The Centre Democrat.

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EUGENIE'S ESCAPE.

VIVID NARRATIVE OF THE EMPRESS' FLIGHT FROM PARIS.

From the Whitehall Review.

When, on that terrible 4th of September, the mob forced its way into the Palais Bourbon and quelled legal opposition by tumult, it became evident to the ministers of the crown that all was lost, and that the next thing was to insure the personal safety of the Empress. At 2 the Princess Clothilde came to say good-bye to her cousin—she was leaving Paris the following day. From time to time the gallant Gen. Millenet came to ask his imperial mistress if it were not best to repel by force the mob that was already surging at the very gates of the palace. The Empress expressly forbade any violence to be used. At 3:30 M. Pietri opened the door and said in a low, earnest voice, "Madame, you have only just time." "Make haste, Madame, make haste," exclaimed at the same moment Prince Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra, who had been watching the movement of the mob below from the window. The Empress went hurriedly into her bedroom, put on a brown waterproof cloak, a round traveling hat covered with a veil of the same color, took a green parasol, began to collect in great haste all the miniatures of the Emperor, of her son, of her sister, the Duchesse D'Albe, and of her niece, and put them into a lapis lazuli box, which, however, in the haste of her flight she was destined to leave behind.

"Make haste, Madame, I hear cries: they are mounting the stairs; they are coming!" cried M. Nigra. Prince Metternich went boldly into the bedroom and took the Empress by the arm.

"Madame, where are you going?" asked M. Chevreau.

"Metternich will tell you," replied the Empress. Then coming back as she was leaving the room she added, "Say good-bye to my good Sister of Charity, whom I was forgetting, and take care of the wounded!" Her first thought, even in the excitement of this terrible moment was for others.

Every one had, more or less, lost their presence of mind. The Empress left without taking any money with her, although there were about 40,000 francs in the drawers.

As Prince Metternich's coupe was supposed to be stationed in front of the Louvre by the Church of St. Germain l'Arxerrois, it was through the famous galleries that the imperial party fled.

At one moment the Empress, seeing from the window the mob rushing into the courts of the palace, stopped short and said:

"See! It is too late, we must stay! It is too late, we cannot pass!" Prince Metternich, however, hurried her on, exclaiming: "We must, Madame, we must." At the top of the Egyptian staircase her majesty held out her hand to Messrs. Conti and Conneau and said sadly: "You had better go no further. Something might happen to you." At last they got out of the palace and reached the street. Unluckily Prince Metternich's coachman had stationed the ambassador's coupe on the quay. The Prince ran to get it, but during his absence the mob, increasing every moment, threatened to overwhelm the little knot accompanying the Empress. Suddenly a gamin bawled out, "Tiens! There's the Empress!"

"What, little wrech! Do you dare cry 'Vive la Prusse?'" exclaimed M. Nigra, with wonderful presence of mind. Just at that moment a fiacre passed. The Italian ambassador made a sign for it to stop and pushed the Empress and Madame Le Breton into it, whispering, get in Madame, get in; we cannot wait for Metternich's brougham." Madame Le Breton gave the first address that came into her head, and the cab rolled rapidly away. The next question was where were they to go to. It was necessary to get some money, and obtain a temporary refuge. They went from house to house; all their friends were absent from home. Suddenly a lucky idea struck Madame Le Breton. Dr. Evans, the celebrated dentist, inhabited a hotel in the avenue Malakoff, and the Empress could rely upon his loyalty and devotion. They drove there without delay, and although the doctor was not at home took refuge until his return. Two days later a carriage, containing Dr. Evans and two ladies, both closely veiled, and one apparently old, tottering and infirm, drove up to the door of the Hotel du Cassino, at Deauville. The doctor alighted and engaged rooms for himself and companions, asserting that he was accompanied by an invalid lady who needed the greatest tranquility and repose. The invalid was apparently too ill to leave her room, and her meals were passed through the half-opened door and taken by the younger lady. It so happened that Sir John Burgoyne's yacht was lying at that time in the Bassin du Deauville, on the very eve of the departure for England. A gentleman casually said one afternoon to a lady, after the *table de hote:*

"You know Sir John Burgoyne very well, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I have tea on board his yacht every day."

