

# Holmes County Republican.

J. Caskey, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

The following quatrain poem was written by Henry Adams, while imprisoned in the Tower of London, about the year 1658. He was a minister at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1640, went thence to England and became an active leader and preacher of the Cromwellian and Parliamentary party in civil wars, and after the restoration was beheaded. "Mr. Hugh Peters' Last Legacy to an Only Child," from which this was taken, was printed in London in 1667.

### MY WISHES.

I wish your Lamp and Vessel  
Full of oil  
Like the Wise Virgins  
(Which all folk neglect),  
And the rich Pearl,  
For which the Merchants toil,  
Yet, how to purchase  
Are so circumpect:  
I wish you that White Stone  
With the new Name,  
Which none can read  
But who possess the same.  
I wish you neither poverty,  
Nor riches  
But Godliness,  
So gainful, with Content;  
No painted Pomp,  
Nor glory that bewitches;  
A blameless Life  
In the best monument:  
And such a Soul  
That soars above the Sky,  
Well pleased to live  
But better pleased to dye.  
I wish you such a Heart  
As Mary had,  
Minding the Main,  
Open'd as Lydia's was:  
A hand like Deborah,  
Who the naked clad;  
Feet like Joanna's,  
Posting to Christ's grave.  
And above all,  
To live yourself to see  
Married to Him  
Who must your Savior be.

## Select Tale.

ADVENTURES  
A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(CONTINUED.)

Philip opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket, and thought, "Well, it is a pity that I'm not a prince." Some one whispered in his ear:

"Your Royal Highness, we are both discovered; I shall blow my brains out."

Philip turned around in amazement, and saw a negro at his side.

"What do you want, mask?" he asked, in an unconcerned tone.

"I am Colonel Kait," whispered the negro. "The Marshal's wife has been chattering to Duke Herman, and he has been breathing fire and fury against us both."

"He is quite welcome," answered Philip.

"But the King will hear it all," sighed the negro. "This very night I may be arrested and carried to a dungeon; I'll sooner hang myself."

"No need of that," said Philip.

"What! am I to be made infamous for my whole life? I am lost, I tell you. The Duke will demand entire satisfaction. His back is black and blue yet with the marks of the cudgelling I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter too! I'll jump from the bridge and drown myself at once!"

"God forbid!" answered Philip; "what have you and the baker's daughter to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness laments me, and I am in despair!—I humbly beseech you to give me two minutes' private conversation."

Philip followed the negro into a small room, dimly lighted up with a few candles. The negro threw himself on a sofa, quite overcome and groined aloud. Philip found some sandwiches and wine on the table, and helped himself with great relish.

"I wonder your Royal Highness can be so cool on hearing this cursed story. If that scoundrel Salmon was here who acted the conjurer, he might save us by some contrivance, for the fellow was a bunch of tricks. As it is, he has slipped out of the scrape."

"So much the better," interrupted Philip, replenishing his glass; "since he has got out of the way, we can throw all the blame on his shoulders."

"How can we do that? The Duke, I tell you, knows that you, and I, and the Marshal's wife, and the baker's daughter, were in the plot together, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that it was you that engaged Salmon to play the conjurer; that it was I that instructed the baker's daughter (with whom he is in love) how to inveigle him into the snare; that it was I that enacted the ghost, that knocked him down and cudgelled him till he roared again. If I had only not carried the joke too far, but I wished to cool his love a little for my sweetheart. 'Twas a devilish business. I'll take poison."

"Rather swallow a glass of wine—'tis delicious," said Philip taking another tart at the same time. "For to tell you the truth, my friend, I think you are rather a white-livered sort of a rogue for a colonel, to think of hanging, drowning, shooting, and poisoning yourself about such a ridiculous story as that. One of these modes would be too much, but as to all the four—none. I tell you that at this moment I don't know what to make out of your tale."

Your Royal Highness have pity on me, my brain is turned. The Duke's page, an old friend of mine, has told me this very moment, that the Marshal's wife, inspired by the devil, went up to the Duke, and told him that she had tricked him on him

at the baker's house, was planned by Prince Julian, who opposed his marriage with his sister; that the spirit he saw was himself, sent by the Princess to be a witness of his superstition; that your Highness was a witness of his descent into the pit after hidden gold, and of his promise to make the baker's daughter his mistress, and also to make her one of the nobility immediately after his marriage with the Princess. "Do not hope to gain the Princess. It is useless for you to try," were the last words of the Marshal's wife to the Duke.

