THE HERALD.

NEW SERIES. VOL 1. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1871. NO. 52.

THE HERALD

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REILLY & Co.,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At their Office, Prince Street, Ch'town.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD:"

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" " " 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 OCT., 1871.

MOON'S PHASES.

THIRD QR'TR, 6th day, 1h. 29m., even., W.N.W.
NEW MOON, 14th day, 2h. 7m., morn., S.W.S.
FIRST QR'TR, 20th day, 7h. 42m., even., S.S.W.
FULL MOON, 28th day, 4h. 2m., morn., E.N.E.

DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	MOON rises h m	HIGH water h m	DAY'S len'th h m
1	Sunday	6 1	5 35	7 21	even	11 36
2	Monday	2	33	7 49	1 11	31
3	Tuesday	4	31	8 20	1 45	29
4	Wednesday	6	29	8 58	2 30	27
5	Thursday	8	27	9 42	3 13	23
6	Friday	9	25	10 32	4 1	19
7	Saturday	10	24	11 30	4 55	18
8	Sunday	12	23	morn	5 54	14
9	Monday	13	20	0 33	6 56	11
10	Tuesday	14	18	1 38	7 53	7
11	Wednesday	16	17	2 46	8 49	4
12	Thursday	17	15	3 57	9 39	1
13	Friday	5 18	12	5 10	10 26	10 58
14	Saturday	19	11	sets	11 9	54
15	Sunday	20	10	6 22	11 51	52
16	Monday	21	8	6 53	morn	50
17	Tuesday	22	6	7 42	0 34	47
18	Wednesday	24	4	8 25	1 22	40
19	Thursday	26	3	9 21	2 13	39
20	Friday	28	1	10 32	3 7	33
21	Saturday	29	4 59	11 46	4 7	30
22	Sunday	30	57	morn	5 15	27
23	Monday	31	55	0 57	6 24	24
24	Tuesday	32	53	2 8	7 31	21
25	Wednesday	34	52	3 17	8 28	18
26	Thursday	35	50	4 25	9 18	14
27	Friday	37	49	rises	10 3	12
28	Saturday	39	48	5 23	10 46	9
29	Sunday	41	46	5 50	11 23	5
30	Monday	42	44	6 19	12 0	2
31	Tuesday	43	43	6 56	even	0

Banking Notices.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND!

(Corner of Great George and King Streets.)

HON. DANIEL BRENAN, President.
WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire, Cashier.

Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

☞ The P. E. Island having's Bank is in connection with the Treasurer's Office. Days of deposit: Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Union Bank of P. E. Island.

(North Side Queen Square)

CHARLES PALMER, Esquire, President.
JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire, Cashier.

Discount Days—Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Hours Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

Summerside Bank.

Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.

President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esquire.
Cashier—R. McC. STEWART, Esquire.

Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business—10 a. m. to 12 p. m., and from 1 p. m. to 2 p. m.

Farmers' Bank,

Rustico, - - P. E. Island.

President—JEROME DOIRON, Esquire.
Cashier—MARIN J. BLANCHARD, Esquire.
Discount Day—Wednesday in each week.

Business Notices.

RONALD MACDONALD,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUCTIONEER,
—AND—
COLLECTING AGENT.

Souris, P. E. I., January 2, 1871. 1y

SOURIS,
August 1st. 1871.

THE Board of Health at Souris, hereby caution all parties at this port and vicinity from receiving any person or persons from on board any vessel from foreign or neighboring ports, without first permission from their Health Officer.

JAMES A. McEACHERN,
Aug. 9.] 4m Chairman.

Executors' Notice.

ALL persons having legal claims against the Estate of MARTIN O'HALLORAN, of Charlottetown, Merchant, deceased, will furnish the same, duly attested to; and all persons indebted to the Estate are required to make immediate payment to

JOHN GAHAN,
WALTER O'HALLORAN,
Executors of the Estate of Martin O'Halloran, deceased.

Ch'town, Aug. 30, 1871. 3m

JAMES W. FRASER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has just opened an Office at the
Head of St. Peter's Bay,
where he may be consulted professionally.
Sept. 18, 1871. 6i

MAILS!!
AUTUMN, 1871.