"Would you mind asking him, then, if he would be kind enough to take charge of some very valuable jewels belonging to a lady of rank which I want to send in safety to England?" The lady consented and Sir John readily promised to take charge of the jewels. When this favorable reply was made known to the gentleman who asked the favor he hesitated for a moment and then said: "Since Sir John is so kind, I am almost tempted to ask him if he would willingly take charge of the lady herself in case she would want to take refuge in England." "I have no doubt he would gladly do so," replied Sir John's friend. "I will ask him to-night." When this second request reached Sir John's ears he began to have some inkling of the truth, especially as the gentleman who was so anxious about the welfare of this mysterious lady and her jewels was none other than a chamberlain of the Empress. Of course he consented to take charge of the lady, and pledged his word as an English gentleman that no harm should come to her. This was in the evening, and the yacht was to leave at early dawn. At about midnight a small party, composed of two ladies and two gentlemen, came on board, and one lady, throwing back her veil and revealing in the full moonlight one of the most beautiful faces ever given to mortal, said sadly and sweetly:

"I am the Empress, I put myself under the protection of the British flag and under the care of an English gentleman."

Sir John bowed his knee.

The following morning, when people rose to throng the beach, the yacht was standing boldly out to sea.

A Marriage Romance.

THE PLEASANT ENDING OF WHAT THE PRESS DESPATCHES OF TWO YEARS AGO CHARACTERIZED AS AN ELOPEMENT.

From the New York World.

A private cable despatch received on Saturday last announced that in the morning, at the famous old Church of St. Pancras, London, a marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon H. Donald M. Spence, Vicar and Rural Dean, between Mr. Anson G. Phelps Dodge, Jr., and Miss Ada P. Dodge, grandchildren of Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, Sr., of this city. This is the sequal of a romance which about two years ago interested the society of Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and which was reported to the *World* during the first week of September, 1878. The romance took the form of a despatch, stating the attempted elopement from Roxborough, near Philadelphia, of a young gentleman and a young lady aged respectively seventeen and sixteen. The young man was the groom and and the young lady was the bride of the London wedding of Saturday last. At the time of the elopement the young people were at the residence of the father of the lady and uncle of the young gentleman, near Philadelphia. Their attachment was recognized, but their relatives opposed their marriage principally because they were cousins. The cousins, however, did not view things in the same light, and determined to take the matter into their own hands. They left their home on the night of Saturday, August 31, 1880, with the intention of going to Canada to be married. At the depot the young lady made up her mind that she would rather go to Washington, to which the lover assented. Arriving at Washington they engaged rooms at the Ebbitt House, under the names of M. C. Young and Miss Mary A. Young, and the young gentleman went out to obtain a marriage license and to consult a lawyer with regard to their case and as to what ceremony would make a marriage binding. They were missed almost as soon as they left their home and traced to the West Philadelphia depot, but the direction in which they had gone could not be ascertained. Despatches were sent to Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, of this city, and to friends in other cities. A gentleman in Washington received one of these missives, and made a thorough canvass of the hotels there. At the Ebbitt House he found two persons who answered the description, and after communicating his business to the clerk it was arranged that he should be shown into the room as if by accident. There he saw Miss Dodge and recognized her. He did not then make himself known, but giving an excuse for having blundered into the wrong room, left. He telegraphed the results of his work to Roxborough, and was told to employ a detective and send the young people back under his charge. The detective was engaged, and together they again called on Miss Dodge and made their business known. While they were talking to her, young Dodge returned with the marriage license made out in their proper names, and on seeing the strangers in the room immediately devined their mission. Everything was then amicably arranged and the young people returned to their home. Mr. Dodge, at the time they were missing, said to a reporter of the *World* as it then published: "The young couple are my grandchildren. Ada is the daughter of my son, the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, and Anson is the son of my other son, Anson P. Dodge. They are mere children. The fact is just this: The two children have been together a great deal during the summer driving or rowing, and weaving romantic fancies, as children of their years will. Anson is only seventeen and Ada is sixteen. On Saturday they disappeared from my son's house at Philadelphia, and they have not been heard of since. No doubt it is a mere childish freak. They started east to give their relatives a pleasant surprise, nothing more. Nobody would marry them, of course, children as they are. We shall probably hear from them before long, and we shall see that my conjecture is right and that the young folks have simply gone off on an innocent freak." As the recent result shows, the young people were more in earnest than their excellent grandfather then thought. Within the past year, the father of the bride the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, has been visiting Syria upon missionary business and his daughter accompanied him. Her young cousin met her abroad with the full approbation of the families and the marriage was allowed to occur in London. It was learned yesterday that the young couple will not return with the bride's father, but will remain for the summer traveling on the Continent, where friends have gone to meet them.

