

The Herald.

VOL. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1865.

NO. 41.

ALMANACK FOR JUNE.

MOON'S PHASES.
First Quarter, 1st day, 4h. 10m., morning.
Full Moon, 9th day, 5h. 29m., morning.
Last Quarter, 16th day, 7h. 41m., morning.
New Moon, 23rd day, 3h. 4m., morning.
First Quarter, 30th day, 9h. 29m., evening.

DAY	MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN	High	Moon	Length
			rises	Water	sets	
1	Thursday	h m	4 17	37	4 0	14 15
2	Friday	4 17	37	4 0	14 15	21
3	Saturday	16	39	5 23	1 7	23
4	Sunday	16	40	6 8	1 34	24
5	Monday	16	41	6 53	2 5	26
6	Tuesday	15	42	7 40	2 36	27
7	Wednesday	14	42	8 29	3 13	28
8	Thursday	14	43	9 20	3 56	29
9	Friday	14	44	10 0	4 34	30
10	Saturday	14	45	10 43	5 26	31
11	Sunday	14	45	11 37	6 34	32
12	Monday	13	46	even.	10 5	33
13	Tuesday	13	46	1 23	10 40	34
14	Wednesday	13	47	2 15	11 13	34
15	Thursday	13	47	3 6	11 47	34
16	Friday	13	48	3 58	12 15	34
17	Saturday	13	48	4 49	0 25	35
18	Sunday	13	49	5 42	0 55	36
19	Monday	13	49	6 36	1 30	36
20	Tuesday	13	49	7 32	2 10	36
21	Wednesday	13	50	8 30	3 0	37
22	Thursday	14	50	9 27	3 54	37
23	Friday	14	49	10 20	4 52	36
24	Saturday	15	49	11 17	5 54	35
25	Sunday	15	49	12 9	7 0	34
26	Monday	16	49	0 56	8 16	34
27	Tuesday	17	49	1 42	10 40	33
28	Wednesday	17	49	2 25	11 43	32
29	Thursday	17	49	3 8	11 9	30
30	Friday	18	49	3 50	11 37	32

SELECTIONS.

THE CHIT CHAT OF PARIS.

(Paris Correspondence of Montreal Herald.)

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT PEACE.

The Imperial pair appear to continue on excellent terms, notwithstanding the circumstantial accounts of quarrels periodically got up in this city. The Empress accompanied by Majesty at far as Fontainebleau, the Prince Imperial, with pretty Princess Anne, and other ladies and gentlemen of her suite, coming back to town in the evening. The little Prince is growing fast, is becoming handsome, and has very pretty and winning manners. He is said to have a will of his own, which he certainly comes by honestly enough, both his father and his mother being remarkable for their strength of resolution. But he has, fortunately, a good heart, and much generosity, to moderate a temper which might otherwise generate into obstinacy. He is a capital little horseman—until lately, the Prince used to ride out alone, attended only by servants; but this arrangement was not quite to his mind, he presented himself a short time ago in the Emperor's study, and going up to the table at which the latter was at work, said to him, "Mon pere, I am obliged to ride by myself, which is very tiresome. I should enjoy these rides so much more if one of my little friends, little Conneau, for instance, might come with me."

"Very well," returned the Emperor, "I should like nothing better than for you to have your little friend with you. But little Conneau has no horse."

"I've thought of that," rejoined the child, eagerly, "but I have three, and I could give him one of them."

"I have no objection said the Emperor, "which one will you give him?"

"I should like to give him Buttercup," replied the Prince.

"Buttercup!" exclaimed the Emperor, "why, that is just the one you like the best!"

"Oh, yes, much the best," replied the little Prince, "and that is why I thought of giving him to little Conneau. Where would be the merit of my giving him one of those I like the least?"

The Emperor smiled at this reasoning, and patted the child approvingly on the head, but proceeded gravely to show him that, however right and proper it might seem, it would not be right or proper to do so, seeing that he was a gift from Queen Victoria, and that to give him away would be showing proper gratitude or respect to Her Majesty; and that, therefore, it would be better for him to continue to ride Buttercup himself, and give one of the other ponies to little Conneau. The little Prince, who had not thought of the matter from that point of view, at once admitted the force of the Emperor's argument; but having obtained the Emperor's permission to invite Dr. Conneau's charming little son to accompany him in his rides, and to give him one of his other ponies, he went off in high glee, sent at once for his little friend, who lives just across the street, and informed him of the delightful fact that he was to ride with him, and taking him down to the stable, presented him, then and there, with the next best of his three ponies.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Marshal Cannebort, one of the most able and upright of the Imperial partisans, is a rheumatic as his master, but owes to this circumstance the acquisition of his charming young English wife, a great favorite with both the Emperor and the Empress. The Marshal, three years ago, went to Aix in Savoy, famous for ages for the anti-rheumatic virtues of its waters. At the hotel honored with the Marshal's patronage an English family was also staying; and the Marshal, who happened to be seated at the table d'hôte opposite the lovely young daughter of the rheumatic English mamma, straightway fell in love with her, and prosecuted his suit with so much vigor and success that he was not long in gaining the affections of the young lady, though almost old enough to be her grandfather. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp in Paris, in presence of the Emperor and the Empress, the Empress bestowing a dowry of 500,000 francs on the young lady, besides a magnificent present of diamonds, a joint gift of the Imperial pair to the charming English bride of the brave soldier they esteem so highly.

THE VERY LATEST FASHIONS.

