

# The Herald.

VOL. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

NO. 48

**ALMANAC FOR AUGUST.**  
MOON'S PHASES.  
New Moon, 2d day, 10h. 22m., morning, S. E.  
First Quarter, 10th day, 1h. 45m., afternoon, S. E.  
Full Moon, 17th day, 9h. 24m., morning, N. W.  
Last Quarter, 24th day, 1h. 52m., morning, E.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN	High	Moon	Day's
		rise sets	Water	sets	length.
1	Monday	4 47 25 10 5	4 5 14 38		
2	Tuesday	49 23 11 4	7 29 35		
3	Wednesday	49 23 11 4	7 29 35		
4	Thursday	50 22 11 34	7 55 32		
5	Friday	51 21 10 28	8 21 30		
6	Saturday	52 19 0 17	8 48 27		
7	Sunday	53 17 0 34	9 15 24		
8	Monday	54 15 1 9	9 45 20		
9	Tuesday	55 14 1 45	10 18 17		
10	Wednesday	56 13 2 29	10 56 14		
11	Thursday	57 11 3 19	11 42 11		
12	Friday	59 10 4 33	12 24 8		
13	Saturday	5 0 9 46	0 36 5		
14	Sunday	1 1 10 10	1 38 2		
15	Monday	2 5 8 19	2 48 4		
16	Tuesday	3 4 8 53	3 59 0		
17	Wednesday	4 21 9 19	5 18 56		
18	Thursday	5 0 11 7	7 18 53		
19	Friday	6 58 11 80	7 54 50		
20	Saturday	7 57 10 8 27	48 48		
21	Sunday	8 56 0 52	9 18 45		
22	Monday	9 54 1 33	9 45 42		
23	Tuesday	10 52 2 23	10 28 39		
24	Wednesday	12 50 3 25	11 16 36		
25	Thursday	13 49 4 34	12 0 34		
26	Friday	14 47 5 48	0 7 30		
27	Saturday	15 45 7 15	1 2 27		
28	Sunday	17 43 8 1	1 59 24		
29	Monday	18 41 8 55	2 17 20		
30	Tuesday	19 39 9 32	3 34 17		
31	Wednesday	21 37 10 6	4 49 14		

**ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS**  
Bell's Clothing Store,  
Queen Street.

THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per "UNDINE," a  
**NEW and SELECT STOCK OF GOODS,**  
suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON,  
and which he is confident will give satisfaction in  
**Style, Quality and Price,**  
to all who may favor him with their orders.  
**JOHN BELL,**  
Merchant Tailor.  
May 24, 1865.

**Dr. W. G. Sutherland**  
RETURNS thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since commencing the practice of his profession in his various branches, in this city, and trusts by attention and assiduity that the same may still be continued towards him.  
By the latest arrivals he has increased his present stock of  
**Drugs and Chemicals,**  
Cholin Ferri, Tinct. Arseni, in variety; selected from the best London Houses by those competent of doing justice to the business.  
The Dispensary department will be under his own immediate supervision.  
Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practiced in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive Colonial practice in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and success.  
He advises to the poor gratis.  
Queen-Street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1865.

**NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,**  
Corner of Great George and King Streets.  
The undersigned being an operator of acknowledged skill, and acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Province, 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 Children's pictures for which his light is especially suited, and in which he acquires no superior.  
He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto resorted to every branch of his profession, and who are desirous of doing justice to the business.  
Remember the place, corner Great George and King Streets.—Return on King Street.  
C. LEWIS.  
Ch. Town, May 21, 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**  
225, Prince Street,  
HALIFAX.

**NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
WEST-STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.  
THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated for the reception of persons 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 Lodging always on hand. Good Dining for any number of persons, with a careful hostess in attendance.  
**JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.**  
Nov. 25, 1864.

**THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR 1865.**  
A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sent for the whole town, or for any one.  
We also publish the  
**FARMER'S GUIDE,**  
By Henry Sturges, of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. Murray, of York College. 3 vols. Royal Octavo, 1864 pages 67 for the two volumes; by mail, post-paid, 85.  
**LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,**  
Publishers,  
25 Water Street, New York.