A Parrot as a Teaser.

HOW A DOG WAS OUTWITTED BY A VILLAINOUS POLLY.

From the Utica Observer.

A lady on Seneca street is the owner of a small, frisky dog and a very talkative parrot. Occasionally Polly gets demoralized, and, instead of behaving herself like a good lady bird should, she gives vent to some terrible shrieks and endeavors to be as bad as she possibly can. When she takes these spells the dog, knowing that a reprimand is needed, goes to the cage and administers several severe rebukes in the shape of a savage little bark. Yesterday afternoon Poll sat upon his perch with all the dignity possible. The dog was taking a nap in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, Poll let loose two or three unearthly screeches. The dog was awakened of course and immediately started toward the cage at a full run, barking as he went. After he had scolded, as he thought enough, he adjourned to the other room and snugged himself for another snooze. He had no more than closed his eyes before Poll shrieked again, longer and louder than before. Up jumped the dog, and out he went barking furiously. When he reached the cage, Poll, who had stopped her noise to give the dog a chance, began to bark just as loud as her four-legged associate. Penny choked himself off and gazed on in holy horror. He stood looking at the cage for several minutes. Finally his tail dropped between his legs, and he turned around and left the spot. Just as he was going out of the room Poll stopped barking, a sort of pleased expression crept down her jagged beak, and as the dog faded from view she yelled after him, "Good bye, Penny," and without further ado resumed her meditations upon her perch.

A Very Strange Story.

HOW A NEGRO CONFEDERATE SPY WAS ARRESTED AFTER THE WAR AND SOLD INTO SLAVERY IN CUBA.

From the Washington (Miss.) Gazette.

In 1863 Colonel Pemberton commanded at this point. Colonel Hemingway owned a faithful slave—Peyton by name, a noted negro fiddler, known for miles around, and highly respected by both black and white. When his young master, W. Lynn Hemingway, at present State Treasurer of Mississippi, joined the old "Carroll Rifles," he took Peyton along as a trusted servant. He went with him into Virginia and returned home in 1863. In February or March of that year a faithful spy was needed to visit the Federal gun boats then coming down the river on Fort Pemberton. Peyton at once undertook the mission, and representing himself as a fugitive slave to the commanders of the boats was well received. Being bright far beyond ordinary, he managed to secrete their official papers, maps, &c., and escapod with these documents to Fort Pemberton. After the fall of Vicksburg, in July following, Peyton went with his young master again to Virginia, where he remained until the surrender of General Lee. The former being compelled to remain a number of days thereafter, in order to comply with the formalities of the surrender, sent Peyton ahead of him to his home, near Carrollton, Miss. On his way, however, he was betrayed to the enemy by some Confederate as the spy who had deceived them above Fort Pemberton, was captured and carried in irons to New York, thence to Cuba, and sold as a slave, with many others. The vessel on which he was taken was a Federal gunboat. In Cuba he worked as a slave in factories for nearly fifteen years, being entirely cut off from all commuication with home and friends. He made seven attempts to escape from bondage, all but the last, of course, being unsuccessful. Finally he found an American vessel, commanded by a Southerner, to whom he related the history of his capture, enslavement and forced exile and begged to be returned to his home and family. The captain secreted him in the hold of his vessel, carried him to Costa Rica, thence to New York. Peyton then worked his way to Virginia, where a number of ladies raised the means to return him to his home after an absence of seventeen years. He reached Winona, Miss., on the 15th of April, 1880. Peyton says that numbers of mulatto women are being constantly sold in Cuba as slaves. Northern men marry them, take them to Cuba "on a bridal tour" and there sell them as cooks and fancy house servants. He saw one sold last fall, by the man who married her, for $500; and further, that as he came through Cincinnati on his way home he saw the man, and recognized him, who sold her in Cuba. The facts above given are from one of the most reliable and responsible gentlemen in Mississippi, written to a distinguished member of Congress from that State. Closing his letter he says of Peyton:

"He was delighted to again meet his wife, who had married in his long absence; though her second husband was drowned several months ago. Hence he found her a widow. With both husband and wife it was like a return to life from death. Peyton is an exceedingly intelligent negro, and says he can hardly realize the changes that have taken place. He left his children babes, and finds them married and with children of their own."

