

The Herald.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 16.

THE HERALD

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, Queen Street.

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For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB 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.

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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.

Constitutional History.

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, (Baluzet)

Minister of State, (Gaitot)

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.

do. do.

Elements of Rhetoric, (Wheatly)

Mechanics for Wheelwrights, &c. &c.

Mechanics' Text Book.

Physical Theory.

Vestiges of Creation.

Journal and Perseus, (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, (Balmez.)

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,

That 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 he 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 conserves 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,

Thill 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 own 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? I will marry my cousin Henrietta; 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? I will marry my cousin Henrietta; and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors.'

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THE EMPTY CHAIR.

back to the carriage without even turning my head.

Ome 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 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, carried off by the march of the garrison.'

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, he 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.

The domestics who ushered me in told me my 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-holder. 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 proceeded 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, but he called me back, and said, '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.

'He was the Chevalier 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