"And a pretty story it is," muttered Philip; "why, behavior like that would be a disgrace to the meanest of the people. I declare there is no end to these devilries."

"Yes, indeed, 'tis impossible to behave more meanly than the Marshal's lady. The woman must be a fury. My gracious lord save me from destruction."

"Where is the Duke?" asked Philip.

"The page told me he started up on hearing the story, and said, 'I will go to the King.' And if he tells the story to the King in his own way—"

"Is the King here, then?"

"Oh, yes, he is at the play in the next room with the Archbishop and the Minister of Police."

Philip walked with long steps through the corridor. These cases required consideration.

"Your Royal Highness," said the negro, "protect me. Your own honor is at stake. You can easily make all straight; otherwise I am ready at the first intimation of danger, to fly across the border. I will pack up and to-morrow I shall expect your last commands as to my future behaviour."

With these words the negro took his leave.

VI.

It is high time I were a watchman again," thought Philip.

"I am getting both myself and my substitute into scrapes he will find it hard to get out of—and this makes the difference between a peasant and a prince. One is no better off than the other. Good Heavens! what stupid things these court lords are doing which we do not dream of with our lanterns and staff in hand, or when at the spindle. We think they lead the lives of angels without care or sin. Pretty piece of business! Within a quarter of an hour I have heard more rascally tricks than I ever played in my whole life. And"—but his reverie was interrupted by a whisper.

"So lonely, Prince! I consider myself happy in having a minute's conversation with your Royal Highness."

Philip looked at the speaker; and he was a Minner, covered over with gold and jewels.

"But one instant," said the mask. "The business is pressing, and deeply concerns you."

"Who are you?" inquired Philip.

"Count Bodolos, the Minister of Finance," answered the Minner, and showed his face, which looked as if it wore a second mask with its little eyes and copper-colored nose.

"Well, then, my lord, what are your commands?"

"May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honor of an audience; and yet—Heaven is my witness—no man in all this court has deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Philip; "what is your business just now? But be quick."

"May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi?"

"As much you like."

"They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars which you owe them, and threaten severely to apply to the King. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts."

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the Brothers, goldsmiths, who demand their seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all one to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must—"

"No hasty resolutions my gracious Lord! I have it in my power to make everything comfortable, if—"

"Well, if what?"

"If you will honor me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in redeeming all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up some quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four per cent. higher. By giving Abraham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged. The house erases your debt and pay off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the goldsmiths, and I give you over the receipts. But everything depends on my continuing for another year at the head of the Finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry, I shall be unable to serve your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained. For me, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether I remain in office or not. I sigh for repose. But for your Royal Highness, it is a matter of great moment. If I have not the pack, I lose the game."

Philip for some time did not know what answer to make. At last, while the Finance Minister in expectation of his reply, took a pinch out of snuff-box set with jewels, Philip said:

"If I rightly understand you Sir Count, you will starve the country a little in order to pay my debts. Consider, sir, what misery you will cause. And will the King consent to it?"

"If I remain in office, I will answer for that my gracious Lord! When the price of corn rises, the King will, of course, think of permitting importation, and prevent exportation by levying heavy imposts. The permission to do so is given to the house of Abraham Levi, and they export as much as they choose. But as I said before, if Griefensack gets the helm, nothing can be done. For the first year he would be

obliged to attend strictly to his duty, in order to be able afterwards to feather his nest at the expense of the country. He must first make sure of his ground. He is dreadfully grasping."

"A pretty project," answered Philip; "and how long do you think a finance minister must be in office before he can lay his shears on the flock to get wool enough for himself and me?"

"Oh, if he has his wits about him, he may manage it in a year."

"Then the King ought to be counselled to change his finance minister every twelve months, if he wishes to be faithful and honorably served."

"I hope your Royal Highness, that since I have had the Exchange, the King and court have been faithfully served."

"I believe you Count, and the poor people believe you still more. Already they scarcely know how to pay their rates and taxes. You should treat us with a little more consideration, Count."

"Us!—don't I do everything for the Court?"

"No! I mean the people. You should have a little more consideration for them."

