The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1866. NO. 20.

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."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 3h. 27m., evening, N. W.
New Moon, 15th day, 6h., morning, E.
First Quarter, 23d day, 0h. 35m., morning, W.
Full Moon, 30th day, 4h. 17m., evening, E. N.

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

NEW PHOTOGRAPH

GALLERY,

Corner of Great George and King Streets.

THE undersigned being an operator of acknowledged skill acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Provinces, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at MODERATE PRICES.

PICTURES made in every style known to the art;

CARTES DES VISITES.

Plain or Colored. Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Pictures; also, for making Childrens' pictures for which his light is admirably suited, and in which he acknowledges no superior.

He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto failed to get a good likeness. Pictures taken from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

Instructions given in the above art.

☞ Remember the place, corner Great George and King Streets.—Entrance on King Street.

C. LEWIS.

Ch.Town, May31, 1865.

MR. WM. A. JOHNSTON,

Attorney and Barrister at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Has resumed the practice of his profession in Halifax.

Office, - - Somerset Buildings
25, Prince Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Peterson's Familiar Science.

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY!

THIS Work, which is intended for the use of Families and Schools, contains a vast fund of useful information in the form of answers to 2,000 questions on every conceivable subject, and is written in language so plain as to be understood by all. Teachers, and Pupils preparing themselves for the profession of school-teaching, as well as for any competitive examination, could not have a more useful book.

For sale by E. REILLY.

Herald Office, Kent Street, Dec. 15.

AUGUSTUS HERMANS,

Locksmith, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger,

COPPER, SHEET IRON, ZINC & TIN PLATE

WORKER,

QUEEN STREET, - - - - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

☞ Tin and Zinc WATER SPOUTS, STOVE PIPES, and Tin WARE, constantly on hand.

Stoves fitted up and repaired.

*** All orders promptly attended to.

Oct. 17, 1862.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

KENT-STREET, - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ The BEST OF LIQUORS always on hand. Good Stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I
Nov. 25, 1863.

THOMAS KELLY,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE—Queen Street, (over Welch & Owen's.)
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel.

Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. I

November 8 1865.—6ms.

JOHN BELL

HAVING COMPLETED

HIS IMPORTATIONS

FOR THE SEASON,

would respectfully invite

Intending purchasers,

to call at

Bell's clothing store

QUEEN STREET,

AND EXAMINE

THE STOCK,

which comprises

Every Novelty

IN

HATS,

AND

FUR AND CLOTH CAPS,

Ready-made Clothing,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

&c., &c., &c.

Having a large Supply of Beaver, Whitney, Pilot and West of England Cloths, Doeskins, Tweeds, Cashmeres, Vestings, and

Tailor's Trimmings,

To dispose of,

He will be happy to receive the commands of his Friends in town and country, for Garments in any Style or Fashion.

Ch'Town, Dec. 6, 1865.

Poetry.

MY NORMANDY.

Hope whispers me, when summer comes
And genial verdure crowns the plain,
That I shall see my native land,
And greet my birth-place once again;
Where first in infancy I drew
The breath of life so pure and free;
In dreams 'tis present to my view—
My Normandy; my Normandy!

I've seen the shores of Italy,
And Venice with its gondoliers,
And Switzerland, the brave and free,
Which boasts such hardy mountaineers;
I've seen all these, yet wander on,
In hope my long-loved home to see,
For I would ever gaze upon
My Normandy! my Normandy!

It seems to me a dream of life
Since youth's bright smiles have pass'd away,
And every form I loved on earth
By time's rude hand hath met decay,
Still let me live to dream of all
The sunny smiles I loved to see,
As when in youth I gazed upon
My Normandy! my Normandy!

BE DAYS OF DRINKING WINE FORGOT.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Be days of drinking wine forgot,
Let water goblets shine;
And from your memory ever blot
The days of drinking wine.
Those days of drinking wine, my friend,
Those days of drinking wine—
A temperance hour is worth a power
Of days of drinking wine.

