyes at the sight of the pile of gold, or not. But when Philip told her all that was necessary to explain how his good fortune came, she arose sobbing, embraced him with joy, and then laid her daughter on his breast. Intoxicated with joy the good woman, ran and danced about the room, and asked! "Does thy father and mother also know all yet?" and when Philip replied in the negative, she cried, "Rosa, make up the fire, put on water, and make a good coffee for us five!" She then put on her woolen cloak and left the house.

But Rosa forgot, on Philip's breast, fire and water. They still stood locked in each others, as Frau Bittner returned, accompanied by the old Gottleib and mother Katy. They surrounded their children blessing them. If mother Bittner wanted coffee she had to make it herself

That Philip lost the office of watchman, that fourteen days after Rosa became his wife, that both with their parents removed to Heimleben—belong not to the Adventures of a New Year's Night, which were ruinous to nobody but the Finance Minister, Count Bodenlos. It has not been heard that Prince Julian has played a similar extravagant prank since.

Bad men are never completely happy. although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.