"I appreciate what your Royal Highness says; but I serve the King and the court, the people are not to be considered. The country is his private property, and the people are only useful to him as increasing the value of his land. But this no time to discuss the old story about the interests of the people. I beg your Royal Highness's answer to my propositions. Shall I have the honor to discharge your debts on the above specified conditions?"

"Answer—no—never, never! at the expense of hundreds and thousands of starving families."

"But, your Royal Highness, if in addition to the clearance of my debts, I make the house of Abraham Levi present you with fifty thousand dollars that cash! I think it may afford you that sum. The house will gain so much by the operation, that—"

"Perhaps it may be able to give you also a mark of its regard."

"Your Highness is pleased to jest with me. I gain nothing by the affair. My whole object is to obtain the protection of your Royal Highness."

"You are very polite."

"I may hope then, Prince?"

"Count, I will do my duty; do you yours."

"My duty is to be of service to you. To-morrow I shall send for Abraham, and conclude the arrangement with him. I shall have the honor to prevent your Royal Highness with the receipt for all your debts, besides the gift of fifty thousand dollars."

"So, I want to hear no more of it."

"And your Royal Highness will honor me with your favor? For unless I am in the Ministry, it is impossible for me to deal with Abraham Levi on us—"

"I wish to Heaven you and my ministry and Abraham Levi were all three on the Blackberg! I tell you that unless you lower the price of corn, and take away the monopoly from that infernal Jew, I'll go this moment and reveal your villainy to the King, and get you and Abraham Levi banished from the country. Turn to it! I'll keep my word!" Philip turned away in a rage, and proceeded into the dancing-room, leaving the Minister of Finance perturbed with amazement.

VII.

"When will your Royal Highness require the carriage?" whispered a stout little Dutch merchant in a bobbed wig.

"Not at all," answered Philip.

"This half past eleven, and the beautiful singer expects you. She will tire of waiting."

"Let her sing something to cheer her."

"How, Prince? Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollins in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been sighing for two months? The letter you sent to-day, inclosing the diamond watch, did wonders. This morning you were in raptures, and now you are as cold as ice!—What is the cause of the change?"

"That is my business, not yours," said Philip.

"I had your orders to join you at half-past eleven. Perhaps you have other engagements?"

"Perhaps."

"A petit souper with the Countess Born! She is not present here; at least among all the masks I can't trace her out. I should know her among a thousand by that graceful walk and her peculiar way of carrying her little head—oh, Prince!"

"Well, but if it were so, there would be no necessity for making you my confidant, would there?"

"I will take the hint, and be silent.—But won't you at any rate send to the Signora Rollins to let her know your not coming?"

"If I have sighed for two months, she had better sigh a month or two for me.—I shan't go near her."

"So that beautiful necklace which you sent her for a new year's present was all for nothing?"

"As far as I'm concerned."

"Will you break with her entirely?"

"There is nothing between us to break, that I know of."

"Well, then, since you speak so plainly, I may tell you something which you perhaps know already. Your love to the Signora has hitherto kept me silent; but now that you have altered your mind about her, I can no longer keep the secret from you. By whom?"

"By the artful singer. She would divide her favors between your Royal Highness and a Jew."

"A Jew?"

"Yes! with the son of Abraham Levi."

"Is that rascal everywhere?"

"So your Highness did not know it; but I am telling you the exact truth; if it were not for your Royal Highness, she would be his mistress. I am only sorry you gave her that watch."

"I don't regret it at all."

"The jade deserves to be whipped."

"Few people meet their deserts," answered Philip.

"Too true, too true, your Royal Highness. For instance, I have discovered a girl—oh Prince, there is not such another in this city or in the whole world! Few have seen this angel—Poo! Rosalina is nothing to her. Listen—a girl as tall and slender as a palm-tree—a complexion like the red glow of evening upon the snow—eyes like sunbeams—rich golden tresses—in short, the most beautiful creature I ever beheld—a Venus—a goddess in rustic attire. Your highness, we must give her a chase."

"A pleasant girl?"