The "summer fashions are now decided; and a listening universe should understand its master, should clothe as to array themselves in pale silks with large flowers, or in the new transparent muslins principally with white grounds, scattered over with immense bunches of flowers, so exquisitely portrayed as almost to rival nature, pink, pale green, ribbons, coming to meander in wonderful twists and geometrical patterns between the flowers. Or they may wear white gauzes, or very light muslins, of very pale blue, cross-barred with narrow lines of some bright hue; casques of the same bright color being the rage for walking costume. The fate of ermine is again trembling in the balance; several very grand ladies of the Faubourg of St. Germain have recently shown themselves without a particle of that troublesome addition to the feminine toilet. As for bonnets they are so small that it is hardly possible to see them. What do my lady-readers think of a tiny "hat-handkerchief" composed of three braids of straw only with rose and a little blond under its outer edge, and a pair of pink strings, as a "protection" for a lady's head in a promenade? Yet this very "bonnet" is showing itself in the street at this moment, with no other addition than five stars, bright steel, sown on the hinder one of the printed one. The whole of the hat is covered with back hair, merely enveloped in a net, is thus exposed to the admiration of all passers.

THE GRANDEST MILITARY DISPLAY IN THE WORLD.

[From the New York Herald.]

Yesterday the magnificent review at Washington. The vast army of two hundred thousand American soldiers commenced to pass before the President and the Lieutenant General. The scene as it is not more Napoleon's review of course crowded with strangers from all parts of the Union, and their cheers expressed to the brave veterans the gratitude which the country feels towards them for its preservation. There have been many grand military displays in the past, but never before has there been so grand a display. The number of soldiers in line is immense. The grand review at Napoleon's review in 1812, numbered only one hundred and sixty thousand men. When Napoleon reviewed his army of two hundred thousand men at the opening of the first Russian campaign, many of his soldiers were young conscripts, fresh from the farm and counter. The great battle of Waterloo, reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, after the capture of Paris in 1814, numbered only one hundred and sixty thousand men. The army which is, in fact, but a part of our force, since the commands of Thomas, Schofield, Curtis, Ord, Canby, Foster, and others are not represented—is composed entirely of veterans, and is quite two hundred thousand strong.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

The denouncement of a singular little drama of real life has just reached us from Berlin. It seems that six years ago a notary, named Karl S., suddenly disappeared. For two months the police were engaged in searching for his supposed assassin, but without effect, and the investigations were about to cease when the judge of the district received one evening a letter to the following effect:

"Herr Judge, I have been assassinated by my brother, Jean R., who, after robbing me of the profits of the debt, buried me at the foot of the north wall of the Park of Count Von M.—"
(Signed) Karl S., Notary."

The Judge, on receipt of this strange letter, caused a search to be made on the spot indicated; the corpse was found, the assassin seized, tried, and executed, after making a full confession of his crime. For six years all endeavors to explain the mystery of the letter have remained without result.

A week ago, M. de B. was married at Berlin to a rich and beautiful young widow, the Marquise de L.—. On the day following his wedding, the bridegroom presented himself at the police office, and made a declaration to the following effect:

"Six years ago, I was deeply in love with the daughter of the Count de M.— who returned my passion. I was poor, and her father, notwithstanding our mutual attachment, refused his consent to our marriage, and gave his daughter's hand to the Marquis de L.—. The evening before the celebration of this marriage, I obtained from Madame de M.— the promise to meet me near the park wall, for a late night, a little before midnight. I scaled the wall, and found the young lady waiting for me, accompanied by a trusty attendant. Our tears and protestations were suddenly interrupted by a piercing cry. The young lady fled with me to the house, I climbed up to the top of the wall, and was just going to drop myself down on the other side, when, by the light of the moon, I saw a man kneeling on a corpse, and rifling the pockets of his victim. My first impulse was to spring on the assassin, but I reflected that if I succeeded in securing him, I must explain my own presence in the park at that hour, and, in doing so, must compromise the young lady. I therefore remained motionless, and saw the assassin, whom I recognized perfectly, bury the body of his victim at the foot of the wall on which I was crouching. The next day, M. de M.— became the Marquis de L.—. Married to a violent and jealous man, her position made it yet more incumbent on me to pass unaverted; but, in order that the murder might not pass unavenged, I thought of one of writing the letter which led to the arrest and confession of the murderer. For six years I kept silent on the subject of what I had seen. The death of the Marquis de L.— having left Madame de M.— a widow, I married her yesterday. As she is now my wife,

and I have, therefore, the right to defend her against all suspicion, I have presented myself in order to explain the agency by which the letter was sent to the judge in the name of the murdered man.

These thousands of soldiers may fight no more; their remaining years may be passed in quiet usefulness at their homes; one by one they may pass away, honored and beloved by all, like the patriots of the Revolution; scattered far and wide, their bodies may rest sweetly beneath the flowers and the grasses; but all this while their souls and those of their slain comrades will be marching on. On—fill the throngs shake and crumble the sound of their coming, and are crushed beneath their steady tramp. On—fill the people everywhere and demand their liberties tyrannized over by his fellow men, and no aristocracy lords over the down-trodden masses. On—fill every nation in a republic, and every man a freeman. On—fill the soldiers of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have saved the world as they have saved the Union. On, and on, and on!

THE EMIGRATION TO THE SOUTH.—While there is a great deal of talk about the Mexican emigration scheme, the departure of hundreds of persons from the North to the cities of the South, goes steadily and quietly on. Professional men, mechanics, and indeed, men representing every department of industry are hurrying Southward to try their fortunes. Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Norfolk, Mobile, New Orleans, and the other principal cities of the South are the chief attraction; but as soon as the war shall have actually closed many of these pilgrims will make their way to the interior. On Saturday we were informed that an advertising firm newly established in N. Y. city received \$2,800 to pay for advertisements to be inserted in Southern papers. It is stated that the demand for carpenters in the South is already greater than the supply, while masons, plumbers, wheelwrights and painters are very scarce.

