

# The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FEBRUARY 19, 1868.

NO. 18.

## THE HERALD

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BY EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
at his Office, Queen Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."  
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### ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY.

#### MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 1st day, 2h. 3m., even., W.  
Full Moon, 8th day, 7h. 22m., morn., E.  
Last Quarter, 15th day, 7h. 4m., morn., E.  
New Moon, 23rd day, 10h. 7m., morn., S.

DAY	MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN		High		Moon		DAY'S LENGTH
			rises	sets	Water	Water	sets	sets	
1	Saturday		7 29	4 59	4 2	0 9	9 9	30	
2	Sunday		28 5	1 5	2 1	1 14		33	
3	Monday		26	2 6	3 2	2 22		36	
4	Tuesday		25	3 7	4 3	3 28		38	
5	Wednesday		24	4 8	5 4	4 29		40	
6	Thursday		22	6 9	8 5	5 29		44	
7	Friday		21	8 10	20	rises	47		
8	Saturday		19	9 11	16	6 2	50		
9	Sunday		18	11	even.	7 17	53		
10	Monday		16	13	0 36	8 25	10 57		
11	Tuesday		14	15	1 43	9 35	1		
12	Wednesday		12	17	2 18	10 42	5		
13	Thursday		11	18	3 5	11 45	7		
14	Friday		10	19	4 2	morn.	9		
15	Saturday		9	20	4 48	0 46	11		
16	Sunday		7	22	5 50	1 48	15		
17	Monday		6	23	6 50	2 42	17		
18	Tuesday		4	24	7 42	3 38	20		
19	Wednesday		3	26	8 33	4 20	23		
20	Thursday		1	27	9 21	4 55	26		
21	Friday		6 59	29	10 6	5 44	30		
22	Saturday		58	31	10 47	6 18	33		
23	Sunday		56	32	11 25	sets	36		
24	Monday		54	33	morn.	6 57	39		
25	Tuesday		52	35	0 2	7 58	43		
26	Wednesday		50	37	1 30	9 0	47		
27	Thursday		48	38	1 19	10 3	50		
28	Friday		46	39	2 11	6	51		
29	Saturday		44	41	2 41	11 59	52		

### Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, February 14, 1868.

Provisions.		
Beef, (small) per lb.	4d to 7d	
Do by the quarter,	3d to 6d	
Pork, (carcass)	4d to 4d	
Do (small)	5d to 7d	
Mutton, per lb.,	3d to 6d	
Lamb per lb.,	4d to 5d	
Veal per lb.,	3d to 5d	
Ham, per lb.,	5d to 6d	
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Do by the tub,	11d to 1s 1d	
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d	
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 10d	
Lard, per lb.,	8d to 10d	
Flour, per lb.,	3d to 3d	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	20s to 22s	
Eggs, per dozen,	1s to 1s 3d	
Grain.		
Barley, per bushel,	3s 6d to 4s	
Oats per do.,	3s to 3s 2d	
Vegetables.		
Peas, per quart	1s 9d to 2s 3d	
Potatoes, per bushel,		
Poultry.		
Geese,	2s 6d to 3s 6d	
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d	
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d	
Chickens per pair,		
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,	10s to 20s	
Straw, per cwt	7d to 8d	
Timothy Seed,		
Clover Seed, per lb.,	4s to 6s	
Honespun, per yard,	6d to 9d	
Calfskins, per lb.,	4d	
Hides, per lb.,	1s to 1s 4d	
Wool,	3s to 5s	
Sheepskins,		
Apples, per doz.,	1s to 1s 3d	
Partridges,		

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

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Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

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E. REILLY.

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## Poetry.

### FORGET-ME NOTS.

She pulled the small and modest flowers,  
That on the green-sward clustering grew,  
Bright in the sunshine, wet with dew,  
Nodding on slight stems—Stars of blue—  
Kissed by the west-wind, washed by showers;

She bound the fragile, trembling things,  
With ribbon from her own dark hair,  
Tied the gay knot with loving care;  
Fair are the flowers, and she as fair,  
As any flower the summer brings:

She turned to him, while rising thoughts  
To her pale brow sent crimson hue,  
"I give these lovely flowers to you;  
Then, laughing, asked him if he knew,  
That they were called "forget-me-nots."

He kissed the hand his own had sought,  
His joy so great, his words were few;  
"For each one of these flowers so blue  
I promise to return to you  
Many a fair forget-me-not."

Full many a Summer's sun had brought  
His endless bounty's flowering host,  
Of all whose beauties she could boast,  
Save those she longed to see the most.  
Her unreturned forget-me-nots.

Time found them walking side by side,  
His arm her strength, her shield, her stay,  
His bright eyes smiling greeted away,  
He found life's flowers from day to day  
For her—his long-time bride.

To him recurred her joyous thoughts,  
As she and Pleasure daily met;  
For he watched o'er her welfare yet,  
And soothed to sleep each fond regret;  
"These, love, are my forget-me-nots."