"A mere rustic; but then you must see her yourself, and you will love her. But my descriptions are nothing. Imagine the embodiment of all that you can conceive most charming—all that, artlessness, grace, and innocence. But the difficulty is to catch sight of her. She seldom leaves her mother. I know her seat in church, and have watched her for many Sundays past, as she walked with her mother to the Elm-Gate. I have ascertained that a handsome young fellow, a gardener, is making court to her. He can't marry her, for he is a poor devil, and she has nothing. The mother is the widow of a poor weaver."

"And the mother's name is?"

"Wilow Bitters, in Milk-Street; and the daughter, fairest of flowers, is in fact called Rose."

Philip's blood boiled at the sound of the beloved name. His first inclination was to break the communicative Dutchman down. He restrained himself, however, and only asked:

"Are you the devil himself?"

"'Tis good news, is it not? I have taken some steps in the matter already, but you must see her first. But perhaps such a pearl has not altogether escaped your keen observation? Do you know her?"

"Intimately."

"So much the better. Have I been so lavish of my praises? You confess the truth. She shan't escape us. We must go together to the widow; you must play the philanthropist. You have heard of the widow's poverty, and must insist on relieving it. You take an interest in the good woman; enter into her misfortunes; leave a small present at each visit, and by this means become acquainted with Rose.—The rest of course follows. The gardener can easily be got out of the way, or perhaps a dozen or two of dollars slipped quietly into his hand may—"

Philip's rage broke forth.

"I'll throttle you!"

"If the gardener makes a fuss," interposed the Dutchman. "Leave me to settle this matter. I'll get him kidnapped, and sent to the army to fight for his country. In the meantime you get possession of the field; for the girl has a peasant's attachment for the fellow, and it will not be easy to get the possession out of her head, which she has been taught by the canaille. But I will give her some lessons, and then—"

"I'll break your neck."

"Your highness is too good. But if your Highness would use your interest with the King to procure me the Chamberlain's key—"

"I wish I could procure you—"

"Oh, don't flatter me, your Highness.—Had I only known you thought so much of her beauty, she would have been yours long ago."

"Not a word more," cried the enraged Philip in a smothered voice; for he dared not speak aloud, he was surrounded by maskers, who were listening, dancing, talking, as they passed him, and he might have betrayed himself; "not a word more!"

"No, there will be more than words.—Deed shall show my sincerity. You may advance. You are wont to conquer. The out-posts will be easily taken. The gardener and I will manage, and the mother will range herself under your gilded banners. Then the fortress will be won!"

"Sir, if you venture," said the enraged Philip, who now could hardly contain himself. It was with great difficulty he refrained from violence, and he clutched the arm of the Dutchman with the force of a vice.

"Your Highness, for Heaven's sake, moderate your joy. I shall scream—you are mashing my arm!"

"If you venture to go near that innocent girl, I will demolish every bone in your body."

"Good good," screamed the Dutchman in intense pain; "only let go my arm."

"If I find you anywhere near Milk St., I'll dash your miserable brains out. So look to it!"

The Dutchman seemed almost stupefied; trembling he said:

"May I please your Highness. I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do."

"I love her! and I will own it before the whole world!"

"Are you loved in return?"

"That's none of your business. Never mention her name to me again. Do not even think of her, it would be a stain upon her purity. Now you know what I want. Be off!"

Philip twined the unfortunate Dutchman round as he let go his arm, and that worthy gentleman slunk out of the hall.

VIII.

In the meantime Philip's substitute supported his character of watchman on the snow covered streets. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this was no other man than Prince Julian, who had taken a notion to join the watch—his head being crazed by the fire of the sweet wine. He attended to the directions left by Philip, and went his rounds, and called the hour with great decorum, except that, instead of the watchman's verses, he favored them with rhymes of his own. He was cogitating a new stanza, when the door of a house beside him opened, and a well wrapped up girl beckoned to him, and ran into the shadow of the house.

The Prince left his stanza half finished, and followed the apparition. A soft hand

grasped his in the darkness, and a voice whispered—

"Good evening, dear Philip. Speak low, that nobody can hear us. I have only got away from the company for one moment to speak to you as you passed. Are you happy to see me?"

"Bliss as a god, my angel!—who could be otherwise than happy by thy side?"

"I've good news for you Philip. You must sup at our house to-morrow evening. My mother has allowed me to ask you—You'll come?"

"For the whole evening, and as many more as you wish. Would we might be together till the end of the world! 't would be a life fit for gods!"

