

The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FEBRUARY 5, 1868.

NO. 16.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, Queen Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD OFFICE.

ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 1st day, 2h. 3m., even., W.
Full Moon, 8th day, 7h. 22m., morn., E.
Last Quarter, 15th day, 7h. 4m., morn., E.
New Moon, 23rd day, 10h. 7m., morn., S.

DAY	WEEK	SUN				High Moon				LENGTH
		rises	sets	Water	sets.	rises	sets	rises	sets	
1	Saturday	7 29	4 59	4 2	0 9 9	30				
2	Sunday	28 5	1 5	2 1	14	33				
3	Monday	26	2 6	3 2	22	36				
4	Tuesday	25	3 7	4 3	28	38				
5	Wednesday	24	4 8	5 4	29	40				
6	Thursday	22	6 9	8 5	29	44				
7	Friday	21	8 10	20	rises	47				
8	Saturday	19	9 11	16	6 2	50				
9	Sunday	18	11	even.	7 17	53				
10	Monday	16	13	0 36	8 25	57				
11	Tuesday	14	15	1 43	9 35	1				
12	Wednesday	12	17	2 18	10 42	5				
13	Thursday	11	18	3 5	11 45	7				
14	Friday	10	19	4 2	morn.	9				
15	Saturday	9	20	4 48	0 46	11				
16	Sunday	7	22	5 50	1 48	15				
17	Monday	6	23	6 50	2 42	17				
18	Tuesday	4	24	7 42	3 33	20				
19	Wednesday	3	26	8 33	4 20	23				
20	Thursday	1	27	9 21	4 53	26				
21	Friday	6 59	29	10 6	5 44	30				
22	Saturday	58	31	10 47	6 18	33				
23	Sunday	56	32	11 25	sets	35				
24	Monday	54	33	morn.	6 57	39				
25	Tuesday	52	35	0 2	7 58	43				
26	Wednesday	50	37	1 30	9 0	47				
27	Thursday	48	38	1 19	10 3	50				
28	Friday	46	39	2 21	6	51				
29	Saturday	44	41	2 41	11 59	52				

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, January 31, 1868.

Provisions.

Beef, (small) per lb.	4d to 7d
Do by the quarter,	34d to 6d
Pork, (carcase)	4d to 44d
Do (small)	5d to 7d
Mutton, per lb.	3d to 6d
Lamb per lb.	4d to 5d
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.	5d to 6d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 3d
Do by the tub,	11d to 1s 1s
Cheese, per lb.	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb.	8d to 10d
Flour, per lb.	34d to 34
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	20s to 22s
Eggs, per dozen,	1s to 1s 3d
Barley, per bushel,	3s 6d to 4s
Oats per do.	3s to 3s 4d
Peas, per quart	1s 9d to 2s 3d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 9d to 2s 3d
Geese,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Codfish, per qtl.	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	25s to 40s
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s
Hay, per ton,	70s to 80s
Straw, per cwt	1s 6d to 2s
Timothy Seed,	4s to 6s
Clover Seed, per lb.	6d to 9d
Homespun, per yard,	4d
Calfskins, per lb.	1s to 1s 4d
Hides, per lb.	3s to 5s
Wool,	1s to 1s 3d
Sheepskins,	1s to 1s 3d
Apples, per doz.,	1s to 1s 3d
Partridges,	1s to 1s 3d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. HERMANS,

GUN-SMITH,

BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.

DEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced Business on Dorchester Street, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch.

ON HAND,

A neat assortment of Tinware,
Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT, which received the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which together with a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for Cash.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Makers, &c.

Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

BOOKS. BOOKS.

THE following CATALOGUE contains many useful and instructive Works, all of which can be had cheaper at the QUEEN'S STREET BOOKSTORE than elsewhere.

E. REILLY.

CATALOGUE.

HISTORICAL.

