

# The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, JANUARY 8, 1868.

NO. 12.

## THE HERALD

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BY EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
at his Office, Queen Street.

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### JOB PRINTING

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

### ALMANACK FOR JANUARY.

#### MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 11h. 50m., even., E.  
Full Moon, 9th day, 6h. 40m., even., E.  
Last Quarter, 16th day, 0h. 51m., even., E.  
New Moon, 24th day, 3h. 6m., even., S. W.

DAY WEEK.	SUN				High Moon			
	rises	sets	Water	sets.	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 Wednesday	7 49	4 19	3 8	11 12	8 30			
2 Thursday	49	19	4 4	morn.	30			
3 Friday	49	20	4 45	0 14	31			
4 Saturday	49	21	5 28	1 19	32			
5 Sunday	49	22	6 39	2 20	33			
6 Monday	48	23	7 35	3 29	35			
7 Tuesday	48	25	8 34	4 37	37			
8 Wednesday	48	26	9 36	5 44	38			
9 Thursday	48	27	10 35	rises	39			
10 Friday	47	28	11 34	6 4	41			
11 Saturday	47	29	even.	2 17	42			
12 Sunday	47	30	1 9	8 29	43			
13 Monday	46	31	2 2	9 39	45			
14 Tuesday	45	33	2 48	10 40	47			
15 Wednesday	45	34	3 57	11 52	49			
16 Thursday	45	36	4 32	morn.	50			
17 Friday	44	37	5 26	0 56	53			
18 Saturday	43	39	6 23	1 54	56			
19 Sunday	42	40	7 8	2 55	58			
20 Monday	41	41	8 3	3 50	59			
21 Tuesday	40	42	9 2	4 45	2			
22 Wednesday	40	44	9 55	5 34	4			
23 Thursday	39	45	10 34	6 20	6			
24 Friday	38	46	11 4 sets	7	8			
25 Sat	37	48	11 55	6 9	9			
26 Sunday	36	50	morn.	7 7	14			
27 Monday	35	51	0 30	8 6	16			
28 Tuesday	34	51	1 3	9 4	18			
29 Wednesday	33	53	1 58	10 4	20			
30 Thursday	32	55	2 27	11 6	21			
31 Friday	31	57	3 9	morn.	23			

### Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, JANUARY 8, 1868.

Provisions.			
Beef, (small) per lb.		4d to 7d	
Do by the quarter,		3d to 5d	
Pork, (carcases)		3 1/2 to 4 1/2	
Do (small)		5d to 6d	
Mutton, per lb.,		3d to 6d	
Lamb per lb.,		4d to 5d	
Veal, per lb.,		3d to 4d	
Ham, per lb.,		2d to 3d	
Butter, (fresh)		1s to 1 1/2	
Do by the tub,		11d to 1s	
Cheese, per lb.,		3 1/2 to 5d	
Tallow, per lb.,		9d to 10d	
Lard, per lb.,		8d to 9d	
Flour, per lb.,		3d to 3 1/2	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,		17s to 18s	
Eggs, per dozen,		1s to 1s 3d	
Grain.			
Barley, per bushel,		3s 6d to 4s	
Oats per do.,		2s 6d	
Vegetables.			
Peas, per quart		2s to 2s 3d	
Potatoes, per bushel,		2s to 1s 9d	
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 (Spruce)		4s	
Do (Hemlock)		4s to 5s	
Do (Pine)		7s to 9s	
Shingles, per M,		13s to 18s	
Sundries.			
Hay, per ton,		75s to 85s	
Straw, per cwt		1s 6d to 2s	
Timothy Seed,			
Glover Seed, per lb.,			
Homespun, per yard,		4s to 6d	
Calfekins, per lb.,		6d to 9d	
Wool, per lb.,		4d	
Shoepskins,		1s to 1s 4d	
Apples, per doz.,		2s 6d to 3s	
Partridges,		1s to 1s 3d	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

## A. HERMANS, GUNSMITH, BELL-HANGER AND TINSMITH.

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced business on Dorchester Street, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch.

### A neat assortment of Tinware, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

Including the patent Box TON COFFEE POT, which received the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which together with a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for Cash.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

## Poetry.

### THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

He drops his plummy, snow soft wings,  
He waves his balmy hand,  
And wide the gate of silence swings  
That guards the shadowy land,  
Forgot is time, the sentinel  
That stands outside the door:  
The gloomy train of cares as well  
That clogged our steps before;  
O river of oblivion!  
Thy drafts are sweet and deep,  
For Memory slumbers on her throne  
Rocked by the angel sleep.

