

The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MARCH 4, 1868. NO. 20.

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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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 MARCH.
MOON'S PHASES.
First Quarter, 2nd day, 0h. 36m., morn., E.
Full Moon, 8th day, 4h. 10m., even., E.
Last Quarter, 15th day, 11h. 16m., even., W.
New Moon, 24th day, 2h. 47m., morn., N. E.
First Quarter, 31st day, 8h. 13m., morn., S. W.

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

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, February 28, 1868.	
PROVISIONS.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	4d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	34d to 6d
Pork, (carcase)	34d to 6d
Do (small)	5d to 7d
Mutton, per lb.	34d to 7d
Lamb per lb.	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 3d
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.	34d to 3d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	21s to 23s
Eggs, per dozen.	1s 2d to 1s 6d
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel.	3s 6d to 4s
Oats, per do.	2s 9d to 3s
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,	70s to 80s
Straw, per cwt	1s 6d to 2s
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 4d
Wool,	3s to 5s.
Sheepskins,	
Apples, per doz.,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.
A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.
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.
ON HAND,
A neat assortment of Tinware,
Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.
Including the patent BOX TON COFFER 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.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

THE following CATALOGUE contains many useful and instructive Works, all of which can be had cheaper at the QUEEN'S STREET BOOKSTORE than elsewhere.
E. REILLY.

CATALOGUE.

HISTORICAL.
Lingard's History of England, Hume's Gibbons's Rome, Smith's Greece, Pollard's History of the American War, Popular Ancient History, The English History of America, Robertson's Scotland and America, History of Ireland, (Mooney.) Hallam's Middle Ages, do. Constitutional History, do. Literature of England, Eighty Year's Progress in British North America, Theirs' French Revolution, Rise and fall of the Irish Nation, (Barrington.) Munn's British North America, Rise and Progress of the English Constitution, (Creasy.) European Civilization, (Balmez.) Minister of State, (Guizot.) Two Sicilies (Kavanagh.)

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SCHOOL BOOKS
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in variety
DRAFT BOARDS,
&c., &c., &c.
Queen Street, Ch'town, Jan. 8, 1868.

Poetry.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadow,
I heard the sweet voice of bells
Come borne on the winds of the autumn
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In the mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Comes bringing, with rain softly drooping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time.
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight,
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearning
To take all its wanderer home,
Or, after in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will see me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely,
—They still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherished,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O even of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.
Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a wife to love,
While we are here.

Select Literature.
KATE BOYNTON'S MISTAKE.
A STORY FOR MASONS AND MASONS' WIVES.
"But where's Ned?"
"Oh! he's gone off to the lodge again. I declare I get quite out of patience with him lately. When we were first married, he never left the house of an evening; but now he's off sometimes two or three nights a week. And he's so aggravating about it too. He won't tell me a word of what they do, or what they talk of; and if I get out of patience—as what woman of spirit will not at times!—he won't retort, or answer me back, but just says, in his quiet way, 'Ah! I'm sorry you take it that way. By-by, dear; I hope you'll get your eyes open some day, and not look at this matter as though you were a child.' As though I were a child, indeed! If I acted half as much like a child as his treatment would indicate, he might have some excuse for it."
And Kate stopped, quite out of breath, as her visitors' "things" were taken off, and gathered into a huge bundle in her arms, preparatory to being carried into another room.
"So Ned has become a full-fledged Mason, has he?" queried John Aphorpe, as Kate returned from the other room.
"Yes," answered she, "I guess 'full-fledged' is a good word to use. That is what they apply to geese when they arrive at maturity, and I warrant it'll grace him as well. They're all a parcel of geese, to spend their time at lodge meetings, whether they're Masons, Sons of Temperance, Sons of Malta, or whatever they call themselves. Better stay at home with their wives, or take them with them to some lecture or concert or the theatre."
Kate did not stop to think that she had little cause for complaint on this score, for she averaged at least, two nights a week, at some such entertainment, besides frequently attending a matinee. But women who part from their husbands as Kate had from Ned that evening, seldom stop to reason, and Kate was no exception to the general rule.
"Well," said John, "Masonry is something of a humbug. I wish he were here to-night, so we could take up a hand at whist or euchre. Nellie, here, said, coming over, that it had been some time since we had a game."
"So it has," responded Kate, "but there's no telling when Ned will be at home, and I hardly know who I could send for."
"Well, never mind; we'll have some music instead. Do, Mrs. Boynton, let us have some of those last opera gems, I saw you there the other night, and know you must have learnt them by this time."
Thus urged, Kate took a position at the piano, and now lost all recollection of the vexation of the first of the evening. They all loved music, and the evening passed pleasantly. Kate and John were playing a duet when the door opened, and Ned stood upon the threshold.
"Bravo!" he exclaimed, as the music ceased.
"By Jove! if I had known what awaited me here, I don't know but I should have torn myself away sooner."

