NEW YEAR'S COUNSELS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(Respectfully Addressed to the Members of St. Mary's Literary Institute.)

I.

Be *pure!*—In every thought, and word and deed.
Show forth the whiteness of your Virgin Queen!
In ev'ry purpose follow Honor's lead.
Scorning the lure of pastime low and mean.
Chaste vigilance o'er all your works preside,
And prayer your lightest pastime sanctify;
So that your Angels may not blush to guide
Your manly progress towards the joys on high.

II.

Be *earnest!* Life is not a childish game,
But a grave business, full of issues real:
The purest glory or the vilest shame
Springs from your grasp of true or false ideal.
Responsibility (a presence stern),
Treads on your heels by night and all day long.
Example makes or mars—At every turn,
An influence is yours for right or wrong.

III.

Be *faithful*—loyal to our Sovereign Lord,
And to our Lady. Ye are Mary's Knights,
Bound to defend with Virtue's bloodless sword,
Your Holy Church's pure and sacred rights.
True to yourselves, and to your fellows true,
Semper fidelis—lo! an angel's pen
Shall write your names among the chosen few,
Who live and die, consistent Christian men!

THE OLD—THE NEW.

BY JOSEPH T. COPITHORNE.

The Old is gone; the New is here—
The one! row-wrinkled, hoar and sere,
With yellow beard, dishevelled hair,
Long grayed with grief and carking care;
With trembling form and shrivelled fingers;
Stands pensive in the midnight gloom,
As one with sorrow pressed long lingers
Around a well-beloved's tomb.
Thus, grief-suffused, and thoughtfully,
Uttering no sigh of misery,
But reconciled to any fate,
(As heroes are on the battle-field
'Tho' vanquished oft, yet never yield),
The Old Year stands disconsolate,
Waiting 'till grim uncanny Death,
Like an assassin, stills his breath
And bears him away, unheeding, fast,
Where crumble the bones of the long gone Past,
In the sepulchre of Time.

With laughter sweet and beaming face,
Bright with an inexpressible grace,
Golden hair that waved along—
As the huntress's in Virgil's song—
With pleasant eye that gleamed with joy,
Heart filled with peace without alloy,
With smile that spoke of deepest mirth;
Thus, ushered th' expectant earth,
With brightest hope and promise fair
Of a future veiled and dim,
Comes the New, unvexed with care,
Enters with a benediction, prayer,
And a swelling, welcome hymn.

Oh! bright New Year with joyous mien,
With heart unknown to piercing woe,
Scatter abroad the gold of peace,
And bid the waves of pleasure flow,
With rythmic sound and trembling sheen,
Through the channels of each soul.
Command War's thundering voice to cease:
Bid strong-armed Plenty freely dole
Comforts to man; make Sol increase
The useful products of the green.
Hush discord's voice that bringest forth
From fierce Pandora's box the ills
Unnumbered, that with lightning speed
Deep rack the bosom of the earth,
Depopulate its habitable hills,
Poison its soothing streams and rills,
And to a desert change the mead.
Strike too, the heart, deep down, within,
O'erwhelm it with disgust for Sin,
Cause Charity and Love to reign
Triumphant o'er each hill and plain;
Crush Mammon's head; to God alone
Let adoration true be shown.
Then loudly do we shout to thee:
Welcome! welcome!

—*San Francisco Monitor.*

SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XXXIII—[CONTINUED]

'Glory to God! who has led me thus far!' was the heartfelt prayer that burst from Eugene's swelling heart, as the dim light, beginning to spread about like a faint whiteness, showed no sail near.

'Eugene!' said Francois, from where he sat holding the cord of the sail in his hand.

'Yes, Francois.'

'It has been a long watch we have had.'

'It has. Heaven be thanked! it has been successful.'

'I think we may speak now. I may fasten this sail. There is no need to alter our course. Keep the helm as it is, and anywhere we strike the coast of France will serve our purpose.'

'Yes, anywhere. Any place will suit us.'

'Eugene, it is a long time since we saw one another. Let me see how you look Merciful Providence! how ill you seem!—or is it this cold grey light that makes you look so?'

'I suspect I look so—because—I am so,' said Eugene, gravely. 'Twelve months in the hulks is not calculated to improve one's appearance.'

'Did they send you to the hulks after your capture?'

'Not then. I stood on Irish ground since.'

'On Irish ground?'

'Yes, but was retaken. It is a long story—too long to tell now.'