**P. E. ISLAND Steam Navigation Co's Steamers.**  
PRINCES OF WALES & HEATHER BELLE.

**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**  
Commencing Monday, May 22.

**The Steamer 'Princess of Wales'**  
LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE, SHERIDIA, RICHMOND, CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, every MONDAY night at eleven o'clock, reaching Sheridia in time for the morning train on Tuesday.  
LEAVES SHERIDIA, for RICHMOND, at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning, and RICHMOND, for CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, at one o'clock same day, arriving at Chatham and Newcastle same evening.  
LEAVES NEWCASTLE, for SHERIDIA, at four o'clock on WEDNESDAY morning, calling at CHATHAM and RICHMOND, and returning to CHARLOTTETOWN at half-past ten o'clock.  
LEAVES SHERIDIA, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, on WEDNESDAY afternoon at half-past two o'clock, and on arrival of the 'Princess of Wales' at CHARLOTTETOWN, on THURSDAY morning at half-past nine; returning, leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for SHERIDIA, at twelve o'clock same night.  
LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE and SHERIDIA, every FRIDAY morning at half-past eight o'clock.  
LEAVES SHERIDIA, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, at half-past two, every SATURDAY afternoon, arriving at Charlottetown at half-past ten same night.

**The Steamer 'Heather Belle'**  
LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN, for PICTOU, every MONDAY morning at half-past nine.  
LEAVES PICTOU same evening—on arrival of Mail, about six o'clock—Charlottetown, for BRULE, every THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at six o'clock; returning to Charlottetown same evening, immediately after arrival of Mail at Brule, about five o'clock in the evening. Steamer 'HEATHER BELLE' also runs to MOUNT STANLEY BRIDGE and MOUNT POINT, on the Hillsborough River, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY market days.

**FARES:**  
From Charlottetown to Pictou, or back, Cabin 12s. Steerage 10s. 6d.  
Charlottetown to Brule, or back, Cabin 7s. 6d. Steerage 5s. 6d.  
Charlottetown to Summerside, or back, Cabin 9s. 6d. Steerage 7s. 6d.  
Charlottetown to Sheridia, or back, Cabin 12s. Steerage 10s. 6d.  
Charlottetown to Richmond, or back, Cabin 12s. Steerage 10s. 6d.  
Summerside to Richmond, do. 3s. 6d.  
Do. to Sheridia, do. 4s. 6d.  
Sheridia to Richmond, do. 2s. 6d.  
Do. to Charlottetown, do. 3s. 6d.  
Ch. Town to St. John, or back, £1 8s. 11d. or 4s. 6d.  
Do. to Portland, do. 2 10s. 6d. or 8s. 6d.  
Do. to Boston, do. 2 16s. 3d. or 9s. 6d.

**FARES—FRESH:**  
Charlottetown to Summerside, per barrel bulk. Do. Sheridia, 1s. 6d. do. Do. Richmond, 2s. 3d. do. Do. Sheridia to Richmond, 1s. 6d. do.

**RETURN TICKETS** to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s. available one week. Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.  
**EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS,** at one first-class fare, may be issued at any Ticket Office, to parties of five or more, going and returning together, and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with, the Tickets will be void.  
**SEASON TICKETS** may be purchased at Office for individuals or families.  
By Order,  
F. W. HALES, Secretary.  
Charlottetown, June 7, 1865.