"And not take a last ride on the goat," laughed John; "or give that cannon-ball an extra roll across the floor. I suppose you can sit down now, without being forcibly reminded of that hot gridiron?"
"Oh, hush!" laughed he, as he shook hands with John and his wife, and looked pleasantly over at his own Kate to see if her impatience had yet worn off. "I hope you have passed a pleasant evening?"
"Delightful," answered John. "And of course you have. But I say, Ned, why don't you ask a fellow to join it it's such a grand thing? I've been waiting for an invitation from some one 'in the ring.'"
"I will carry an application from you any time you wish," responded Ned; "but I shall never urge or even invite you to join."
"Oh! So, like the fox in the first off, you are not advising others to dispense with the tail, eh? I honor you, Ned."
"You misander!"
"Please, Ned, that's a good boy," said Kate, coming over to him, and twining her arms around his neck, "don't go to the lodge again. You're too good, too noble, to be with such a crowd. You're disappointed, and won't acknowledge it, but won't help to get anybody else into the scrape."
"But it's no such thing," said Ned. "It's one of our principles, and one which a good Mason never forgets, to never urge any one to become a member, so that one can only blame himself if he is disappointed. Do you understand? I am satisfied, and more than satisfied, with my experience inside the lodge-room. But let us change the subject. I don't wish to be the means of bringing discord into the midst of the harmony that existed when I crossed the threshold. Let us have some more music."

Soon they were all amiable again and the vexed subject was forgotten for the present, and it was late when John and Nellie Aphorpe took their leave.
Edward Boynton and John Aphorpe were both bookkeepers in large business houses, and each enjoyed the confidence of the firm he was with. Both houses had all along been considered the most prosperous in the city, but, at one of those commercial panics that occasionally sweep over the country, both houses had been too deeply engaged in speculation, and went down. Both Ned and John had lived pretty well up to their means, they having fastidious tastes, and having an eye to the adornments of art and the pleasures of music and literature. So they both found themselves, in the middle of a severe winter, with about all their means gone, and business still prostrated so that they could find nothing to do. It was especially hard to the poor wives, who had hitherto had all that heart could wish, and now found themselves cramped for even necessities.

Added to other misfortunes, Ned was taken sick about this time, and confined to his bed. His illness was a fever brought on by anxiety and care. Several persons, who recollected but slightly, came to watch with him, and others called to make inquiries. She was grateful, and, mistaking that they were Masons, felt more kindly towards the order, but still regretted the money Ned had spent upon it, thinking, with their empty four barrel and purse, how many nice things it could buy. She said as much, a little bitterly, one evening, to one of the watchers who looked at her in a way she could not understand, and then made some remarks about charitable societies not always practising what they preach.
The next day, about noon, as Kate sat eating the last bit of bread in the house, after having made the last meal into some gruel for her poor husband, who was still out of his head, the bell rang, and she admitted a stranger, one she had never seen before.
"Does Mr. Boynton live here?"
"He does."
"Mr. Edward Boynton, lately with Small, Pellet & Co?"
"Yes, sir."
"He is sick, is he not?"
"He is."
"Ah! And a little money would not come amiss, to buy luxuries, and so forth?"
"To buy necessities, rather. Oh, sir!—But who are you?"
"No matter. You would not know me. He has had dealings with our bank, and there is a balance standing in his credit."
"Money in a bank! He never told me of it?"
"Possibly not."
"But how much? Oh! it is so fortunate!"
"I do not now recall the exact amount. But you can take what you think necessary to-day, and I will enter it into the books."
Two or three times the gentleman came and each time left a sum of money. The fourth time he came, he said:—
"Supposing I should tell you that our books are square now, and no more is due your husband? What should you do?"
"Oh, sir! do not say so. It is such a mystery, and I have been hoping it would continue."
The gentleman did not immediately reply; but after a moment of silence, he said:—
"That large painting in the parlor, opposite the door, is a beautiful thing, Mrs. Boynton. What do you call it?"
"Oh! that is 'The Poet's Paradise.' That is poor Ned's favorite."
"Oh! he said abruptly, a moment later, arising to go, 'I hope the balancing of our books will not be a source of inconvenience to you. You have immediate means enough, I presume, to last until Mr. Boynton's recovery?'"
After Kate's reluctant and fearful confession, the stranger said:—
"I should like the painting that I spoke of a few moments since. I would pay you a good price for it."
The struggle was short. Kate finally consented to let it go, upon condition that Ned should have occasion to redeem it at some future time, which was finally consented to, with the promise extracted from Kate that her husband was to know nothing of it until his perfect restoration to health.