SOUTH CAROLINA DISOBLATE.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a description of his visit to Charleston, says South Carolina "swings the web of the Union as on a spider's web swings the body of a fly, a mere shell." Its desolation and punishment are beyond conception. Every invested dollar, almost, all the orphan's funds, all the widow's funds, all school funds even, were exchanged for Confederate bonds; and the bonds are not worth the paper they are printed on. Gov. Aiken told him, that in many places in the State there is not a young man left between the age of twenty and fifty. A generation has been cut off. Charleston is utterly bankrupt—its old rich families wiped out and gone—and the city can never recover its standing, except by the progress of some population. As South Carolina was the greatest sinner, so she has been most severely punished in this respect. Other States and cities at the South may soon recover their former prosperity and standing, but it must be a long time before she can again take her place in the Union. When she does a new class of people must owe her soil, and her business, and control her destiny. The "chivalry" are no more.

CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.—In a recent speech, ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana, said—

"As to the cant about the negro's inability to take care of himself, he had these facts to offer: In 1852 the rebel legislature of South Carolina raised a committee to inquire into the expediency of enacting the 5000 free negroes of Charleston. That Committee reported against it, and stated that those 5000 negroes paid into the treasury of Charleston annually \$27,000, and that their property amounted to \$1,500,000. It was composed of slaves; that the 9000 free negroes of New Orleans in 1850 were worth as much "per capita" as the white people of Louisiana; that these free negroes had their own schools, and their own benevolent societies, &c.—These facts, he contended, proved that the free negro was capable of taking care of himself. He also stated that a lady who owned 1500 negroes in 1860, told him that she had lost them all but two hundred by the beginning of 1864. That year she had made a contract with them to cultivate her farm on the shares, and that last year, under such a system, where the negro was working for himself as well as his mistress, she 200 made her more money than the 500 had done in slavery."

A Russian soldier recently while enjoying himself at a rustic ball in one of the Polish villages, boasted that he could put a bullet through a man's hat at one hundred paces without touching his head. A peasant accepted the wager, but in order to foil the marksman squeezed his hat so low down over his eyes that the ball went through hat and head both, and left him a corpse on the ground. The soldier was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for his impudence, alleging that the fault lay with the peasant, and offering at the same time to repeat the experiment with the judge, providing the latter did not "honnet" himself so completely. Le Moniteur de l'Armee, from which we extract the story, does not inform us whether the learned functionary accepted the soldier's very liberal offer."

Of forty-seven thousand seamen whose names are recorded during the twelve years ending 1865, in the English Board of Trade returns, no less than twenty thousand died from drowning, and more than two thousand from accidents of various kinds.

A boy, 16 years of age, was brought up at one of the London Police Courts on the 6th, and bound over to keep the peace for assaulting his wife. It appears from the evidence that the lad was married about nine months ago.

The evening before Liszt, the pianist, took the cow at Rome, he gave a farewell concert at the residence of the Princess Barberini.

The celebrated John Mitchell has transferred his services from the Richmond Enquirer, to the New York Daily News, ultra-Democratic organ of that city.

The Prince of Wales has contributed liberally to the London Catholic Bazaar. His Royal Highness has also sent twenty-five guineas to the funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Ireland.

The average weekly numbers leaving the County Kerry are from two to three hundred. The emigrants comprise the bone and sinew of the land.

IRELAND.

THE HON. THOMAS D. MCGEE'S TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF IRISH LIFE IN AMERICA.

The Hon. T. D. McGee, Minister of Agriculture in Canada, who has come to this country as the leading member of a Delegation from the Canadian Government to the International Exhibition, addressed a crowded meeting in the Assembly Rooms of Wexford, on Monday evening, May 15—the Hon. Mr. Lambert, President of the Young Men's Society, in the Chair, in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor. The hour of meeting was eight o'clock, and at that time a very large audience, evidently interested in the subject, was present to welcome Mr. McGee on his appearing again among his countrymen, had assembled. Mr. McGee was received, on entering the Hall, with warm and repeated cheering.