We all have quaff'd to days long past
Bright juices of the wine;
But let us from our memories cast
Those customs of "lang syne."
Bad customs of lang syne, my friend,
Bad customs of lang syne,
Our temperance age must blot the page,
Of customs of lang syne.

We all can meet as friends should meet,
We all together dine,
Our bev'rage quaff from fountains sweet,
And ne'er regret the wine.
A temperance shrine, my friend, my friend,
We're pledged at her fair shrine;
And hold her cause above all laws,
Or customs of lang syne.

Select Literature.

THE EBONY BOX.

[FROM STRANGE STORIES OF A DETECTIVE.]

Early in June, in the spring of 185-, it chanced that while enjoying my customary ride along the eastern shore of M——, in the vicinity of the ferry of A——, I turned off through a narrow lane to the left, and came near to a cottage house, standing midway in front of a well-cultivated garden. There were indications of wealth, or at least of competency, about the place, and an air of neatness and elegancy which pleased my fancy, prone as it is to look always at the prosperous, the happy, and the fair. My horse, a livery saddle hack, was struck with equal admiration at the greenness of the grass and herbage within the enclosure, and insisted upon looking at it over the paling. The house of wood, painted of a delicate cream color, with white cornices and window-frames, was neatly covered in some parts with sweet-brier, and the white climbing-rose of our grandparents, now so rarely seen.

The green blinds of the windows were open on the eastern side, and at one of these two heads of flaxen-haired children, with pippin cheeks and roguish eyes, attracted me. They leaned too far out of the window, and the mother had just caught each rather roughly behind, as she drew them back, our eyes met, and I recognized the beautiful face of my friend Alice Liston, of former years. The recognition was mutual. I heard a little scream of surprise. Alice disappeared from the window, and reappeared at the front door. I was not loath to accept the cordial invitation which it gave me to come in.

"How did you get into this pretty house? where have you been these five years? how came little Dick and Alice by those round red cheeks? and finally, where is the name of patience, is that baby's nurse?"

"He is within; not a word more till we see him," she said, blushing with delight, and pressing both my hands with genuine and cordial friendliness.

I followed her through the house, and into the garden, where under a grape arbor which was growing and training on the lattice, I found her old father, the wheelwright, two inches taller than I knew him, and shining all over with the hues of health and prosperity. To find the pale and stooping workman of former days transformed to such a shape gave me a shock of pleasurable surprise. He was no less grateful than I at the chance that brought us together, and the afternoon slipped away pleasantly enough in bringing old times to memory.

Alice, assisted by a rosy servant maid, set tea for us in the porch, where we could see the sun set. The air was warm, the sky clear, and the stars came out, as we chatted pleasantly, brightening with new sympathy the somewhat faded picture of former days. At nine Alice carried off the children to bed, after a sharp struggle with Dick, and a shower of tears from his sister; Liston meanwhile puffing nervously at his cigar.

As soon as they were out of earshot, "Alice," said he, "is spoiling both of them, but I can't find to check her in any thing. She has suffered so many privations, it would be cruel to deny her the luxury of spoiling the children. Joking apart, however, she is a good mother, and prosperity has brought out graces and qualities in her that did not appear when we were poor."

"Well, Liston, all this is new and delightful. But to say the truth, I am positively unhappy till I hear by what chance it happened."

"By no effort of mine; it came to us when we least hoped for it. Five years ago when you went abroad, I was earning some nine dollars a week at my trade, losing a third of my time too, with illness and bad luck."

"Yes, I remember that. Little Alice was only two weeks old, and the mother quite feeble."

"We were living, you may remember, in D——Street, in a cheap neighborhood. Our rooms were on the third floor."

"It was there I paid my last visit."

"You left me at ten in the evening. I had a bed for myself in the front room, just opposite the door. There was a square table by the side of the bed."

"Yes."

"As soon as you left me I lay down to read, placing the candle on the table."

"An old habit of yours."