Again and again the stranger came, and offered money for some painting or statuette, until Kate grew to dislike him, denouncing him as the usurper, and with difficulty restraining her tears as she saw her desecrated parlor.
At last Ned got round again, and began to grow stronger. But Kate kept the parlor closed, and never built a fire there, dreading the day of exposure and explanation. She had never before kept a secret from her husband, and the more she pondered

on this, the more dreadful seemed its mammoth proportions.
"I've got no more to sell, Mr. Pawnbroker," Kate said coldly one day about this time, as Mr. French, the one who had robbed her parlor, brushed unceremoniously past the servant girl, into the house.
"Softly, Mrs. Boynton," said the gentleman, "Does your husband know of this yet?"
"No sir."
"Well, I thought it would be a good plan to have me here, to smooth it over, when it was told him; and as he is about well now, and—"
"I will take you in to see the gentleman, and perhaps you will tell him yourself," said Kate, a little haughty, as she ushered Mr. French into the sitting room, where her husband was, and passed into the kitchen.
A few minutes later, she appeared at the door, and said:—
"Isn't some one at the front door, Ned, dear? I thought I heard a noise."
"I guess I left the door open when I came in," said Mr. French, arising, and intercepting her, as she was about going to see. "Pardon me, madam, it was my neglect, and I will close it. Do not leave your duties."
Mr. French did meet some one at the front door, and ushered him into the sitting room, asking him in a low tone, "Did you see my signal? and is everything all right?" getting an affirmative response.
"My dear," said Ned, the next time she came into the room, "I have invited Mr. French and Mr. Jewett to dinner, after which we shall be pleased to have some music. If Mrs. Brown is helping you to-day, let her build a fire in the parlor."
Poor Kate came near sinking to the floor.
"But," she began, "I am afraid I cannot sing or play to-day. I am not very strong since—"
"But her husband's kind words re-assured her, and thinking it would help to fill the void of the pictures and statuary, she said no more, but went out, and sent Mrs. Brown in. As that woman passed through, Mr. French who had changed his position to one near the hall door, said in a low tone, "Whatever you see or hear, manifest no surprise, and keep a still tongue."
After dinner was over and a few minutes had been spent in the sitting room, Ned spoke about the parlor and music.
"Please let these gentlemen go first," said Kate. "I have something to tell you all alone."
"So they went in, and left the husband and wife alone.
"You know, dear Ned," she began, "how much it costs to live, and how little we had to do with when you were taken sick. Your lodge friends were very kind in coming to watch with you, and sending little luxuries; but they never dreamed how destitute we were, and how much we needed necessities, and— But please don't go so fast," she said, as they had arisen, and were already in the hall; "I ain't done yet. And don't you believe I love you dearly and care for you, and would do anything to please you."
"Certainly I do, Katie. But what is the matter?"
"Oh, if you only knew—"
"Knew what?"
"Knew how I loved you. No, not that. How I tried to get along without—"
Here she burst into tears, and could say no more.
"Oh, I can't tell you, after all," she said, presently, as they neared the parlor door. "You must see for yourself."
"See what?" he asked, as she opened the door, and stepped back, that he might go in first.
"Why, all—"
She stopped in astonishment, as she herself looked into the parlor and saw "The Poet's Paradise," and the other paintings, and the statuettes on the brackets, and every thing else she had parted with for money. She was speechless, and looked first at her husband, then at Mr. French, and then at the works of art.
"Probably I can explain this best," said Mr. French, stepping forward, telling Ned what the reader already knows, and then telling how he had the things returned to the parlor, at a given signal from him, when Kate was in the back part of the house.
"But what about the bank," asked Kate, smiling a bewildered smile through her tears.
"That was as I told you," said Mr. French. "Mr. Boynton had and now has money on deposit in the bank, which always honors its drafts."
"What bank is it," asked Kate.
"The Bank of Masonry, which every worthy member always finds a safe investment. Hearing what you had said on one or two occasions, and knowing what your feelings were, I took the method I did to teach you a little lesson. The wife of a Mason may not know the unimportant secret rites of the Order; but she may know of its workings of charity and humanity, and of its brotherly love and pure and undefiled religion. If it had not been to teach you your error, Mrs. Boynton, you might never have known from whence came the succor that aided you through a crisis that is liable to overtake all who dwell in this world of Eternal Apprentices; for our agents do not deal in ostentation, but imitate their Master, who went about doing good, and prating not of it, eighteen hundred years ago."
It is needless to add that Kate found herself in a singing mood, and that an afternoon passed happily that had promised her much bitter sorrow.
"O, Ned," said Kate a few days later, after he had started in business. "I saw Nellie to-day, and they have hardly a thing left. All their furniture, and pictures and dishes, and almost the clothes they have on their back, went before they got through the crisis."
"Well, I'm sorry; but that's because they had no money in the bank."

CAST ASHORE.
But a few hours before I had been lying in a nook amidst the huge rocks, high above the sands, gazing down at the sea, which curled over with a long ripple upon the yellow sands. The sun poured down with all its rich mellow autumn glory, and far as the eye could reach the bosom of the sea was one shimmer—
(Continued on fourth page.)