



VOL. IV. NO. 20.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
(Single Copy 5 Cents.)

#### If You Want a Kiss, Take It.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb  
That is pretty much like this,  
That a man is half in Heaven  
When he has a woman's kiss;  
But there's danger in delaying—  
And the sweetness may forsake it;  
So I tell you, bashful lover,  
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Never let another fellow  
Steal a march on you in this;  
Never let a laughing maiden  
See you sporting for a kiss;  
There's a royal way to kissing,  
And the jolly ones who make it  
Have a motto that is winning—  
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Any fool may face a cannon  
Anybody wear a crown,  
But a man must win a woman,  
If he'd have her for his own;  
Would you find the golden apple,  
You must find the tree and shake it;  
If the thing is worth the having,  
And you want a kiss, why take it!

Who would burn upon a desert,  
With a forest smiling by?  
Who would give his sunny summer  
For a bleak and wintry sky?  
Oh! I tell you here is magic,  
And you cannot, cannot break it;  
For the sweetest part of loving  
Is to want a kiss, and take it!

#### TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris; and Colonel Eugene Merville, an attaché of the great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way to distinction with his own sword, found himself at the masked ball in the French opera house. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor and joins but seldom in the waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner, and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a reserve and dignity in the manner of the white domino that rather repelled the idea of a familiar address, and it was sometime before the young soldier had the courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door; where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful, and captivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess."

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not."

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes. I feel that you are beautiful—it cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorasan—how, when he had disclosed his countenance, his hideous aspect killed his beloved one. How do you know but that I shall turn out a veiled prophet of Khorasan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart had begun to feel as it never felt before; he was in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery; but permits him to hand her to the carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his swiftest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former place of amusement, avoids his military companions, and, in short, is miserable as a lover can well be thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure muffled up to the very ears, stopped him.

"Well, monsieur, what would you with me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would, indeed," replied the officer hastily. "How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sword, and can take care of myself. But there was no cause for fear since he soon found the vehicle stop; and he was led, blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the white domino just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and sincerely."

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."

#### "How, lady?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as heaven shall spare my life."

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You demur?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfill your injunctions as I promised."

"If at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and then I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips bade her adieu.

He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companions rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he is ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young Colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once the great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart is not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly causes the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion—and yet the distance he maintains! The truth was that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and even she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and that was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel, the evil genius.

Well, time rolls on; he is to run in a few days—it is once more the carnival season; and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart."

"Indeed?"

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another; though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is it that you love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret."

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness von Waldroff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise," said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness von Waldroff.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title, and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once a general of division.

#### Can Paralysis be Cured.

Paralysis, according to an English writer, is rare, much that passes for paralysis being curable, especially through the imagination. The opinion is supported by the statements of one of the best medical men in Paris, who in 1849 was a physician in the great hospital there, the Hotel Dieu. In that year this hospital was particularly famous for the cures effected in it, and many were the hypochondriacs whose imaginations sent them home well after a stay in its wards. One odd case was that of a young girl in the department of the Ain, whom a sudden fright had rendered dumb and paralyzed. Local physicians could do nothing for her, and at last asserted that only the doctors of the Hotel Dieu could cure her. Firmly believing this herself, the girl was sent to Paris and admitted to the hospital, where the hurried physician merely examined her as a matter of form, promising to return on the next day. When he came he heard to his astonishment that the patient was inclined to speak. He spoke to her, and she answered instantly that she thought that she could walk with a little help, and she did walk twice around the ward very easily. The next week she returned to her native village as well as ever. "I knew," she cried, "that the Hotel Dieu would cure me!" It would be hard to find a more striking instance of the mysterious power of the imagination, and of strong belief upon the physical structure.

#### The Moon as a Giver of Light.

This orb, the moon, that moves around the earth, seems to be there in order to give light during the night time, says Prof. Proctor. Let us see what astronomy has taught us. It teaches that the moon is very much smaller than the earth, with a diameter of 2,100 miles. She is distant from the earth 238,828 miles. The surface of the moon is less than the earth's in the proportion of 1 to 131. In other words, the surface of the moon is about 14,600,000 square miles, equal almost exactly to the surface of North and South America. It is also equal approximately to the surface of Europe and Africa taken together. If the moon is the abode of life there is plenty of room for life there, and it is an interesting question whether she now can maintain life. We know that the volume of the moon is to that of the earth as 1 to 491, while her density is rather less than that of the earth, so that her mass is to that of the earth as about 1 to 81.

First of all, as to the surface of the moon. If it is shown that she discharges important offices to the earth, you will see that we are no longer bound by the argument of design to recognize her as the abode of life. First, we know she serves for the night of time. She gives light by night. God set His lights in the expanse of heaven, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night alternately. There is a service performed by the moon which is so regular as to suggest that, perhaps, the Almighty intended the moon for that special purpose.

Laplace went so far as to say if he had made the moon he would have made it much more useful to man. He would have put it four times its present distance away from the earth, when it would be far enough away to be a full moon and give a regular light continuously by night. The first objection to this is an astronomical one, for of all nuisances the moon's light is one which the astronomer dislikes most, especially at a time when he wants to study some nebulae, or some barely visible comet; at those times the moon's brightness seriously interferes with his observations; and, I am surprised, indeed, that Laplace, himself an astronomer, should have suggested so inconvenient an arrangement as that.

