

The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FEBRUARY 5, 1868.

NO. 16.

THE HERALD

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

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOBS PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and dispatch

at 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		Low Moon	
	rises	sets	Water	sets	Water	sets
1 Saturday	7 29 4	59 4	2 0	9 30	11 10	11 10
2 Sunday	28 5	1 5	2 1	14 33	10 10	10 10
3 Monday	26 1	2 6	3 2	22 36	9 10	9 10
4 Tuesday	25 3	7 4	3 28	38 38	8 10	8 10
5 Wednesday	24 4	8 15	4 29	40 40	7 10	7 10
6 Thursday	22 6	9 18	5 29	44 44	6 10	6 10
7 Friday	21 8	10 20	6 28	47 47	5 10	5 10
8 Saturday	19 9	11 16	6 2	50 50	4 10	4 10
9 Sunday	18 11	11 even.	7 17	53 53	3 10	3 10
10 Monday	16 13	0 36	8 25	57 57	2 10	2 10
11 Tuesday	14 15	1 43	9 35	1 1	1 10	1 10
12 Wednesday	12 17	2 18	10 42	5 5	0 10	0 10
13 Thursday	11 18	3 5	11 45	9 9	0 10	0 10
14 Friday	10 19	4 2	12 45	13 13	0 10	0 10
15 Saturday	9 20	4 48	0 46	17 17	0 10	0 10
16 Sunday	7 22	5 50	1 48	21 21	0 10	0 10
17 Monday	6 23	6 50	2 42	25 25	0 10	0 10
18 Tuesday	4 24	7 42	3 33	29 29	0 10	0 10
19 Wednesday	3 26	8 33	4 20	33 33	0 10	0 10
20 Thursday	1 27	9 21	5 5	37 37	0 10	0 10
21 Friday	0 29	10 7	6 44	41 41	0 10	0 10
22 Saturday	58	31 10	7 18	45 45	0 10	0 10
23 Sunday	56	32 11	25 sets	49 49	0 10	0 10
24 Monday	54	33 morn.	6 57	53 53	0 10	0 10
25 Tuesday	52	35 0	2 7	57 57	0 10	0 10
26 Wednesday	50	37 1	10 9	61 61	0 10	0 10
27 Thursday	48	38 1	19 10	65 65	0 10	0 10
28 Friday	46	39 2	2 11	69 69	0 10	0 10
29 Saturday	44	41 2	4 11	73 73	0 10	0 10

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, January 31, 1868.

PROVISIONS.

Beef, (small) per lb. 4d to 7d

Pork, (carcase) 3d to 4d

Do (small) 5d to 7d

Mutton, per lb. 4d to 6d

Lamb, per lb. 4d to 6d

Veal, per lb. 5d to 6d

Ham, per lb. 5d to 6d

Butter, (fresh) 11d to 12d

Do by the tub, 11d to 12d

Cheese, per lb. 3d to 4d

Tallow, per lb. 3d to 4d

Flour, per lb. 3d to 4d

Oatmeal, per 100 lbs. 20s to 22s

Eggs, per dozen, 1s to 1s 3d

Barley, per bushel, 3s to 4s

Oats, per do., 3s to 4s

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

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, 4s to 6s

Boards (Hemlock) 4s to 6s

Do (Spruce) 4s to 6s

Do (Pine) 4s to 6s

Shingles, per M 7s to 10s

Hay, per ton, 10s to 12s

Straw, per cwt 1s 6d to 2s

Timothy Seed, 4s to 6s

Clover Seed, per lb., 4s to 6s

Hempseed, per yard, 4s to 6s

Oatmeal, per lb., 4s to 6s

Hides, per lb., 1s to 1s 4d

Wool, 3s to 5s

Sheepskins, 1s to 1s 3d

Apples, per doz., 1s to 1s 3d

Potatoes, 1s to 1s 3d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. HERMANS,

GUN-SMITH,

BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.

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 History of Great Britain.

Gibbon's Rome.

Pollard's History of the American War.

Popular Ancient History.

The English History of America.

Robertson's Scotland and America.

History of Ireland, (Murray.)

Hallam's Middle Ages.

do. Constitutional History.

do. Literature of England.

Eighty Years' Progress in British North America.

The French Revolution.

Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, (Barrington.)

Mann's British North America.

Rise and Progress of the English Constitution, (Creary)

European Civilization, (Halmeux)

Minister of State, (Gaitout)

Two Sicilies, (Kavanagh)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, (Bayne)

Irring'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.

Parent's Knowledge.

Vestiges of Creation.

Journal and Person, (English)

Beaun & Locke.

Old Bed Sandstone, (Miller)

The World of Ice.

Martinet's Letter Writer.

Principles of Political Economy.

Encyclopedia 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, (Dr. Smect.)

ALSO, AN ASSORTMENT OF SELECT TALES

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS TO

SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Among the Religious Works will be found:

Fundamental Philosophy, (Halmeux)

History of the Church, (Pastorini)

Old Bed Sandstone, (Miller)

Life of St. Cecilia.

The Martyrs, (Chateaubriand)

Reeve's Bible History.

Cobbett's History of the Reformation.

do. Legation.

Variations of the Protestant Churches, (Bossuet)

Christian Perfection.

Spiritual Combat.

Newman's Sermons.

Imitation of the Sacred Heart.

Manual 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.

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 ties are rent, and death lies low,

This friend that friendship ill can spare,

Forever gone as almost air—

How soft 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.

When roses hide the thorns of care,

Scenes dimmed with clouds and drenched with showers,

When gazing on the empty chair.

When one the old familiar face

Beamed welcome with its genial glow,

And banded with hospitable grace

The chosen friends of long ago;

Where conversation's social flow

So soft relaxed the brow of care

A voice to utter—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 sorrow o'er the old arm chair.

As down the vale of vanished years,

A retrospective glance we cast,

How swift, how short the past appears,

The grave yard of the past!

Like snow leaves falling from 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 come 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 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 my way in my native land. I must open a path to fame either in the army or at court.'

'What will become of me?' said my poor mother, 'what will become of me?'

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

'And then, pursued she, 'Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than hers? She had 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 hers? She had noble husbands for my sisters, and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors.'

'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 revert to 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 faded 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 duke's chateau, and therefore entangled myself for the night at the Arms of France, the best in the town afforded, and sold the remainder of the march to the garrison.

Sedan was then a fortified town, the very streets had a martial appearance, and the citizens a martial air that seemed to me as a stranger, 'We are patriots of the great Turbans.'

I supped at a table d'hôte, 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 carried off the marshal's son which, indeed, and hereupon, as was natural among so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the marshal. He 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 marshal 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 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 made a compact with Satan, 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 rest of the anecdote I did not deem it worth several bumpers of Champagne to the familiar deacon of the deceased marshal, hoping he might also take us under his protection, and give us similar triumphs to the battles of Collioure and Marée.

The next morning, an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke de C—, and was conducted to the duke's study, 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