

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HOW A CHRISTIAN PRINCE CAN DIE.

The details which have reached us of the closing scenes of Maximilian's life are indubitably touching, but they are more than touching, they are instructing and edifying. While showing up to still greater sanguinity and detestation the Robespierres of the Mexican Revolution, they inspire every reader with a corresponding interest in the imperial victim. Many even of those who were disposed to sympathize with the "Liberals," and who have rejoiced in the defeat and expulsion of Maximilian, are loud in their condemnation of this sanguinary act by which his ill-starred reign was terminated. There was so much of romance in the story of the Emperor and his young wife, their loves, their sorrows, their character, their personal accomplishments and attractions, the chivalrous conduct of Maximilian in refusing to abandon his friends and servants when he was himself abandoned by his imperial ally—all this was so akin to what is highest and purest in our nature, so poetical, so dramatic, that it has touched the world's heart, cold and selfish as it is, and from the hard rock brought forth a stream of kindly human sympathy that will till one day cause a terrible reaction, if we mistake not, against the pet "Liberals" who have all at once shown their tiger nature with such terrible effect.

For ourselves, whilst deeply deplored the sad event, and looking forward with certainty, based on divine justice, to the doom that will sooner or later fall on the ruthless murderers of the Emperor Maximilian, we are proud of the manner in which he died. It was such a death as we would expect from a Prince of the truly Catholic house of Hapsburg; it was the death of a Christian. Shot down in cold blood in the flower of his age, in the prime of his noble manhood, with the loves and hopes of a warm, generous nature flowing from his heart, far away from home and friends, from all that was near and dear, this worthy descendant of Rudolph of Hapsburg died with words of pardon on his lips—pardon of his cruel enemies. "Tell Lopez I forgive his treason, tell all Mexico I forgive its crime." "Poor Carlota!" Words that ought to be preserved for all time, as they doubtless will. Thus mingling the heroism of the Christian with the tender human love that was purified and sanctified by sorrow, he received the faithful companions who had followed him even unto death, and died—how? Most remarkable, most significant of all. "When the smoke cleared away," say the narrators of a scene at once dismal and glorious, "the Emperor was seen lying on the cross, on which he had fallen, not yet dead. He was shot twice in the side," and the work of death was finished. So lying on the black cross which was the symbol of death to each, Maximilian died—surely a death of honor for a Christian. One of the others fell on the ground, one on the beach attached to the cross, but the heroic descendant of the Hapsburgs prides still on the cross, and there died.

Looking back to the long ages of his house's glory, many a reader of the *TARLET* will think here of that memorable night when Rudolph, the founder of his dynasty, dismounted from his horse to place thereon a humble priest whom he met toiling on foot through the darkness and storm to bear the crucifix to a dying Christian. Walking beside his horse, the prince led him by the bridle till the priest arrived at his destination, and then refused to take the horse again, saying to the admiring priest, in his great humility—"The horse which has borne the Lord of Hosts shall never bear me"—and he continued on his journey on foot. Reminding one of Godfrey de Bouillon, who would not allow himself to be crowned King of Jerusalem, saying that he could never wear a golden crown where his master had worn a crown of thorns. Oh! how grand, how sublime, ye how simple was the faith of those Christian princes of old time—those men of the "Dark Ages"!

And who will deny that the end of the Emperor Maximilian was not unworthy the heroic faith and piety of the princes of his house, even in ages of faith. As a Christian, and a Christian prince, it was all we could wish—as a man he showed himself calm, noble, courageous, true and tender to the last. Can anything be more affecting than this incident?

On reaching the brow of the hill, the Emperor looked fixedly at the rising sun, the last that was to rise for him, and taking out his watch, touched a spring, which disclosed a small miniature likeness of the Empress Carlota. Pressing it to his lips, he handed the watch and chain to the Abbe Fischer, his confessor, charging him to bear that momento to Europe to his beloved wife, and to tell her, if ever she could understand the message, that he eyes should close on her image, that he might take it with him to Heaven. No wonder the good Austrian priest, receiving his last embrace, fell on his knees, covering the hands he held out to him with tears. Then the Bishop, asking the Emperor to give him the kiss of peace for Mexico—which Maximilian did with the calmness of a dying Christian, a faithful follower of Him who forgave his enemies on His Cross.

Nothing in modern literature comes so near the description of Maximilian's heroic end as Atkinson's description of the execution of Moutrois:

"But when he came, found pale and wan,  
So great and great his loss,  
So noble with his manly front,  
So calm his steadfast eye—  
The ruddy rose forsooth the shont,  
Each and man held his breath,  
For well they knew the hero's soul  
Was face to face with death.  
  
There was never on his forehead,  
There was loss in his eye,  
And he never wald't to battle  
More proudly than to die.  
There was color in his cheek,  
Tho' the checks of all were wan,  
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man."

One thing, however, the Emperor Maximilian did in his last moments on earth,—and we beg some of our city contemporaries to take note of it—he did not ask some one now in England to give him a good cigar, and he did not "smoke a cigar on his way to execution." Catholics never fail to that degree of moral courage in their last moments, they never meet death "face to face" with a cigar between them and the earthly king. Maximilian was Austria was far from a good Christian to forget in that supreme moment that he was about to appear before the tribunal of God. Looking at that moment for "a good cigar" would be set down as the height of moral courage in some New York bully convicted of murder in the first degree, but the son of the Archdukes of Savoy, the brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, the descendant of Charles the Fifth and Maria Theresa, was too well born by a poor farm laborer at Bures, Moravians, to be acquainted with the awful dignity of death; too deeply impressed with the words, "Death and judgment to play the swaggering brave on the threshold of eternity."