"I have read through many hundred volumes in that way. That night about twelve, I fell asleep, and the first thing that met my eyes in the morning was a square box, resting on the table. It was of ebony bound with brass. On the end of the box towards myself were three brass letters, S. P. L., the initials of my name. The box had no lock nor hinges. I saw that to open it the brass hoops must be cut with a file and removed. It was in size about equal to a small writing desk, such as ladies use for their correspondence. At each end was a strong handle, evidently for the convenience of lifting. I observed that the table had been moved about three feet from the bed. The candle, which was half burned when I fell asleep, was inverted in the socket. It was six in the morning when I waked. On rising and making a general reconnoissance, I found the door of my room leading into the passage standing ajar; the key was on the inside. I remembered locking it on the outside just after your departure."

"And what was in this box?"

"All in good time. I passed into the bedroom, and found Alice, and the baby, and little Dick, asleep. Both the windows were open, as I had left them, for the night was warm."

"Well, the box——"

"After a careful survey I concluded that some person must have come in by the front window, as there was no other ingress, the door of the back room being also secured, and the key in the lock as usual.

"I grasped the handles, and found the box heavy, weighing not less than fifty pounds. Thinking, from the weight that it might contain specie, I quickly closed and locked the door of my room, and made a careful examination of the exterior of the casket.

"The initials, S. P. L., puzzled me. They were of an odd barbarous shape, and could not have been cut by any American artisan. These letters seemed to authorize and invite an examination of the contents. With a file I began to cut away the brass straps, and soon removed them. Under these were large screws, which turned easily. It was now only necessary to lift the cover, when the idea offered itself that this might be a torpedo, or infernal machine, placed there with a design upon my life. Not to be outwitted by such a devilish engine, I set the casket upon end, and gradually sawed away the wood in pieces about an inch square. Within I found a lining of oakum, saturated with tar, which enveloped a second smaller box, of wood resembling cedar. I cautiously drew this out, and proceeded to saw it, as I had the other. In this second casket I found four bars of gold, weighing each some twelve or fourteen pounds, and, in a small leather bag, stuffed into a corner, twenty large dimonds, each of which could not be worth less than five hunderd dollars, and two of them three times that sum.

I searched carefully for some interior marks of ownership. There was none.

"I am by nature, as you know, cautious, slow and unexcitable, but the handling of ingots and diamonds roused a fever of cupidity in my blood, and for the time I grasped them as if they were my own. Conscience did not awaken. I made a fire upon the hearth, and burned every fragment of the casket. The handles and brass hoops were not so easily disposed of. After some reflection, I went up to the trap-door, and getting down upon the roof, threw the pieces of brass, one by one, into an open field behind the house—among bricks and rubbish.

"The next step was to discover a secure hiding-place for the treasure. Trunks, closets, the ceiling, the spaces under the floor, and a multitude of ordinary places of concealment, successively occurred to my thoughts, and were rejected.

"At length, after an hour of painful and agitating reflection, I asked myself the question, whether, if the real owner of this treasure were to present himself, and make good his claim, or whether, if I had reason to believe that, by dint of advertising and inquiry, he could be discovered, I would confess to its possession?

"The question, literally translated into the vernacular, was, indeed, 'Listen, are you a thief?'

"I was indignant, and felt insulted by the suggestion.

"'In that case,' continued Conscience,' will you be good enough, Mr. Liston, to give your reasons for burning and otherwise hiding and destroying the pieces of the casket? Nay, more. What pretext had you for opening the box at all?'

"I answered briskly, 'that my initials on the box, and the fact of its being left in my character, were a sufficient authorization; that, in fact, I had no intention of appropriating the treasure, and should, that very morning, make a special deposit of the whole in a bank, reserving only enough to pay the expenses of advertising.'

"Conscience appeared to be well satisfied with my answers; and not to break my promise with one so exacting and inflexible, I took one of the smallest diamonds to a jeweler, and sold it for four hundred dollars, deposited my treasure and the money, and inserted a standing advertisement in three daily newspapers, as follows:—

"'Found in the neighborhood of H——street, corner of G——, early on the morning of the 10th of June, a box containing a small thousand dollars in gold, and other valuables. The treasure is in the keeping of a bank, and will be restored to the owner or agent, after satisfactory identification and charges paid.—Address Z. Y., Post-office.'