"Listen, Philip, in half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's. I shall expect you there. You won't fail me? Don't keep me waiting long—we shall have a walk together. Go now—we may be discovered." She tried to go, but Julian held her back and threw his arm around her.

"What, wilt thou leave me so coldly?" he said, and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had always been modest, and never dared to do more than kiss her hand, except once, when her mother had forbidden their meeting again. They had then exchanged their first kiss in great sorrow and in great love, but never since had Julian held her firm, till at last she had to live her liberty by submitting to the kiss, and begged him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What! go? I'm not such a fool as that comes to! You think I love my horn better than you? No, indeed!"

"But then it isn't right, Philip."

"Not right? why not, my beauty? there is nothing against kissing in the ten commandments."

"Why, if we could marry, perhaps you might—but you know very well we can't marry, and—"

"Not marry! why not? You can marry me any day you like."

"Philip—why will you talk such folly? You know we must not think of such a thing."

"But I think very seriously about it—if you would consent."

"You are unkind to speak thus. Ah, Philip, I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"You had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, landsomder than any in the city. It was a little Paradise of flowers—and there were large beds of vegetables, and the trees were laden with fruit. And when I awoke, Philip, I felt so wretched—I wished I had not dreamed so happy a dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip, have you? Have you really won anything? The drawing took place to-day."

"How much must I have gained to win you too?"

"Ah, Philip, if you had only gained a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden."

"A thousand dollars! And what if it were more?"

"Ah, Philip—what! is it true? is it really? Don't deceive me! 'twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won!—own it! own it!"

"All you can wish for."

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and kissed him.

"More than the thousand dollars! and will they pay you the whole?"

Her kiss made the Prince forget answer. It was so strange to hold a pretty form in his arms, receive its caresses, and know they were not meant for him.

"Answer me, answer me," cried Rose impatiently. "Will they give you all the money?"

"They've done it already—and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What! have you got it with you?"

The Prince took out his purse, which he had filled with money in expectation of some play.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," he said placing it into her hand and kissing her again. "This then makes you mine?"

"Oh! no! this—nor all the gold in the world, if you were not my own dear Philip?"

"And how if I had given you twice as much as all this money, and yet were not your own dear Philip?"

"I would make the purse at your feet, and make you a very polite courtesy," said Rose.

A door now opened; the light streamed down upon the steps, and the laughing voices of girls were heard. Rose whispered—

"In half an hour, at St. Gregory's, and run up the steps, leaving the Prince in the darkness. Disconcerted by the suddenness of the parting, and his curiosity excited by his ignorance of the name of his new acquaintance, and not even having had a full view of her face, he consoled himself with the rendezvous at St. Gregory's church door. This he resolved to keep, though it was evident that all the tenderness which had been bestowed on him was intended for his friend the watchman.

IX.

The interview with Rose, or the coldness of the night, increased the effect of the wine to such an extent that the mischievous propensities of the young Prince got the upper hand of him. Standing in the midst of a crowd of people in the street, he blew so hotly on his horn that the women screamed and the men gasped with fear. He called the hour, and then shouted at the top of his lungs—

"The business of our lovely state is stricken by the hand of fate— Even our maid, both light and brown, Can find no sale in all the town; They deck themselves with all their arts, But no one buys their worn-out hearts. 'Shame! shame!' cried several female voices from the window, at the end of this complimentary offering; which, however, was crowned with a loud laugh from the Prince. "Bravo, watchman!" cried some—"Encore! encore!" shouted others. "How dare you, fellow, insult ladies in the open street?" growled a young lieutenant, who had a very pretty girl on his arm.

"Mr. Lieutenant," answered a miller, "unfortunately watchmen always tell the truth, and the lady on your arm is a proof of it. Ha! young jade, do you know me? do you know who I am? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be gadding at night about the streets with other men? To-morrow your mother shall hear of this—I'll have nothing more to do with you."

The girl hid her face, and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant, like a brave soldier, scorned to retreat from the miller, and determined to keep the field. He therefore made use of a full round of yaths, which were returned with interest, and a sabre was finally resorted to, with some flourishes; but two Spanish cudgels were threateningly held over the head of the lieutenant by a couple of stout townsmen, while one of them, who was a broad-shouldered beer-brewer, remarked—

"Don't make any more fuss about the piece of goods beside you—she ain't worth it!"

