The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1867. NO. 2.

THE HERALD

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EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, Queen Street.

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" " " 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 OCTOBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 5th day, 2h. 5m., evening, S.E.
Full Moon, 13th day, 9h. 12m., morning, N. W.
Last Quarter, 20th day, 5h. 4m., morning, S.
New Moon, 27th day, 8h. 51m., morning, S.E.

MONTH DAY	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets.	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Tuesday	6 15	35	0 44	8 7	11 31
2	Wednesday	2	33	1 26	8 47	32
3	Thursday	4	31	2 6	9 30	20
4	Friday	6	29	2 49	10 15	25
5	Saturday	8	27	3 35	11 4	21
6	Sunday	9	25	4 25	morn.	17
7	Monday	10	24	5 17	0 1	15
8	Tuesday	12	23	6 16	0 51	13
9	Wednesday	13	20	7 13	1 52	9
10	Thursday	14	18	8 8	2 52	5
11	Friday	16	17	8 59	3 54	3
12	Saturday	17	15	9 47	4 58	10 59
13	Sunday	18	12	10 32	rises	54
14	Monday	19	11	11 17	6 20	52
15	Tuesday	20	10	11 57	7 3	50
16	Wednesday	21	7	even.	7 48	47
17	Thursday	22	6	1 29	8 40	45
18	Friday	24	4	2 21	9 37	42
19	Saturday	26	3	3 13	10 40	39
20	Sunday	28	4 1	4 11	11 43	35
21	Monday	29	59	5 15	morn	31
22	Tuesday	30	57	6 23	0 52	28
23	Wednesday	31	55	7 29	1 57	25
24	Thursday	32	53	8 28	3 4	23
25	Friday	34	52	9 21	4 11	20
26	Saturday	36	50	10 10	5 15	16
27	Sunday	37	49	10 24	sets	12
28	Monday	39	48	11 35	6 4	10
29	Tuesday	41	46	morn.	6 43	7
30	Wednesday	42	44	0 15	7 22	3
31	Thursday	43	43	0 57	8 8	9 59

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, October 16, 1867

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	4d to 6d
Do by the quarter,	3d to 5½d
Pork, (carcass)	4d 5d
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Lamb per lb,	3d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	10d to 1s
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 1d
Do by the tub,	4d to 7d
Cheese, per lb.,	9d to 10d
Tallow, per lb.,	8d to 6d
Lard, per lb.,	3d to 8½d
Flour, per lb.,	17s to 18s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	9d
Eggs, per dozen,	
Grain	
Barley, per bushel,	4s
Oats per do.,	2s 6d to 2s 7d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	7d to 9d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 6d to 2s
Poultry.	
Geese,	2s to 2s 6d
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	1s 6d to 3s
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	75s to 80s
Straw, per ton	60s to 70s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	4s to 6s
Homespun, per yard,	6d to 9d
Calfskins, per lb.,	4d
Hides, per lb.,	1s to 1s 6d
Wool,	1s 9d to 2s
Sheepskins,	
Apples, per doz.,	1s to 1s 3d
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pegies,	Beans,
Clams,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rasps,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou' Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

CHILDREN TEETHING

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.

Price, only 25 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 6, 1866. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthmah, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases,

Troches are used with always great success.

Singers and Public Speakers

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have high testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in the localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, United States, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, evening at 8 o clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate MONDAY and WEDNESDAY evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Monday,	June 17	Monday	Sept 9
Wednesday,	" 19	Wednesday,	" 11
Monday,	July 1	Monday,	" 23
Wednesday,	" 3	Wednesday,	" 25
Monday,	" 15	Monday,	Oct 7
Wednesday,	" 17	Wednesday,	" 9
Monday,	" 29	Monday	" 21
Wednesday	" 31	Wednesda	" 23
Monday,	Aug 12	Monday,	Nov 4
Wednesday	" 14	Wednesday	" 6
Monday,	" 26	Monday,	" 18
Wednesday,	" 28	Wednesday,	" 20

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock; and Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per steamer, every FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Letters, to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

T. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1867.