"Within a week after the publication of the notice, I had received three hundred and thirty letters, each giving a different description of some imaginary box or casket. It was, of course, my duty to read each one of these notices. Some of them were written in cramped, illegible hands; others in the bold, practised style of clerks' writings.

"I soon became weary and disgusted with the perpetual reading of fraudulent epistles; and to rid myself of as many as possible, added a few lines to the advertisement as follows:—

"'The advertiser will pay no attention to communications which fail of a full and accurate identification of the box and its contents.'

"Five months and seven days after the publication of this second notice, on returning from my shop, I found a well dressed, rather handsome young man, with shining black hair, and mutton-chop whiskers of the same hue, waiting for me at my rooms. He was engaged in lively conversation with Alice, to whom (if you choose to believe it) I had not communicated the story of the box. Alice, you know, is painfully conscientious, and if I had made a confession of my first weakness, she would have grieved immoderately. But I must tell all or nothing.

"The stranger inspired, with a smile, if I was the party advertising a box of treasure; and at the same moment handed me a card with the initials S. P. L. written on the border in pencil, and the name 'J. E. Langdon, C——,' printed in the middle.

"A thrill of disappointment shot through the marrow of my bones. I had communicated the initials to no person living. The man before me had made one step toward the identification of the property by his knowledge of them. I regarded him with positive hatred. Happily, it is not what we think, or feel, but what we do and say, that is of moment. With a desperate effort I gulped down my disappointment, and from that instant the thieving sentiment did not again visit the secret recesses of my heart.

"I received the stranger with affability; and as Alice had fortunately not understood the question, as the stranger spoke to me in an undertone, I requested him to walk out. We crossed the street to a small coffee-house, and retired into a private room. 'Now, sir,' said I, cheerfully, 'let us have a description and identification, and the property is yours.'

"The stranger seated himself, and called for liquor and cigars; but as I neither drank nor used tobacco, this point of sympathy was interrupted. He seemed disappointed.

"'The box of treasure,' said he, 'which you have been advertising since June is not my property. I am sent by the owner to know what portion of the whole you will consider yours.'

"'Are you prepared to identify?'

"'Certainly; it was a box of ebony bound with brass; weighed perhaps fifty pounds; the initials S. P. L. on one end; brass handles; size about twenty inches by twelve, and seven deep.'

"'And the contents?'

"'Unfortunately I can give you no information on that point. The true owner of the box and all that it contains is Mrs. Danton, a widow lady in F——. As a friend of Mrs. Danton, I have visited you in the hope of recovering the property.'

"'I shall certainly restore to Mrs. Danton whatever of hers may be in my keeping. She has then only of late seen my advertisement?'

"'About a month ago her attention was first drawn to it by the merest accident; and even then she would not have known that the affair concerned herself so nearly, had it not been for a letter which she had just received from a relative in Batavia. The letter,' continued the stranger, 'came by the way of Amsterdam.' So saying, he produced a sea-letter, stamped with the several foreign post marks, and the name of a Dutch merchant-ship, the *Shonvrow*, Batavia, in writing. The envelope was a strong paper of foreign make. As I could not read French, and the letter was in that language, he volunteered a translation. The purport of this communication, so interesting to myself and the Widow Danton, was as follows:

'S. Paul Lavernaque, a native of Marseilles, after an adventurous life as mariner, consul's agent, and finally shipowner and buccaneer in the Indian archipelago, had at length settled, in his old age, at Batavia, master of a considerable fortune. Thinking that his younger sister, Louisa Lavernaque, married to a Danton, and soon after a widow, in Amsterdam, might not utterly have forgotten him, he resolved to send her, by the hand of a friend, a small portion of his wealth. A buccaneer by profession, this worthy brother had acquired a better insight than most men into human nature; and on the strength of his knowledge, had intrusted his treasure, hidden in a box of ebony bound with brass, to the care of an American sailor—who wished to return home—to be delivered to the Widow Danton at Amsterdam. The messenger, on his arrival, learned that Mrs. Danton had emigrated. He sailed immediately for——, arrived safely in N—— with his charge, but failed in discovering the residence of the widow. After several months of ineffectual and anxious inquiry this man had put a letter into the post-office directed to the person he was in search of, inclosing also the letter of Lavernaque. Why he had not done this sooner was unexplained.

