THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1872. NO. 12.

Adieu!

Adieu! The winds are blowing south;
My sail swings in the Larbor-mouth.
Peace! seek no further my delay;
Pray ever for my safe return;
Poor, piteous faces, hide away
Your tears that scald, your lips that burn.
O blessed home, now lost to view!
My wistful eyes are seeking you,
And, as the fading hills go by,
With all my yearning soul I cry,
Adieu! adieu!

Still southward blow the tedious winds;
Small solace here the wand'rer finds.
O faithless spirit of my youth!
You brave me out upon the world;
Forsaking me too soon, forsooth,
Ere scarce my banners are unfurled.
O best-beloved! believe me true!
I would the happy past renew;
But, drifting to an alien shore,
My heart cries out, For evermore
Adieu! adieu!

To-Morrow.

To-day can sing of yesterday,
Songs tender, tinct with sorrow;
But mute she comes along the way—
All-beautiful To-Morrow!

Her face is full of prophecies
Her lips have still withholden,
And gazing in her radiant eyes
Song turns to silence golden.

Hope rapt beside her pathway stands,
Asks nothing but the vision,
And turns at night with empty hands,
Still dreaming of fruition.

Ah, Beauty! soon as present, gone,
Most fleet and most beguiling;
Why are our hearts forever drawn
By that strange, far-off smiling?

Why is it that from new delays
New faith they still can borrow?
Oh, is that among the days
Comes Heaven's first good-morrow?

She will come in with no alarms,
Under the same low portal,
And clasp us as in mortal arms,
And we shall turn immortal!

ON THE VERDIGREE.

Those were lively times on the Verdigree. The redskins had sent as their ultimatum. There sat their envoy extraordinary, half-naked, on his mangy steed, armed and equipped for war, and erect and imperturbable as Bismarck. The noon-day breeze just moved his trailing scalp-lock, else he might have passed for a painted statue. Herndon sat on a hewn slab of oak, beating the "long roll" with the fragments of a broken ramrod, and laughingly commanded us to fall into line. But we had no trifling matter before us.

Early that morning we had spurred our ponies through the crystal tide of the Verdigree, clambered up the western bank, and after exploring one of the lovliest places that ever charmed the eye of man, had each selected a prolific tract of land, and determined to settle there for life. The forenoon had been passed in cutting timber for our cabins. But the jealous savages had resented our summary proceedings, and had sent us a peremptory summons to retire across the river, or pay the penalty of non-compliance with our lives.

"Won't you just be kind enough to ride out to that there mound there?" said Ben, the black-moustached Missourian, to the vermilion-daubed savage, who partially understood English. "We want to talk this here thing over a little." And he pointed to a spot about thirty yards distant, as though he expected his request to be immediately obeyed. Wheeling his charger gracefully, the Indian acceded without a word.

Our whole civil and military force had been mustered for the occasion. There were six of us. We were all young and vigorous; every man had "seen service," and that of the roughest kind. We held an impromptu council of war.

"What do you think we'd better do, boys?" inquired Ben, nonchalantly.

A silence then ensued; each waited for the other to speak first. At last, Texican ventured to express an opinion. What his true name was I never learned. From "Texan," the frontier lingo had metamorphosed his title into "Texican," and by that anomalous soubriquet we knew, respected and called him.

"I'm for a fight, boys," said he. "This here land can't be beat nowhere; it's A Number One, and they ain't got any more right to live on it than we have; and besides that, they ain't give us a decent invitation to leave. It wouldn't look well for us to travel off on terms like these." And with a grating oath, he swore he'd die in his boots before he'd get out of the way of greasy Osages. He shot 'em anyhow, every chance he got. Three seasons preceding the Comanches had scalped his father on the Texas line, and brained his sister with a war-club. We expected him to talk in just this style.

"You just settle the matter for yourselves, boys, whatever it's to be," interposed the Missourian, yawning, as though nothing more than an ordinary dilemma—a mere deal in poker—was to be decided.

I thought it prudent to dodge the responsibility and follow his example.

"It's all very well to talk about fighting it out," remarked Colton; "and it's likely we've got as much sand in our craws as any of them, but what can six men do against three or four hundred! I don't like the way they talk, myself; but the game is all in their own hands, and they know it." I had all the fighting I wanted in the war, shooting you Texas fellows, and don't want any more of it, if I can help it. We might throw our logs together and hold our own till morning, but it would turn out an ugly scrape before we got through with it. We hav'nt got a drop of water, and we'd soon run out of provisions, and they'd dance over our bones in forty-eight hours. If the rest of you want to fight, why, fight it is; but I think we'd better go a little slow."

He was a young, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Minnesotian, and the border ruffians gave him credit for being as cool as wedge, and sharper than steel.