1867. SPRING. 1867.

KENT STREET CLOTHING STORE.

THE Subscriber has for sale

Black Broadcloths and Doeskins, Silk Mixtures and Tweeds,

Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. He will make them up for parties, in want of Summer suits of Clothing cheap for cash or approved credit.

Also a superior lot of

Ready-Made Clothing,

Manufactured on the premises under his own immediate supervision. Parties in want of a good substantial article, would do well to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere.

P. REILLY.

May 14th. 1867

PINE LUMBER, &c.

FOR SALE, 50,000 feet 1, 1¼, 1½, and 2 inch Pine—good quality and partly seasoned.

100,000 Square Sawed SHINGLES.

125,000 Cedar SHINGLES.

1 large Ware Room FRAME.

—ALSO—

100 Tons Port Hood COAL, a good article for home use

A. McNEILL, Auctioneer

July 24, 1867

Select Literature.

RIGHT AT LAST.

I'll have the matter settled, one way or the other, before the sun sets, said Royal Warner impetuously, as he folded a little billet and placed it in an envelope. I am not a tuft of thistle-down to be blown hither and yon on the summer wind of a woman's freaks and fancies. If she'll marry me well and good—if not I will make up my mind to endure it as best I may.

He was a tall, rugged young fellow, with bright curls, flocked with chestnut gold; dark sparkling eyes, and a forehead embrowned with the suns and showers of twenty-six years of honest toil.

She knows well enough that I love her, soliloquized Royal as he walked along the fragrant solitude of the quiet country lane. Perhaps she'll think this letter abrupt, but then she is perfectly aware what a rough and tumble sort of a fellow I am.

The letter aforementioned did partake slightly of the element abruptness, nor was Royal's apprehension altogether groundless. Thus it read:—

"MY DEAR DORCAS—Will you marry me? Yes or no?"

ROYAL WARNER.

For there's no earthly use in beating about the bush, thought honest Royal. Seven words are as good as seventy.

As Dorcas Brown, standing in the milk-room, peeped down in the brown stone jar to see how much cream she had amassed, something like a tiny white bird fluttered down on the floor beside her.

Good gracious! said Dorcas, with a little start, what's that? and where did it come from?

The rosy crimson swept over her face as she read the few brief words.

It's just like Royal! she laughed to herself. Yes or no! Well—I think—yes!

So Miss Dorcas crept up stairs to her room and without ever stopping to pull the sleeves down over her plump arms, wrote:

"MY DEAR ROYAL—Yes."

DORCAS BROWN.

I think that is decided enough for him, said Dorcas. And how shall I ever get it to him without my father's knowledge? He wants me to be Mrs. Joe Trimmer.

She hesitated a moment, and then leaned out of the window.

In the sunshine, on the door step, sat Tommy Ives, a poor half witted fellow, who ran errands, did odd jobs, and made himself generally useful, in Farmer Brown's establishment—a man in years but a child in mind.

Tommy! whispered Dorcas, softly.

Yes, Miss Dorcas, said the poor fellow, starting suddenly from his doze.

I want you to take this note to Mr. Warner for me. And, Tommy——

Yes, Miss Dorcas.

Be sure you don't let my father see it. Remember that, Tommy!

Tommy promised and started on his mission, but meeting Farmer Brown in the [illegible] he acted so sheepish that the farmer suspected something wrong and cross-examined him severely. After the old man had left, Tommy looked for his note, and at last uttered a purring self-gratulation as he drew a little billet from his table drawer.

I don't exactly mind putting it there, but I s'pose I must ha' done so. Now Mr. Royal shall have it quicker.

And Tommy sped away, under the sheltering shadow of the elm trees that fringed the lawn.

For me, Tommy?