There is a face whose loveliness  
Is marred by hues of care;  
But sleep hath swept it with a kiss,  
And made it smooth and fair.  
There is a worn and weary brain  
That rests until the morn;  
There is a heart which bears with pain,  
That feels no more forlorn,  
O Death's fair brother! how divine  
Must that slumber deep,  
More sweet, more calm, more free than thine,  
When his beloved sleep.

## Select Literature.

### BETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.

Some months ago I was at Bonn, the birth place of Beethoven. I met there an old musician who had known the illustrious composer intimately; and from him I received the following anecdote:—

You know, said he, that Beethoven was born in a house in the Rhein Strasse (Rhine Street); but at the time I became acquainted with him he lodged over an humble little shop in Roomerplatz. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night, because of the dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink and books; notwithstanding his privations, he passed some happy moments there. He was yet not deaf, and could enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. In later years, even this consolation was denied him.

One winter evening I called upon him, hoping to persuade him to take a walk and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed in his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold, for it was freezing hard. I drew him from his lethargy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He came out with me, but was dark and despairing on that evening, and refused all consolation.

I hate the world," said he with a passion. "I hate myself. No one understands me or cares about me; I have a genius and am treated like a pariah; I have a heart, and no one to love. I am completely miserable."

I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven, and I let him continue in the same strain. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark, narrow street, near the gate of Coblenz. All at once he stopped.

"Hush!" said he; "what is that noise?" I listened, and heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and notwithstanding the poverty of the instrument, the performer gave this piece great tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. "It is taken from my symphony in F," said he; here is the house. Listen; how well it is played!"

The house was poor and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutter. He stopped to listen. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment prevailed and then a stifled voice was heard.

"I cannot go on," said a female voice. "I can go no farther this evening."

"Why, sister?"

"I scarcely know, unless it is because the composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. I am so fond of music. Oh! What would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice!"

"Ah, dear sister," said Frederick, sighing, "one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting when there is no help for it? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things far beyond our reach?"

"You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing, I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless! it is useless! There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words.

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us enter," said he abruptly.

"Enter!" said I, "why should we enter?"

"I will play to her," replied he with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius, intelligence: I will play to her, and she will appreciate me." And before I could prevent him, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, towards a half-opened door at the right. He pushed it, and we found ourselves in a poor destitute room, with a little stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working at a shoe. Near him, bending in a manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both were cleanly, but very poorly dressed; they rose and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed, "pardon me, but I heard music and was tempted to enter. 'I am a musician!'"

The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"I heard also some of your words," continued my friend. "You would wish to hear—that is you would like—in short, you would like me to play to you?"

There was something so strange, so abrupt, so comical, in the whole affair, and something so

agreeable and eccentric in the manners of him who had spoken, that the ice was broken in an instant, and all involuntarily smiled.

"Thank you," said the young shoemaker—"but our piano is bad, and then we have no music!"

"No music!" repeated my friend; "how then did Mademoiselle—?" He stopped and colored; for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat you to pardon me," stammered he; "but I did not remark at first. You play from memory?"

"Entirely."

"And where have you heard this music before?"

"I heard a lady who was a neighbor at Bruhal, two years ago. During the summer evenings her window was always open, and I walked before the house to hear her."

"And you have never heard any other music?"

"Never, excepting the music in the street."

She seemed frightened; so Beethoven did not add another word but quietly seated himself at the instrument, and commenced to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow; and how sublime he would be that evening; and I was not deceived. Never, never, during the many years I know him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, such gradations of melody and modulation. From the moment his fingers commenced to move over the piano, the tones of the instrument seemed to soften and become more equal.

We remained sitting, listening to him breathlessly. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment, as if paralyzed. The former had laid aside his work; the latter, her head slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her two hands were clasped on her breast, as if she feared the beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness. It seemed as if we were the subjects of a strange dream, and our only fear was to wake too soon.

Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, the wick, consumed to the end, fell, and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped; I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

But this incident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hands rested on his knees, and he appeared plunged into a profound meditation.

He remained so for some time. At last the young shoemaker rose, approached him, and said, in a low, respectful voice, "wonderful man, who are you then?"

Beethoven raised his head and looked at him abstractedly, as if he had not comprehended the meaning of his words.

The young man repeated the question.

The composer smiled as only he could smile, such sweetness and kindly benevolence.

"Listen," said he. And he played the first movement in the F symphony.

A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognised him, and cried with emotion, "You are then Beethoven."

He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in detaining him.

"Play us once more, just once more."