"I'll tell you what I'm in for," said Indiana. We generally went by the name of our native States. "We're all old vets in this military business, and we want to use a little strategy with the vagabonds. They've insulted us, and for one; I don't feel like falling back without burning powder. But it's just as Minnesota says. We can't fight 'em all to any purpose. But we may beat 'em after all. Now, I move that we'll pick our man, and they'll pick out theirs, and let the two shoot it out. If their man wins, we'll evacuate; if ours wins, we'll stay."

This novel proposition suited every one. Herndon amended it by suggesting that we should cast lots for the championship, and that the fight should take place with rifles at twenty paces. This was declared to be "getting things into shape;" and we all cordially agreed to it. Ben arose, and motioned importantly to the envoy. That personage gravely rode up, received our reply with stolid decorum, and was out of sight in a minute.

"We'd better load up in the meantime, boys," remarked Indiana; "for if it don't suit 'em, they'll be after us in short order."

The idea was voted "not bad;" and we not only charged our rifles and revolvers, but flung our logs together in such a manner as to form a very efficient defence, if required. Herndon then kindled a fire, procured water, and commenced cooking dinner. In about twenty minutes the envoy returned. Our proposition had met with great favor, he briefly informed us, but would not be accepted unless the distance was shortened to ten paces. He also stated that the contest would be expected to continue until one of the principals was killed, and that knives or tomahawks must be allowed to be used after the discharge of the rifles.

"That's pretty close quarters, boys," commented Ben. "I get a sing once, on just such a time-table. But I guess it's all right though. They know they can't shoot with us. Let's give the poor devils a chance."

To this we all assented. For the tomahawk provision, we cared nothing; we knew the first shot would settle the matter one way or the other. The messenger went on to say that the warriors of the tribe would be assembled to meet us in one hour, at the crest of a lofty eminence, which he pointed out to us, about half a mile distant—we to be punctually on hand; and he galloped off again.

Next came the task of casting lots for the post of peril. We began to realize that blood was to be shed. It was a solemn moment, for no one could predict the result of the encounter. Indiana tore up one of his mother's letters, and plainly writing each man's name upon one of the slips, placed them all in a hat together. Texican was then blindfolded, and deputed to draw for us; whoever's name was on the slip he picked out, was to be our champion. *He drew his own!*

"It's all right, boys," he exclaimed, when the result was announced. "You couldn't please me better." Further than this he said nothing.

Then ensued a long and awkward silence, for we all had our misgivings. When our inner was ready we despatched it quickly, smoked a few moments without conversation, and then reticently mounted our ponies.

On arriving at the designated battle-ground, we found several hundred Osages awaiting us, all armed and painted, and most of them entirely naked, with the exception of breech cloths. Two lances were stuck in the turf about ten paces apart—these indicated the positions of the combatants. We were received with neither friendly nor hostile demonstrations. As soon as we dismounted, Texican, rifle in hand, walked calmly forward to the nearest lance, and halted. In a few moments, a tall young brave stepped out of the crowd, and stalked proudly up to other. I was appointed to give the necessary signals. In order to disturb their accuracy of aim as little as possible, I was requested to stand between them, and two paces back of the line of fire. There was no danger of being hit by such marksmen as they were. In my right hand I held a lance, on the end of which dangled a red flannel streamer; when I raised it, they were to aim; when I lowered it, they were to fire.

And then we waited for Red Cloud, the chief of the tribe. It was an impressive scene. Texican leaned his shaggy chin upon his hands, on the muzzle of his long rifle, and with a gleam of malicious triumph in his eyes, glared fiercely across at his foe. He was reckless of his own life and felt sure of his prey, for his aim was death. The young Indian seemed to read his thoughts; but standing erect, with a graceful and careless indifference, gazed dreamily off to the southward, where the long blue lines of timber were lost in the misty beauty of the horizon. His eyes soon softened with a tinge of pensive sadness. Was he thinking of the happy hunting-grounds? The other four members of our party stood in a cluster a little to the left of Texican, and narrowly watched all that transpired, for the American savage is proverbially treacherous.

