The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1866. NO. 22.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

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ALMANACK FOR MARCH.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 7h. 40m., morning, W.N.W.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 11h. 40m., morning, W.
New Moon, 16th day, 5h. 24m., evening, W.
First Quarter, 23d day, 8h. 50m., morning, N.E.
Full Moon, 31st day, 0h. 19m., morning, S.

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

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The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)
The Westminster Review, (Radical.)
The North British Review, (Free Church.)
AND
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November 8 1865.—6ms.

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Poetry.

SMOKE IN WINTER.

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day,
Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
With uncertain purpose and slow deed,
As its half-awakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind, still slumbering and sluggish thoughts,
Have not yet swept into the onward current
Of the new day;—and now it streams afar,
The while the chopper goes with step direct,
And mind intent to wield the early axe.

First in the early dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from his roof,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day;
And while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird;
And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

THOREAU.

Select Literature.

A DAY ON THE COAST OF CLARE.

"A day," on a grand coast is more calculated to excite than to satisfy, especially where there is a genuine love of the majestic and sublime. The phenomena of "old ocean" evoke from those who visit her solemn regions inexpressible sensations of awe and admiration; yet, like all high pleasures, they inspire an anxious wish to reproduce in others the calm and grand emotions which such scenes cannot fail to create in ourselves.

The tower of old Scattery, and various other objects, will interest you as you wend your way to Carrig-a-holt. Having satisfied yourself with river-scenery, make across the country for the ocean, and the transition will be fraught with power and pleasure; you must do all this "cliff-work" without my help; now the foam broken near you, may, like some great sea-bird, rise in masses from its raging home, and then fly and tumble along the salt fields until wind and sun diminish its rolling bulk, and till at length, when a mile off or more, it diminishes and disappears. The castellated rocks may tremble as lashed by reeling torrents of green waters, they seem to bend against the hurling force, which rebounds from them; but these events, and much more must be seen to be rightly felt; it is presumption to attempt to describe them effectually. If you love the sea, visit Kilkee, and yet this is by no means the grandest part of Clare. "Moher cliffs," far exceed it; but there is beauty as well as sublimity here; and besides, Kilkee, with its lovely bay, is of easy access to the tourist.

But we must leave the glories of "cliff and wave," and come to the people. In this October, scenes may have been witnessed here which would induce deep and active sympathy. One or two cases will suffice to draw attention to the state of the peasantry of parts of Clare. A countryman stood listlessly on his wind-beaten farm of about seven acres; it was untilled and miserably neglected; it seemed to be a just matter of reproach, and the man was questioned. His answer was:

"I had not the seed (potatoes), sir, and God knows if I had, we would have eaten it; as it was, sir, I lost two children by starvation."

In passing along the coast, I met two little girls trotting on the road fence. One of them carried a small wooden pitcher. I asked her was she going to milk one or two mountain sheep who cropped a scanty meal of brackish pasture on the slopy field. She said not—that she was returning from the rocks after gathering "limpshines."

I looked into her vessel. It containd about a half-pint of limpets, which at the risk of her life, she had scaled from the rocks. I asked were they good food. She burst out crying, and said, "they were for them who had no better." She was going over the mountain, she told me, to "beg a head of cabbage from her auntie, to make a meal for her father and mother, two little sisters, and three brothers."

This girl did not beg from me; but if her family history is one of many in her district the facts beg, they cry aloud, they protest and declare the misery of these afflicted people. But an Irish tour must not be all sorrow, her skies are often

"Smiling through sorrow's stream,"

and such gleams pervade her stories. I wended my way to the bold headland and Castle of Dun-a-Licky (the rising mound of slaty structure). The Irish language is still useful as a topographical index to the tourist; the Irish names are all true in their indications, and Dun-a-Licky is truly a region of slates. I was esquired here by four active guides, attracted to my company merely by my wish to see and to appreciate "their country," it not being near enough to a pleasure-touring part of the coast, to be infested by mercenaries who haunt all such places. One of my companions proposed giving me a legend of Dun-a-Licky Castle; and as I sat to rest on part of the ruin, looking at the rolling sea, Jack (which was all I learned of his distinctions) related as follows.

THE LEGEND.