MAILS will be closed at this Office, until further notice, as follows:—

For the UNITED STATES, CANADA, and NEW BRUNSWICK, every MONDAY & THURSDAY Evening, at 8 o'clock.

For NOVA SCOTIA, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evening, at 8 o'clock.

For NEWFOUNDLAND, on WEDNESDAY Evening, the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock, and every alternate Wednesday thereafter.

For WEST INDIES, on FRIDAY Evening, the 3d November, at 8 o'clock, and every fourth Friday thereafter.

For GREAT BRITAIN, &c., &c., every alternate WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening, at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Wednesday, Oct. 18,	Friday, Nov. 17,
Friday, " 20,	Wednesday " 29,
Wednesday, Nov. 1,	Friday, Dec. 1,
Friday, " 3,	Wednesday, " 13,
Wednesday, " 15,	Friday, " 15.

Letters to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted at least half an hour before the time of closing mails.

JOHN A. McDONALD,
Postmaster General.

General Post Office, Charlottetown, 16th October, 1871. } 3in.

CHARLOTTETOWN
STEAM BAKERY.
Corner of Prince and Grafton Streets.

THE Subscriber having recently fitted up a STEAM BAKERY, is prepared to supply his numerous customers, to whom he is thankful for past favors, and the public generally, with everything in his line of business.

He keeps constantly on hand and makes to order, the following, viz:

Pilot Bread:

No 1 Pilot	Extra Pilot
No 2 Pilot	Cabin Pilot
No 1, Thin Pilot	No 1 Navy
No 2. Thin Pilot	No 2 Navy
Thick Family Pilot	Fancy Pilot

Biscuit and Crackers:

Captain's Biscuit	Dyspepsia Crackers
Soda Biscuit	Coffee Crackers
Wine Biscuit	Ginger Crackers
Medford Biscuit	Oyster Crackers
Seed Sugar Biscuit	Wine Crackers
Sugar Crackers	Thin Captain's do.
Butter Crackers	Abernethy Crackers.
Water Crackers	

These Biscuits and Crackers are of the best description, and can confidently be recommended to the public.

☞ Orders from the country promptly attended to.

JOHN QUIRK.

Ch'town, Oct, 18, 1871.

CARLTON HOUSE,
A FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE HOTEL,
57 Argyle Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.
B. W. COCHRAN, Proprietor.

This House is beautifully situated in the centre of the City, surrounded with trees, only a minute's walk from the Post Office and other Public Offices.

Rooms and Halls large and airy, furnished in the best manner.

Tables supplied with the best the markets afford.

Visitors to Halifax will find the CARLTON unsurpassed in the Dominion for comfort, cleanliness and quietness.

☞ Your patronage solicited.

Aug. 6, '71. 3m pd

Apprentice Wanted.

WANTED, by the Subscriber, a BOY about 16 or 17 years of age, to learn the Boot and Shoemaking Business.

JOHN McCARDLE.

Lime Road, Lot 30, Sept. 27, 1871.—tf

NOTICE.

THE Tenants and Occupiers of that part of Township No. 34, owned by James F. Montgomery, Esquire, are hereby notified that all amounts of rent due from them for said Land, are required to be paid to the Subscriber, who is authorized by power of Attorney to receive the same, and to manage said Estate. Legal proceedings will have to be taken to recover all sums not paid before the 15th November next.

W. W. SULLIVAN.

Ch'town, Oct. 18th, 1871.—3in.

SPORTING EQUISITES.

SHOOTING JACKETS,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
FOWLING PIECES,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
CARTRIDGE CASES,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
FLASKS, Hall's (F F F) and Glass Powder,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
SHOT—all sizes,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
ELEY'S GUN WADDING,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
PERCUSSION CAPS,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
POWDER FLASKS,
At the LONDON HOUSE.
SHOT POUCHES,
At the LONDON HOUSE.

SIMON DAVIES, &Co

Aug. 23, 1871.

ROME.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CRIME.