Presently Red Cloud emerged from a rude lodge near by, and clad in a long robe of furs, moved with stately presence to the front line of his people. With a dignified wave of the hand, he signified his pleasure that the tragedy should begin. Each principal recalled his thoughts, examined the state of his rifle, and nodded to me. I raised the lance; they sternly took aim. I lowered the lance quickly, and two sharp reports instantaneously followed. The young warrior sprang wildly into the air, flung his weapon fully twenty feet away, and dropped dead at his post. The bullet had crashed through his brain. Texican thudded the butt of his rifle on the ground, and gave vent to a hoarse, mocking, and half demoniac cry of triumph and revenge; then he tried to steady himself with his weapon, but staggered helplessly backward. Herndon and Indiana ran up and caught him in their arms. His red shirt rapidly deepened in hue, and a dreadful alarm seized us. Still he laughed hoarsely, and tried to point to the motionless corpse of his adversary. We hurriedly gathered around him, and tenderly as children laid him down on the soft green grass. Tearing open his shirt, we found a bright, scarlet spot on his left breast, close to his heart. None of us were versed in surgery; we could not state scientifically just what particular veins and ligaments had been severed, but we knew by the location of the wound, and by his parched lips and pallid countenance, that death was upon him.

"It's all day with me, boys," he faintly said, for he was growing much weaker every moment; "but I've paid 'em handsomely for it. Give my rifle to Colton—I always liked him."

We bent over the poor fellow with words of sympathy for his pain, and praise for his valor, and our enemies might have shot us all down without our knowing it. But it was of no use. His breath quickly came and went. "Water," at length he groaned. We had none, and there was not a brook within half a mile. An Indian girl comprehended our want, ran to the lodge, and in a moment returned with a skinful. We placed the cooling fluid to his burning lips, and he took a long draught, but it choked him, and he vomited up a handful of bright crimson blood. We had seen too many perish not to know by this that the lead had penetrated his vitals. He was bleeding internally. As soon as he could clear his throat to speak, he said feebly, and almost breathlessly: "Don't try to revenge me, boys. Honor bright. They have done the fair thing with us, and you act the man with them. You're to cross the river, and I'll—— Don't forget the Texican.' The last of these words were rendered almost unintelligible by the blood that gurgled up in his throat. A film seemed to gather over his eyes. "Where are my friends? Don't leave me to die alone, boys," he moaned with a great effort, clutching blindly at us.

"We're with you to the last, old friend," answered Colton, grasping his right hand. I caught the other. We may have been a faint-hearted lot, but there was not an undimmed eye among us. Soon he groaned almost inaudibly, a shudder passed over him, and he was dead.

Even the stony-hearted barbarians seemed touched by the distressful incidents of this sanguinary affair. Few of them could speak even broken English, but such as could advanced toward us, and by the aid of signs, endeavored to inform us that their champion *had expected to die*, and they urged that it would be fitting to entomb two such brave men together. We received their strangely chivalrous proposal with magnanimity equal to their own. With spears and tomahawks they excavated a grave; and wrapping the combatants in the rich robes of the chieftain, we laid them down to rest side by side—friend and foe alike lamented. Then heaping a great pile of stones above them to baffle the efforts of prowling wolves, we fired a volley in the air, and with aching hearts departed. And there they slumber still. One died for his friends, and the other for the honor of his tribe. The wistful summer winds sigh a sad requiem above the spot of their long repose, the wild-flowers blossom in vernal profusion around it, and the showers of heaven impartially descend upon the soft verdure that enshrines it.

A Cincinnati woman lately bailed her husband out of the station-house, where too much indulgence in the flowing bowl had sent him, with the proceeds of her hair, which was unusually long and beautiful. He on his part grieved so much at his faithful wife's surrendering her beauty for his sake, procured a divorce, and is expected to marry another woman at an early day.

A DESPATCH from Arizona says Martinery Station, on Dale Creek, was captured by the Apaches. Three men were killed, and six stage horses captured.

The New British Printing-Machine.

Our transatlantic cousins are convinced that they have perfected, at last, a newspaper printing-machine equal to Hoe's American one, and boast of its excellence in terms of the strongest character. It is called after Mr. Walter, M. P., of the *London Times*, the "Walter Press," and the "results in speed, economy, and excellence of work, are such as to astonish even those who have had intimate knowledge of what had previously been done and accomplished by Hoe's and other fast printing-machines." The Walter Press prints both sides of the sheet at one operation. There is less ink used; fewer rollers are required; a diminished number of blankets is demanded, and we are told that "the whole details of the machine are so simple and solid, that, with ordinary care, there is nothing liable to get out of order."

The *Scotsman* says: "As the *Scotsman* is now printed, a reel of tightly-rolled paper, in the form in which it leaves the paper-mill, fully four miles in length, and weighing nearly six cwt., is placed at one end of the machine, and in the process of unreeling is damped, printed first on one side and then on the reverse with unfailing precision, is cut into sheets, and delivered at the rate of twelve thousand copies per hour at the other end of the machine. The delivery is made on two boards, each of which receives a sheet alternately. The boards are watched by lads who, notwithstanding the great speed, have still time to see that the work is properly done. The sole attendance necessary are those two lads at the delivery boards, and a third, the striker, who starts the machine and looks after the rolls as they are unwound. While printing, the paper travels through the machine at the rate of nearly one thousand feet per minute, and a reel of paper four miles long is thus printed in less than twenty-five minutes. The delay in changing from one reel to another scarcely exceeds a minute, so that the production is thus almost continuous."