"You must know, your honor, that Peggy Morley was as likely a girl as any in these parts; and when the girls used to have enough of the potatoes, well and healthy they used to look, and the bit of fish used to be plenty, and nothing used to go wrong with them. Peggy was an orphan and used to live with her aunt, a widow woman, over-right that course bit of a field beyond, and she had a little crature of a brother, and they used to have a she-goat, and used to take her up to Kilkee, and get a trifle for the milk, from the ladies and the children that comes there in summer, and *things* they are sick, and the diversion and the t de-water cures them. She used to sell a little fish, shells and sea-weeds; and every way she and the little brother could earn a ha'-penny they used; and only they'd give some to the widow that *was going down easy* every day, they kept their earning; and sure enough they bought after all a donkey, and 'twas then they made a fortune entirely, for they used to take her up and have ladies and children riding out every dry day in summer, and they gathered a sight of money. Well, this was all very well, but Peggy grew up very handsome; fine black hair she had, and eyes to match, only brighter; and tall enough, and very strong and active; and for her color we won't describe, but you may be sure she was not the worst of the county Clare girls. Well, sir, ould Bill Dawley lived about two short miles from this place, and he was a widower, and the girl had some *nature* in her, and she used to go down to nurse a sickly grawl of a motherless child he had, and Bill said Peggy was very good that way; but Bill's son, Con, as fine a *boughill* as any in the three counties, used to go home with Peggy sometimes in stormy nights round them cliffs; well, as luck would have it, Con grew soft on Peggy, and the girl could not help herself but to love Con, though she well knew that the old father at home, if it comes to his ears would be mad entirely. Well, throuble always comes to the poor, and ould Bill Dawley comes by the news of Con's liking the orphan girl; and Bill being powerful rich, and intending to do a deal for Con, had his eye on a wife for him, and was very black when he heard of his fancy. So he kept the girl away from his house, though it was a throuble for him. But sir, Con was as black as his father, and he would not look at the girl the ould man chose for him, and for about three years, though they were all quiet, still they were in regular *smithereens*. Well, on a summer's night, ould Dawley was sitting here *bronagh* enough in the moonshine, and who should race in through the ould door, to drive home the ould man's big ram, but purty Peggy Morley; for many a night she drove the ould man's sheep near home, and left them safe there, and never could a word of the good she did. Well, when ould Dawley saw the girl, he said:

'Peggy Morley,' says he, 'where are you going driving my ram?'

'Bill Dawley,' says she, 'I would not hurt a hair in your ram's head, nor in your own, Bill, nor in Con's,' says she, speaking easy, 'nor in the poor little *gortah's*, that you used to let me look after, and that's now under the cold sod, and the Heavens is his bed above, anyhow; for though he was sickly, he was good, and I cried enough after him besides.'

'Peggy,' says ould Dawley, 'I never had an ill word to say to you, and when my Nance died, and left that sickly grawl to me, you were more liker'd a sister to the poor thing; but, Peggy, you put your eye upon my boy, upon my Con; and you have nothing, Peggy, and I can get a girl that has plenty for my son, and that's all I have against you, Peggy. But I must do well for him, and the best I can, and you must not think of him. I'll be good to you and to your little brother, but you can't get Con.'

Well, Peggy was dumb enough, poor thing, and when she put up her hand at last to speak, ould Dawley said stormy enough.

'Now, Peggy, do you see the cut between these two cliffs,' said he, 'how deep is it, and how wide is it, and do you hear to the roaring of the ocean in, where that terrible split is open?'

'Well,' says Peggy, 'I had not much time for my jography, and maybe you would tell me yourself what you want to know?'

'Don't be bitter, Peggy,' says he, 'the water is sixty feet down; you could hear the roar of it three miles off, and the narrow part of the gap is fourteen feet wide.'

'Not to make you an ill answer,' says she, 'I'm much obliged for your news, though I don't see that I'm much the wiser of the knowledge you gave me.'

'See, Peggy,' says ould Dawley, 'news or no news, put Con out of your notion; for, by every slate in this ould castle, and if every slate had a cross on it, you shall never get Bill Dawley's son, Con, until you are able to jump upon my big ram, and leap him across the gap in the cliff: aye, over the fourteen feet wide, with the green wather under you sixty feet deep.'