One year! Yes, just one year has passed away, to add the interest of its memorable tale to the great history of humanity, since the time when the sacred history of Rome was breached by cannon and entered by a strong-armed robber. On the 20th September, 1870, was unhappily consummated the most scandalous act of rapine that can be found in all the records of the evil deeds of kings; for on that day, the City of the Pope and the poor fragment of his territory which former raids had left, were taken away from him, by force of arms, without pretence of right. His soldiers, faithful to the bitter end, made stout and gallant resistance, and to a man, would have cheerfully shed their blood and yielded up their lives in the hopeless effort to assert against crushing odds the right of their Pontiff and their King. But he saw how well the stealthy perjurer had chosen the time for his accursed work: he saw how desperately hopeless it would be to encounter force with force, he bade his faithful troops to accept the necessity which a Bayard need not decline, and when they obeyed his word the troops of the Italian King poured through breached and crumbled walls into the heart of the Holy City, and it came beneath another master. A strange flag floated from the Castle of St. Angelo, where the banners of the Popes had for many a century been familiar to the eyes of men. Strange masters strutted through the glorious halls of Rome, and made themselves at ease in the soul-lit chambers of the immortal Vatican. The shrine of Christianity was shamefully profaned, in that fell moment when a Pope, without chance of earthly aid, fled in the hope of refuge to the Palace of the Vatican, and when a being less than man, a "black-leg" King, a fop, a caricature of true humanity, a creature of base life, defiled and shameless, danced and sidled into the throne, and twirled about in his polluted hands the sceptre of the greatest potentate of earth, august, revered, and saintly.

A year has passed, and in the course of that eventful year some deeds have been performed which shook earth to its centre; some deeds which still have overmastering influence upon the minds of men, and which are sure to be classed and noted by men of coming ages among the supreme facts of human history. Here in Ireland, too, in this Island set remotely in the great Atlantic's bosom, shut out from the world of Europe by long leagues of sea, by an intervening England, and more than all by our subject state and the fear and jealousy of our rulers—even here, the year has brought such change and promise that the land is fairly filled with passionate excitement and high hope of better days. But to-day, with the sad glance of mournfulness, we look out wistfully beyond our island's shore, and involuntarily ceased awhile our fierce or sanguine thought of our nation's adverse fortune. The anniversary of that day of hideous wrong bids us to think of the act which made the base Florentine ruler the sovereign lord of Rome, to call back to our minds the scandalous nature of that act, to pass in solemn thought the results which it has produced, to possess ourselves with an uncompromising hatred of the cause of the wronger, however success may make it sweet to the worldly sense, and to renew and consolidate our firm adherence to the cause of the betrayed and wronged, no matter how much misfortune depress it, or how much false friends may wax cold. We shall be true friends, and such friends in will, however weak their power, the cause of Pius finds wherever a Catholic mind reflects, wherever a Catholic heart is pure, all over the inhabited earth. Nor need we pause at this, but still go on to say that Victor Emmanuel can find no friend in the man of any creed who cherishes honor and loves fair play. Such a man could not laugh out a pardon of a flagrant breach of faith, and of faith most solemnly pledged. Such a man could never be persuaded to believe that base hypocrisy is kingly. And what cherisher of honor, what friend of truth, what lover of what we call familiarity "fair play," could reconcile himself to a treacherous seizure of dignity and power, prescriptively another's even though that seizure were tardily "ratified" by a farcical mock plebiscite? Not one, we hope, in all the world And, holding this confident hope, we feel ourselves well assured that not alone do Catholics in every land lament and denounce the violent transference of Rome, but that also all other men, who manfully fling aside the prejudices that cobweb creeds, regard with deep contempt the King with whom victory at present lies—while the suffering and the moral grandeur of a brave and holy Pope, worn and bent by extreme age and by the troubles of his life of trials must strike their minds with an extraordinary contrast, and draw from out their hearts the cheerful tribute of their sympathy and honest reverence.