**BRITISH PERIODICALS,**  
—VIZ—  
The London Quarterly Review, (Conservative.)  
The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)  
The Westminster Review, (Liberal.)  
The North British Review, (Free Church.)  
AND  
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)  
The American Publishers continue to reprint the above-named periodicals, but as the cost of printing has increased, the price of paper nearly trebled, and taxes, duties, increases, etc., largely increased, they are compelled to advance their terms as follows:—  
**TERMS FOR 1865:**  
For any one of the Reviews, per annum. \$4.00  
For any two of the Reviews, do. 7.00  
For any three of the Reviews, do. 10.00  
For all four of the Reviews, do. 12.00  
For Blackwood's Magazine, do. 4.00  
For Blackwood and one Review, do. 7.00  
For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews, do. 10.00  
For Blackwood and three of the Reviews, do. 13.00  
For Blackwood and the four Reviews, do. 15.00  
Subscribers in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to these prices, 2s. 6d. per copy a year for Blackwood, and about 2s. 6d. per copy a year, to cover the United States Postage.  
The works will be printed on a greatly improved quality of paper, and while nearly all American Periodicals are either advanced in price or reduced in size—and very generally both—we shall continue to give faithful copies of ALL the matter contained in the original editions. Hence, our present prices will be found as cheap, for the amount of matter furnished, as those of any of the competing periodicals in this country.  
Compared with the cost of the original editions, which at the present premium on gold would be about \$100 a year, our prices (1865) are exceedingly low. Add to this the fact that we make our annual payments to the British Publishers for early sheets and copyrights in GOLD—\$1 costing us at this time (Jan. 1865) nearly \$2.50 in currency—and we trust that in the scale we have adopted we shall be entirely justified by our subscribers and the reading public.  
The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our Civil War, and, though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by those of this country, of every creed and country.

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**LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,**  
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**THE BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM.**  
We reprint from the American papers some interesting extracts respecting the destruction of the great institution. In reference to the account from the New York 'Tribune,' it is to be looked upon as purely imaginary, as Mr. Barnum has published a card to the effect that there were neither lions, tigers nor bears in the place when the fire broke out:—  
[From the New York Tribune.]  
At this moment, the floor, undermined by flame, gave away with an awful crash, and the living, struggling, and screaming mass was hurled into a gulf of red and yellow fire, sending up a whirlwind of smoke, sparks and cinders to the very heavens. The last object I saw was the polar bear, upon a white log square of abutment, with the hair turned from his head and standing stark and stiff, and rapidly sinking down. Before the whole went down with the rest, a stream of sparks fell from his carcass down the side of the building, taking fire and making impromptu candles on a colossal scale. A number of the birds which were caged in the upper part of the building were set free by some charlatans who were in the first alarm of fire. At the tropical birds—parrots of all sizes and manifold colors, parakeets, cockatoos, mocking birds, humming birds, etc., as well as some vultures and eagles, and one crow. Great excitement existed among the spectators who were in the streets below as they took wing. There were confined in the same room a few serpents, which, when the fire broke out, and soon after the raising and devouring flames began to envelop the entire building, a splendid and emblematic sight was presented to the wondering and agazing throng. Bursting through the central casement, with flap of wing and lashing coils, appeared an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight. For a moment they hung poised in mid-air, presenting a novel and terrible conflict. It was the Hawk and Air (or their respective representatives) at war for the mastery. The base and lofty, the groveler and the soarer, were engaged in deadly battle. At length the fat red of the serpent sank, his writhing, sinuous form grew still, and walked upward by the cheers of the gazing multitude, the eagle, with a scream of triumph, and bearing his prey in his iron talons, soared towards the sky. Several monkeys escaped from the burning to the neighboring roofs and streets; considerable excitement was caused by the attempts to rescue them. One of the most amusing incidents in this respect was in connection with Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The veteran editor of the Herald was sitting in his private office, with his back to the open window, calmly discussing with a friend the chances that the Herald establishment would escape the conflagration, when he observed that a man was standing at the window, who, at that time was threateningly advancing up Nassau street towards Nassau. In the course of his conversation, Mr. Bennett observed: "However, though I have usually good luck in cases of fire, they say that the devil is ever at one's shoulder, and—". Here an exclamation from his friend interrupted him, and turning quickly he was taken considerably aback at seeing the man himself, or something very like him, at his very shoulder as he spoke. Recovering his equanimity with the ease and swiftness which is usual with him in all company, Mr. Bennett was about to address the intruder, when he perceived that what he had taken for the gentleman in black was nothing more than a frightened orang-outang. The poor creature, but recently released from captivity, and doubtless thinking that he might fill some vacancy in the editorial corps of the paper in question, had decended by the water-pipe and taken refuge in the lower section of the establishment. Although the editor—perhaps from the fact that he was making peculiarly large in the visitors—soon recognized his companion; it was far otherwise with his friend,

**Poetry.**  
A JUNE SONG.

Beautiful, beautiful Summer!  
Odeorous, exquisite June!  
All the sweet flowers are in blossom,  
All the sweet birds are in tune.