Yes, for you, Mr. Royal. Miss Dorcas says: Take it to Mr. Warner, for me. And don't you let father see it on no account! So I didn't let him see it.

You're a good fellow, Tommy, and here's a dollar for you, said Royal. Now get back as fast as you can.

He watched Tommy edging along quickly by the road side before he opened the folded billet.

It was utterly and entirely blank, but scarcely blanker than Royal Warner's face, as he turned the sheet this way and that. The next moment the hot angry scarlet suffused his face and he bit his lips almost cruelly.

The insult was gratuitous, he muttered under his breath. She need not have added that to the burden of my mortification. Well, the dream is over—I've been a fool, and I'm glad I know it.

He crumbled the sheet of unwritten paper in his hand, and flung it among the silver white daisies in the pasture field where he was standing.

He will come to see me to-night, said Dorcas Brown to herself, as she sat at the doorway dreaming over a bit of delicate needle-work and looking very enchanting in a blue muslin dress, and blue ribbon mingling with her bright profusion of curls,—he will surely come to-night, I think he ought to have come last night.

Why, Tommy, what's the trouble?

For simple Tommy was coming up the path wiping the big tears from his eyes with his clenched knuckles.

He's gone! faltered Tommy.

Who?

He—Mr. Royal

Gone? Oh, we don't cry—he'll be back again soon.

No, he's gone to New York, and he's never coming back no more! He told me so himself!

The soft roses died out of Dorcas' cheeks.

Tommy, are you sure you are not mistaken!

Yes, I'm sure. I saw his trunks put on the stage myself. He's gone and he's never comin' back no more!

Tommy, exclaimed Dorcas, springing to her feet, did you give him the letter.

Yes, and he giv' me a dollar, and said I was a good fellow, lamented Tommy, piteously.

Dorcas stood a moment or two absently watching the red stain of the sunset glowing on the western horizon; then she turned and went in—went to a world that had changed, and a life that had grown dark.

Alas! poor proud little Dorcas!

And so they moved away?

Royal Warner was more disappointed than he cared to have some visible, as he leaned over the garden gate; no longer the stripling farmer, but a tall, dignified, young Member of Congress from one of the Western States.

Oh, yes, two years ago. Gone to Watson's Corner—furniture all sold at public auction

Royal Warner hesitated a moment.

I—I am very foolish, I suppose, but I would like to own something that used to belong to my old friends. Do you know of any article that—

Oh! interrupted Squire Daley, good humoredly, your's welcome to the Webster's Dictionary wife bought at the sale. Hosea has brought a later edition home from college, and the old one ain't no account anyhow. I'll fetch it.

An old battered volume, with yellow leaves and dog eared corners—there was certainly very little value to the book; but Royal Warner took it reverently, and carried it to his rooms at the village hotel as tenderly as if it had been the Koran itself and he a faithful disciple of Mahomet.

He sat down by the window, and turned the leaves carelessly over, thinking of Dorcas Brown's violet grey orbs and long eyelashes.

Poor Dorcas, he mused—I wonder if she ever—

He paused abruptly—between the yellow time-stained leaves before him lay a small billet directed to himself—directed in Dorcas' well known handwriting. Mechanically he broke the seal and read the message that had been so long on its way:—

"MY DEAR ROYAL—Yes."

DORCAS BROWN.

There was no date—but he knew when it had been written—he knew as if by instinct the whole sad story.

Five years! he murmured, pressing both hands to his fevered forehead.

Five long weary years! Oh, my poor, darling girl!

One moment he sat there, arranging his scattered thoughts, and planning his future, while within his breast his glad heart bounded with strange buoyancy; and then he went down stairs to enquire at what time the evening stage went out to Watson's Corner.

She recognized him at once—her heart seemed to stand still in her bosom for a minute, but the next she came forward and greeted him as of old, with marvelous self-command.

Dorcas, he said, drawing the folded billet from his pocket and laying it in her hand, I have just received this note.

She blushed vividly as she recognized the direction.

