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The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FERUARY 12, 1868. NO. 17.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, Queen Street.

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For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

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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 rises	SUN sets	High Water		Moon sets.		DAY'S LENGTH
		h m	h m	h	m	h	m	h m
1	Saturday	7 29	4 59	4	2	0	9	9 30
2	Sunday	28	5 1	5	2	1	14	33
3	Monday	26	2	6	3	2	22	36
4	Tuesday	25	3	7	4	3	28	38
5	Wednesday	24	4	8	15	4	29	40
6	Thursday	22	6	9	18	5	29	44
7	Friday	21	8	10	20	rises		47
8	Saturday	19	9	11	16	6	2	50
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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
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25	Tuesday	52	35	0	2	7	58	43
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27	Thursday	48	38	1	19	10	3	50
28	Friday	46	39	2	2	11	6	51
29	Saturday	44	41	2	41	11	59	52

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, February 7, 1868.

Provisions.

Beef, (small) per lb.	4d to 7d
Do by the quarter,	3½d to 6d
Pork, (carcass)	4d to 4½d
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
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 3d
Do by the tub,	11d to 1s 1
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb.,	8d to 10d
Flour, per lb.,	3½d to 3¾
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 4d

Vegetables.

Peas, per quart	
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 9d to 2s 3d

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.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
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Hides, per lb.,	4d
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Sheepskins,	3s to 5s.
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Partridges,	1s to 1s 3d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

A. HERMANS,

GUN-SMITH,

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BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again comunenced Busines 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.

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

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Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

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Queen Street, Ch'town, Jan. 8, 1868.

Poetry.

THE PRINTER'S TOIL.

Blow, ye stormy winds of winter,
Drive the chilly, drifting snow,
Closely housed, the busy printer
Heeds not how the winds may blow.

Click, click, his type go dropping,
Here and there upon his case,
As he stands for hours popping
Every letter in its place.

Heaven send the useful printer
Every comfort mortals need,
For our nights were dull in winter
Had we not the news to read.

Sad would be the world's condition
If no printer boys were found;
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

Yea, it is the busy printer
Rolls the car of knowledge on,
And a gloomy mental winter
Soon would reign if he were gone.

Money's useful, yet the winters
Fill not half so high a place
As the busy, toiling printers,
Fingering type before the case.

Yet while the type they're busy setting,
Oft some thankless popinjay,
Leaves the country, kindly letting
Printers whistle for their pay.

Oh! ingratitude ungracious!
Are there on enlightened soil—
Men with minds so incapacious
As to slight the printer's toil?

See him! how extremely busy,
Fingering type before the case,
Toiling, till he's almost dizzy,
To exalt the human race.

THE TRESS OF BROWN HAIR TO THE POET.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Here I lie! a tress of hair,
Kissed by every wandering air,
Wishing you would kiss me too;
Why don't you oftener than you do?
Through my ringlets ran her fingers,
Whom you love so fond and true;
And their sweetness lingers, lingers
In the ringlets still, for you.

Only kiss them once, and see
What love lies enbalmed in me!
Kiss me now! and it shall seem
As if you kissed her, in a dream.
Nay! it shall not seem, but be;
You shall kiss her, sir, and she—
She shall stand before you there, pale and fair;
By only kissing me, a little tress of hair!

Select Literature.

THE TIN SAVINGS BANK.

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business in one of the cities of the American States. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself as a wife Caroline Eustis, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him except her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift learned in an economical household under the stern teaching of necessity.

It was well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it very difficult to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now flourishing, might become less so.

Accordingly, one day she purchased of a tin pedlar who came to the door a little tin safe, such as children frequently use as a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantle-piece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

'Hallo, Carrie, what's that?' he asked, curiously.

'Only a little purchase I made to-day,' said the wife.

'But what is it meant for?' he asked again.

'Let me illustrate,' said his wife, playfully.—'Have you a ten cent piece about you?'

Charles drew a dime from his waistcoat pocket. His wife, taking it from his hand, dropped it into the box through a little slit at the top.

Charles laughed.

'So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie; my little wife becomes a miser!'

'No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night.'

'What—drop a dime into this new-fangled arrangement of yours.'

'Exactly.'

'Very well, that will be easy enough. A dime is no great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly-commenced hoard?'

'Lay it by for a rainy day,' said Caroline.

Charles laughed merrily.

'And what will a dime amount to?' he enquired.

'In a year it will amount to,' commenced his wife, seriously,—

'Oh, never mind, spare me the calculation. It sounds too much like business, and I have enough of that during the day.'

'But you don't object to my plan?'

'Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very prudent and commendable; but you know, Carrie, I never was gifted with much prudence.'

'I am quite aware of that,' said his wife, smiling. This ended the conversation for the time.

The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those (of whom there are so many) who enter upon a new plan zealously, but soon tire of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through. Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime, which was forthwith added to the accumulation. Frequently he had not the exact change, but would toss her a quarter instead. She would assure him laughingly that this would answer her purpose quite as well.