'After reading and explaining the letter of Lavernaque, Mr. Langdon produced the letter of the sailor, a rude epistle, conveying information to the above effect, and signed 'John Smith.'

"'And now,' said the courteous Mr. Langdon, the youthful friend of Mrs. Danton, will you be kind enough to state the expenses which you have incurred, and the share of the contents of the box which you consider yours? Mrs. Danton, though poor, is liberal, and will gladly sacrifice a fourth to recover the remainder.

"I was silent.

"'In order to convince you, Mr. Liston,' he continued, 'please look over this police report. The date of the paper, you will perceive, is June 11. The date of your finding the property is June 10.'

"I took the paper from him and read as follows:

"'On the night of the 9th instant, a fatal outrage was committed on the person of a sailor, on the roadside at the north-east corner of A—— and D—— Street. A policeman saw two ruffians attack and knock down the man, who was carrying some heavy object, apparently a box or small valise, upon his shoulder. The policeman gave the alarm, but the villains make their escape, one of them carrying the box or valise. The sailor was taken to the station-house dangerously wounded with a slung shot. He was unable to speak, and died before morning. On his person were found a long Malay kreese, a jack-knife, and a silver watch worth about a sovereign.

The name John Smith was written on the inside of his tarpaulin. No person has came forward as yet to identify the body.'

"I returned the paper to Mr. Langdon with a feeling of certainty that this Mrs. Danton was in truth the owner of the property. I was disagreeably affected by his proposition to give me a quarter of the treasure, and frankly told him that I should restore the whole, excepting the expenses, and a sufficient sum to pay for the loss of time and trouble—which was considerable.

"'Would you then be satisfied,' he said, 'with a thousand dollars?'

I replied that the sum would be considered by me as liberal.

"'Well then,' he continued, 'you have only to deliver the property, and the business is concluded. Will you do so to-night?'

"'To Mrs. Danton,' said I, 'with pleasure I will give an order.'

"'Unfortunately,' he replied, 'Mrs. Danton is at F——; but here I have her order for the box and its contents.'

"'You forgot that it is in the bank, and cannot be delivered to-night.'

"'True; I will call early.'

"'At nine o'clock you can have the order. You will require a personal identification as the C—— bank.'

A slight change, like a summer cloud, passed over the face of Mr. Langdon.

"'I am a stranger in town,' said he; 'I think you had better withdraw the deposit yourself, and deliver it to me at your house, say at 12 o'clock.'

"'Very well, as you please.' And we shook hands, and parted with much civility.

Now, thought I, it is proper to open this matter to Alice. She had made tea and waited for me.

After a time she perceived that I was pre-occupied and anxious. I began at the beginning, and developed the affair in its details. She was excited and agitated. I wished to have her opinion of Mr. Langdon. She believed him to be an impostor.

"'Impossible; his proofs are complete and satisfactory. Why do you distrust him?'

"'He is so plausible—so polite and insinuating. He played with the children—and made himself vastly agreeable—I dislike his—his—whiskers.'

I could not forbear laughing. 'Come,' said I, 'Alice, that is unfair. This Langdon is a handsome man, and he naturally wishes to be agreeable to a handsome woman like yourself.'

"'Don't joke with me, Liston; I feel certain that Langdon is an impostor.'

"'Shall I consult Woodward, the lawyer?'

"'Yes, do.'

"'I thought you hated him?'

"'Well, no; Woodward is a gentleman, and shrewd; I hate his disagreeable puns and jokes, but I like him personally, and he is certainly keener than you are. You are too trustful by half.'

"'I will go and see Woodward to-night.'