It was sent five years ago this summer.

I know it, Dorcas, but I never saw it until this afternoon.

And he told her of the blank sheet that had so turned the current of her existence.

Of course it was Tommy's fault, but how was I to imagine that? I only supposed that you scorned my humble offer, and dearest, it cut me to the heart. Is it too late for me to renew my suit?

Is it too late for me to return the original answer? said Dorcas, smiling and blushing as she handed him the note.

Well, said Farmer Brown, when he heard of his daughter's engagement, maybe the girl was right after all. It is better to be a Member o'Congress' wife, than poor Miss Joe Trimmer!

But when Dorcas had first said "Yes," her accepted suitor could only have made her plain Mrs. Royal Warner.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

WHAT THEY REALLY ARE—A GENTLE SORT OF BIGAMY.

Everybody has heard the term "morganatic marriages," and many people suppose that marriages of this kind are a species of concubinage, in which the kings and princes of Europe are fond of indulging. This is not the case, however. A morganatic marriage is just as binding upon the parties as any other marriage. The term is derived from the German morgangabe, which means a dowry. It signifies a matrimonial contract in which one of the parties is greatly superior in rank to the other. If it be the bride who is of inferior rank she agrees that she and her children will be entitled neither to the rank nor the estates of her husband, and that the dowry which is settled upon her at the time of the marriage shall be accepted in lieu of all other privileges. If the man be inferior he gives his assent to similar conditions. In the bridal ceremony the party of superior rank give the left hand, instead of the right to the other—whence these marriages are sometimes styled "left-handed."

One of the most famous marriages of this class was that of Frederick William the Third of Prussia, to the Countess Augusta, of Harrach, upon whom her husband conferred the rank of Princess of Leignitz—a marriage consummated in 1840, long after the death of the King's most legitimate spouse, the beautiful Queen Louisa. The Princess of Leignitz is still living a widow since 1840. Another morganatic marriage was that of the late King of Denmark, Frederick the Seventh, who, after being divorced from two princesses married morganatically a plain dressmaker by the name of Ramussen, with whom he lived happily till his death. He first encountered her under very singular circumstances. It was the custom at Copenhagen, when a large fire occurs, for one of the princes to attend it, and to take command of the detachment of troops which is always called out to keep order while the firemen endeavor to extinguish the conflagration.

Frederick, then Crown Prince, was once performing this duty when his eye caught sight of a dressed wax figure in the window of a dressmaker's shop in the second story of the burning building. In the hurry and excitement of the moment he mistook the lay figure for a living person endeavoring to escape from the window. Leaping from his horse, he plunged into the building and ascended the staircase. On his way through the rooms he discovered the owner of the dressmaking establishment, who was bewildered in the smoke, and whom he conducted to a place of safety. This was the woman whom he subsequently married, bestowing upon her the title of the Countess Danner, and settling upon her a large dowry. She still survives him.

Among the existing members of princely families who have contracted this kind of marriage may be mentioned Prince Leopold of Saxony, Prince Charles of Bavaria, and Prince Alexander of Wurtemburg. It is a son of the last named—offspring of this morganatic marriage—who, under the name of Prince Teck, lately married Queen Victoria's cousin, the Princess Mary of Cambridge. A singular instance of a morganatic union is that of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who is married in this manner to a daughter of the proud Duke of Richmond, while another English nobleman, the Duke of Hamilton, wedded, on terms of perfect equality, a princess of the grand ducal house of Baden, whose rank is certainly as high as that of Prince Edward.

The only modern case with which we are familiar, of a morganatic marriage in which the bride was the person of superior rank is that of the Princess Elizabeth, of Italy, sister-in-law of Victor Emanuel, who was married with the left hand in 1846—a year after the death of her husband, Prince Ferdinand—to the Marquis Rapallo. Victor Emanuel himself is said to have been more than once on the point of contracting a morganatic union with one of his favorites, but has been prevented by the advice of his Ministers, who somehow or other deem it better for the interests of the State that he should live in more reprehensible manner.