'Dawley,' says the girl, and she having a hould of the ram, 'would you lay a plan for my life?'

'I have sworn my oath,' says Dawley.

With that the desperate girl sprung up on the ram, and with a fierce harro, and a blow of her woodbine switch, she drives him on to the leap. Dawley sprung up with a wild start, sure enough, and a terrible screech; but she runs to her lean, and by all that's beautiful she clears it. Over on the other side, running towards her, was her own boy, Con. The girl clung to him, and, by all accounts for the first and for the last time she fainted. Ould Dawley walked out of the castle very shamefaced. He came to Peggy, who was come to.

'Peggy,' says he, may God forgive you and me, we both did a terriblo bad thing, but I was the worst; you ran your life for the boy, and he is yours—you won him.'

So she was married soon, and a quieter and better wife than Peggy Dawley never was heard of at the sea-side. The ould man made them very snug and the big ram was made a gentleman of and was kept in clover till he and ould Dawley died of age. And how does your honor like the story of Dun-a-Licky.

THE CLOSEST SHAVE OF MY LIFE.

[FROM STRANGE STORIES OF A DETECTIVE.]

THE prison at A—— is every way considered under a better organized and surer system of administration than any similar institution I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methods of management and discipline, and have often seen much to approve; but the prison at A—— surpasses all the rest. Visitors, of whom very properly but few are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and, most singular of all, the air of security and exceeding quiet that prevails.

As we wandered through the chambers in the freer part of the prison, we came to one from the window of which a man was looking so anxiously that he did not hear us enter. When he turned round, his eyes were glistening with tears. The warden said he did nothing but stand at that window at all times when he was unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offence was that he had beaten almost to death a comrade for speaking slightingly about his wife. He was in for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the best men about the prison. They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber anywhere; so he was elevated above his fellows to the extent of a dignified position, and the responsibility of razors.

'He has shaved me many a time better than I could do it myself. Would you like a prison shave, gentlemen?' said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowledged myself to be touched favorably with the proposition.

'Johnson, you will shave this gentleman,' said the warden.

I throw off my coat, and settled myself comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It is a villainous necessity. I wonder if anybody thinks it delightful, that hissing of the sharp steel over the cheek, and that slow scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn drum-tight.

When my face was shining with the soap, the warden said—

'We will leave you for five minutes, Mr. Barker. Is that time enough, Johnson?'

'Quite time enough, sir,' answered Johnson.

The prisoner and I were left alone. My companions went away in another direction from that we had been pursuing, and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through, leaving it unclosed. From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall, until they came to a corner, where they spoke a little with the officer in charge. Then they moved on, officer and all, out of sight.

Upon each corner of the prison wall a guard is always stationed, well-armed, to watch that no attempts at escape are made. The moment this one disappeared, I felt a sort of faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after my barber ceased operations, walked leisurely to the door and looked out, and returning, paused an instant at the window where we had found him when we entered. Then he came back to me and resumed his work. I felt vaguely alarmed.

Presently the prisoner spoke. His voice was very low, quite a whisper indeed, and he cut his words short. But how distinct they were!

'Do you hear me, sir?' he asked.

'Yes,' said I.

'It's a ticklish thing, this shaving, isn't it?' said he. 'But my hand is always steady. I can do what I please with a razor—just what I please. Be good enough to keep still, very still, just now. I'm close on to a large vein, you see, right in your neck. Keep very still, and don't stir. I know what would happen, and *so do you*, if you stirred or spoke a word.'

Good God! These were hideous words; but the glare of the man's eye, as he came round in front of me, was appalling. I could not have uttered a syllable if I had died otherwise.

'Now,' said he, 'listen, but don't move,' and he pressed the flat blade against my throat, as if by way of warning. 'I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm *going!* And so help me God, if you lift a finger to stop me, or make one noise, both of us will have to die! I would a little rather not hurt you; but—remember!'

He sprang away, and caught up my coat and hat, which lay near, still keeping the razor in his hand. The moment its frightful contact was removed my inertness vanished. I leaped up, seized the chair in which I had been sitting, and shouted lustily. He turned upon me like a tiger.