Dew on the meadows at nightfall,  
Gems on the meadows at morn;  
Melody hushing the evening,  
Melody greeting the dawn.

All the green hills of the forest  
Ringing and thrilling with song,  
Music, enchanting and varied,  
Fouled the green valleys along.

Rapturous creatures of beauty,  
Urging their way through the sky,  
Heavenward warbling their praises,  
Mount our thanksgivings so high.

Lo! when a bird is delighted,  
His ecstasy leads him to soar;  
The greater and fuller his rapture,  
His songs of thanksgiving the more.

See where the winds from the mountains  
Sweep over the meadows so fair,  
The grass seems the waves of the ocean,  
Or clouds flying swift through the air.

Look! how the shadows are chasing  
The sunshine from woodland to vale,  
As white fleecy clouds drift slowly,  
Blown up by the sweet-scented gale.

Buttercups, white-weed and clover,  
Roses, sweet-brier and fern,  
Mingle their odors on the breeze—  
Who from such wooing could turn?

Birds, and the gales, and the flowers,  
Call me from study away,  
Out to the fields where the mowers  
Soon will be making the hay.

Out to the heath and the mountain  
Where, 'mid the fern and the brake,  
Under the pines of the forest,  
Fragrant the couch I may make.

Ravishing voices of Nature,  
Ye conquer, but never too soon—  
I yield to thy luscious embraces,  
Thou odorous, exquisite June!

**SELECTIONS.**  
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who immediately gave the alarm. Mr. Hudson rushed in, and boldly attacked the monkey, grasping him by the throat. The book-editor next came in, obtaining a clutch upon the brute by the ears; the musical critic followed, and seized the tail with both hands, and a number of reporters, armed with inkstands and sharpened pencils, came next, followed by a dozen policemen with brandished clubs at the same time, the engineer in the basement received the preconcerted signal, and got ready his hose wherewith to pour boiling hot water upon the heads of those who were upon the roof. The monkey, however, was a regular systematized attack by gorillas, Brazilian apes, and chimpanzees. Opposed to this formidable combination, the rash intruder fared badly, and was soon in disgraceful view.  
[From the N. Y. World.]  
We believe that all the living curiosities were saved, but the fat woman, Miss Rosina D. Richardson, was only saved with the utmost difficulty. There was not a door through which her bulky frame could obtain a passage. It was likewise feared that the stairs would break down, even if she should reach them. Her husband, however, the living skeleton, stood by her as long as he dared, but then deserted her, while, as the least great intensity, the preparation rolled from his face in little brooks and rivulets, which pattered musically upon the roof. At length, as a last resort, the employers of the place, a lady dressed in a livery, who fortunately happened to be standing near, and erected it alongside the museum. A portion of the wall was then broken off on each side of the window, the strong tackle was got in readiness, the fat woman was made fast to one end, and swung over the heads of the people in the street, with 18 men grasping the other extremity of the line, and lowering down from the third story, amid enthusiastic applause. A carriage of extraordinary capacity in readiness, and entering this, the young lady was driven away to a hotel.  
The Nova Scotia giants, Miss Anna Swan, being of a more active disposition, made better headway and reached the haven of safety, the Sun office, at an early hour, without scratch or damage of any kind. She also lost her wardrobe and about two hundred dollars in gold coin, which was placed for safe keeping in a trunk in her private room in the museum. Miss Swan is a tall, lady-like personage, over eight feet in height, and when walking has rather a crushing effect on all average beholders in size and bulk. She was dressed in a grenadine robe trimmed with green ribbon, and her hair, which she wears in a bun, is put in her manner. She is stopping at Power's Hotel for the present.  
The gem of the collection is the Circassian girl, Miss Zoula Hassan. She is a young lady of surpassing appearance, sixteen years of age, habited in the national costume of Circassia, consisting of a tunic of blue merino, trimmed with silver lace, a loose orange Turkish trousers, turned in at the calf, and a pair of red leather garters, displaying to the beholder an ankle of artistic finish and trim. Her hands are very small and aristocratic, and she wears her hair in a rather unusual and peculiar manner. Miss Hassan is the daughter of a grand-niece of the prophet Shamy, and says that she was brought up under the fostering care of her uncle, in the town of Scutari, in the Caucasus. On reaching Power's Hotel, after performing her devotional ablutions after the conventional Mahomedan manner, she made her appearance in the ladies' parlor, attracting great attention by the beauty of her features and the charming sparkle of her deep blue eyes. She complained bitterly of the loss of her music, which was consumed in the general wreck and chaos.  
Over one hundred men are thrown out of employment by this unlucky occasion, and of that number hardly one of the entire company saved anything of value, except the collection of books, which were the property of the museum, and the bulk of the industrial collection, including a young lady who was notable museum habitues, from her ruddy cheeks and coquettish black hair and eyes, lost all her wearing apparel and her hair, which she had just had cut, and which she had been wearing in a peculiar manner. Her hair, which she had just had cut, and which she had been wearing in a peculiar manner, was lost. Her hair, which she had just had cut, and which she had been wearing in a peculiar manner, was lost.