Lingard's History of England, Hume's
Gibbons' Rome,
Smith's Greece,
Pollard's History of the American War,
Popular Ancient History,
The English History of America,
Robertson's Scotland and America,
History of Ireland, (Mooney.)
Hallam's Middle Ages,
do. Constitutional History,
do. Literature of England,
Eighty Year's Progress in British North America,
Their's French Revolution,
Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, (Barrington.)
Mann's British North America,
Rise and Progress of the English Constitution, (Creney)
European Civilization, (Balmeuz)
Minister of State, (Guizot.)
Two Sicilies (Kavanagh.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, (Bayne.)
Irving's Columbus,
do. Washington,
Coleridge's Northern Worthies,
Kennedy's Demosthenes, &c. &c.,
French Women of Letters, (Cavanagh)
O'Connell's Speeches,
Burke's do.
Elements of Rhetoric, (Wheatly.)
Mechanics for Wheelwrights, &c., &c.,
Mechanic's Text Book,
Pursuit of Knowledge,
Vestiges of Creation,
Juvenal and Persius, (English.)
Bacon & Locke,
Old Red Sandstone, (Miller.)
The World of Ice,
Martinet's Letter Writer,
Principles of Political Economy,
Cyclopedia of English Literature,
Men who were in Earnest,
Morton's Elements of Agriculture,
Physical Theory,
Works of the most Rev. John Hughes, D. D.,
Indian Sketches, (De Smet.)

ALSO, AN ASSORTMENT OF SELECT TALES SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS TO SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Among the Religious Works will be found—
Fundamental Philosophy, (Balmeuz.)
History of the Church, (Pastorini.)
Sermons of the Paulists (for 1861.)
Life of St. Cecilia,
The Martyrs, (Chateaubriand.)
Reeve's Bible History,
Cobbett's History of the Reformation,
do. Legacies,
Variations of the Protestant Churches, (Bossuet.)
Christian Perfection,
Spiritual Combat,
Newman's Sermons,
Imitation of the Sacred Heart,
Manuel of Controversy,
Guide to Catholic Young Women,
Works of Dr. Cahill,
Life of St. Patrick,
do. Blessed Virgin,
Life of Christ,
Rosary and Devotion of Mary,
Holy Week Manual,
Life of St. Joseph,
Sacred Heart,
Millner's End of Controversy,
do. Letters to a Prebendary,
The Soul Contemplating God,
Clock of the Passion,
Exercises of St. Gertrude,
The Christian Virtues, (Ligouri)
Lectures on Science, (Wiseman)
Faith and Reason, (Martinet)
The Irecious Blood, (Fabert)
All for Jesus,
do. The Creator and the Creature, do
Spiritual Confessions, do
The Blessed Sacrament do
Essay on Catholicism, (Cortez)
History of my Religious Opinions, (Newman)
Meditations, (Challoner)
The Monks of the West, (Montalambert)
Complete Works of St. John of the Cross,
Authority of Doctrinal Decisions, (Ward)
Treatise on the Immaculate Conception,
BIBLES and PRAYER-BOOKS, in French and English, from 1s. up to 12s. Sacred Histories and Catechisms, Hymn Books and Harps, 3s. each, Bells, Medals and Crosses, in variety.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

Wild Times, a tale of the days of Elizabeth,
Willy Reilly, Croppy,
Evil Eye,
Boyo Water,
Art Maguire,
The Confessions of an Apostate, (Mrs. Sadler)
Para Sastha,
Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, (Carleton)
Story of the War in La Vendee,
Heroes of Charity,
The Poor Scholar,
Arabian Nights,
The Woman in White,
Catholic Legends,
Pictures of Christian Heroism,
Twice Taken,
Also, a collection of Lever's Dickens, Lover's, Dumas' and Braddon's best productions.

POETICAL.

Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, Beattie, Goldsmith, Collins, Gray, De Vere, Tennyson, &c., &c., &c.

TENNERY,

AND
SCHOOL BOOKS

Of every description.

Law Blanks, Memorandums, etc., etc.,

Paper Blinds,

in variety

DRAFT BOARDS,
&c., &c., &c.

Queen Street, Ch'town, Jan. 8, 1868.

Poetry.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

Poor is the heart that never mourned,
Save only for a selfish vow;
Joyless the heart that never turned
To others' joys with kindled glow,
When friends are rent, and death lies low,
That friend that friendship ill can spare,
Forever gone as all must go,
How sad to mark the empty chair.

Then memory brooding o'er the past,
Recalls the light of festive hours,
And perished joys, like shadows cast,
Still lengthening more as evening lowers.
The glory of life's summer bowers,
When roses hide the thorns of care,
Seems dimmed with clouds and drenched with showers,
When gazing on the empty chair.