The character and accomplishments of this unfortunate prince are thus described as follows in the *Monde* of the 2d July: "This young sovereign, whose tragic end had no precedent in contemporary history, surprised and charmed those who approached him by the variety and extent of his scientific and literary knowledge; no longer now spoken in Europe was unknown to him; and he was often by turns delivering public discourses in French, German, Italian, Hungarian, Spanish, English and Latin.—Maximilian has left a series of works on various subjects, issued from the imperial press at Vienna; they consist of 12 volumes on a variety of subjects, there is in the collection philosophy, modern history, poetry, travels in Italy, a voyage round the globe, a treatise on hydrography, administrative studies, works on nautical art, to which he was much devoted, also on architecture, drawing, botany, &c., &c.; nothing is forgotten. But it is in the "Travels in Italy" that we see manifested the ideas of cosmopolitan liberalism—the application of which in Mexico was fatal to the young sovereign." See for the *Monde*. The Archduke Maximilian twice visited Paris, and on both occasions made the most favourable impressions by his presence, and his noble, chivalrous character.

We see that news of his murder has spread everywhere beyond the Atlantic. Every court in Europe has gone into mourning. In Rome the news was received with profound sorrow. The Holy Father immediately ordered a solemn service for the repose of the Emperor's soul, and celebrated Mass himself for the same intention. The cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, and all the priests present in Rome for the centenary celebration joined in the prayers ordered by Pius IX.—New York *Tablet*.

### THE YELVERTON CASE.

Probably, as rascals are usually rated by plain speakers, there is not at present in Her Britannic Majesty's dominions a greater rascal than Major Yelverton, the son of Lord Avonmore. This soldier, going out during the war with Russia, upon his way encountered Miss Teresa Longworth, who was proceeding to the Crimea to act as nurse—a course pursued by many highly respectable ladies, with Florence Nightingale at their head. He professed to this Miss Longworth an uncommon attachment, professed her in his hand, and upon the return home of the parties, he married her in a Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland. Technically, he was probably of an inferior rank of nobility, and one of these monstrous provisions of law still extant in Ireland, this marriage, although upon a side issue it had been declared by an Irish jury good and valid, has been set aside by the House of Lords. But Major Yelverton had married Miss Longworth twice. There was the color of an informal marriage also. Miss Longworth, or Mrs. Yelverton, asked the Scotch Court of Sessions to refer the matter to the court of Major Yelverton. This was decided, and she then appealed to the House of Lords. On the 27th ult. she appeared before that body, and her cause being necessarily absent, she argued her own case. It should be stated that the Hon. Major has added what is certainly moral bigamy to the other beautiful features of his career, having repudiated his Irish bride because he married her in a Catholic chapel, and has given his highly valuable hand to a Mrs. Forbes. All these years Major Yelverton has been pleading for justice in almost every form known to British jurisprudence. We have not seen the decision of the Lords, but it is not probable that she makes anything by her motion in the present instance.

We remember reading carefully some years ago of the voluminous report of the Irish trial, which went through all the facts in the case, from the Crimean marriage to the Irish marriage, and the peremptory sentence of the jury, that when the Irish marriage took place, both Miss Longworth and the Major thought the ceremony perfectly valid. After living some time with the lady as his wife, the soldier encountered somebody he liked better, or some body who had more money, and chivalrously availing himself of technicalities, he married again. For years, as we have said, his repudiated wife has been seeking for redress; in every way she has impeded the administration of law and justice; until very single-handed and forlorn, she stands before the peers of England, and pleads for her honor, her name, and her fame. Meanwhile, the destroyer of her happiness, he who swindled her at the altar of God, is enjoying the pleasures of social life, nor has he forfeited social company. As usual, it is the woman who must suffer—it is the offending man who goes not free. Mark the infamy of the whole transaction, and the shameful deficiency of the law itself. There is no pretense that this Major Yelverton is not married to Miss Longworth in a Christian Church, and by a Christian minister, nor is there any that the woman supposed the ceremony ineffective and null. By what equity, then, can a man be allowed to plead his own wrong, and to take advantage of his own crime? This is precisely what the Major does, and all the horse hair in England vibrates affirmatively to the cool and impudent evasion. "I was married," says the Hon. Major to the Peers of England, "I was married in a Catholic Church. Catholics are not fire-worshippers, and adherents to Christ and his teachings—to be the wife of the hind wren of the same opinion!" "But, my dear Madam," responds the Lord Chancellor, "you must remember the law." "The Law, Miss Longworth," says Wig No. 2, pointedly. "The law, we must stick to the law," exclaims the Duke of York. "The law," chimes the Marquis of That. "Marriages of Protestants in Catholic chapels," cries the Bishop of Tithes and Tales. "O, that will never do!" Bigamy is better than such an infraction of sacred and ancient statutes. The British Constitution must be preserved in its integrity. All the law-lords, in full chorus, cry, "Read your Blackstone, Muslim, and what a poor, wronged, miserably violated woman to answer to all this draw and dust, this here and haw, this sublime rigmarole of routine?"

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So great and great his loss,  
So noble with his manly front,  
So calm his steadfast eye—  
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There was color in his cheek,  
Tho' the checks of all were wan,  
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man."

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