But no matter how much we may think and speak and write of the nature of this prodigious usurpation of the right and wrong of the case, the just, the unjust, the generous, and the base, it still remains for us to turn to and regard the actual. The practical fact which we have to face and to consider is, that Italy has now been one year "unified;" that Victor Emmanuel has now been one whole year a ruler over the last shred of the Pope's dominions, and that he is as such ruler now.* His term of possession has been basely used to strengthen his position, and, far as diplomacy and power can go, to secure him against restitution. These efforts, unhappily, have not been visited with the failure which they so well deserved. The establishment of the Italian State Department in Rome, the assembly there of the Italian Parliament, and the flying visit of the King, with its more than dubious accompaniment of "loyal welcome" appear to have been enough to induce the Powers of Europe to accept and sanction as an "accomplished fact" the monstrous robbery with which, to say the truth, they never had seemed at all disposed to quarrel. They accredited their Ambassadors to Victor Emmanuel in formal token of the fact that they recognized his new position; and even France, whilst she did not withdraw her Ambassador to the Holy Father, but left with his Holiness the Count d'Harcourt, a stern and staunch adherent of the Papal cause, was so far bound by the general act of Europe as to send a representative to the Court of the robber King, and thus, indeed, to smile upon his scoundrelism. If France had not been engaged in that disastrous war, he would never have dared to violate the dominion of the Pope; and if France, as we believe, will reassert her ancient strength, the odious fiat of September 20th stands fair to be revoked. But at present all is gloomy. The raider seems as firmly set upon his throne as any sovereign on the earth on his, and such whispers as we hear of the famous league of Gastein tend strongly to confirm that seeming: yet the Pope, still patient and still resolute, abides within the Quirinal, giving receptions to his visitors, who in going to his presence have to pass an armed sentinel of the usurper. To him belongs a glory rarely given to man. To him is yielded a devoted homage beyond the ambition of King or Kaiser to receive. For Him is Heaven daily stormed with prayer; the postern of [illegible] yet one in faith. To him the hearts of his still faithful, though now swordless soldiers turn; as in their 'League of Sebastian" they keep up the ties of that companionship of valor and loyalty begun beneath the banner of the Cross-Keys, and await the hour that will once more find them on guard around the throne and person of the glorious old Pontiff King! Of the "progress" which Rome is making the Holy Father hears, and his heart is torn with grief, for too well he knows how such progress corrodes and kills, how the spreading of faith and purity, and the virtues of Christian life, the tender reclamation of the erring one, the vigilant fosterage of the orphan boy, the loving care of the unprotected girl—too innocent to dream of the hell this "progres" generates—and all the myriads of beautifully virtuous deeds which made of Papal Rome a model for all Christian charity, have no place in the programme of this "progressive" system. He knows its foulness and threats and lures avail not to make him accept what he abhors or to stir him from the place that he has taken and kept in the city which he will not abandon. Let us like him regard this Roman "progress" with mingled anger and compassion; and never speculating idly upon a hidden future nor wrapping ourselves in deep despondency, let us wait in firmness, in cheerfulness, and in faith for what the coming time may bring—*Dublin Nation, September 23.*