When once the old familiar face
Beamed welcome with its genial glow,
And hailed with hospitable grace
The chosen friends of long ago;
Where conversation's social flow
So oft relaxed the brow of care
A voice is mute—a form laid low—
We sigh to find the empty chair.

In friendly gatherings of yore,
When merry songs and toast went round,
His jocund laugh is heard no more,
His welcome face no more is found.
The silent grave, the grassy mound,
All the remains of him is there—
But memory consecrates the ground,
And sorrows o'er the old arm chair.

As down the vale of vanished years,
A retrospective glance was cast,
How swift, how short the span appears,
The grave yard of the past!
Like sore leaves trembling in the blast,
And drooping from the branches bare,
Friend after friend still follows fast,
And leaves behind the empty chair.

As years decrease and friends decay,
Though other interests round us spring,
The ties that death has torn away,
Time back again can never bring;
But hallowed memories round them cling,
That none but friends of old can share,
Till comes the hour on viewless wing,
When each must leave an empty chair.

Select Literature.

LIFE'S VALUE.

A STORY OF BRITANNY.

The scene of our little story opens in an apartment in an ancient castle in Brittany. The young proprietor is about to quit the abode of his forefathers, to pursue schemes of ambition at court or in the great world. The family, consisting of the mother and two sisters, with the hero of the piece, are met together on this interesting occasion. But we will let the young gentleman relate what passed at the interview.

The time at length came when I should depart, and Joseph, opening the door gently, informed us that the *chaise de poste* was ready. This announcement was startling to my mother and sisters, who, in an agony of feeling, threw their arms around me.

'It is not yet too late!' they exclaimed with tears; 'renounce this intended journey. Oh! do not leave us!'

'My dearest mother,' I replied, 'at twenty years of age and the inheritance of a noble name I must make myself known in my native land. I must open a path to fame either in the army or at court.'

'And when you are gone,' said my poor mother, 'what will become of me?'

'You will hear with pride and pleasure of your son's success.'

'And should I hear of his death in battle?'

'Well, of what use is life at my age,' I replied, 'but to gain honor and glory? Think rather of the time when I shall return a colonel—perhaps a marshal of France.'

'And then,' said my mother.

'Why then, honor and respect shall follow my steps where I go.'

'And then,' pursued she.

'Then I will marry my cousin Henrietta; we shall find noble husbands for my sisters, and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors.'

'And why not commence this life of happiness from this moment?' said my mother.—'Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than yours? In the midst of your faithful vassals, are you not sufficiently honored and beloved. Leave us not, my son!—leave not your friends, your sisters, your mother, whom you may never again behold! Go not to waste in the pursuit of vain glory, or to shorten, by sorrows and disappointments, those youthful days that pass so rapidly. Life is a treasure, my beloved Bernard; and where can you enjoy it more than under the lovely sky of Brittany?'

As my mother spoke she led me to a window, and pointed out the noble avenues of the ancient park, where the stately chestnuts were mingled with lilacs and woodbines, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air. Before the door stood the aged gardener and his family, whose saddened looks seemed to say, 'Desert us not, our noble master—desert not those you are bound to protect!'

Hortensia, my eldest sister, twined her arms round my neck, while Amelia, the youngest, taking up a volume of La Fontaine, pointed to an engraving, and with sobs plucked the book in my hands. It was the fable of the 'Two Pigeons.' I started up, and extricated myself from their embraces, and again exclaimed, 'I must win honor and glory.' Let me go, let me go; and I rushed into the courtyard.

As I was about to ascend the carriage, a female figure appeared at the hall door. It was my cousin Henrietta. She wept not, spoke not; but, pale as marble, appeared sinking to the earth. She had a handkerchief in her hand, with which she waved me a last farewell, and then fell senseless. I rushed to her, raised her in my arms, and uttered the tenderest vows of love and constancy. But when I saw the color revisit her cheek, leaving her to the anxious care of my mother and sisters, I hastened

back to the carriage without even turning my head. One more look at Henrietta, and I felt I could not have left her. In a few minutes after, the *chaise de poste* was rolling along the high road towards Sedan.