If any one doubts the truth of this story, he or she can write to Captain B. F. Jones, Winona, Miss., or to C. Y. F. Merriwether, Oakland, Yalobusha county, same State.

The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburg.

Lucy H. Hooper thus writes to the Boston *Herald*, concerning the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Edinburg:

From all that I have heard in England, I do not think that it is a very amusing thing to be the Princess of Wales. The position is too exalted a one to permit of much social enjoyment, yet has not the splendid potentialities of reigning royalty. The princess, too, is peculiarly unostentatious, and evident finds the magnificent loneliness of her position an actual trial. To be young and beautiful, and idolized, and yet be shut out from most forms of social amusement, can be by no means delightful. Yet there are, of course, very few houses, even among those of the highest nobility, to which the Princess of Wales can go as an invited guest. And, when she does go, an awful state hedges her around. She is passionately fond of dancing, yet no gentleman can ask her to dance. She it is who signals out the personage whom she desires as a partner, and, when she stands up to dance, all other dancers must sit down. After circling round the room some half a dozen times she pauses and sits down to rest, and then the remainder of the waltzers may take a turn, but, as soon as she stands up again, they must stop. The solitary Grand Lama kind of performances cannot be very amusing to this kindly, gentle, aimable lady. She is, I am told, a most accomplished dancer, despite her lameness. But, of all the recreations of her life, she most enjoys driving in the park. In her little victoria, with her *dame de campagnie* beside her, she is free to enjoy the testimonials of affection and enthusiasm that meet her everywhere, and no one that notes the gracious smile and bow wherewith she returns every salutation can doubt her delight at her own popularity. Her beauty and her winning ways, and all the kindly gentleness of her nature have greatly endeared her to the English people. In fact, it was the recollection of her loveliness and her gentle and gracious manners that rendered the duchess of Edinburg so unpopular. The haughty and high-spirited daughter of the czar, with her coldly proud look and heavy features, was a disappointment to those who had hoped to find in her a second Alexandra, and her quarrels with the Queen and the Princess Beatrice did not tend to make her better liked. She is not in London this season, being still in attendance on her dying mother.

M'Manes vs. Cameron.

A letter from Philadelphia to the New York *Sun* declares that the rebellion of James McManes, of Philadelphia, against Don Cameron will never be condoned by the Boss of the Republican machine in this State. "The Camerons never forget a friend or forgive a foe," is a saying that prominent party men in every county in the State knows to be true—many to their profit, and even more to their sorrow.

Wm. R. Leeds, who has been the ablest aid to Mr. McManes at Chicago in his anti-Grant battle, has been the leader of Cameron's forces. In turn the Camerons have promoted him with amazing rapidity from the position of a letter carrier in the Post Office to that of High Sheriff of Philadelphia, and even less than a year ago they had Gov. Hoyt appoint him Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia at a salary of $13,000.

Leeds having raised his hand to strike down a Cameron, must, with McManes, come under the Cameronian discipline, which means nothing less than political ostracism for the balance of their lives. But will they submit to this punishment? They will not, and for a time, until either Cameron or McManes gets the upper hand, the fight for supremacy, not only in Philadelpnia but in the State, will be the most interesting that has ever taken place in Pennsylvania. McManes has for ten years past exercised as potent a sway in political affairs in Philadelphia as Tweed ever did in New York. In his contest against Cameron he will be aided by the eloquent and uncompromising Wolf, of Union county; Gen. Chas. A. Albright, the sagacious leader in Carbon county; Gen. Koontz, the impetuous leader of Somerset county, and Wm. R. Leeds and Elwood Rowan, of Philadelphia.

In this contest with Cameron, McManes will have the Gas Trust, the Police Department, the Quarter Sessions office of the city departments, and Collector of the Port Alex. P. Tutton and Appraiser Moore of the Federal offices. Col. Quay, David H. Lane, the Recorder, Col. A. Louden Snowden, Director of the Mint, and Gen. John F. Hartranft, Postmaster, will manage Cameron's side of the fight.