A retired English sea captain, who had made the tour of continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem. "Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole place fit to drink"

The millenium is a long time in "Cumming."

There lives at Lairg, Scotland, a shoemaker, who married on the same day with the Queen and Prince Albert. The shoemaker's son was born on the same day with the Prince of Wales, and he, (the shoemaker) has had a son for each son the Queen has, and a daughter for each daughter, and all born in the same month of the year. The Court Journal calls this "competing with royalty."

A SABBATH AMONG THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

A European travelling correspondent of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," thus describes "a Sabbath among the Monks of St. Bernard:"—

Our readers have so frequently heard of the Monks of St. Bernard, and their deeds of mercy, that we do not know that we can make our letter more entertaining than by devoting a portion of it to a description of a Sabbath spent among them. The Hospice of St. Bernard was founded as early as the tenth century, by Bernard de Meurhop. The Brotherhood consists of from ten to fifteen Augustine Monks, with some attendants, who receive and accommodate strangers without charge, but who especially render assistance to travellers during the heavy snows. We learned that, notwithstanding the Hospice had received numerous grants of land and property, it had experienced some difficulties. At one time it was possessed of eighty benefices, but now it holds but a limited portion of its original property. It now requires about ten thousand dollars for its annual support, and this sum is secured by subsidies from the French and Italian Governments. There are, too, frequent contributions of parties who receive hospitalities from the institution, but we are informed that the amount thus derived was not at all commensurate with the number entertained.

The Monastery, which consists of two buildings and a morgue, is situated at the very summit of the pass of Great St. Bernard, and a much frequented passage leading from Switzerland into Italy. The larger of the two buildings is a massive structure of rough cast, and is devoted to the entertainment of travellers. It contains also the Chapel of the Monastery. The other building is also used for the reception of poor travellers, and also a place of refuge in case of fire, although from the nature of the large building, it would seem that fire was an impossibility.

Upon our arrival, on Saturday night, after a walk of thirty miles, we entered the large hall, and, ringing the bell, were received and cordially welcomed by one of the Fathers. He conducted us to the dining-room, and kindly invited us to partake of a most excellent supper, including good wine, the latter of which we partook only "for the stomach's sake," as we have had occasion to remark before. After we had finished, and after spending an hour in pleasant conversation, we were shown our apartments, which consisted of accommodations for six persons, the number of the party. After a "good night" from the father, we retired to rest the weariness occasioned by a march in one day which required three days on the part of the Great Napoleon to accomplish. At six o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by the merry chime of the bells of the Monastery, which awakened pleasant echoes on that Sabbath hour, when so far from home in the mountains. We breakfasted at eight o'clock, and at ten attended Mass in the pretty Chapel. The music, both vocal and instrumental, seemed very impressive and the attendance of strangers and peasants comfortably filled the room. At twelve o'clock there was a most capital dinner served, including several courses, at which all the Fathers, as well as strangers, sat down. The food was substantial and well prepared. There seemed to be none of that reserve or cold formality that oftimes characterizes such occasions as these, but all seemed to manifest the *suaviter in modo*, and participated in the general conversation to an eminent degree. There was a feeling on the part of every one that he was not an intruder, but a welcome guest. Rev. Father Metroz, to whom we are under special obligations, assured us that they had entertained as many as a thousand persons at one time.

In consequence of the cold, the large rooms are warmed during the entire year, and during our stay there, although upon an August day, we found not only a fire but even our overcoats quite comfortable.

It is said that the Monks, notwithstanding they may possess strong *physiques* at the time they enter the Hospice, yet, after comparatively a short time, they become, with ruined constitutions to other climates. It is, indeed, the highest winter habitation on the Alps.

There is a library attached to the Hospice, containing a large collection of excellent works, as well as a large number of Roman coins and many relics, and among them fragments of the brass tablets