For some time my thoughts were entirely filled with my beloved Henrietta, my weeping sisters, and my dear mother, and all the happiness I felt I was leaving. But as the ancient turrets of Roche Bernard receded from my view, those saddening images seemed to vanish also, and were succeeded by the brilliant visions of glory and ambition. What airy castles rose before me as I leaned back in my old vehicle. Riches, honors, dignities,—nothing did I refuse myself as the just reward of my merit; and the scale ascending as I advanced on my journey, I was a duke, governor of a province, and a marshal of France, by the time at which I reached the inn at which I was to repose for the night. The voice of my servant, simply addressing me as 'Monsieur le Chevalier,' forced me unwillingly to abdicate my newly-created dignity.

The next day and for several succeeding ones I indulged in the same intoxicating dreams, my journey being of some length. I was repairing to Sedan, to the residence of the Duke of C—, an old and tried friend of my father's, and the protector of my family. He had promised to take me to Paris and introduce me at the Court of Versailles.

I reached Sedan at so late an hour that I could not think of presenting myself at the ducal chateau, and therefore entangled myself for the night at the Arms of France, the best in the town afforded, and the rendezvous of all the officers of the garrison. Sedan was then a fortified town, the very streets had a warlike appearance, and the citizens a martial air that seemed to say to a stranger, 'We are compatriots of the great Turenne.'

I supped at a table d'hote, and took the opportunity of inquiring my way to the chateau, where I intended going in the morning.

'Any one will point it out to you,' was the answer, 'it is well known to the whole country. In that chateau expired one of our most celebrated men and bravest of warriors, Marechal Fabert.'

And hereupon, as was natural among so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the marshal. They spoke of his many gallant exploits, and of his singular modesty, which had made him refuse the titles of nobility and the ribbons of several orders offered to him by Louis XIV.

Above all, they expiated on his extraordinary good fortune, which had enabled him, without the aid of family interest—he being the son of an obscure printer—to raise himself from a common soldier to the rank of Marechal of France. It had appeared so extraordinary and unprecedented an elevation, that, even during the life of Fabert, popular rumor had not been backward in attributing it to supernatural causes. It was currently reported that he dealt in magic, and it was even affirmed he had made a compact with Satan.

Our landlord, who, to the ignorance of a native of Champagne, added the credulity of a peasant to Brittany, gravely assured us that a few moments before Fabert expired, a black man, unknown to any one in the chateau, had entered the chamber and carried off the marshal's soul, which, indeed, of right, appertained to him, he having purchased it long before. Mine host also went on to state that from that moment to the present time, upon each anniversary of Fabert's death, the black man was seen at midnight bearing a lighted torch in his hand. The recital enlivened our dessert, and we quaffed several bumpers of Champagne to the familiar demon of the deceased marshal, hoping he might also take us under his protection, and give us similar triumphs to the battles of Collioure and Marteau.

The next morning, at an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke de C—. It was an immense and gloomy Gothic pile, which would not perhaps at another time have made much impression upon me; but I must confess that I now gazed upon it with a singular feeling of interest, as I called to mind the landlord's story.

The domestics who ushered me in told me his master was not yet visible. I gave my name, and was then left alone in an ancient hall, adorned with the trophies of the chase, and hung around with family portraits. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. 'Is this brilliant career to commence by the ante-chamber?' exclaimed I, beginning to conceive the impatience of a discontented place-hunter. I had gone three times the round of the grim portraits, and had sedulously counted all the beams of the lofty ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot, and found it to proceed from a half closed door, moved by the wind. I pushed it gently open, and saw a small room, tastefully furnished, and from which a glass door opened into a magnificent park. I advanced in order to enjoy the view from the window, when another object met my sight. Stretched on a sofa, whose back was turned to the door by which I entered, was a man, who not observing me, rose hastily and rushed to the window. I then perceived that his face was bathed in tears, and that despair was marked in every feature. He remained for a moment motionless, his face buried in his hands, then, with rapid strides, began to pace the apartment. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped and shuddered, while I, distressed at my intrusion, muttered some words in apology, and was about to withdraw.

'Who are you?—what brings you here?' he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and seizing my arm with violence.

'I am the Chevalier de Bernard, and have come to see you.'

'I know, I know,' he said hastily, and taking my hand warmly, he made me sit down by him, and inquired with much interest about my family; spoke of my father, whom he appeared to have known so well, that I could not doubt my being in the presence of the master of the chateau.

'You are Monsieur de C—,' said I.