'The hulks have left their story written on your face. You have grown years older—and look very ill.'

'A swim from the prison to the skiff, Francois, was not calculated to improve one whose only exercise for twelve months was confined to a few feet of the deck of a ship. Nor is sitting for hours without stirring, in wet clothes, the best restorer after that exertion.'

'Good heavens! Eugene, I had completely forgotten that your clothes were wet. How forgetful of me! But my whole thoughts were upon the sail, my ears for sounds of danger, my eyes for an approaching enemy.'

'Speak no more of it Francois; I had forgotten it myself. Like you every sense was absorbed in listening and looking for symptoms of danger. We have had a marvellous run of good luck.'

'Marvellous; there is not,' said Francois, 'a sail within sight. We have earned whatever there is in this.'

He produced the valise referred to some hours before, and drew therefrom a flask, which he opened.

'This is brandy, Eugene and of the best. The Commissariat-General who last owned this never expected it would be used by escaping prisoners. Try it. Why, man, you look as if you were swooning. Try this—quickly!'

Eugene indeed felt as if but little more were needed to stop the action of his heart for ever, so thoroughly weak and exhausted was he. The revivifying liquor, untasted by him for twelve long months, sent a sensation of warmth through every vein and fibre of his body.

'There, Eugene; that's better That brings the color a little back into your face. Change seats, and I shall take the rudder awhile. But first let me introduce you to my companion: Monsieur MacNevin—an Irishman escaping from imprisonment like ourselves. And now for some of the grateful brandy.'

The conversation warmed as the skiff sped along in the opening twilight.

'Now tell me what became of you after our capture, Francois?' asked Eugene. 'I often wondered what had happened you.'

'So did I of you. The captain, I, and the two men were transferred to the tender, and brought to Plymouth. There, I being a good French writer, and I suppose being too innocent a youth to possess much guile—was employed in translating French despatches. Captain Philip and his two friends were put on board a man-of-war.'

'How did he turn up to-night?'

'His vessel came in last week to refit, in company with, I grieve to say, some of our liners they had captured in a desperate fight off Ushant.'

'We are never destined to be successful at sea,' said Eugene.

'I fear not. Some fatality seems to hand over our fleet. Although carrying everything before us on land——'

'Ah! what of affairs in France? How goes the tricolor? What are our amies doing?'

'Doing! What a question to ask, Eugene!'

'My dear Francois, remember I have not heard a word from France, nor from the outer world, for a year and a half'

'A year and a half, Eugene! Why the map of Europe has been entirely changed during that time'

'What has happened? Tell me, Francois! I'm thirsting for news from France. What has happened? Where are our armies?'

'Armies! Everywhere; tramping to victory over every high-road in Europe. Bonaparte——'

'Ay! Bonaparte. What of him?'

'Bonaparte has conquered everywhere. The light of victory has never left his banner. The tricolor with him marches from triumph to triumph. He beat the best Austrian general in Italy, until the great nation bent to her knees to him at Campo Formio. Castiglione, Bassano, Arcola, and Rivoli, are new names inscribed on our banners since you saw them. He has brought the banners of France within sight of the Pyramids.'

'Egypt! He has not gone there surely!'

'But he has. Syrian and Egyptian land is ground hallowed to France since the days of St. Louis.'

'This is marvellous news. What has he done there?'

'Won battle after battle over Saracen and Englishman, conquered Malta, and made his name famous to all time,'

'And the fleet, Francois?'

'Your arm of the service has sustained many disasters. The old nobility that officered it, when they fled as *emigres*, I greatly fear, bore the naval skill and renown of France with them At least the newer race of officers do not bear out its old repute. But the armies have more than made up for this, for their boyonets have carried everything before them, everywhere; and even now Europe echoes to the tramp of our battalions, as they pass over the frontier to further victories!'

'This is glorious news, Francois. What of Ireland? What became of the expedition, or did it ever sail?'

'The expedition sailed, but met with immense disaster.'

'To Bantry Bay?'

'Yes—to Bantry Bay. The seizure of our little craft prevented the destination of the fleet being altered.'

'And so they sailed?'

'Yes, and failed to effct a landing. The weather, so calm for weeks before, broke into a hurricane almost before the ships had cleared the passage of the Yroise, and scattered them completely on the voyage. Not half the expedition turned up at Bantry Bay; and the ships bearing the ammunition—the powder and firearms and cannon—not at all.'