### A DOMESTIC GRIEVANCE.

A whimsical bachelor life I've led,  
In a two pair back, for many a year;  
I've hair on the thing they call my head—  
Though it won't last long at this rate, I fear,  
Considering handfulls out I tear  
In a fright at the ghost in my creaking chair!

'Tis all very well for the folks who sit  
In family circle, or wife on knee;  
But little ones never around me fit,  
And nobody bullies or comforts me.  
So, upon my honor, it's hardly fair  
To be worried to death by a creaking chair!

When down in the socket my candle sinks,  
And the obstinate fire has ceased to burn,  
'Tis a terribly ghostly hour, methinks,  
And time for me into my bed to turn.  
Beside the seat I've left—I stare!  
An echo comes out of my creaking chair.

The ghastliest deeds that ever were done  
Keep rushing about in my crazy brain;  
I'm thinking of murders—the clock strikes one—  
And fanciful thoughts revert to Cain!  
The mystery, after all, is there  
Composed of cane is my creaking chair!

### ROSE BUDS.

The half-blown rose is lovelier than the bud  
Yes, lovelier than the full expanded flower;  
Thus lovely is the verge of womanhood,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
Or spotted by the North wind's cackling breath;  
The bud within the green folds of its sheath  
Hides all its blossoms; but the half-blown rose  
Bares its full beauties in its tender hue,  
And not a spot its virgin leaves disclose,  
As fresh and pure as earliest beads of dew;  
Thus beautiful—half woman and half child—  
With woman's passions beaming in thine eye,  
Mingled with childhood's sweet simplicity,  
Dear maid, my youthful heart thou hast beguiled.

### THE WINTER FIRE.

We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back—  
The oak log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art,  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

## Select Literature.

### A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

It was during the season of the Carnival, and I was at the French opera-house in Paris. It was past three in the morning, and I was seriously thinking of retiring from that wild, boisterous scene—not to call it by any harsher name—in which I had been a participant for hours. I was weary—wary of the dance, the lights, the music, the crowd, the noise and confusion, the silly nothing that were continually dinning in my ears by the flirting maskers—and I had withdrawn from the press and seated myself in the most quiet spot I could find.

While I was thus sitting apart from the throng, listlessly gazing upon that which no longer gave me pleasure, a mask, in the dress of a page, sauntered quietly past me, and said, in a low, guarded tone: "Monsieur will not seem to laugh or hear, but will look for the blue domino with a single spot of red in the bosom, and follow so carelessly as not to attract notice."

I was only sure this language was not intended for me, by finding that there was no other at the moment within hearing; but what it meant, if it had any meaning, I was at a loss to conjecture. I would have questioned the page, notwithstanding the caution not to seem to see or hear, but that individual had already passed on too far, and was about mingling again with the noisy crowd.

As I sat thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that I had been mistaken for another person, and that what had been said to me had really been intended for some one else. If this was so indeed, it might lead to a novel adventure, and no one was ever more ready for a novel adventure than myself.

Look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow so carelessly as not to attract notice," I repeated to myself.

"Very well—I think I will—if only to discover what it means."

The next minute the object for which I was about to seek slowly passed along, not very near me, but in plain view.

I rose with a yawn, and quietly, with a sleepy, indifferent air, sauntered after the blue domino. I had no difficulty in keeping it in sight—for the masker, so disguised, moved very slowly through the crowd, seemingly with no purpose.

If she had intended leaving the house, it was not apparent to me then, nor for some time after; and being really very much fatigued, and not certain I was not the sport of a mischievous page, I was about to depart myself and finish my night's adventure in my own bedroom, when I perceived my fair unknown coming toward me with a finger on her lips. She came up close beside me and stopped, apparently for the purpose of obtaining something in another part of the house; and then, to my surprise, I heard her say in English, in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Listen, my friend, but seem not to hear. In five minutes I shall leave the house by the entrance on the Rue Lepelletier, and will meet you at the Place Vendome—after which we will perfect our plan. Do not fail this time, or we may not have another opportunity before the Count's return. Till then, adieu!"

As she ceased speaking, she moved away, and was soon lost in the crowd.

What did it all mean? Unquestionably I had been mistaken for some other person, as the words "Do not fail me this time," evidently proved. Who was the count alluded to, and what was the plan on foot, to be performed during his absence?

My curiosity was excited, and I resolved to go forward in the path thus thrust upon me till I could ascertain something more definite. And then her words in English, so correctly spoken, plainly showing that either she was or knew me to be a foreigner, or perhaps both—made me still more eager to fathom the mystery.

Perhaps some may blame me, knowing, as I did, that there was a mistake, for seeking to find out that which did not concern me; and I have nothing to say in my defence, except that I saw before me the prospect of a novel adventure, the temptation of which I was not just then in the proper humour to resist.

The French opera-house had three main entrances, for three ranks, on as many streets—namely; one on Lapelletier, for those who came in carriages, one on Pinon for those who came in fiacres, and one on Grange Bateliere, for those who came on foot.