**BANQUET TO THE HON. CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.**

The Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy was entertained on Tuesday evening, June 27, by his friends and admirers at a banquet in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin. Covers were laid for 150 gentlemen.

After dinner J. B. Dillon occupied the chair. The Chairman in an eloquent and graceful speech, proposed, amidst cheers, the health of the guest of the evening, CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

The toast was enthusiastically received and honored. The Hon. gentleman then rose amidst loud applause, and said—I am rejoiced to stand once more on an Irish platform, surrounded by old friends and comrades, and in face of an Irish audience. In the ten years since we parted, it has been a source of secret pleasure to me to reflect that, whatever personal success I personally attained, I had not forgotten my country, and to-day I stand here to strengthen our common cause, and to ward off, as I believe, the danger which is threatening our country, and which is as fatal a foe as any that we have met in our history.

At that time we were in the midst of a struggle, the fruits of our own industry in peace—has been more than attained in Australia. All that we ask for the Irish nation—to rule and possess their own country without external interference—has been completely attained in Australia; and whenever I saw any of these successes won, whether I was a mere spectator or an actor in the struggle, there rose in my mind the exclamation of Patrick Sarsfield at London. "Would to God that this were for Ireland." Standing in this place it is hard to press the memories of the past; of the twenty years in which I have had some share in Irish affairs, and of the generous friends with whom I had the happiness of being associated—friends as I never met in the world. It is still more difficult for me to stand in this place and not to speak of the condition in which I find the country returning to after so many years absence. I am not a candidate for a seat in parliament, or any other office of power or distinction which the Irish people can confer. I have never sought or accepted anything from their hands to the value of a postage stamp, except the opportunity of seeing them according to my humble capacity; and I never shall. And I positively declare that I would rather have continued to work as a volunteer in their service than enjoy the highest distinction that any other country under the sky could confer if they only been true to their service (hear, and cheers). Now in what condition do I find Ireland? In what condition does a stranger who comes from a distant country, and desires to judge for himself without prejudice or exaggeration, find it? On the far side of the British Channel he sees England more prosperous than ever she was since the island existed; with resources that are boundless, and seem to expand in proportion to every demand on them. In Ireland, under the same sky and government, a universal depression, a nearly universal discontent, and the bulk of the industrial population pouring itself recklessly into the bosom of a foreign country. I affirm that for any people to endure this calamity as it is endured in Ireland is shameful and criminal. It is not a law of nature which the people of Ireland—of all people on the face of the earth—are alone to be exterminated out of their own country (cheers)? There is no such law, in the name of the benign Ruler of the Universe, why should we endure it? It may be told that it is endured because remedy is hopeless. I deny that all efforts have been made in vain; and I affirm that the Irish people are in their present disastrous condition mainly because they have never persisted in any adequate effort to be relieved of it. In Hungary, after her overthrow in 1848, the idea of armed resistance to Austria seems to have been abandoned as hopeless; but the irrepressible desire of the people to possess the free institutions which their fathers enjoyed led them to use every means that remained to them, and year after year they have renewed their demands; and now it is that their wishes will be complied with, and the free constitution of Hungary revived. In Prussia the whole