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this most terrible evil—winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burden settle over its withered hopes like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you through trials which for a time seem to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has been sometimes betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable, because you are disappointed in your expectations and baffled in your pursuit.

Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear one to that land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in Heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude.

A Dream and Its Fulfillment.

Mr. Frank Canfield, who was killed recently, was betrothed to a young lady of this town, and was to have been married in two months. When the train passed here on its way West, the young lady saw him, and that evening she was in unusually light spirits. The next morning at the breakfast table her appearance was so much the reverse of the evening previous that it attracted the attention of her mother, who asked her the cause of her apparent trouble. The young lady thereupon related to her mother that she had dreamed that her lover had fallen under the cars, and had been so seriously injured that he had died in about two hours. She told the circumstances as she had seen in her dream, how he had fallen and the car wheel had terribly crushed and mangled his left leg and his left arm, and that he had lived in terrible agony for about two hours. Her mother endeavored to persuade her that there was nothing in a dream, but to no purpose—she could not drive it from her mind. About noon a sister of the young man came to the house and said she had bad news for her. She then related the circumstances of her brother's death, corresponding in detail with the dream as told by the young lady some hours before.—*Jamestown Journal.*

THE HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE.—The Secretary of the U. S. Treasury has written a letter to the Collectors of Customs announcing that the department has received official information that the hoof and mouth disease, which prevailed some time since among the cattle of the Argentine Republic, has entirely ceased to exist, no authenticated case of such disease having occurred in that country since July, 1870. He therefore informs them that the provisions of a letter from the department, dated May 8, 1871, requiring the production of a consul's certificate showing the non-existence of such disease, &c., with each importation of cattle and hides from the Argentine Republic, are cancelled and revoked so far as the importations from the Argentine Republic are concerned. Such importations from Chili, however, are still required to be accompanied by such consular certificates.

DURABILITY OF DIFFERENT WOODS.—Experiments have been lately made by driving sticks, made of different woods, each two feet long and one and a half inches square, into the ground, only a half inch projected outward. It was found that in five years all those made of oak, elm, ash, fir, soft mahogany, and nearly every variety of pine, were totally rotten. Larch, hard pine and teak wood, were decayed on the outside only; while acacia, with the exception of being also slightly attacked on the exterior, was otherwise sound. Hard mahogany and cedar of Lebanon were in tolerably good condition. But only Virginia cedar was found as good as when put in the ground. This is of some importance to builders, showing what woods should be avoided and what others used by preference in underground work.

AN ENGLISH FASHION.—The English fashion of weddings is becoming quite popular here. The bride is attended at church by six bridesmaids, who walk in couples up the aisle, there being no groomsmen. There are also six ushers, who, after the ceremony, take the place of groomsmen, and conduct the bridesmaids from the church. The bride walks up the aisle with her father, and the groom waits for her at the altar steps, having entered previously at a side door.

A DIFFERENCE.—At a gathering in Australia not long since four persons met, three of whom were shepherds on a sheep farm. One of these had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, the third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep his accounts.

British India.

All British officers acknowledge that England has a very frail hold on India, and that it could not hold it a day without an army over 200,000 strong. Nevertheless, its grip is greater and closer now than ever before. To say nothing of the reaction in favor of British power since it quelled the terrible mutiny, its railroad and telegraph system are worth to it 100,000 soldiers or more. And there is no confidence between Englishmen, and Hindoos, and Mohometans. There is no bond of unity in any way, except that of force. The races are in all respects repugnant, the one to the other. To increase its security, the Government makes up the native regiments about one-half from Hindoos, and the other Mahometans; and it relies more upon the Sikh soldier than upon any other—the Sikh from the up country, who has great contempt for the men of the plains—the Sikh, who, in the last mutiny, stood faithful when everything else was dropping away. Education is doing something to soften the mistrust of race; but Christian missions, as yet, seem to be doing little or nothing. Education, however, at first, only makes Deists of Hindoos and Mahometans. It takes away from them all respect for their own customs, while it cannot sever them from the associations of their brethren and kindred. They lose their respect for the Koran and the Vedas, and yet they have no more respect for the bible. But, doubtless, this is a process through which the heathen mind has to go before it can comprehend the sublime truths of Christianity. According to the best authorities, the Hindoo Pantheon is peopled by precisely 333,000,000 gods—and such a lot of divinities, of course, are not to be got rid of in a hurry! Then, the castes are not to be broken down without tremendous social struggles. The Brahmins, even, count 2,000 separate distinct families of their order alone. Then, the abominable castes in some parts of India—that is, the outcasts—cut-number these Brahmins in the proportion of three to one, exclusive of the other impure and very low tribes! Bankers in Bengal rank below barbers! But I shall not write a book on castes. Nor shall I dwell more upon the Indian, as contrasted with the European—for what can I know, in my flight over and through the land? All I can give is impressions; and one of the most vivid of my impressions is, that the Indian is far inferior to the Chinese or the Japanese, in almost every quality that goes to make up the man.—*Letter from James Brooks.*

The Vagabond Sage.