After silence had been restored, Mr. McGee, being briefly introduced by the President, said—Mr. Chairman and fellow-townsmen—I thank you most heartily for this very cordial welcome, after so many years absence from among you. It is more than I expected—it is much more than I deserved; and I can only account for it by the number of faces of old school-fellows I can easily count on every side of me. But I will confess to you that I revisit our good old town with a depressed spirit; for, as you know, all of those to whom, by the ties of nature, I was bound, but one remains to bid me welcome—the rest lie quietly in the shadows of Selkirk churchyard. There my first duty was paid yesterday—to-day, however, I am called upon to remember my obligations to the living—especially to those who sent me back to my native land upon a gratifying official mission, obligations which I shall endeavor to discharge in part to-night by giving you frankly, fully and fearlessly, my "Twenty Years' Experience of Irish Life in America." I say twenty years; for you will remember that I spent the years from 1842 to 1862 in the United States, and that I was one of the Young Ireland fugitives of 1848. I am not at all ashamed of Young Ireland—why should I? Politically, we were a pack of fools, but we were honest in our folly; and no man need feel at forty for the follies of one and twenty—unless, indeed, he perseveres in them, having no longer the fair excuse of youth and inexperience. My object is not so much to discuss the great general question of the economy of emigration, as to lay before my fellow-townsmen and so many of my fellow-countrymen as may do me the honor to read the report of what I have to say, the true position of our countrymen in Republican and in British America. However it may conflict with any existing theory, I must set out with the plain statement of fact—which every one who knows the United States people knows well to be true—that there is no such thing in existence as a national sentiment of sympathy with Ireland in that country. The electing rhetoric of the stump orators, the spontaneous benevolence of the American demagogue, the benevolence which they exercised towards Maderia and the Cape de Verdes in their famine, and Hamburg when it was laid in ashes, just as cheerfully as towards Ireland—has misled many in this country to attribute to another and more permanent cause that noble exercise of national benevolence.—But I state here, an indisputable truth, that there is no more national sympathy for Ireland, in Ireland, in the United States, than for Japan, and far less than exists for Russia. Let me account for this, which I know will not prove a palatable tablet to tell your preoccupied public (England and the first place, the six Northern and New England States—still strongly tinged with puritanism—prosperous, and proud of their prosperity, and highly trained in mere school learning—hate the Irish Catholic emigrant for his creed, despite his poverty, and ungrateful him for his want of book learning, and his ignorance of the most full bodies of our emigrants—the Irish democrats of the great cities, like New York and Philadelphia—unaccustomed to the duties of suddenly acquired citizenship, have been used and abused by native born and Irish born demagogues. They have come roughly into competition with native labor; they have justified native respectability at the polls; they have bitterly arrayed themselves in vain against the negro, while right and justice were plainly on the side of the slave. It is for these and other reasons that the Irish of this generation, their numbers and industry considered, are, socially and politically, the weakest community in the Republic—wearer than the negroes themselves in the free States.—Let me endeavor to describe to you the position and mode of life of one of that numerous class of Irish-born and made of the United States people, who have made their way to the great cities where they abound, have done such irrevocable mischief to Irish character. He is not a dealer, by wholesale or retail, in spirituous liquors; sometimes a lawyer, sometimes an editor. He is always ready with his money subscriptions to the church, but seldom goes to church. He lies up on Sunday, after the toll of the week, reading a sporting journal, or a police gazette. He has a ready, rosy sort of rhetoric, and is never at a loss, when called on, to pour out or second a resolution. He has heard of "Phillips," Curran, Grattan and Emmet, and he is in the habit of arranging their names—an order which shows a profound knowledge of the men; he is particularly savage on England, and grows quite pathetic, unprepared as he is, at the mere mention of the name of a fair share of mother wit, a sufficient stock of spending money, and a vast deal of brass, complete the equipment of this very active, very important, and much-consulted individual. The social life of which this species of politician is the public and external representative, has features hardly less repulsive. The continental scotchness of the emigration breaks up all family ties. Youth is without discipline, and age without following. The prevailing presumption, even as to matters of judgment, is against the old and in favor of the young. I do not say, Sir, that this is the universal rule; I have met as well ordered Irish families in the United States as there are in Ireland; I have met as worthy men and as amiable women in private life; but I fear the rule is generally as I have stated it, and the true reading of the commandment there would be, "Fathers, obey your children; that your days may be long in the land."—You will see at a loss to judge from this sketch which I have presented to you of the public general position of the Irish in America, why it is that I am not, or ever was, satisfied with that position. Very early I perceived that herding together in great cities, running up debts with storemen in idle spells, and squandering their wages when they were cash, was destroying our people. I endeavored to set on foot in 1845, at the Buffalo Convention, a plan for the systematic settlement of our people in the land States and in Canada; but, though I believe it was a good plan, it failed for want of support, and the next year I voluntarily transferred my household goods to the valley of the St. Lawrence. I do not intend, gentlemen, to occupy you with many details, but rather to sketch for you truthfully the social condition of our own countrymen who have made their homes in these provinces with which I am better acquainted—what is Canada and the Maritime Provinces on the Atlantic. Our countrymen here, and their immediate offspring in those Provinces, Protestant and Catholic, as nearly as I can make out, exceed half a million—one-eighth of the whole population; those who more remotely derive their origin from this Kingdom may represent another eighth. They are not in number so numerous as our brethren in the United States; yet, knowing both communities well, admitting the enhanced energy which total independence gives a new country, I venture to

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Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck.

Beware of refilled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters, in bulk or by the gallon, is an impostor. We sell it only in bottles. Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

Bank of P. E. Island, (Corner of Queen and Water Streets)

HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; W. H. CURRIE, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

THE ACCIDENT AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY TERMINUS.—We regret to state that Captain Henry Charles Newbery, who, as reported yesterday, was crushed under the ruin of the boundary wall of the company's coal depot, which gave way as he was passing, expired yesterday afternoon at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The deceased was 80 years of age, and was the son of the late Colonel Newbery, of Park-lane, Oxford-st. He has been on furlough from India nearly three years, during which time he has resided with his mother at Northway Villa, Randolph-road, Paddington.—London Standard, May 17.

The deceased was a brother of John Fenton Newbery, Esq., of this City.

Gen. Grant has issued a congratulatory address to the U. S. Armies, in which he says: "Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the pattern's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come."

John Mitchell has received notice to leave the United States, if he wishes to avoid arrest.

LIGHT HOUSE ON THE NORTH CAPE.—No part of this Island has been the scene of greater destruction of life and property than the North Cape. There within our own recollection, many a good ship has been dashed to pieces, and many lives lost. In former years, the timber trade of the ports of the Gulf-shore of New Brunswick, Miramichi in particular, was very much greater than at present, and the number of vessels which passed the North Cape was very large; then, scarcely a year passed in which the vessels were not wrecked there. On this dangerous headland, the reef of which extends some two or three miles, a Light House is now in course of erection, and in September next, it is confidently hoped, it will be lighted. The expense of the erection of this Light will be borne in nearly equal proportion, by this Island and New Brunswick. To New Brunswick the light will prove more beneficial than to this Island. We trust that next year a Light will be placed on the East Point. When the latter shall be erected, we think the Island will have done its duty, so far as lighting its shores is concerned.—Is.