He rose, and replied, in an agitated tone, 'I was once; but I am nothing—nothing now.—Hush!—do not speak—do not ask any questions.'

'Permit me at least,' I ventured to say, 'to assure you, that if the most devoted friendship can in any way lighten the affliction of which I have been an involuntary witness—'

'You are right,' he replied, abruptly; 'though you cannot change my doom, yet you may receive my last wishes. That is the only service you can render me.'

He closed the door carefully and returned to his seat at my side, where I waited in trembling anxiety for the result. There was something awfully solemn in the tone of his voice, and an expression in his countenance I never seen before. His face was deeply pale, while lightnings seemed to flash from his large dark eyes, and his features, worn by suffering, were frequently convulsed by a demoniac smile.

'What I am about to relate to you,' he said at length, in a hollow tone, 'will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will perhaps utterly disbelieve. Even I almost doubt at times, still—at least I wish to do so; but the proof, the fatal proof is too strong. Alas! are there not in all that surrounds us, in our very organization itself, mysteries whose existence we are compelled to acknowledge without powers of comprehending them?'

He paused for a moment as if to collect his ideas, pressed his hand to his brow, and continued: 'In this castle I first drew breath, and being a younger son, upon the elder born was, of course, to devolve all the wealth and honors of the house. Life was distasteful to me; I lived but in the future; and yet what a gloomy future appeared to my aching sight! I thus attained my thirtieth year, and I was still nothing,—nothing; while I daily heard of colossal reputations, whose fame reached even this remote province. 'I will try the career of letters, I exclaimed: 'let me win fame in any way, for fame alone is happiness.'

'The only confidant of my chagrin was an aged negro, who had been in the chateau even before my birth. Indeed he was so old, that nobody remembered his coming; and it was said he had been present at the death of Marechal Fabert.'

Here an involuntary start of surprise, which I could not repress, made my companion pause.

'Go on,' I said, 'tis nothing,' but notwithstanding, I thought of the black man described by the old landlord.

'One day,' continued Monsieur de C—, 'I gave way before Yago (so the negro was called) to the despair of my soul, at the shameful obscurity in which I dragged on my days. 'I would give ten years of life,' I exclaimed, 'to become a celebrated author.'

'Ten years!' said Yago, coldly; 'it is paying dear for such a trifle.' However, I accept your offer. The ten years are mine. Keep your promise, you will find me true to my word.'

'I will not attempt to depict my astonishment at this speech. However, after a moment's reflection, I naturally concluded that age had enfeebled his intellect, and, with a smile of pity, left the room, and in a few days after, the chateau. I arrived in Paris and soon found myself in the most distinguished literary institutions of the metropolis. Encouraged by their approval, I published several works. My success exceeded my most flattering dreams. The journals of Paris, of France, of even foreign nations rang with my name, yourself, even yesterday, young man, acknowledged the power of my genius.'

'How!' I exclaimed with astonishment, 'you are not the Duke of C—?'

'No,' he replied, coldly.

'What favoured son of genius then stands before me?' said I.—'Marmontel! D'Alembert! Voltaire!'

The unknown, with a smile of contempt, continued his recital—

'The literary fame I enjoyed, unbounded as it was, could only satisfy a soul like mine. I longed for nobler triumphs, and could not help exclaiming to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, 'Oh, there is no real glory but that which is gained on the battle field! What is a philosopher—a poet! nothing! Speak to me of a hero!—What are the poet's lays compared with the laurel wreath of a conqueror. To purchase that, I would willingly give ten years more of my life.'

'I agree to the bargain,' said Yago. 'They are mine also. Don't forget.'

At this period of the narrative the unknown paused, for he observed the astonishment expressed in my countenance.

'I told you,' he said, 'you would not believe. You think it a dream as I, alas! did once. But the honors I won, the triumphs I gained—squadrons led to meet the fire of the enemy—fortresses carried by my skill—standards seized by my bravery—victories that were echoed through the world; these were no dreams—no! that glory was real, and that glory was mine!'

He paced the room with rapid strides, and his cheeks flushed with the vehemence of his discourse, while I muttered to myself, 'Who, then, is this renowned warrior? Coigny? Richelieu? perhaps Marshal Saxe himself.'

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sunk again into despondency.

'Yago spoke truly,' he continued, 'in a low and mournful tone. 'I was soon wearied with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world, I purchased by five years more of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true