'Ah, you will have it, then!' he cried, and rushed toward me.

I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, and lifting it high in the air, brought it down crashing upon him. He sank for a second, but quickly rose again. He was heavier than I, and twice as strong, I suppose. Persons who have thus been in positions of great danger will not be astonished to hear that I forgot, after my first cry, to call out at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough, had I not in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before seen successfully employed. I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, pointing at the same time and in the same direction with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

I think that movement saved my life.

He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window, flung his hands above his head, gasped as if he were choking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling upon his knees. As I stepped quickly across the floor, he called out to me:

'Don't go, don't go!' he said. 'Stand there at the door, if you choose, but wait a minute. It's all over now; and perhaps, if you hear me, you won't wonder that I was driven mad.'

I hardly knew how to act; but as I involuntarily checked my steps, he continued:

'Look out at that window, sir, and you'll see just over the road, a woman with a child in her arms, standing in a doorway. That's my wife and baby—my poor wife and baby. She doesn't know I'm here—thank God for that. I came here under a wrong name, and she supposes I'm far away at sea. I am sure it would break her heart to know the truth. Well, sir, that's my home. I've seen it and I've seen her every day now these three months. It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now. But this chance—this great chance—was too much for me. And to think that I came near losing all hope of ever seeing her again!'

Could I doubt those struggling sobs and tears? There was truth in every tone. I looked through the window, and saw, as he had told me, a woman standing on a threshold opposite, with a child. She caught it up laughingly once or twice, and disappeared.

'You won't trust me, I know,' said the prisoner; 'but I want to beg you not to let the warden know of this. It's no use, I know. Well, I swear that I'll be true to home after this. Nothing but three years solitary now, and who can live through that? No, no, you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe me—you may indeed."

Feet shuffling along the passages announced the return of my companions. The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of unconcern which I think was very successful under the circumstances.

'Not shaved yet?' said the warden, astonished. If he had but known how close a shave I had been through!

'I have broken my razor,' said Johnson, looking appealingly at me. 'See, sir! I must have another.'

'Very well,' said the warden. 'Will you wait?' he asked me.

'I think not,' said I. 'Another time will do for me.'

So I wiped my face, and we went on our way.

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that great excitement which naturally followed so narrow an escape I think I set forward all that I could in the poor fellow's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured me that he would act in such a manner as he thought the occasion needed. He condemned his own heedlessness in opening so evident an opportunity for guilt with much more earnestness than he spoke of the event itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name. She was happy in her ignorance of his real condition. I sought to ascertain whether she was able to sustain herself until he should rejoin her; and then he told me that Mr. —, the warden of the prison, had also come to her, shown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much copied, and, I suppose, will be readily remembered:—

'It is the custom at the prison in A—— to permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration, to work outside the walls under the supervision of an officer. This privilege is, in most cases, gladly accepted. A few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man who, as his time of freedom drew near, appeared more restless under his confinement than any others. On inquiry it was found that this prisoner had a wife and child living directly within view of the walls, and that for nearly three years he had seen her daily, she being all the while ignorant of his imprisonment, and supposing that her husband, who is a sailor, was at sea, on a long voyage. He was unwilling that, at the last moment, the fact should be revealed to her; and, at his own request, he continued within the walls until his liberation, which took place last week. Excepting on one occasion, his conduct while in prison had been without blemish.'

The Bedford Independent says that one of the merry wives of that place, played a practical joke on her husband by having their babe, a sweet little infant of six months, done up in a basket and left on the front door step with a note informing him that he was the father of the child and must support it. The indignant husband swore roundly that it was not his, but saw the joke finally, when he saw the cradle empty.

Dr. Pusey was at Bordeaux recently; he had several interviews with the cardinal archbishop, and passed Sunday in the monastry of the Dominican fathers.

A letter from Rome in the Paris Debats, says:—It is confirmed that France, Austria, Spain, and perhaps Belgium, each offer to the Pontifical Government a contingent of 1,000 men.

The exodus from Ireland to the States has already commenced. An Irish paper says, emigration this year will afford abundant employment to six lines of steamers, calling at Queenstown, three of which are about to be called into existence.