'That was very unfortunate.'

'Unfortunate!' cried Francois. 'That is hardly the word to apply to it. It is shocking, miserable, disastrous. The furies seemed to be in wait for the fleet to sail to set heaven and earth and sea in motion. It had not fairly got into the open sea when the Seduisant——'

'The Seduisant—yes! I was midshipman once on board of her. What of her?'

'Captured. And the *duxieme* regiment of infantry—one of the finest in the service—was lost in her. Not a man was saved; not a musket; not a cannon; not an ounce of powder.'

'Good heavens!'

'You may well exclaim! The Fates seemed to fight for England—the winds and storms against France.'

'And what of Ireland all this time?'

'I can speak but little of Ireland,' said Francois. 'It is French matters that have passed exclusively through my hands. But our friend here can give you some information.'

'My information,' said MacNevin, who had been listening with much interest to this conversation, 'is not very recent. It is many months since I set foot in Ireland—since I was arrested. I and the other prisoners were imprisoned in Fort Augustus, Scotland, whence I escaped some weeks since, and made my way through England to this post.'

'An adventurous journey!' said Francois gaily.

'How did you manage to pass through an enemy's country and not get re-arrested?' asked Eugene.

'I had little difficulty,' said MacNevin. 'If it were not for the way I travelled I should probably have been detected and arrested; but with my violin under my arm I played the entire way. There was but little necessity for explanation with that.'

'Not every one has such a fortunate way for travelling as you MacNevin,' said Francois.

'Yes, I paid my way like a noble man, without a farthing in my pocket In return for their largesses I entertained the English boors with such strains as never before entered into their half animal souls—the olden Irish love airs or battle marches—soft with melting passion or thrilling with martial ardor; and so I passed from the Scottish border right through the length of England until I came here.'

'How did you become acquainted with Francois?'

'Why, I was perambulating the streets one day, strongly dissatisfied that not the faintest opportunity of escape presented itself, when my eyes happened to rest on his face. In a moment I recognized him, although I had never seen him but once, in the council chamber over Nell Dowling's shop'

'Why, now I understand,' said Eugene warmly. 'I could not remember where I saw you before. It was there.'

'I don't remember having seen you——'

'Why, MacNevin—don't you remember? The 'ambassador' of whom we have talked so much?'

'What!' cried MacNevin. 'The ambassador. It cannot be.'

'It is, nevertheless,' said Eugene, smiling. If 'ambassador' you call me.'

'Well, I thought I had a good memory for faces, but I should never have known you, you are so much changed and altered! It is a good omen of the future that we should have met together again.'

'That is what I am curious to hear,' said Eugene—how you two met.'

'As I told you, I remembered Francois' face, and took opportunity of making myself known to him. He knew Captain Philip, and as we were all anxious to escape, we fixed upon that little skiff of the harbor superintendent's that lay so cosily and invitingly rocking at the harbor mouth So we stole out last night—never thinking that we should find anyone in the boat before us—least of all you.'

'You did certainly astonish us,' said Francois. I fairly thought my heart would leap through my mouth when you rose like a dark spirit from the bottom.'

'I had need to be pretty quick There was not much time for explanation with your cutlass flashing through the dark'

'Ay, Eugene,' said Francois gravely, 'you came pretty near it that time. A second later and our friend the ambassador's dreams of escape were over. If my cutlass failed to do its work, MacNevin's pistol——'

'Well, that would have been a last resource,' said the latter. 'We should have a thousand pursuers before the echoes of the shot had died away.'

'At any rate,' said Eugene with a smile, 'between you both I ran a pretty narrow risk for my life. The only one whose hand did not happen to be raised against me was the captain's.'

'Ah, by the way,' said Francois regretfully, 'I wonder what will become of him.'

'He is in a very dangerous position this moment,' said MacNevin. 'If the slightest suspicion attaches to him—and I don't see how it can fail to—he will be summarily shot on deck or swung from the yardarm.'

'You see, Eugene,' broke in Francois, 'we never expected to be forestalled in our possession of the boat, which only carries three.'

'So he sacrificed himself for us'

'It is only on a par with his whole conduct. I never knew one so unselfish or so self-sacrificing. But see! What is this bearing down on us?'