THE NEW MARKET HOUSE.—We have reason to believe that the erection of a Market House will be commenced without delay, and that it will not be placed on Queen Square.—Is.

SOMETHING LIKE TROUT.—We understand that Mr. P. Stanley, of this City, killed at Piquid, the other day, three fine trout, the combined weight of the three being "fourteen and a half lbs."

THE JUNE TERM OF THE SUPREME COURT, FOR PRINCE COUNTY, was opened at St. Eleanors, on Tuesday the 6th inst. His Honor Judge Peters presiding. The Judge in addressing the Grand Jury said, he was happy to inform them there were but two Criminal cases to be brought before them, which spoke well for the inhabitants of the County. The Grand Jury was relieved from duty on Wednesday; but several civil cases occupied the Court until Friday.

For some months past we have heard reports of Farmers in the County losing their sheep, and others finding in the morning that a number of their sheep had been caught in the night and shorn of a large portion of their fleeces, and no one seemed able to form any idea as to who the perpetrators of these wanton acts were. Recently suspicion has rested on a certain class of Foreigners perambulating the County, ostensibly for the purpose of repairing old umbrellas and rusty market-bags, but in reality, it is believed for the purpose of forming an acquaintance with the sheep folds of our Farmers. We would advise our Country friends to keep their eyes open when any of these gentry are in the vicinity of their homes. We have heard it stated that some of these men have been known to ship considerable quantities of wool since the opening of the navigation. These men, and "shoddy cloth" pedlars, should not be countenanced.—Is.

BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY.—We are requested to announce that the Benevolent Irish Society's annual Pic Nic will take place on or about the 23rd inst. Full particulars will be given next week.

Medical Notices

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Scarlaticina—Whooping Cough—These diseases of early life are now causing fearful havoc amongst children. If Holloway's Ointment be well rubbed upon the throat and chest, in such cases, the symptoms will be moderated, and danger averted. A little attention to the directions enveloping each pot and box of Holloway's medicaments, will enable any one to prevent the disastrous consequences of neglecting infantile disorders till it is too late and the little sufferer refuses food and sinks. Holloway's Ointment and Pills should have a prominent place in every nursery and every toilet table.

One Bottle did it. This is the expression of many who have had their grey hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spots covered with hair, after using one bottle of Mrs. A. Allen's Wonderful Hair Restorer and Hair Dressing. It is not a dye, it can do no harm. Every one who has used these preparations, speak loud in their praise. If you wish to restore your hair as in youth, and retain it through life, without delay procure these preparations. All Druggists keep them.

An Article of True Merit.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in this Country or Europe for Whooping Cough, Croup, and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be said of many other preparations in the market which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

ENTERED.

June 6.—Sch. A. Fifield, Paoli, Shediac; laths.

9.—J. E. Carr, Carr, Pictou; coal.

9.—Alexander, McNeill, Richibucto; deals, bds., shingles. Morning Star, Dunphy, Wallace; freestone.

10.—Seven Brothers, Carter, Boston; merch. Nancy, Yarmouth, Trinidad, N. S.; deals. Mary Ann, Bourke, Antigonish; limestone. Change, Dalton, Pictou; coal. Terah, Foley, Sydney; do. Lone Star, Farrell, Boston; merch. Clerly, Trainsholm, Sheboquoque, boards. Zebra, Matheson, Sydney; coal. Perseverance, Irving, Pictou; do. Brig. Ariel, Moran, Buctoche; deals. Sch. Braven, Orchard, Pugwash; lumber.

12.—Annie, McNeill, Halifax; merch. Elizabeth Ellen, Delroy, Sydney; coal. Breese, McLeod, Nova Scotia; limestone, flour. Evergreen, Johnson, Boston; merch. Orlander, Mateh, Nfld; do. 13.—Margaret Ann, Thomas, Halifax; do.

CLEARED.

June, 10.—Sch. Nancy, Vanamburg, Bay Verte; bal. Brig. Export, Martin, Bermuda; general cargo. Sch. Morning Star, Dunphy, Pugwash; bal.

12.—Clerly, Trainsholm, Bay Verte; do.

13.—Lone Star, Farrell, Miramichi; do. Alexander, McNeill, do. do. Annie, McNeill, Pugwash; do. Bark Prioresse, Baird, Liverpool; G. B., oats, deals, boards.

PRICES CURRENT.

CHARLOTTETOWN, JUNE 13, 1865.

Butter (fresh) 10d to 11d
Do. by the tub 2d to 3d
Lard per qt. 4d to 5d
Pork 4d to 5d
Do. (small) 6d to 7d
Beef (small) per lb 6d to 7d
Do. by qt. 6d to 7d
Cheese per lb 6d to 7d
Yellow 8d to 9d
Lead 9d to 10d
Flour per lb 2d to 3d
Pearl Barley 4d to 5d
Flour (small) 4d to 5d
Do. per lb 2d to 3d
Oatmeal 1d to 2d
Eggs per doz. 1s to 1s 6d
Potatoes per bush. 1s to 1s 6d
Clover seed, 1s to 1s 6d

OUR SPRING IMPORTATIONS

per L. C. OWEN and UNDISK are now ready for

Inspection & Sale.

HERB & SONS.

Ch'town, May 17, 1865.



If you wish to buy Furniture,

CALL AT

Douglass' Warerooms,

HE HAS THE

Largest and Best Assortment

OF

Ready-Made Furniture,

OF THE LATEST AND MOST

FASHIONABLE STYLES

to select from in the Island, at

Extremely Low Prices.

Please Call and Examine.

GEO. DOUGLASS,

Corner of Kent Street and King Square.