power of the State is wielded by a despotic King; or, if the popular branch of the legislature; but the people of Prussia are not to be disheartened, and after three dissolutions they have three times re-elected their faithful representatives. In France, under the boot of despotism which might well kill hope, wherever the smallest opening presents itself—a local election, a parliamentary opposition of a dozen or a score against hundreds, an election in the Institute—they seize the opportunity to reassert their opinions (cheers). History has broadly marked upon it the truth that persistence like this in a just cause is crowned with victory. We must do what all these nations I have cited do—use the means within our power and make the most of them. As regards parliamentary action, I repeat that the Irish people have never been given a chance. For thirty years, for thirty years I have had daily experience of what parliamentary government is, what it can do and what it cannot do. I know how broken Ireland is by famine and emigration, and yet I declare my solemn conviction, on my honor as a man and on my faith as a Christian, that with the means still at their disposal, if the people of Ireland, or a reasonable majority of them, were resolutely determined to put an end to the system under which the population is perishing, they could do so (cheers). The power of a small number of men in parliament, who are prepared to abandon all desire of personal advantage, from their position, and who only demand that the people be free, is immense. I do not believe that a compensation for future improvements will stop the fight of the people; and I do believe that it is easier to get a radical cure for that desperate evil than some temporary placebo. Nobody will trouble himself much for any measure the effect of which is doubtful, but a measure calculated to retain and protect the people would, I believe, evoke all our remaining strength (cheers). A genuine statesman who had to deal with Ireland would feel, I think, that the government does not discharge the duties for which government exists, when it leaves the mass of the people no option but to live in misery or fly to a foreign country (cheers). The most conservative of statesmen might well declare, as the principle of his administration, that if the landlords of Ireland cannot maintain their privileges except at the price of destroying the population, they cannot be permitted to enjoy them on such terms. A man like Sir Robert Peel, whose aims in the latter part of his life at least were lofty and generous, would, I believe, have risen to the height of such an occasion. He would have planned a social revolution of the sort that has occurred either by the will and guidance of statesmen, or by the rude force of the masses in every country in Europe to curtail and regulate or to blot out and abolish the remnants of a feudal system (cheers). I can well conceive him framing a system by which the Irish landlords would receive, as rent only for the future, a reasonable fixed proportion of the produce of the farm; and, to satisfy the most scrupulous theory of the rights of property, he might accompany such a law with a provision for buying out landlords who objected, and placing the farms in direct communication with the State, as their only landlords for the future. Has any one the smallest doubt that if it were necessary to do this in order to save the English people, it would be done? Is there any one here who does not know that the possession of land property in France, Austria, Prussia, and elsewhere, but if we are to expect anything from parliament, we must set to work in a different spirit from any that prevails, as far as I can perceive, at present. If the Irish popular vote are to be harnessed for money or for power, it is in vain to talk of a radical cure; and again, one of the most difficult tasks in the world being given to Irish members, to influence a hostile legislature, any one is thought good enough for the task.

Buttercups, white-weed and clover,  
Roses, sweet-brier and fern,  
Mingle their odors on the breeze—  
Who from such wooing could turn?

Birds, and the gales, and the flowers,  
Call me from study away,  
Out to the fields where the mowers  
Soon will be making the hay.