An old man of very active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought to the Police Court. His clothes looked as though they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they suffered more from rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None. I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.—*Herald.*

A MYSTERY.—Birmingham, England, has got its mystery now, and gloats over it. A commercial traveler for a firm of brass-casters and bell-founders had been sometime in Russia on business of the firm. He returned to London, and his employers had been for some days expecting to see him in Birmingham, when a letter came to them bearing the London postmark, and purporting to be written by the missing traveler. The letter stated that the writer was a member of a Russian secret society; that for some offence, he was detained in London and had been condemned to death, and in a week the sentence would be carried into effect. His luggage, the letter stated, would be found at his hotel. Nothing further was heard of the matter for a week, when the firm received another letter, also dated "London," but written in broken English, informing them that their traveler was dead and buried according to the regulations of the society. The firm placed the matter in the hands of the police, but nothing has yet been heard either of the traveler or his luggage.

A WOLF STORY.—The main street of a village of central India, where children were always at play, ran down the slope of the hill; and while one of two wolves, which was smaller than the other, would ensconce itself behind some low bushes between the village and the hill, the other would go round to the top, and watching an opportunity, race down through the street, picking up a child by the way, and making off with it to the thick cover of the ravine. At first the people used to pursue, and sometimes make the marauder drop his prey; but, as they said, finding that in that case the companion wolf usually succeeded in carrying off another of the children in the confusion, while the first was usually so injured as to be beyond recovery, they ended, like phlegmatic Hindoos, as they were, by letting them take just as many of their offspring as they wanted. An infant a few years old had thus been carried off the morning of my arrival. It is scarcely credible that I could not at first obtain sufficient beaters to drive the cover where those two atrocious beasts were gorging their unholy meal.

WHISKEY.—The telegraph has been used to give a very prominent advertisement to a certain firm in Louisville, who we are told have effectually cornered the market in old whiskey by buying up all of the article in the country, the aggregate purchases having reached $3,000,000. In Western Pennsylvania there is genuine old whiskey, in various hands, amounting to millions of dollars in value, there being nearly 18,000 barrels held in the city of Pittsburg alone. It is very likely that the Louisville firm has made large purchases of certain brands of Bourbon whiskey; but it is folly to talk of cornering the market even on that article when any desired brand of choice old Bourbon can be manufactured and supplied in New York City on forty-eight hours' notice. So long as rectified spirits are plenty and drug stores are accessible, there will never be any scarcity of superior old whiskey in this country.

THE Maine Legislature has passed the Savings bank bill taxing deposits one-half of one per cent. per annum.

Along the Hudson.

It was in the evening gray
Late I wended slow my way
By that calm and silent river,
Rolling smoothly down forever.

As I wandered on alone,
Over shrub and over stone,
Saddening fancy seemed to say,
"Gloomy spirits crossed this way."

O'er the leaves, crisp'd, old and dun,
To and fro the shadows run,
And where'er I turned my eye,
Shades of spirits hovered nigh.

Silent and in thoughtful mood,
Near the laving ebb I stood,
Watching, waiting—thinking o'er
Friends upon a distant shore.

Gazing on the vapors where
All around seem'd peopled air,
Something in this heart was moved,
Which one gleam of solace proved.

But the dark blue waters roll'd,
And the mystic vapors told
Of the shadows on my breast—
Shadows never finding rest.

Hearts, once true, seem'd turned to stone,
And my woes dense, darker grown;
And my soul, in monotone,
Wept and wailed, "Alone—alone!"

Then I turned to memory's bier,
Where my hopes lay cold and sear—
Where each thought of life's young bloom
Press'd me downward to the tomb.

But what made me suffer more,
When I thought on friends of yore,
I could feel no moistened eye:—
had drained them with a sigh.

Oh, why this soul of longing hopes,
Why this gloom through which it gropes,
Why this fear, and doubt, and love,
If there is no balm above?

On my ear, from vale and glen,
Came the shouts of living men;
But my fancy, chiding, said:
"They are voices of the dead."

Oh, shadows, which are spirit land.
You charm and hold me where I stand,
And while I breathe and see that breath
I feel a strange and subtle death.