Ch'town, June 14, 1865.

REMOVAL!

MR. G. W. KIMBALL begs to inform his Customers

and the public generally, that he has removed to the

NEW STORE, next door to Laird & Harvie's Bookstore,

South Side Queen Square, where he is now opening a large

and extensive STOCK of

DROCKADE GOODS,

Direct from NASSAU.

Read some of the Prices and Wonder!

24 sheets Note Paper only 4d
30 sheets good Sewing Silk 4d
2 papers pins 4d
2 cakes good Toilet Soap 4d
12 doz. Shirt Buttons 4d
1 pk Cream Laid Envelopes 4d
Splendid Comb. 4d
Gents' steel Watch Chains 4d
Gents' Paper Collars 1d
24 sheets heavy Letter Paper 6d
12 do do Note do 6d
Ladies' Cotton Hose per pair 9d
do do do superior 9d
First-rate Print (wrt'd to wash) per yard 9d
Bleached Cotton, a yard wide, per yd 1s 6d
500 pairs Gents' Kid Gloves, Wonder! 1s 6d
do do do very superior 1s 6d
worth 3s 9d, sold at per pair 2s 6d
A small lot Ladies' Gloves per pair 2s 6d
100 pairs Ladies' Kid Gloves, a first rate article, warranted, per pair from 2s 6d to 3s
200 pairs Ladies' Lisle Thread Gloves, per pair 9d
1,000 yds. Imperial Skirting, linen finish—much talked of—per yd 1s 6d
A large lot of double Albion worth £1 A small lot do 9d
100 pairs Ladies' heeled large boots per pair 9d
100 do do do Extra 9d
100 Boys' Cloth Caps 9d
6 doz do do do Extra 1s 6d
600 Ladies' and Gents' Portmouies, all styles, at half price 9d
100 Ladies' Parasols, very cheap 4s 6d
A lot do do extra, per pair 4s 6d
1,000 doz. Ladies' Dress Buttons, per doz 1s 6d
A lot steel Buttons, very cheap 9d
A job lot (sausage Ribbon, per yard 1d

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

Only Think!!

600 yds. Black Silk, per yd 4s 6d
Ladies' Skirting, prime article, 2s 6d
A small lot Fancy Dry Goods, 9d
20 pieces Coburg, selling very cheap 9d
500 yds. muslin, a yard wide, from 1s 6d to 1s 9d
Gents' Fancy Cotton Shirts, do white 6s
44 doz. do, Fancy Flannel 6s 6d
Ladies' Back Combs, superior 9d
do do do extra 9d
Large lot Ladies' SHAWLS, very cheap. Dress Goods, Coburg, Cashmires, Lustras, Black Silks, Boots and Shoes of every description. Glasgows, Looking Glasses!

1,000 Hoop Skirts!

(Very cheap)

Bed Ticking, Striped Shirting, Grey Cotton, Unbleached Cotton.

60 cwt. Dry Havasack Sugar 2s

Splendid article TEA 2s 6d

A few chests do to clear out 2s 6d

60 boxes SOAP, 4d

COUNTRY TRADERS can buy all kinds of GOODS from G. W. KIMBALL, at 10 per cent. less than they can be imported. TERMS CASH or approved Notes.

MOTTO:

Full Weight, Good Measure, Goods warranted as received, guaranteed, or money refunded.

New Store, Mrs. Cameron's Buildings, South Side Queen Square.

Charlottetown, 7th June, 1865.

Farmers take Notice!

LAIRD & HARVIE have received,

direct from Scotland, a large quantity

of

Turnip Seed

of the following kinds:

Green Top Swede,

Purple Top Swede,

Skirting Swede,

Lang's Swede,

Bronze Top Swede,

Hybrid and Yellow Bullock, which they warrant fresh and sold at very low prices.

LAIRD & HARVIE.

May 13, 1865.

OUR SPRING IMPORTATIONS

per L. C. OWEN and UNDISK are now ready for

Inspection & Sale.

HERB & SONS.

Ch'town, May 17, 1865.



P. E. ISLAND

Steam Navigation Co's, Steamers

PRINCESS OF WALES & HEATHER BELLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

Commencing Monday, May 22.

The Steamer 'Princess of Wales'

LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE, SHEDIAK, RICHIBUCTO, CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, every MONDAY night at eleven o'clock, reaching Shediac in time for the morning train on Tuesday.

Leaves SHEDIAK, for RICHIBUCTO, at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning, and RICHIBUCTO, for CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, at one o'clock same day, arriving at Chatham and Newcastle same evening.

Leaves NEWCASTLE, for SHEDIAK, at four o'clock on WEDNESDAY morning, calling at CHATHAM and RICHIBUCTO on way.

Leaves SHEDIAK, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, on WEDNESDAY afternoon at half-past two o'clock, immediately on arrival of the Train.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for PICTOU, every THURSDAY morning, at five o'clock, returning, leaving PICTOU, for CHARLOTTETOWN, at twelve o'clock same night.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAK, every FRIDAY morning at half-past eight o'clock.

Leaves SHEDIAK, 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—for Charlottetown.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for BRULE, every THURSDAY and SATURDAY morning, at five o'clock, returning to Charlottetown same evening, immediately after arrival of Mail at Brule, at about five o'clock in the evening.

Steamer 'HEATHER BELLE' also visits to MOUNT STEWART BRIDGE and ROCKY POINT, on the Hillsborough River, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY—being market days.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou, or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.

Charlottetown to Brule, or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.

Charlottetown to Summerside, or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.

Charlottetown to Shediac, or back, Cabin 15s., Steerage 12s. 6d.

Charlottetown to Richibucto, or back, 6s. 0d.