Out to the heath and the mountain  
Where, 'mid the fern and the brake,  
Under the pines of the forest,  
Fragrant the couch I may make.

Ravishing voices of Nature,  
Ye conquer, but never too soon—  
I yield to thy luscious embraces,  
Thou odorous, exquisite June!

**SELECTIONS.**  
THE BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

We reprint from the American papers some interesting extracts respecting the destruction of the great institution. In reference to the account from the New York 'Tribune,' it is to be looked upon as purely imaginary, as Mr. Barnum has published a card to the effect that there were neither lions, tigers nor bears in the place when the fire broke out:—  
[From the New York Tribune.]  
At this moment, the floor, undermined by flame, gave away with an awful crash, and the living, struggling, and screaming mass was hurled into a gulf of red and yellow fire, sending up a whirlwind of smoke, sparks and cinders to the very heavens. The last object I saw was the polar bear, upon a white log square of abutment, with the hair turned from his head and standing stark and stiff, and rapidly sinking down. Before the whole went down with the rest, a stream of sparks fell from his carcass down the side of the building, taking fire and making impromptu candles on a colossal scale. A number of the birds which were caged in the upper part of the building were set free by some charlatans who were in the first alarm of fire. At the tropical birds—parrots of all sizes and manifold colors, parakeets, cockatoos, mocking birds, humming birds, etc., as well as some vultures and eagles, and one crow. Great excitement existed among the spectators who were in the streets below as they took wing. There were confined in the same room a few serpents, which, when the fire broke out, and soon after the raising and devouring flames began to envelop the entire building, a splendid and emblematic sight was presented to the wondering and agazing throng. Bursting through the central casement, with flap of wing and lashing coils, appeared an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight. For a moment they hung poised in mid-air, presenting a novel and terrible conflict. It was the Hawk and Air (or their respective representatives) at war for the mastery. The base and lofty, the groveler and the soarer, were engaged in deadly battle. At length the fat red of the serpent sank, his writhing, sinuous form grew still, and walked upward by the cheers of the gazing multitude, the eagle, with a scream of triumph, and bearing his prey in his iron talons, soared towards the sky. Several monkeys escaped from the burning to the neighboring roofs and streets; considerable excitement was caused by the attempts to rescue them. One of the most amusing incidents in this respect was in connection with Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The veteran editor of the Herald was sitting in his private office, with his back to the open window, calmly discussing with a friend the chances that the Herald establishment would escape the conflagration, when he observed that a man was standing at the window, who, at that time was threateningly advancing up Nassau street towards Nassau. In the course of his conversation, Mr. Bennett observed: "However, though I have usually good luck in cases of fire, they say that the devil is ever at one's shoulder, and—". Here an exclamation from his friend interrupted him, and turning quickly he was taken considerably aback at seeing the man himself, or something very like him, at his very shoulder as he spoke. Recovering his equanimity with the ease and swiftness which is usual with him in all company, Mr. Bennett was about to address the intruder, when he perceived that what he had taken for the gentleman in black was nothing more than a frightened orang-outang. The poor creature, but recently released from captivity, and doubtless thinking that he might fill some vacancy in the editorial corps of the paper in question, had decended by the water-pipe and taken refuge in the lower section of the establishment. Although the editor—perhaps from the fact that he was making peculiarly large in the visitors—soon recognized his companion; it was far otherwise with his friend,

who immediately gave the alarm. Mr. Hudson rushed in, and boldly attacked the monkey, grasping him by the throat. The book-editor next came in, obtaining a clutch upon the brute by the ears; the musical critic followed, and seized the tail with both hands, and a number of reporters, armed with inkstands and sharpened pencils, came next, followed by a dozen policemen with brandished clubs at the same time, the engineer in the basement received the preconcerted signal, and got ready his hose wherewith to pour boiling hot water upon the heads of those who were upon the roof. The monkey, however, was a regular systematized attack by gorillas, Brazilian apes, and chimpanzees. Opposed to this formidable combination, the rash intruder fared badly, and was soon in disgraceful view.<