Hugh F. M'Dermott.

LOVE IN A WINTER PALACE.

It was in the year 1838. At the court of St. Petersburg there lived at that time a young lady so lovely, so charming, so beautiful, that it had almost passed into a proverb among the courtiers that the most powerful monarch, if he had met her in a peasant's cot, would have turned his back on all the princesses of Europe, and would have offered her his hand and his throne. This young lady, born in the shadow of proud throne of czars was Maria the eldest daughter of the Emperor Nicholas.

She had just attained her nineteenth year; and when her father beheld her, blooming and fragrant like the flowers of May, and saw that nearly every crown prince in Europe entertained the hope of winning the heart and hand of this matchless beauty, he commenced himself looking about for the most eligible, the worthiest, and the most powerful consort for his darling.

"Dear Maria," said he one day to the princess, with the kindest smile which his stern features could command, "you are now old enough to think of getting married pretty soon. There are quite a number of suitors for your hand, and, after mature deliberation, I have selected for your consort a prince who in due time will make you a queen, but who is, at the same time, a man who will make you happy."

The princess blushed and grew pale at the same moment.

"You keep silence! Can it be possible that you have made already a choice for yourself? Tell me honestly and sincerely, Maria."

The young princess still remained silent; but the trembling nervousness became so violent that she was on the point of fainting.

"Speak out frankly and openly, Maria," said the czar, in a gentle tone. I command it."

The princess threw herself at the feet of the czar. For a moment she was unable to utter anything but moans and sighs, and to clasp the knees of her father with a convulsive grasp. But then, overcoming her emotion and her fear, she raised her hands imploingly toward the emperor, and said, in a voice almost stifled by her tears, "As you command me to speak the truth, I will be sincere to you. Yes, I have made my own choice! My heart is no longer my own. It belongs to a young man who does not know that I love him—who will never know it, if such be your will! He has seen me only at long intervals; we have exchanged only a few words with each other, and if you wish, we will never speak to each other again."

Nicholas made no reply. He had grown pale, and, as he was won't to do in the moments of his greatest and most painful excitement or anguish, he paced to and fro through the spacious apartment. This silent walk lasted three or four minutes, during which the princess remained in a kneeling attitude, waiting for the address of her father, and not daring to interrupt his meditation.

Evidently he was anxious to learn the name of the happy mortal who, as it appeared, had won without an effort, without a contest, the priceless jewel which he held dearer than the crown of Russia itself, the heart of Maria—and yet he was afraid of this name! He, the all powerful monarch, who for a mere whim would have defied the united armies of Europe, trembled at the mere thought of hearing the name of the young man who disputed with him the possession of his most precious jewel. But at last he recovered his self-command.

"Is he a king?" he asked.

"No, father."

"But at least the son of a king?"

"No, father."

"Ah! Then he is not a crown prince?"

"No, father."

After every new question, in this downward descent in the social scale from the very pinnacle of human greatness, the czar made a short pause, during which he grasped for breath.

"Is he a foreigner?" he asked, with a painful effort.

"Yes, father."

The emperor, as if overwhelmed and crushed by this terrible information, sank back upon his chair, and covered his face with both his hands.

The grand duchess did not dare to stir or to speak. Quietly, like a victim waiting for the death-stroke of the executioner, she bowed her beautiful head, ready to undergo the wrath of the emperor, which might burst upon her head at any moment.

"Is this man whom you love in Russia?" the emperor at last resumed his examination.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Ah! He is here, in St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, father."

The voice of the grand duchess grew fainter and fainter, and for the second time it seemed as if the anguish and emotion of her heart would overpower her physical strength. But as if to conterbalence these impressions, and to dispel her nervousness by his sternness, the czar suddenly asked her in a menacing tone.

"And where can I see him?"

"You can see him to-morrow morning at the military review."

"And how am I to recognize him?"

"By the green plumage on his hat, and by his splendid black horse."

"Very well I shall look out for him," replied the czar, and dismissed his daughter without another word.

The grand duchess, almost paralyzed with fear and excitement, reeled out of the room.

As soon as the czar was alone he began to pace the room in the most violent agitation. The tremulous motion of his lips and the frightful pallor which mantled his noble features gave evidence of the tempest raging in his breast. A terrible struggle took place in the heart of this proudest monarch of modern times, between his pride and his paternal love.

"Pshaw!" he ejaculated at last; "the whole affair is nothing but a ridiculous whim of Maria's. I am foolish, indeed, to attach so much importance to it, and to allow myself to be alarmed. She will soon get over her childish fancy. She must forget it! I shall compel her to forget it!"

But the very moment he had come to this peremptory conclusion of crushing the tender flower of love in the heart of his daughter the tearful face of the young girl flitted before his imagination, and appealed to his heart, which throbbed warmly for her.