Francois pointed with outstretched hand to where a small two-master came sweeping down upon them at some half a mile distance. Half cutter, half yacht, she came towards them at tremendous speed, the brass carronade on the poop reflecting the morning rays from its burnished surface. Her enormous sails, spread to their full extent and filled with the breeze that had sprung up, were so large and extended in comparison with the diminutive size of the craft, that they made her look like an immense sea-gull. As she came pacing along half on her side, the white cleaving lines of foam swept back from her prow in two lines of glinting light.

A graceful bird of the sea, her swift motion and magnificent spread of sail caused an exclamation of admiration from Eugène.

'This one is coming to capture us!' broke out MacNevin.

'She appears to be coming on business, certainly,' said Francois, eyeing the approaching craft distrustfully yet intently.

'She seems to wonder what brings a craft of our size in mid-channel, and is going to satisfy her curiosity,' said Eugene.

'And see!' interrupted Francois, 'look yonder on the horzon! I shall be much surprised if these are not men-of-war.'

'You are right; Francois. They are men-of-war—English line-of-battle ships too,' said Eugene, after a keen survey.

'And this confounded pinnace,' said MacNevin in much alarm, 'is coming from them. What a pity that——'

'You are wrong there; this cutter is French. The English never hang their halyards so; it is a trick of our sailors, and a bad one—but they will not give it up, Yes—she is French. But see! there she comes to speak for herself'

The cutter glided towards them with the ease and grace of an eagle swooping through the air, to which bird, with its extended wings, her large sails bore no small resemblance.

'*Ohe! Abauer les voiles!*' shouted a strange voice from the prow of the pinnace, as she swept past.

'*Bien*,' cried Eugene, in ecstacy at the language in which he was addressed.

'*Qui etes vous*,' hailed the officer again, as he lifted his cap in salute.

'*Francais*,' cried Eugene in response.

'*Do'u?*'

'*Une prison Anglaise.*'

'*Enchappement?*'

'*Oui, l'chappement.*'

At these words the crowd of curious faces that lined the bulwarks doffed their caps, and an enthusiastic cheer went up from many mouths.

'*Bummez de voiles et venez a bord*,' shouted the officer again, with singular sympathy in his tones.

'That we shall with the greatest possible pleasure,' said Eugene, with delighted energy to his companions, as he heard the request.

If an archangel had called to Francois, the invitation could have fallen on no more eager ears. The cutter slackened her sail, and the skiff, altering her helm, ran up under her lee.

In a few minutes all three had clambered on board, the skiff was set adrift, and the cutter once more proceeded on her way

'Your name?' asked the officer, who wore the gold epaulettes of the French naval service, but looked quite a youth.

'Francois Delavigne, sous-lieutenant; once of General Clarke's staff, and lately a prisoner in England.'

'And yours?'

'Edward MacNevin, Irishman, prisoner of war also in England.'

'Desirous of reaching France?'

'Yes.'

'We have a good many of your nation there. You will find many comrades to welcome you. And yours?'

'My name is Eugene Lefebre—once of the Republican line-of-battle ship *La Vengeur*.'

'What!' cried the young officer, as he started back, dropping in his astonishment the log book in which he was entering the incident and names

'Not Eugene Lefebre who was to command the *Seduisant* under Hoche in the——'

'Yes, Carlo; and who was midshipman with you many years ago in her.'

Eugene! Eugene!' cried the officer, as he threw himself, with French affection and rapturous delight into the other's arms. 'How delighted I am to see you! How glad to meet you! We all thought you had been drowned at sea But now changed you are! I should never have known you.'

'I am all the better for meeting you, Carlo, in a double sense,' Eugene said, when the first burst of delight and greeting was over, 'as an old friend and present rescuer. But Carlo,' as he saw his friend about to break forth with a fresh burst of exclamations, 'remember that we have been all night at sea in that little skiff, that I have had to swim for my life, and have consequently been sitting in wet clothes all the time.'

'A thousand pardons! I was so pleased to see you I had not noticed the circumstance. Yes, your dress is wet. Come down to my cabin. But first—do you see these sail yonder? Can you carry your eye so far?'

'Yes, we have seen them already.'

'Can you tell me if they are English?'

'They certainly are,' said Eugene.

'Not Spanish?'

'No, undoubtedly not,'

'I don't know the rig out of these vessels,' said Carlo, 'and portion of my business out this morning was to see to what nationality they belonged. We have been expecting our allies, the Spanish fleet, from Cadiz. I half believed these were they. If I had not seen your little boat on the water, and become curious to know what it was, I should probably have run up to them.'