He allowed himself to be led to the instrument—the brilliant light of the moon entered the curtainless window, and lighted up his expansive, earnest forehead.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," said he, playfully. He contemplated for some minutes the sky sprinkled with stars; when his fingers rested on the piano, and he commenced to play with a low, sad, but wonderfully sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument, sweet and even as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground. The delicious overture was followed by a piece in triple time, lively, light, capricious, a sort of intermediate burlesque, like a dance of fairies at midnight on the grass.—Then came a rapid *agitato finale*, a breathless movement, trembling, hurrying, describing flight and uncertainty, inspiring vague and instinctive terror, which bore us onward on its shuddering wings, and left us at last quite agitated with surprise and moved to tears.

"Adieu!" said Beethoven, abruptly pushing back his chair, and advancing towards the door. "Adieu!"

"You will come again?" asked both at the same time.

He stopped, and regarded the young blind girl with an air of compassion.

"Yes," said he, hurriedly. "I will come again, and give some lessons to Mademoiselle. Farewell, I will soon come again."

They followed us to the door in silence more expressive than words, and remained standing on the threshold until we were out of sight.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to me in the street. Let us hasten that I may note down this sonata while it is in my memory."

He entered his room, and wrote till nearly day-break.

I still sat in a listening attitude after the old musician ceased speaking.

"And did Beethoven give lessons afterwards to the blind girl?" I asked at length.

He smiled and shook his head.

"Beethoven never entered that humble house again. With the excitement of the moment his interest in the blind girl also passed away; and though the brother and sister long and patiently waited his coming, he thought no more of them."

And is it not too often so in life?"

## THE COURTSHIP OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

[From *The Empress Josephine*—by Miss Mahilbach—Published by D. Appleton & Co.]

Josephine was not alone when Gen. Bonaparte was announced; and when the servant named him, she could not suppress an inward fear, without knowing why she was afraid. Her friends, who noticed her tremor and blush, laughed jestingly at the timidity which made her tremble at the name of the conqueror of Paris, and this was, perhaps, the reason why Josephine received Gen. Bonaparte with less complacency than she generally showed to her visitors.

Amid the general silence of all those present the young general (twenty-six years old) entered the drawing room of the Viscountess de Beauharnais; and this silence, however flattering it might be to his pride, caused him a slight embarrassment. He, therefore, approached the beautiful widow with a certain abrupt perplexed manner, and spoke to her in that hasty, imperious tone which might become a general, but which did not seem appropriate in a lady's saloon. General Pichegru, who stood near

Josephine, smiled, and even her amiable countenance was overspread with a slight expression of scorn, as she fixed her beautiful eyes on this pale, thin little man, whose long, smooth hair fell in tangled disorder on either side of his hollow cheeks; whose whole sickly and gloomy appearance bore so little resemblance to the majestic figure of the lion to which he had been so often compared after his success of the thirteenth Vendemiaire.

"I perceive, General," suddenly exclaimed Josephine, that you are sorry it was your duty to fill Paris once more with blood and horror. You would undoubtedly have preferred not to be obliged to carry out the bloody orders of the affrighted 'convention?'"

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders somewhat.

"That is very possible," said he, perfectly quiet. "But what can you expect, Madams? We military men are but the automatons which the Government sets in motion according to its good pleasure; we know only to obey; and the sections, however, cannot but congratulate themselves that I have spared them so much. Nearly all my cannon were loaded only with powder. I wanted to give a lesson to the Parisians. The whole affair was nothing but the impress of my seal on France. Such skirmishes are only the vesper of my fame."

Josephine felt irritated, excited by the coldness with which Napoleon spoke of the slaughter of that day; and her eyes, otherwise so full of gentleness, were now animated with the flashes of anger.

"Oh," cried she, "if you must purchase fame at such a price I would sooner you were one of the victims!"

Bonaparte looked at her with astonishment, but as he perceived her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, the sight of her grace and beauty ravished him, and a soft, pleasant smile suddenly illumined his countenance. He answered her violent attack by a light pleasantry, and with gladness unaffectedness he gave to the conversation another turn. The small, pale, gloomy general was at once changed into a young, impassioned, amiable cavalier, whose countenance grew beautiful under the sparkling intelligence which animated it, and whose enchanting eloquence made his conversation attractive and lively, carrying with it the conviction of a superior mind.

After the visitors who had met that morning in Josephine's drawing room departed, the general still remained, notwithstanding the astonished and questioning looks of the viscountess, paying no attention to her remarks about the fine weather, or her intention to enjoy a promenade.

With rapid steps and his hands folded behind his back, he paced a few times to and fro the room; then standing before Josephine, he fixed on her face a searching look.

"Madame," said he, suddenly, with a kind of rough tone, "I have a proposition to make; give me your hand. Be my wife?"

Josephine looked at him half-astonished, half-irritated. "Is it a joke you are indulging in?" said she.