Do. Miramichi, do. 3s. 0d.

Summerside to Richibucto, do. 3s. 0d.

Do. Miramichi, do. 2s. 0d.

Shediac to Richibucto, do. 2s. 0d.

Do. Miramichi, do. 2s. 0d.

Ch'town to St. John, or back, £1 8s. 14d., or 4s. 0d.

Do. Passport, do. 1 17s. 6d., or 8s. 0d.

Do. Portland, do. 2 19s. 6d., or 8s. 0d.

Do. Boston, do. 3 16s. 3d., or 9s. 0d.

FARES—FRIEGHT.

Charlottetown to Summerside, 1s. per barrel bulk.

Do. Shediac, 1s. 6d. do.

Do. Richibucto, 1s. 6d. do.

Do. Miramichi, 2s. 3d. do.

Shediac to Richibucto, 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, at 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, W. HALES, Secretary.

Charlottetown, June 7, 1865.

Dawson's Building,

Corner of Great George and Kent Streets.

NEW GOODS.

W. R. WILSON

HAS completed his SPRING IMPORTATIONS, per L. C. OWEN & EDWIN and LEASE from LIVERPOOL, and UNDISK from LONDON, consisting of:

Grey, White and Striped COTTONS, Grey and White Shetland, Fancy Shirting, Prints, Striped Shirtings, Jean, Osnaburg, Tickings, Hollands, Grass Cloth, Laces, and a large selection of Worked Embroidery.

Ladies' Dress Material,

In Plain and Fancy Poplins, Barathas, Mohairs, Checked Lustras, French Merinos, Black Silks, and Printed Muslins.

Shawls, in Paisley, Black Indians, Silk Baras, Fancy Cashmires, &c., &c.

Mantles, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Fancy Willow, Straw and Crinoline Bonnets, White and Colored Hata, Dress Ornaments, etc., etc.

Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery, Edgings, Veils, Muslins, Corsets, Laces, and a large selection of Worked Embroidery.

A choice selection of Scotch Tweeds, White Shirts, Scarfs, Collars, Braces, Revolving Ties, &c., &c.; Ready-made Closets, Boots and Shoes in great variety.

Groceries,

WOMAN'S REMINISCENCE.
We went wandering down through the woodlands
In the autumn—Alice and I.
How clearly before me that memory stands,
From the old times that have passed.
We pushed our way through the tangled wood,
Where the birch-stems glittered white,
And where the river side we stood,
Where the rowan-berries hung bright.
All the brown woods were all overhead;
There was never a breeze to quiver
The birchen bough and the rowan rod,
As they hung above the river.
The gold moss that hung on the gray rock's side,
Where only the moss could grow,
And the dark-green ferns dripping with the tide,
Dived again in the stream below.
And she twisted the berries into a crown
For her gleaming gold-bright hair;
And the dew from the birch-tops leaping down
All the face in the water there;
As if one of the wood-nymphs of olden days
Had strayed to the river side,
To greet with her smiling and wondering gaze
A water-sprite under the tide.
Cold in her grave lies Alice now;
Ere the stream's sound shall cease;
And one gold lock from her dead white brow
Is the dearest thing I own.

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.
Who does not write memories now-a-days? Loh
Mousses, Alexandre Dumas, Mogador, Dr. Veron,
the greatest captain of the National Guard, Georges
Sand, all have their memories in their lifetimes.
I sound mine and body, in the glorious shadow
which in other times posterity granted to the illu-
strious dead.
In our days there is no personage too insignifi-
cant to place himself in celebrity before the public
and future ages; and demand a verdict, an epi-
gram, or a name to be remembered in the history of
France. The little Savoyard who sits in my room
and boots-black, said to me one morning, in the
exercise of his vulgar function: 'Ah, sir, if I could
only write like you, what a fine book I would make
of my life.'
Like that of making babies turn, dance, and tell
lies; the means for writing memories has turned all
heads; it has become an epidemic. Be not sur-
prised, therefore, dear reader, friends known and
unknown, if, finding myself under the prevailing in-
fluence, I devote some of my leisure moments to
writing, not through any unjustifiable spirit of
pride, but to serve as a lesson, perhaps, for young
men who may come after me in the thorny career
of letters. I say, if I arrange to do that, and the
scattered leaves of a life passed in the
tumultuous career of almost all the highways of
Europe. To these unpretending bird-song verses,
so many I have given the title of 'My Diary.'
Permit me to copy verbatim for you one of its first
leaves:
BOURG ST. ANTOINE, 10th July, 1844.
I passed a delightful evening at Bourg St. Antoine,
on a growing fall of red, and glowing, melancholy
times strange a thing is the human heart! We some-
times find joy in our sorrows, perfumes in our sor-
row. The tears we shed on the way of life, are
not all bitter. Yesterday I dreamed for hours of a
young woman whom I saw die in my arms. A sad
story, commenced under the Empire on the banks
of the Rhone, and ended in a foreign land, at the
waters of Pléfière. Marie, Bourg St. Antoine,
these are three names which I shall never forget.
The gorges of the Taminis presents the most imposing
picture that the poet or the artist's fancy can im-
agine. It is Tartarus with all its hideous yet sub-
lime forms. Figures to yourselves, dear readers, a
rapid torrent, with a tremendous polyphonic
feet feet between two walls of rocks, rising on
either side two hundred feet above your head. A
bridge 100 feet wide thrown across these rocks
for a space of seven hundred feet constitutes the
source of the torrent. This bridge, narrow and
slippery, is only separated from the yawning abyss
under your feet by a common plank without railings.
The least false step would be fatal. On the
one path it was that I ventured to walk with Marie,
less frightened than myself, I confess, by the im-
posing aspect of those sublime horrors. It was not
without running more than one risk that we arrived
at the cave hollowed by the Taminis in the marble
which serves as the cradle of an unrestrained tor-
rent.
With the cold, damp hand of Marie in mine, we
listened whether any voice should come to break the
silence that surrounded us. To speak more correctly,
our lips were silent, our hearts spoke, no granite
dome suspended above our heads, glided rapidly
in and disappeared.
"It is the consoling angel descending on earth,"
said I, "to strengthen the falling heart, or rather the
just soul which on earth sighs for heaven and the
crown of the elect."
"The consoling angel," she replied; "oh my
friend have you ever met him? Yes, in your poet's
dreams, in your desires, in your hopes, in your
spiritual musings. But in reality, did he ever place
himself between you and the envy of man, between
you and the cold egotism of human nature? Did
that angel with his wing ever come to wipe away
the tears which fell from your eyes, or gema-
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ists, but we meet him only on the verge of the
grave, for that mysterious spirit is called the angel
of death."
Thus she said, and her voice was silvery sweet
as she spoke those mournful words. She re-
sponded to my question: "A just soul, did you say? That, my friend,
is the impossible being which the Greek Philosopher
sought in broad daylight with his lighted lamp.—
That soul really exists but in heaven, where all is
purified and spiritualized in the divine essence of God."
Just then the dismal cry of a raven was heard
over our heads—the poor invalid quickly took hold
of my arm which she had abandoned: "Let us
go," said she "that voice has made me sick. Would
it be a warning? And a big tear fell on my
hand."
"Why do you cry?" said I.