* The shameless falsehoods of the *Capitale* and its compeers in reference to the Pope's health continue. According to them the Holy Father is reduced to the last stages of decreptitude and disease. He is unable to stand without support, and almost to speak. The nauseous details weich they add are obviously intended for the purpose of mere insult; it is therefore useless to refute them or even further to advert to them. The best way of showing that the Pope is really "wonderfully well" (as he lately told the Roman girls), is to describe what he did on the very day on which the *Capitale* published its most mendacious bulletin. In the first place the Pope received the society of Roman artists. It was not a deputation; the whole society *en masse* attended, 600 in number. They had tastefully arranged, in Sala of the Battle of Constantine (so called from the famous picture of Gulio Romano, which is there), all the works of art which they had offered as presents to his Holiness on the occasion of the 23rd of August. The offerings principally consisted of paintings, sculptures, articles of church furniture and decoration, tasteful things for domestic use, drawings, mosaics, architectural plans and designs, miniatures, flowers and artistic productions in marble, glass, and enamel. Each artist stood beside his own work, and the Pope walked down the hall, stopping before each, and bestowing on each, individually, some gracious words of commendation and thanks. He called them "his good Roman artists," talked to them of art, and said how much he hoped that their fidelity to the noble traditions of Christianity would enable them to keep up its glory and very soon to remedy the outrages and barbarisms committed by the invaders. The artists responded by the cheer of *Viva il Papa Re!* A number of distinguished personages, Cardinals and others, accompanied the Pope in his progress round the hall The whole company then left the Sala, followed by the crowd of artists, and made circuit of the galleries and museums. The Pope walked with a light and vigorous step, talked and smiled, and descanted upon all sorts of topics in his usual cheerful way, and with all the keen intelligence and the kindliness of manner that are so habitual to him. Not only did he not lean for support upon any one, but he did not even carry a walkingstick. He does sometimes carry one, but when he does it is generally under his arm. The Holy Father also received 60 young students of the Roman University, who belong to a society which they have formed called the Roman Union Its object is to counteract the anti-Christian influence of the new professors, and to encourage absence from their lectures, and attendance on those of learned Catholics, which are happily now established. One of the students read an address, to which the Pope replied with much animation.

Few ends have been more awful than that of an architect, or rather builder, named Morelli, who had the management of the public works now progressing in Rome. He had mounted a high scaffolding, and whilst up there had got into a passion with a number of the workmen, who were asking for a holiday on the morrow, which was the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and in fact refusing to work on that day. The wretched man uttered blasphemies in his anger; and amongst other wicked expressions he shouted out, "I know nothing of your Madnona or your Christ either!" At that very moment his foot slipped, and he fell from the scaffold to the pavement of the street, and was killed on the spot.

INCREASED TAXATION—The Roman correspondent of the *Scotsman*, remarking on the increased taxation to which the Romans are subjected under the Italian usurpation, says:

Of course, we are patriotically delighted at the "realization of the aspirations of centuries," at the proclamation of Rome capital of Italy; but there's ne'er a rose without a thorn," and when we look over this world's goods pronounced taxable by the national Government, our hair fairly stands on end. Listen! Land, income, grinding, housetax' stamp and register tax, wine, spirits, flour and meal tax, tax on insurance, on mortgages, on shooting licenses, on weights and measures, on mining contracts, on chambers of commerce and art, on cards, on lottery winnings, on licenses, on salt, tobacco, and powder; on markets and fairs, on dogs, on passports, on school, college, and university examinations; on carriages, servants, railroad and steamer tickets; on theatres, on shop-fronts, on houses, of ill-fame, on employes salaries, on every imaginable edible or drinkable, salt water included; on building materials, on the forced loan, on the importation of corpses—*i. e.*, on the return home from foreign countries of a defunct Italian. Add to this bill the war-tenth, the "additional centuries" which the province or the commune may impose for local purposes; add the conscription, which is a tax on blood; and tell me kind Britons, whether you don't feel disposed to lend us for a season your incomparable Gladstone, who never seems to know what to do with your surplus income, and seems always puzzled to know which is the next tax to be done away with!

IRELAND.

EMMET.

The anniversary of the martyrdom of one of the noblest and purest patriots that ever fell under tyranny's axe, for lofty truths and native land, shall not pass over a silent, as it has never yet passed over an ungrateful Nation. Sixty-eight years have elapsed on the twentieth September since Emmet's love was sealed by his martyrdom; but when six hundred shall have followed, the red stigmata of his blood shall yet be as vivid on their minds as his memory is green in their souls. So long as the God given ardor for oppressed justice shall burn within the hearts of the true and the brave, so long shall the memory of Emmet endure, clear, noble, illustrious, and beloved.