On the day following, the eagle eye of the czar looked with strange restlessness at the brilliant spectacle of the military review which was passing before him with all the splendor and regularity of a grand opera performance. Hurriedly the czar glanced from one regiment to another, as if searching for one single object of greater importance to him than all the rest of the world. Not one of the princes and generals surrounding him dared to interrupt or to address him, for there was a frown on the brow of Nicholas which seemed to portenous of a terrible storm. With some disappointment the czar suddenly turned round to Prince Galitzin, one of his aids, as if to make an inquiry, but at the same moment he closed his lips, which he had already opened, and his eyes remained fixed upon a young officer in his own suite whom one of the group of officers in the rear of the emperor had until then concealed from his view. The young officer was the very ideal of manly beauty and grace, and the splendid uniform of a Bavarian colonel of calvalry seemed to be the most appropriate to set off his personal charms to the greatest advantage. There was a thoughtful and kind expression in his face which immediately prepossessed the beholder in his favor, while the classic mould of his features had been equally admired in his father and his grandmother, both of whom had played conspicuous parts in the history of Europe. The young man, who attracted the emperor's attention both by the large tuft of green feathers in his hat and by the splendid black steed he mounted, was none other than the young Duke of Leuchtenberg, the son of Eugene Beauharnais, and the grandson of the Empress Josephine, Napoleon's first wife.

An exclamation both of surprise and relief escaped the lips of the czar. In the twinkling of an eye he had comprehended how difficult it would be to get such an accomplished lover out of the way, but, at the same time, the thought of the high descent of the object of his daughter's affection consoled him a little. The Duke of Leuchtenberg was the son of Prince Eugene by his marriage with the daughter of the King of Bavaria; so, if not the son of a king, he was, at least, the grandson of a king by his mother, and the grandson of an empress by his father. This was something to compensate for the loss of a crown. But, at all events, the czar resolved to send the young duke away from St. Petersburg, and to dismiss him in such a manner as to give him to understand that it would be better for him not to return. He turned to one of his aids, and ordered the Duke of Leuchtenberg to appear before him.

In two minutes the duke was in the presence of the czar. But at the very moment when Nicholas, with a stern and almost contemptuous face, turned toward him in order to tell him to leave the capital and the empire within twenty-four hours, he cast a side glance at the imperial carriage, in which both the empress and the Grand Duchess Maria were witnessing the review. And the sight which there presented itself to his eyes restrained the words which he was about to utter; for, with a faint cry of terror, the young grand duchess fell back in a swoon upon her seat. She had followed with her eyes every motion of her father, and when she saw him sending for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and the moment which was to decide her happiness or misery throughout life was at hand, her fear and emotion had overcome her firmness.

Without saying a word to the duke, but only casting on him a menacing glance, the emperor turned his horse and galloped off toward the carriage.

For six weeks the czar employed all possible means to divert the grand duchess from her infatuation for the young German duke. Persuasion, kindness, severity, threats, intrigues—everything was tried; but everything proved vain and futile. At the close of the first week the grand duchess seemed composed and quiet; at the close of the second she cried and wept in secret; at the close of the third she wept openly; at the close of the fourth week she took the heroical resolution to sacrifice her love, and perhaps her life, to the cruelty of her father; at the close of the fifth she was so ill that her physicians grew alarmed at the state of her health; at the close of the sixth she might have died but for the assurance of the emperor that she should marry the Duke of Leuchtenberg.

While his lady-love was being exposed to such terrible trials, the Duke of Leuchtenberg could not fail perceiving that, for some reason unknown to him, he had lost the grace of his emperor. He did not dare to make any further inquiries which might have informed him of the cause, but made up his mind to return forthwith to Munich, instead of submitting to the whim of an autocrat to whom he owed no allegiance. He was just on the point of executing this plan, and had already fixed upon a day for his departure, when one afternoon an officer of the emperor's staff appeared in his room and ordered him to report at once to the emperor.

It was not without serious misgivings and apprehensions that the young duke obeyed this order, which, under the circumstances, seemed to forbode ill to him. But it was too late now to avoid the storm, after having neglected to profit by the first indications of its approach.

When he entered the private cabinet of the czar, Nicholas was standing before the marble table, upon which books, papers, and charts were spread out in the greatest disorder. The emperor looked pale, and his eye was veiled as though a tear was only held back by the force of his iron will. But his countenance showed as much firmness and energy as ever before.