"Because at twenty-two one cannot leave life with-
out a regret, pale and discolored though it be."
"But you shall not die," I said; "you shall live
for your friends and for yourself—you shall live a
long time yet, I am sure."
"No, my friend—I feel that for me all is over—
my last hour approaches." I turned my head, but
not so quickly that she did not feel in her turn, a
sick falling on her hand. "Thank," she exclaimed;
"thanks!" Then she added, trying to smile: "Let
us hasten back, for the hour given me by the doctor
is expired, and I should not like to be scolded."
At the waters all is joy or sadness. Sometimes
when our hearts were absorbed in the contempla-
tion of these joys or sorrows, when we were passing
unnoticed and unperceived by us, Marie's hand was
laid on our arm and resting in mine, and I dis-
covered in her fearful eyes, in her sorrowful soul,
the want of a confidence which she would willingly
have me penetrate, but felt unequal to the task of
commencing it. She suffered much, that poor
young woman, consumed as she was by one of those
feverish attacks which have no remedy but in the
bosom of God.
In that foreign land, I often remarked that French
people were more than compatriots the stranger
became a friend, the friend a brother. On this ac-
count, Marie's sensible, moreover, of the attention
I paid to her, and respect equal to absolute de-
votion, constituted to her the visit here in her own
country. I saw her every hour of the day; my
visits were often prolonged far into the night.
One morning, as she had not come down at the
usual hour, I went to find her in her room. She
was stretched on a lounge and appeared absorbed in
sad reflections. Her face was white as the organic
robes of a corpse. I thought I beheld a corpse.
"Ah! it is you, my friend," she said, holding out
her hand which, in accordance to German etiquette,
I raised to my lips; "you are welcome. I have re-
ceived letters from home, and I was just going
to send you to make you acquainted with their con-
tents. Things are not going well in our poor
France; a new attempt has been made on the life
of Louis Philippe, in the midst of the July festi-
vities. Numerous victims have fallen. A marshal
of France, who had escaped the bullets of so many
battles, fell by the hand of an obscure assassin. My
father, who was to have joined me here, will not
come; the catastrophe which has dyed with
blood the Boulevard du Temple prevents him from
asking leave of absence. A soldier bound by hon-
or to his flag, he cannot now leave the regiment he
commands to come here to receive his child's last
sigh. Well! the holy will of God be done!"
To be concluded.

DECEASED.
THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.
A PAGE FROM MY DIARY.
Who does not write memories now-a-days? Loh
Mousses, Alexandre Dumas, Mogador, Dr. Veron,
the greatest captain of the National Guard, Georges
Sand, all have their memories in their lifetimes.
I sound mine and body, in the glorious shadow
which in other times posterity granted to the illu-
strious dead.
In our days there is no personage too insignifi-
cant to place himself in celebrity before the public
and future ages; and demand a verdict, an epi-
gram, or a name to be remembered in the history of
France. The little Savoyard who sits in my room
and boots-black, said to me one morning, in the
exercise of his vulgar function: 'Ah, sir, if I could
only write like you, what a fine book I would make
of my life.'
Like that of making babies turn, dance, and tell
lies; the means for writing memories has turned all
heads; it has become an epidemic. Be not sur-
prised, therefore, dear reader, friends known and
unknown, if, finding myself under the prevailing in-
fluence, I devote some of my leisure moments to
writing, not through any unjustifiable spirit of
pride, but to serve as a lesson, perhaps, for young
men who may come after me in the thorny career
of letters. I say, if I arrange to do that, and the
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for a space of seven hundred feet constitutes the
source of the torrent. This bridge, narrow and
slippery, is only separated from the yawning abyss
under your feet by a common plank without railings.
The least false step would be fatal. On the
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"It is the consoling angel descending on earth,"
said I, "to strengthen the falling heart, or rather the
just soul which on earth sighs for heaven and the
crown of the elect."
"The consoling angel," she replied; "oh my
friend have you ever met him? Yes, in your poet's
dreams, in your desires, in your hopes, in your
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himself between you and the envy of man, between
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Thus she said, and her voice was silvery sweet
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is the impossible being which the Greek Philosopher
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