The miller's a good fellow, and what he says is true; and the watchman's right, too. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to discover at all the women wish to marry above their station. Instead of darning stockings, they read romances—instead of working in the kitchen, they run after comedies and concerts. Their houses are dirty, and they are walking out dressed like princesses. All they bring a husband as a dowry, are handsome dresses, lace, ribbons, intrigues, romances, and idleness! Sir, I speak from experience; I should have married long since, if girls were not spoilt."

The spectators laughed heartily, and the slowly put back his sword, saying peevishly, "It's a little too much to be obliged to hear a sermon from the canaille."

"What! canaille!" cried a smith, who held the second cudgel. "Do you call those canaille who feed you noble ladies by duty and taxes? Your licentiousness is the cause of our domestic discords, and noble ladies would not have so much cause to mourn if you had learned both to pray and to work."

Several young officers had gathered together, and so had some mechanics; and the boys in the meantime, threw snowballs among both parties, that their share in the fun might not be lost. The first ball hit the noble lieutenant on the nose, and thinking it an attack from the canaille, he raised his sabre. The fight began.

The Prince, who had laughed amazingly at the first commencement of the uproar, had betaken himself to another region, and felt quite unconcerned as to the result. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodolos, the Minister of Finance, with whom, as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the Prince was not on the best terms. The Countess had a large party. Julian saw the lighted windows, and still feeling positively disposed, he planted himself opposite the balcony and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen opened the shutters, because they had nothing better to do, and listened to what he should say.

"Watchman," cried one of them, "sing us a New Year's greeting!"

This invitation brought a fresh accession of the Countess' party to the windows.—Julian called the hour in the usual manner, and sang, loud enough to be distinctly heard inside—

Ye who groan with heavy debts,  
And swift approaching future frets,  
Pray the Lord that he this hour  
May raise you to some place of power;  
And while the nation wails and suffers,  
Fill your own from the people's coffers.

"Outrageous!" screamed the lady of the minister—"who is the insolent wretch that dares such an insult?"

"Pleashe your exshellensy," answered Julian, imitating the Jewish dialect in voice and manner. "I vash only intend to shing you a prettyshong. I am de Shew Abraham Levi, well known at dish court. Your ladyship knowes me very well."

"How dare you tell such a lie, you villain!" exclaimed a voice, trembling with rage, at one of the windows—"how dare you say you are Abraham Levi! I am Abraham Levi! You are a cheat!"

"Call the police!" cried the Countess, "have that man arrested!"

At these words the party withdrew confusedly from the windows. Nor did the Prince remain where he was, but quickly effected his escape through a cross-street. A crowd of servants rushed out of the palace, led by the Secretaries of the Finance, and commenced a search for the offender.

"We have him!" cried some, as the rest eagerly approached. It was in fact the real guardian of the night, who was carefully preambulating his beat, innocent unconsciousness of any offence. In spite of all he said, he was disarmed and carried off to the watch-house, and charged with causing a disturbance by singing libellous songs. The officer of the police shook his head at the unaccountable event and said—"We have already one watchman in custody, whose verses about some girl caused a very serious affray between the town's people and the garrison."

The prisoner would confess to nothing, but swore prodigiously at the tipsy young people who had disturbed him in the fulfillment of his duty. One of the Secretaries of the Finance repeated the whole verse to him. The soldiers standing about laughed aloud, but the ancient watchman swore with tears in his eyes that he had never thought of such a thing. While the examination was going on, and one of the Finance Minister began to be doubtful whether the poor watchman was really in fault or not, an uproar was heard outside, and loud cries of "Watch! watch!"

The guard rushed, and in a few minutes the Field Marshal entered the office, accompanied by the captain of the guards on duty. "Have the scoundrel locked up tight," said the Marshal, pointing behind—and two soldiers brought in a watchman, whom they held close prisoner, and whom they had disarmed of his staff and horn.

"Are the watchmen gone all mad to-night?" exclaimed the Chief of Police.

"I'll have the rascal punished for his in-

framous verses," said the Field Marshal angrily.

"Your excellency," exclaimed the trembling watchman, "as true as I live, I never made a verse in my born days."

"Silence, knave," roared the Marshal—"I'll have you hanged for them! And if you contradict me again, I'll cut you in two on the spot."