The radiance that shone upon his throne—the scaffold—has illumed with its beams not only each instrument of his death, but every action of life. Dark and gloomy lower the paraphernalia of slaughter, the heavy axe uplifted, the fierce headsman; but the stately figure of the martyr makes that scene a cynosure of eyes, and the halo of glory that surrounds him brightens even the scaffold, as a sun-flash silvers a cloud-wrack. Fair, and true, and noble, under the soft and brilliant light, stand out the actions of his heroic and happy young life, on this side of that dread majestic spectacle. But, above and beyond it;—what a vista of supernal radiance is there—what a vision excelling joy, whereof not even in gladdest dreams can a glimpse irradiate our hearts. No, ye deepstained tyrants who crouch, and shudder, and shrink from the edge of the great White Light—No, your sentence follows not your victim beyond the tomb, save to recoil on your catiff souls in the terrible wrath to come. The grave you have opened for the true and just becomes his portal to infinite bliss, yours to retaliative punishment; the memorial of shame, the scaffold, you condemn him to, stands forth the Monument of Martyrdom which crowns him with immortal glory among men for ever, and you with everlasting infamy.

Mark that memorable scene that emerges so vividly from the chaotic past, that day of days when all the array of despotic oppression loomed in the court against one solitary figure. Who, at the bar of history, who, before the jury of generations, who, in the judgment of the world, is there the accused, and who the accuser? That Irish youth, whose pale brow and earnest gaze confront all the turpitude of treachery and all the threats of tyranny—he, that undaunted, unstained heroic youth, stands he not forth the Accuser and the Judge of an ermined wretch, and a catiff crowd? There shrinks Plunket, the foresworn recreant, false to his oath, his friend, and his country—there, crouches ribald Norbury, the miscreant against whom the blood of murdered martyrs cries aloud to heaven for vengeance—and not in vain! There, self-condemned, are huddled the motley crew of subordinate scoundrelism, shrouded in their infamy as a corrupting carcass in its pall There, by the victim's side, stands his Iscariot defender, MacNally, whose secret aid has been bought with Judas gold by the power which now persecutes offended justice and simulates moral wrath.

Guarded from them, as from a foul contagion, by the dock, stands the heroic Emmet, like a Roman Curtius plunged in a gloomy gulf for his country's sake; like a martyr of the chosen nation, scathless amid furious flames for his conscience and his God. He speaks. His voice rings like a consecrated bell in a plague-stricken city, over whose foulness its clear tones vibrate, beyond whose corruption they appeal to Earth and to Heaven. No! [illegible] cry of dismay, are heard from him whose steadfast eyes confront the minions whose hands are red with the blood and whose souls are black with the crimes of Ninety-eight. But more noteworthy still, for it proves that great as was his heroism, his Christian fortitude was loftier still, there rises no word of rancor nor of wrath from that noble youth unjustly doomed to a dreadful death True greatness of mind was this; his was the triumph, not only over foes, but over human passions; in his hour of grievous agony he bore all with grave, sublime endurance, possessing his soul in peace. Disdaining to justify his action in presence of his executioners, his thoughts were given to his native land. He dared their parade of slaughter in silence. He saw the torrent of obloquy they had prepared for his name, and he rose to repel it that he might deliver his nation from mental subjugation, and save from infamy the sacred cause of country.

He achieved this great deliverance on that his day of seeming impotence and defeat. They had bound him in chains, but with fettered hands he wrought out the freedom of the mind of Ireland, whose cause he consecrated by his death. For it was no unreal danger which his keen eye detected The incessant outpour of fetid calumny has long darkened and immensely enfeebled the purest of causes. It can never, indeed, wholly extinguish the lamp of justice, but in what shadowy gloom would our past have been wrapt, what weakness would replace our present strength, had not the mind of Emmet discerned the future peril, and devised our deliverence in that defeat his speech achieved, on the brink of the eager grave.

Faithful to the death. True and far-seeing patriot, whose love of country o'erleaped the tomb and reached beyond the scaffold. Considerate of his nation, whilst sacrificial of himself. Unquailing when personal peril was involved, he was moved for his country's fate; and well did he justify even in his death that splendid apostrophe to the spirits of the dead which the ruthless reference of a cruel judge evoked:—

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory state, I supplicate my father to look down on his suffering son, and see has he for one moment deviated from those moral and patriotic principles which were so early instilled into his young mind, and for which he has now to offer up his life."