"Colonel," said the emperor, fixing his penetrating eye upon the frank countenance of the young duke, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. I have been told—and undoubtedly justly—that your mind is cultivated and refined; that you are a connoisseur of arts and literature, an admirer of science, and that your character bears a striking resemblance to that of your noble father and your illustrious grandmother, who, you will remember, had no more devoted admirer in Europe than my own brother, the late Czar Alexander. This is what I have been told, and, as far as I have had an opportunity to observe you, I am satisfied that I have been correctly informed. Now, Sir, will you be sincere enough to tell me, without any reserve, whether you know my daughter, the Grand Duchess Maria, and what you think of her?"

The young duke was struck with astonishment at this question, propounded to him so directly and abruptly. He had seen the princess several times; he had even spoken to her once or twice, and could not help admiring her beauty and loveliness. But the idea had never crossed his mind that the grand duchess, who was known to be the favorite daughter of the czar, could ever be the aim of his aspirations.

"The Grand Duchess Maria, Sire!" he exclaimed, after some hesitation, while a deep blush mantled his beautiful features. "I am afraid your eye would annihilate me if I should tell you what I think of her; and yet I would die with joy if your majesty would permit me to give expression to my admiration for the grand duchess."

"That is to say that you love my daughter, duke!" said the emperor, while a kind and benevolent smile irradiated his features, and he held out the same hand from which the duke had expected to receive a decree of exile, to the astonishment of the young man, and delivered to him a commission appointing Joseph Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, Adjutant-General of the Emperor, Commander-in-Chief of the Mounted Guards, General of Cavalry, Director of the Military Academy, President of the Academy of Arts, and Member of the Academies of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kasan, etc., etc. At the same time a decree of the czar conferred upon him the title of "Imperial Highness," and an annual revenue of three million rubles.

"Now, duke," said Nicholas, after the short pause during which the young man had, as in a dream, glanced over the paper, "are you now willing to leave the service of your sovereign, the King of Bavaria, to remain with us, and to become the husband of the Grand Duchess Maria?"

The young duke was too profoundly moved to make any verbal reply. But he bent a knee, and pressed his lips upon the hand of the emperor, who had so generously bestowed upon him rank, wealth, and the most precious thing within his gift—the hand of his daughter.

"Ah, my son," said Nicholas, affectionately, while at last tears burst from his eyes, "you see how much I love her!" And he raised the duke from his kneeling attitude, and pressed him fondly to his heart.

The next day the young grand duchess was given back to life, and a few months afterward the wedding was celebrated with the same splendor as if really the most powerful sovereign had married the most beautiful princess in Europe.

What Slander Does.

More than fifty years ago a young man lived in a Western city, and, as a druggist, was accumulating property, possessing the respect and confidence of the community, as was proved by the fact that, as he was about starting to the East to lay in stock, the cashier of a bank handed him a package of money in bills to be handed to a bank officer in Philadelphia; being very obliging, he received the package and promised to deliver it promptly on his arrival, which he did; the cashier of the bank to whom he delivered the bills looked over them hastily, placed them in a drawer, saying it was "correct," and went on with his writing. Now for the singular sequel:

A month later the Western banker came to the young druggist and informed him that a bill of a large denomination was missing. The young man said he did not know how that could be, for he had delivered the package as he had received it, that the Eastern banker had looked it over, pronounced it correct, and that he thought his responsibility ended there. The facts stood thus: two prominent business men, in responsible positions, on one side, and the unsupported say-so of a young druggist on the other; the odds were too unequal, and the young man had to go to the wall; the community withdrew their patronage and their confidence; his business was broken up; he first attempted one thing, then another, but a cloud seemed to hang over him.

Years rolled on. The story was handed down from one to another, and new comers imbibed the prejudices of the old; and twenty years later there was an odium attached to his character, so that at the mention of his name there was that falling of the countenance which meant, "no confidence." The young druggist became an old man, but never succeeded in regaining the social position he had lost. He died in Coventry. The old desk was taken to a shop to be repaired. On removing the drawer, the missing bank bill was found to have been lodged behind it.

Nursery and Child's Hospital.

The eighteenth annual report of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, to which is now attached a lying-in department, shows that the mortality among the children provided for in that institution did not exceed last year twenty-five per cent., a result that can only be accounted for by the fact that this institution has a branch hospital situated on Staten Island, whither the children are usually sent. The mortality among foundlings, both in this country and in Europe, has usually been from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in large hospitals situated in cities. There has never, we believe, been an instance when it approached so insignificant a rate as that exhibited in the report of the institution in question, which not only cares for disowned infants, but further contributes to the discouragement of infanticide by providing for those unfortunate females who have been overtaken by misfortune, and who might but for the beneficial influence of this or some similar refuge, become the victims of abortionists or the murderers of their own offspring. The report makes the gratifying statement that though the hopes of reforming these erring sisters by extending to them the hand in a spirit of charity and love are not always realized, there is reason, in the maj