My fair unknown had stated that she would leave by the Rue Lepelletier—which went far to prove that she laid claim to the highest rank among those present, if not indeed among society in general—and I went out on the Rue Pinon to order a fiacre and join her at the Place Vendome.

I reached the Place first, and dismissed my driver before her carriage appeared, which stopped near the triumphal pillar of Napoleon de Grande. As I hastened to the carriage, which was plain black, without blazonry of any kind—the door was opened by a small gloved hand from within, while the driver sat still, neither turning his head to the right or left. I could just see that the fair unknown was its only occupant, and I quietly entered and took a seat beside her, feeling a little nervous and somewhat guilty, I must confess.

The door was shut quickly, I heard the sharp snap of a spring, the blind was let down, and we were whirled away in almost total darkness.

For nearly an hour we rode in silence through the streets of the great city, I seeing nothing but the dim form of the fair unknown beside me, and having no idea of the direction we were going.

I thought over some curious stories I had heard of strangers being by one means and another decoyed into dens of robbers, and began to feel rather uneasy. My pistols had been left at my hotel, and I had not a single weapon with me, unless a small pocket-knife might be so called.

I had not the feeling, moreover, of acting in a right and honorable manner, to give me manly courage; and I could not but admit to myself that, should harm come to me through this adventure, it would in a great measure be owing to my own folly.

I had been thinking over the matter for some time, and had just come to the determination of declaring that there had been some mistake, and taking a hurried leave, when the carriage stopped.

"Here we are at last!" said the sweet, musical voice of the fair masker, the silvery tones of which coupled with my native language, tended much to re-assure me.

The next moment the door was opened by the driver.

As I descended the stairs and offered the lady my hand, I glanced quickly around, and perceived that we were in an inner court, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings.

If I had really been entrapped, escape was now impossible, and a sudden feeling of alarm made even my hand tremble.

"Come, my friend," pursued the lady, whose face was still concealed by a mask, and taking my hand as she spoke, she led me forward to a door, which she unlocked and threw open.

"What," she exclaimed, with a light laugh, "are you afraid to enter here to-night, sir Richard, where you have so often been with me before?"

These words convinced me that I had indeed been mistaken for some one else—no less, indeed, than an English baronet—and determined to go forward and see the end of this strange affair.

"Of course I am not afraid of you," I ventured to say; "but what if the count should have returned during your absence?"

This was the first time I had spoken in the lady's hearing, and I was not a little curious to know what effect my voice would produce, notwithstanding her eyes had been deceived by my personal appearance, for I had at no time been masked myself.

To my great relief she did not in any way indicate that there was anything wrong in either the sound or the words, but answered with assuring promptness.

"Oh, if that is all, have no fear, for he cannot possibly reach Paris before three days. But how was it, Sir Richard, that you disappointed me before?"

"I must explain that some other time," I evasively replied, "Here, madam, please give me your

hand," I added, as she was about to set forward through the dark passage in advance of me; "I can always walk better with such a sweet friend to guide me."

She gave me her hand, though I fancied there was a slight hesitation. It might be only fancy, but somehow my suspicious were re-awakened. Could it be that we were both playing a part? that the whole affair from beginning to end was merely a plot to decoy me, a foreign stranger, into her meshes, for the purpose of robbery, if not murder? that what I had supposed to be a mistake, was merely a ruse, and that for her own wicked purposes, she was permitting me to think I was deceiving her.

The very idea, under the circumstances, was so startling, that in a moment I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, and I would have given half my fortune to have been safely at my hotel.

It was not too late, however, to attempt a retreat; we were groping our way through a dark passage; and with the door closed behind us; and her hand rested on mine, and I held it in such a way that she could not withdraw it without my consent.

Daylight, moreover, could not be far off, and there was some little consolation in the thought.

We presently came to a flight of stairs, ascended to another story, passed through a long, narrow corridor, with several sharp turnings, and at last stopped at a door, which she unlocked, and then threw open.

A blaze of light from a large chandelier almost dazzled me, and I saw at a glance that the apartment was luxuriously furnished. As soon as we had entered, the lady locked the door, and then removed her mask, disclosing a young and beautiful face, so animated and radiant with smiles, that instantly I felt ashamed of my base suspicions.

"There now, Sir Richard," she said, gaily, "you shall seat yourself in that fauteuil. We will have a glass of wine together and then we will arrange our plan with what haste we may so that you can depart before daylight, if you wish."

Could it be that even here, in this light, at such close quarters, she still mistook me for some one who by her own showing was an intimate friend? The thing hardly seemed possible.

If true our resemblance to each other must be remarkable indeed; if not true, then had I been lured hither for some dreadful purpose.

I seated myself as directed, and awaited the result with a good deal of nervous trembling.

She stepped out of the room for a minute through an inner door that was slightly ajar, and returned without her domino, in a very rich dress, and with a decanter and two wine glasses, on a silver waiter.

"Here is your favorite sherry, Sir Richard," she said, with a very sweet smile, placing the waiter on a small table, and pushing the latter up before me, and seating herself on the opposite side.