More than once Charles would banter her on her little savings bank, but this she bore gaily. But these were not the only accessions the funds received. Her husband had early arranged to make her an ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not have considered it so; but Caroline, who was in the habit of making up her own dresses, provided herself with a good wardrobe at a much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After considerable calculation, she came to the conclusion that out of her allowance she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted of her husband. Of this, however, she thought it best, on the whole, not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able, at some future time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied, and the contents were transferred to a savings bank of more pretensions, where interest would be allowed. When the sums deposited here became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them and invested in bank and other stocks which would yield a larger per-centage. Of her mode of management, her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present, and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which he had been unusually favored by prosperity in business and uninterrupted health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, but, on the other hand, he had saved absolutely nothing. Twenty-five cents alone stood to his credit.

'Running pretty close, isn't it Carrie?' said he, laughingly. 'I take credit to myself for running on the right side of the line. But then, I suppose, you have saved up an immense sum.'

'How much do you think?' asked his wife.

'Oh! perhaps a hundred dollars,' said Charles Lynford, carelessly · 'though it would take a good many dimes to do that.'

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857—a panic so recent that it will be remembered by all the readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universally trade and business of every kind were depressed at that period—among others the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She had expected that her husband's business would be affected.

'What is the matter, Charles?' she asked cheerfully.

'The matter is, that we shall have to economize greatly.'

'Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters.'

'I should think there had. I shall have but half a-day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't an idea, Carrie, how dull business of every kind has become.'

'I think I have,' said his wife, quietly, 'I have read the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind.'

'Do you think we can reduce our expenses one-half?' asked her husband, doubtfully.

'I think we shall be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year, at least. That will cut off considerable expense; then there are a great many little superfluities you are accustomed to buy—little things you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without. Then we can live more plainly—have less pies and cake, and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned.'

'What a calculator you are, Carrie,' said her husband, feeling considerably easier in his mind. 'I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income—for the present, at least. 'But,' and his countenance again changed, 'suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to one-half, could you?'

'That certainly surpasses my powers,' said his wife, smiling; 'but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you.'

'Why no, I did'nt think of that,' said her husband, 'I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks.'

His wife smiled.

'And in these few weeks,' she added, 'business might revive.'

'To be sure,' said her husband. 'Well, I guess it'll be all right—I'll try not to trouble myself about it any longer.'

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford had given expression proved only to be too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure, entirely failed, and he found himself without work of any kind,—thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it actually came upon him, and he returned home in a fit of discouragement. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon him.

'And the worst of it is,' he added, 'there is no hope of better times till spring.'

'Do you think business will revive then?' asked his wife.

'It must by that time; but there are five or six months between. I don't know how we are to live during that time.'

'I do,' said his wife, quietly.

'You,' exclaimed the husband, in surprise.

'Yes; your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and I have no doubt we can live six months for two hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Yes, certainly; but where is that money to come from? I don't want to run in debt; and if I did, I should not know where to borrow.'

'Fortunately, there is no need of it,' said Mrs. Lynford. 'You seem to forget your little savings bank.'

'But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?' exclaimed Charles in surprise.

'Yes, and six hundred more,' said his wife.

'Impossible?'

'Wait a minute and I will prove it.'

Caroline withdrew for a moment, and then re-appeared, with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars, and a bank-book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

'Are you quite sure you haven't had a legacy?' demanded Charles, in amazement. Surely a dime a day has not produced this.'

'No; but two dimes a day have, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time.'

'All this I owe to your prudence,' said Charles, gratefully, 'How can I repay you.'

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring, as he anticipated, business revived, and he was once more in receipt of his old income. More than two thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assidous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantlepiece, and never fails to receive a deposit daily.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, and tired, and out of spirits, he came home to his wife, who was out of spirits also.

A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be, said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brow and cloudy aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either.

Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

'Come,' she said, at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was an invitation in the word only; none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table—he was tempted to say an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet, home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

'Are you not well, Mary?'

The words were on his lips but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant that he feared an irritating reply. And so in moody silence the twain sat together until Andrew finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back she arose and commenced clearing off the table.

This is purgatory,' said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down his trowsers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused, stood still for some moments, and then, drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading. Singular enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were:

'Praise your wife.'

This rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

'I should like to find occasion for praising mine.'

How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

'Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her encouragement. It will not hurt her.'

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered:

'Oh, yes, that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?'

His eyes fell on the paper.

toShe has made your home comfortable, hearth bright fod shining, your food agreeable, for pity's sake tell r you thank her, if nothing more. She don't object an it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have her ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too.

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, 'Praise her for what?' and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the slight return of praise or commendation? Had he told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced?' He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was for him that she was at work.

'Praise your wife.' The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-natured, and with ill nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

'A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is the little rift in the cloud which lets the sunshine through.'

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness:

'You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary.'

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that her needle had ceased.

'My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop?' said Lee, encouraged to go on.

'Are they?' Mrs. Lee's voice was low and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the icy reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a