'It would have been a serious business for you if you had, Carlo, *mon ami*; but as they were the means of bringing you out this morning I shall have a greater regard for His Britannic Majesty's ships than I ever had before.'

'Here you are, gentlemen,' said the vivacious young officer, as they descended into his apartment, 'welcome once more to French ground. Oh; by the way, how you do shiver, you are thoroughly chilled. Take a glass of this—it is champagne—that will put fresh vigor into your veins, it must be long since you tasted any. Fill your tumblers gentlemen, and then into bed. You all seem worn out, and a rest will do you no harm. Nay, not a word,' added he, as he saw Eugene about to speak. 'I shall tell you no news—no, not a word—until you waken in the harbor of Brest. It would be as much as your life is worth to remain as you are. Come! Take your tumblers! the sparkling champagne will make you sleep the more soundly, should you need anything for that purpose—which I doubt. A French captain is monarch on board his vessel, and must be obeyed.'

There was no ignoring the friendly orders of the kind-hearted young officer—thus overflowing with delight at seeing an old friend under such circumstances, and full of frank hospitality—and so having quaffed the reviving wine he poured for them, they turned into their hammocks.

Eugene was not sorry to get rid of his saturated clothes that clung as tenaciously as if they were glued to him; and, as sleep closed his eyelids, he felt for the first time for twelve long months the sense of freedom breathing on his forehead, and the heavy, dull sense of imprisonment lifted from his heart.

In the grateful warmth they were all three soon fast asleep; and the sun was in the mid-sky, and the pinnace anchored at rest by the Artillery-pier in Brest harbor, before their slumbers were broken.

'Are you awake?' Eugene? Are we dreaming, or is it a reality? Is that the glorious language of France I hear spoken on deck?' Oh! glory to high Heaven that I hear its music once more instead of the barbarous Saxon jargon! That language, Eugene, was only meant for speech of savages. Do you hear?'

'I hear,' said Eugene, drowsily waking. 'Is it really actuality or am I dreaming?'

'It is actual and real enough, Eugene,' said Francois, jumping up. 'There goes a military band playing 'The Marseillaise.' Magnificent strain! Where could it be conceived but in our glorious France?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Aug. 13, 1890.—1y.

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Ch'town, Sept. 17, 1890.—tf

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEAD ACHE

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Every Wednesday

—BY—

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FROM THEIR OFFICE,

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Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Subscription: One Year, in Advance.

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All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager.

Calendar for January,

MOON'S CHANGES.

Third Qtr., 3rd day, 5h., 59m., a. m.
New Moon, 10th day, 11h., 12m., a. m.
First Qtr., 17th day, 2h., 5m., a. m.
Full Moon, 24th day, 8h., 13m., p.m.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon. Rises	Sets	C
		h m	h m	after'n	morn	af
1	Thur	7 49	4 18	10 50	11 22	
2	Fri	49	19	11 53	11 55	
3	Sat	49	20	morn	af 15	
4	Sun	49	21	0 57	0 35	
5	Mon	48	22	2 5	0 56	
6	Tues	48	24	3 15	1 22	
7	Wed	48	25	4 29	1 52	
9	Thur	48	26	5 44	2 32	
9	Fri	48	27	6 55	3 23	
10	Sat	47	28	7 59	4 27	
11	Sun	47	29	8 59	5 41	
12	Mon	47	31	9 30	7 2	
13	Tues	46	32	10 4	8 22	
14	Wed	46	33	10 31	9 41	
15	Thur	45	34	10 39	11 3	
16	Fri	45	36	11 17	morn	
17	Sat	44	37	11 48	0 1	
18	Sun	43	39	aft 2	1 26	
19	Mon	42	40	0 27	2 39	
20	Tues	41	41	1 1	3 52	
21	Wed	40	42	1 42	4 59	
22	Thur	39	44	2 29	6 2	
23	Fri	38	45	3 24	7 1	
24	Sat	37	47	4 22	7 47	
25	Sun	36	48	5 29	8 28	
26	Mon	35	50	6 35	8 55	
27	Tues	34	51	7 32	9 17	
28	Wed	33	53	8 40	9 46	
29	Thur	32	54	9 42	10 1	
30	Fri	31	55	10 45	10 20	
31	Sat	7 40	4 57	11 50	10 36	

North British and Mercantile

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FRED. W. HYNDMAN,

Old Merchants Bank of P. E. I. Water St., Ch'town, Jan. 21,

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July 23, 1890.—tf

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