The police officer respectfully observed to the Field Marshal that there must be some poetical epidemic among the watchmen, for three had been brought before him within the last quarter of an hour accused of the same offence.

"Gentlemen," said the Marshal to the officers who had accompanied him, "since the scoundrel refuses to confess, to take down from your remembrance, the words of his atrocious libel. Let them be written down while you still recollect them.—Come, who can say them?"

The officer of police wrote to the dictation of the gentlemen who remembered the whole verse between them—

"On empty head a flaunting feather,  
A long queue tied with tape and leather,  
Puffed breast and waist so little,  
Make the Soldier to a title;  
By cards and dance, and dissipation,  
He's sure to win a Marshal's station."

"Do you deny that, you rascal?" cried the Field Marshal, to the terrified watchman—"Do you deny that you sang those infamous lines as I was coming out of my house?"

"They may sing it who like, it was not me," said the watchman.

"Why did you run away, then, when you saw me?"

"I did not run away."

"What?" said the two officers who had accompanied the Marshal—"did not run away? Were you not out of breath when at last we laid hold of you there by the market?"

"Yes; but it was fright at being so ferociously attacked. I am trembling yet in every limb."

"Lock the obstinate dog up till the morning," said the Marshal, "he will come to his senses by that time." With these words the watchful dignitary went away. These incidents had set the whole police force of the city on the qui vive.

In the next few minutes two more watchmen were brought to the office on similar charges to the others. One was accused of singing a libel under the window of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which it was insinuated that there were no affairs to which he was more foreign than those of his own department. The other had sang some verses before the door of the Bishop of Palenae, informing him that the "lights of the church" were by no means deficient in talow, but gave a great deal more smoke than illumination.

The Prince, who had wrought the poor watchmen all this, was always lucky enough to escape, and grew bolder with every new attempt. The affair was talked of everywhere. The Minister of Police, who was at cards with the King, was informed of the insurrection among the high-erted peaceful watchmen, and as a proof of it, some of the verses were given to him in writing. The King laughed very heartily at the doggerel verse about the miserable police, who were always putting their noses into other people's family affairs, but could never smell anything amiss in their own; and ordered the next poetical watchman who should be taken to be brought before him. He broke up the card-table, for he saw that the Minister of Police had lost his good humor.

(To be Continued.)

### News.

There are at least two thousand gambling houses in New York City, and probably a hundred New York Banks. They are at present in full blast, and were never in a more prosperous condition. This is exclusive of Wall Street Gambling Hell.

It is said that during a storm in Troy last week, a flock of wild ducks flying over that city became loaded with sleet, and several of them fell to the ground and were caught, their wings being so frozen that they could not use them.

A student of medicine in Michigan having courted a girl for a year, and got the mitten, has turned round and sued her father for the visits he paid her.

The heat does not ascend as we rise above the earth nearer to the sun, but decreases rapidly until, beyond the regions of the atmosphere, in void, it is estimated that the cold is about 70° below zero. The line of perpetual frost at the equator is 18,000 feet altitude; at 18,000 between the tropics; and from 9000 to 4000 feet between the latitudes of 408 and 58°.

A fast young man in Rochester, ran his cutter against that of an old Dutch woman, damaging the latter somewhat; whereupon the valiant fellow leaped out, collared the man, and made him fork over fifty cents to pay damages.

It is stated that there are now twenty Indian treaties before the Senate, involving cession of 122,000,000 acres of land for a consideration of about \$11,000,000. The Indians within our limits are estimated at about 300,000 souls.

F. P. Blair, has the most charming retreat in the vicinity of Washington. His spring is a curiosity. By means of a sheet iron wheel it grinds, threshes and churns—supplies his dairy and stables—his jet d'eau and garden—irrigates his meadows and pour a stream of cold water through every room in his house.

The Newark, N. J. Mercury relates a case of a boy about fourteen years of age, who is kept at work at one of the factories of that city, from 7 A. M. till 10 P. M. for which he receives \$1.50 per week. The Mercury adds that this is "but one case of several in the same establishment."

Difficulties have sprung up between Mr. James Colt and Col. Samuel Colt, his brother, and the former to enforce his claims for \$750,000, has attached the property of the Colt Manufacturing Company, of South Hartford, Ct., which will be contested in a court of law.