Looking at it to day, the indications are that *the Republicans will lose the State next November, and with it the Legislature, that elects a Senator to succeed Wallace;* and even that will not end this struggle.

One of the secrets underlying the McManes revolt is thus explained by the Philadelphia *Chronicle*, and it may be the leading one: Cameron's rule was well enough for the local leaders as long as he did the fair thing by them, but he has of late shown a disposition to over-ride Philadelphia, and the leaders thought it time to call a halt. They are not pleased with Quay's removal to Philadelphia and his assumed right to run the machine in these parts. They look upon that step as being fraught with danger to their supremacy and they mean to rebel while they have power to make trouble. Pittsburg has its Chris. Magee, but the local leaders do not intend that Philadelphia shall have its Matt Quay to run the party from Harrisburg in the interests of the State ring. They want their own little city ring all to themselves, and that is what is the matter with the kickers. The time is opportune for the revolt, because the leaders are thus enabled to do what is popular at home, looks like a concession to public opinion, and will strengthen their hold upon the party machinery in Philadelphia.

Rhode Island Republicanism.

Has the Republican State of Rhode Island "*a republican form of government!*" Senator Wallace lets in any quantity of light on this disputed question. In his report to the Senate, embracing a mountain of stubborn facts and figures, he proves that popular suffrage in that State is a delusion, and that government there comes nearer that of an oligarchy than a democracy. Not only are naturalized citizens absolutely disfranchised unless free-holders, but the registry and tax laws are so severe that the poor are practically disfranchised unless they sell their votes to some wealthy candidate who pays their taxes. The census of voters in 1875 embraced 42,741, but even the heat of the Presidential contest of 1876 called out but 29,627 votes actually polled. The vital point of Senator Wallace's report is in the fact that the enforcement of the Fourteenth amendment would deprive Rhode Island of one member of Congress, and necessarily of one of her four electoral votes. That one vote cast in 1876 gave Hayes his one majority even after the successful frauds in Louisiana and Florida, and it is possible for one vete to turn the scale in future struggles for the Presidency. Viewed from any standpoint, either of law or equity, the manifest purpose of the national government to deny representation where there is a denial of suffrage, should be faithfully maintained by Congress, and a bill is proposed with the Wallace report to carry the constitution into effect. This report will revive a discussion touching the government of Rhode Island, that has been memorable in the past history of the State and that once culminated in open rebellion under Dorr; but both Rhode Island and the country need the agitation it must bring; and there is now reason to hope that, after more than a hundred years of most oppressive laws, the little New England Commonwealth will begin to breathe the atmosphere of freedom that prevails everywhere outside of her petty despotism.

The Foes of Democratic Institutions.

From the Williamsport Banner.

How few of the men who fret and stew, swear and get drunk in the struggling at a nominating convention be it where county, state or national tickets are formed, really receive any remuneration for waste of time, money and words. Not one in ten now assembled in Chicago will be recognized should the party succeed at the polls. A proper interest in political affairs should animate the minds of every citizen-voter, and at the opportune time in the stages of political work from the primary to the selection of a candidate for Chief Magistrate, the individual should make his influence felt. This is not accomplished, by any means, through blow and bluster; it comes in the development of such principles as a careful study of our institutions and peculiar relations to each other develop. Made up of almost every nationality, we need liberal, just and humane laws, so clearly defined and so judiciously framed that the people can readily divine their meaning, and recognize therein principles of government that protect the high and low, the rich and poor, the native born and those of foreign extraction.

Democratic institutions are calculated to accomplish this great end, and despite the abuses of corrupt officials, the doctrines of Jefferson have survived a hundred years, and will continue to work in the hearts of this people. Fraud, corrupt practices, the combination of ambitious and designing men for the past few years have threatened to subvert our institutions and place rings around the liberty tree, thereby taking therefrom much of its vitality. It droops somewhat, showing a lack of life-giving properties. The people, however, show signs of new life, and in their might can remove these rings and allow circulation to again infuse its forces to every branch, causing it to revive and grow. Imperialism under Grant or any other man cannot exist unless republican Democracy dies. May November's vote decide that Democratic principles still live.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but that of the looking glass is usually quicksilver.

Two heads are better than one, but not on the same pin.

Thank heaven there is no spring fashions in tombstones.

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