The noble principles he had so bravely vindicated he crowned with immortality in these memorable words, bequeathing to his country a legacy she has honorably upborne:—

"My Lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time it will cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; I have parted from everything that was dear to me in this life for my country's cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. My race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace. Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

Constant, and true, and noble he was, and whilst Justice, for which he fell, consecrates his cause, that Ireland, which he loved beyond life, preserves his endeared memory deathless in her undying heart, to which his transfused blood gave new vigor and new life.—*Dublin Irishman, Sept 23.*

FRANCE.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE ON HER ESCAPE FROM THE TUILERIES.

The following interesting account of an interview between the Empress Eugenie and a lady, is extracted from "Cassel's Magazine." The writer, speaking of the Empress, says:

She began in English (which she speaks readily, and with a good accent, only now and then wanting a word, which she asks you with her eyes to supply) by regretting that the Emperor was too ill too see me. "Not seriously ill; far from it" she said, "thank God, but suffering greatly from rheumatic pains, in consequence of a chill when he first arrived at Chiselhurst." Then she expressed much interest about the place I came from. It was associated with her early life. "Ah how happy I was then—it seems like a dream—so happy," and her glorious eyes glistened. "How well do I remember the house where I was at school, the broad terrace, the distant hills! and my companions—my dear friends—they have not forgotten me?" "Yes," said I, "young Miss B——."

"Young! ah, no!" and she laughed. "She is our [illegible] and that is not young."

It is not allowed to contradict sovereigns, but as she said this she was a living contradiction of her own statement. She looks wonderful youthful, and her present thinness is very becoming in this respect.

"When I first came to England," she continued, "I desired to go there." "Ah, madame why did you not come? We would have received you with enthusiasm."

She bowed. "Yes, I wished it; it was my first thought: but it could not be." "But madame, will you not come among us and see your old haunts?"

"Some time, perhaps, but not now. I cannot; the Emperor is ill. I cannot leave him, and I go nowhere. I think of nothing day and night but of poor France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through ere France can be at peace! Those dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet." Her eyes filled with tears, and rested on her shabby black dress—and this was the late queen of fashion—and her look seemed to say, "See how I mourn!" And it was true. There is often a whole world of pathos in little trifles that involuntarily bear witness to the individual mind.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one consolation—the worse things go to France, the more then he is sure to be recalled. It is the Emperor alone who can govern France. They are like bad children, and require the master hand of welcome restraint and discipline." "I do not wish to return—I suffered too much; but I trust that events will justify the Emperor. Surely the world must come to see what kind of people he had to govern! The Emperor knew that these people were in Paris, for twenty years he knew it, and he did not shoot them. He was too merciful."

"Madame," said I, "it is as though the Fenians ruled in London. The "Reds" are the same all over the world." "The Emperor is blamed for everything," said she; "yet how rich and prosperous France has been for so many years! The wages of the labourers and *ouvriers* were high, and work was plentiful. To Paris came all the world, and money was spent. Now the taxes have not been paid for three whole months. The taxes not paid and no money at the Bourse! The Emperor is blamed, too, for the war. He was against it. Such blame is most unjust. "But,"—and she drew herself up,—"we do not desire justification. Time will do that. Let events speak. By-and by Europe shall judge the Emperor fairly."

I expressed a hope that the trials she had undergone in Paris had not injured her health. "No," she replied. Then she continued, "I was forsaken by all the ministers. Trochu, whom the Emperor had appointed, left me. They all left me and betrayed me. What could I do? I was alone. Ah," she added, with an inspired look, "it was my passion!"

She turned her tearful eyes to Heaven. "Her passion!" Could anything be more touching? Woman as I was I could have died for her!

"I was alone," she repeated, as though in justification; "utterly abandoned. What could I do but fly? I was not afraid. I could look death in the face; but all had left me."

"Were the details of your majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers accurate?" "Yes, said she, "tolerably so. For thirty days, I was guarded by those men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible! They took possession of the Tuileries. My only happiness was, that I suffered alone. The Emperor away and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been in danger."

Again the inspired look came into the beautiful Spanish eyes.

"By what door did these wretches enter the Tuileries, madame?"

"Everywhere—by all the doors, and the