"I speak in all earnestness," said Bonaparte, warmly. "Will you do me the honor of giving me your hand?"

The gravity with which Bonaparte spoke, the deep earnestness imprinted on his features convinced Josephine that the general would not descend to indulge in a joke of so unseemly a character, and a lovely blush overspread the face of the viscountess.

"Sir," said she, "who knows if I might not accept your distinguished offer if, unfortunately, fate stood not in the way of your wishes?"

"Fate?" said Bonaparte, with animation.

"Yes, fate! my general," repeated Josephine smiling. "But let us speak no more of this. It is enough that fate forbids me to be the wife of General Bonaparte, I can say no more, for you would laugh at me."

"But you would laugh at me if you could turn me away with so vague an answer," cried Bonaparte with vivacity. "I pray you explain the meaning of your words."

"Well, then, general, I cannot be your wife, for I am destined to be Queen of France—yes, perhaps more than queen!"

It was now Bonaparte's turn to appear astonished and irritated, and, using her own words, he said: "shrugging his shoulders, 'Madame, is it a joke you are indulging in?'"

"I speak in all earnestness," said Josephine, shaking her head. "Listen then; a negro woman in Martinique foretold my fortune, and as her oracular words have thus far been all fulfilled, I must conclude that the rest of her prophecies concerning me will be realized."

"And what has she prophesied to you?" asked Bonaparte, eagerly.

"She has told me: 'You will one day be Queen of France! you will be still more than queen!'"

The general was silent. He had remained standing; but now slowly paced the room a few times, his hands folded on his back and his head inclined on his breast. Then again he stood before the viscountess, and his eye rested upon her with a wondrous bright and genial expression.

"I bid defiance to fate," he said somewhat solemnly. "This prophecy does not frighten me away, and in defiance of your prophetic negro woman, I, the Republican General, address my prayer to the future Queen of France; be my wife!—give me your hand."

Josephine felt almost affrighted at this pertinacity of the general, and a sentiment of apprehension overcame her as she looked into the pale, decided countenance of this man, a stranger to her, and who claimed her for his wife.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed she, with some anguish, you offer me your hand with as much carelessness as if the whole matter were merely for a contra-dance. But I can assure you marriage is a very grave matter, which has no resemblance whatever to a gay dance. I know it is so. I have my sad experience, and I cannot so easily decide upon marrying a second time."

"You refuse my hand, then?" said Bonaparte with a threatening tone.

Josephine smiled. "On the contrary, General," said she, "give me your hand and accompany me to my carriage, which has been waiting for me this long time."

"That means you dismiss me! You close upon me the door of your drawing room?" exclaimed Bonaparte, with warmth.

She shook her head, and, bowing before him with her own irresistible grace, said she in a friendly

manner: "I am too good a patriot not to be proud of seeing the conqueror of Toulon in my drawing room. To-morrow I have an evening reception, and I invite you to be present, General."

From this day Bonaparte visited Josephine daily; she was certain to meet him everywhere. At first she sought to avoid him, but he always knew with cunning foresight how to baffle her efforts, and to overcome all difficulties which she threw in his way. Was she at her friend Therese's, she could safely reckon that General Bonaparte would soon make his appearance and come near her with his eyes beaming with joy, and in his own energetic language speak to her of his love and hopes. Was she to be present at the reception of the five monarchs of Paris, it was General Bonaparte who waited for her at the door of the hall to offer his arm, and lead her amid the respectful, retiring and gently applauding crowd to her seat, where he stood by her, drawing upon her the attention of all. Did she take a drive at the accustomed hour, in the Champs Elysees, she was confident soon to see General Bonaparte on his gray horse gallop at her side, followed by his brilliant staff, himself the object of public admiration and universal respect; and, finally, if she went to the theatre, General Bonaparte never failed to appear in her *loge* to remain near her during the performance, and when she left, to offer his arm to accompany her to her carriage.

It could not fail that this persevering homage of the renowned and universally admired young General should make a deep and flattering impression on Josephine's heart, and fill her with pride and joy. But Josephine made resistance to this feeling; she endeavored to shield herself from it by maternal love.

She sent for her two children from their respective schools, and with her nearly grown up son on one side and her daughter budding into maidenhood on the other, she thus presented herself to the General, and with an enchanting smile, said: "See, General, how old I am, with a grown-up son and daughter who soon can make of me a grand-mother."

But Bonaparte, with heart-felt emotion, reached his hand to Eugene and said: "A man who can call so worthy a youth as this his son, is to be envied."

A cunning, smiling expression of the eye revealed to Josephine that he had understood her war stratagem—that neither the grown-up son nor the marriageable daughter could deter him from his object.