But there are other difficulties. If the moon is in that condition she would always have to be opposite to the sun. The sun would go around once a year and the moon also. The moon would no longer be a measure of time, she would no longer rule the tides in the same way. She now raises a great wave called the tidal wave, represented by the sun, represented by 2. These two waves are sometimes combined in a single wave, and act together, sometimes opposing, sometimes coalescing. According to these changes, the tide varies in height from the difference of 5 and 2 to the sum of 5 and 2. That is to say, 3 the least height and 7 the greatest. That is a very important matter. It is of great service, as any one who lives by the seashore knows it is of great interest to the shipbuilder and merchant that there should be variable tides, that there should not always be high tides, nor always low. That important service would not have been subserved by the moon if the consideration suggested by Laplace had prevailed. There is another very important service. The moon enables the astronomer or seaman in long voyages to ascertain the longitude, which is nothing more or less than the true time at the observer's station. If she moved 12 times more slowly she would be less fit to indicate the time, exactly the same degree as the hour hand of the watch is less fit than the minute hand. There are other very great and important advantages of the real moon over that suggested by Laplace, which I wonder did not occur to a mathematician such as he, the only man who ever lived of whom it can be said, "He was the rival of Newton."

He himself said Newton was fortunate in having lived before him. In another man it would have been rank conceit, but in Laplace it was considered as a just statement. Yet he failed to notice, when he suggested this moon, being four times further from us than under his conditions if spread so as to give the same light, the material of which the moon would be made would be lighter than any solid element known to us. I think it was well that the Almighty did not take counsel from Laplace in creating the moon.

#### Effect of African Climate.

It is really pitiful to look at the faces of young Europeans who have been out here only a couple of years or so, says a correspondent on the African gold coast. Their color is that of a pallid yellow. They seem to bear on their features that stamp of despair which only those deprived of all hope of health can have. Though the oldest is not twenty-three years old, I should judge, yet one of them is as gray as a man of fifty. They all look like old young men, with their jaundiced complexions, from which every freshness of youth has departed, their lack-lustre eyes and languid movements. The trade in which these Europeans, under Mr. Croker, are engaged, is that of purchasing palm oil, gold dust and gum copal, while the Basle Mission buys not only palm oil, gold dust and gum copal, but black monkey skins, cotton, India Rubber gum, and almost everything that can be turned into money remuneratively in Europe. When the merchants have finished boiling the palm oil they pour it in great puncheons, tanning over 150 gallons, whitewash both ends of the puncheons, and ship them to Europe. The currency of the Gold Coast is gold dust, and in some parts, cowry shells are still used, though they are being rapidly superseded by British silver coin. An ounce of gold dust is sold for £3.12s. The natives frequently exchange among themselves the weight of even a small bead in the precious dust, which they call a *pesuwa*—a trifle as insignificant to the Accras as a picture would be to us.

#### Pete.

"I'm Pete. An I'm a newsboy. This story ain't writ by me, coz I can't write. Nor I can't read, so if anything's took down wrong, it won't be my fault."

"A gentleman in one of our offices says to me: 'You tell me the story of your young un, an' I'll take it down, and git it printed in *St. Nicholas*.' An' he says to begin at the very beginnin', 'w'en I first seed my young un—a little chap what I foun' arter his father died, an' he hadn't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fast goes up to him in the park, down to City Hall, and asks him to play, he takes his stic' an' pulls it acrost an' acrost the strings, an' makes the wast noise ye ever heard in yer life. He felt so took down when I laughed at it, till he says, lookin' up inter my face, dreeful disappointed, 'Wal, his awful n'es, an' they?' I says, 'Wal, I've heard the cats make ten times wuss noise than that. I guess it'll come some time if ye keep a tryin'.'"

"So he hugg'd up his fiddle an' we started down to the corner. An' I says, 'W're ar ye goin'?' An' he says, 'Now'eres.' An' I says, 'Don't ye live now'eres?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I says they wasn't no use in it, fur he couldn't no more take keer of hisself than a baby ken, an' he'd have to live with me an' I'd say, 'Will you take care o' me?' An' I says, 'Yes, I will.' An' that's the way he come to be my young un."

"I axed him wot was his name, an' I can't tell yer it, fur it was one of them blamed furrin' names, an' I couldn't never get it right, so I allus called him jes 'Young Un.' An' he axed me wot was my name, an' I telled him, 'Pete,' an' then we knowed each other."

"W're do ye live, Pete?" he says; an' I sez, 'Wal, I live run'—jes about 'round here.' I guess, Ye sez, 'I moved this mornin'.' An' that was a stunner. I warn't a newsboy then, ye know; I was on'y a loafer. But I seed a air; so I says, 'Wal, we'll wait till all the lights are put out down stairs in this house, an' then we'll live here tergit. But we mus' go fast an' get our bed afore it's dark.' I says, 'So we walks round to a lot w're they was buildin', an' he waits while I digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. Y'es, I had to bury it in the mornin' fur fear o' ragpickers, 'cause it was a verry good bed an' comfortable, specially in winter."

"Wot was it?" I sez, 'I was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front uv a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, an' it was ez long ez you air, sir, an' longer too. I takes it under my arm, an' the young un hol's on to my other han', an' we finds the airy again. But we has to loaf round a good while fore the lights is put out. When it's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o' loose, an' t'ells him to crawl in, an' I sez, 'Wot's it?' I sez, 'I was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front uv a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, an' it was ez long ez you air, sir, an' longer too. I takes it under my arm, an' the young un hol's on to my other han', an' we finds the airy again. But we has to loaf round a good while fore the lights is put out. When it's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o' loose, an' t'ells him to crawl in, an' I sez, 'Wot's it?' 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