

The Herald

VOL. II.

CHARLOTTEOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1866.

NO. 15.

THE HERALD

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ALMANAC FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.
Full Moon, 1st day, 2h. 36m., morning, N. E.
Last Quarter, 8th day, 5h. 24m., evening, N. E.
New Moon, 16th day, 4h. 24m., evening, W. S. W.
First Quarter, 23rd day, 4h. 42m., evening, S. E.
Full Moon, 30th day, 4h. 17m., evening, E. N. E.

DAY	MOON'S PHASES	High Moon	Low Moon
1 Monday	h m	h m	h m
2 Tuesday	4 39 19 0 32 5 30 8 30		
3 Wednesday	49 19 0 10 7 39 31		
4 Thursday	49 21 0 32 8 43 32		
5 Friday	49 22 1 32 9 42 33		
6 Saturday	48 23 2 16 10 43 35		
7 Sunday	48 26 3 11 11 42 37		
8 Monday	48 28 3 38 12 41 38		
9 Tuesday	48 27 4 38 0 42 39		
10 Wednesday	47 25 5 00 1 02 41		
11 Thursday	47 29 6 24 2 36 42		
12 Friday	47 30 7 18 3 34 43		
13 Saturday	46 31 8 11 4 28 44		
14 Sunday	45 33 9 3 5 22 47		
15 Monday	45 34 9 51 6 8 49		
16 Tuesday	45 36 10 28 6 50 50		
17 Wednesday	44 37 11 32 6 12 53		
18 Thursday	43 39 12 0 7 18 56		
19 Friday	42 40 0 5 8 26 58		
20 Saturday	41 41 0 48 9 35 59		
21 Sunday	40 42 1 32 10 46 2		
22 Monday	40 44 2 22 11 55 4		
23 Tuesday	39 45 3 16 12 58 8		
24 Wednesday	38 46 4 14 1 5 9		
25 Thursday	37 48 5 21 2 15 9		
26 Friday	36 50 6 28 3 20 14		
27 Saturday	35 51 7 34 4 21 16		
28 Sunday	34 51 8 35 5 16 18		
29 Monday	33 53 9 29 6 6 20		
30 Tuesday	32 55 10 14 7 15 23		
31 Wednesday	31 57 10 50 8 25 25		

AUGUSTUS HERMANS,
Locksmith, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger,
COPPER, SHEET IRON, ZINC & TIN PLATE
WORKER,
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTEOWN.

THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTEOWN.
THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends, to be the most generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.
Nov. 20, 1865.

THOMAS KELLY,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office—Queen Street, (over Welch & Owen's.)
Residence—North American Hotel,
Charlotteown, P. E. I.
November 8 1865.—5ms.

Dr. W. G. Sutherland
RETURNS thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since commencing the practice of his profession, in its various branches, in this City, and trusts by attention and assiduity, that the same may still be continued to him.

Drugs and Chemicals,
Choice Perfumery, Toilet Articles, in variety; selected from the best London House by those competent of doing justice to the business.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Corner of Great George and King Streets.
THIS establishment being an operation of acknowledged skill, acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Province, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at moderate prices.

GARIES DES VIGIERS,
Paints of Colours, Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Pictures; also, for making Children's Pictures for which his light is admirably suited, and in which he acknowledges no superior.

Public Dispensary and Dispensing Office,
will find them useful for clearing and strengthening the voice.

NEW STORE SOURIS EAST.

The Subscriber hereby acquaints his friends and the public generally that he has taken

MACKINNON'S STORE,
Souris East,
Where he has opened a large and well selected STOCK OF

GOODS.

Comprising in DRY GOODS—Grey and White Cottons, striped and fancy Shirtings, Denims, Tickings, Derry, Omburg, Windings (in plain and checks) Alpaccas, Coburgs, Lustras, Coplinets, Printed Castles, Black Lustras and Coburgs, Mufflers, Fanny-comb Scarfs, Shawls, Mantles, Saques, &c., &c., black and grey Whinney, Seal Cloth, Scotch Tweed, black and Broadcloth, black and grey Mantle Cloth, red, white and fancy Fannels, Serges, Blankets, white and colored Cotton Warps, &c., &c.

Men's Overcoats, Sack do., Vests, Felt Hats, Chum do., Fur Caps, Cloth, Glangery and Glazed do., Aberdeen, Cloth, Lined Kid, Kingwood and Cashmere Gloves, etc., etc.

In GROCERIES—Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Sole Lard, Butter, Calfskin, Soap, Candles, Kerosine Oil, Washing Soda, Soda, Extract Logwood, Redwood, Cudbear, Copperas, Alum, Starch, Indigo, Rice, Raisins, Nuts, Coffee, etc., etc.

In HARDWARE—Cut and Wrought Nails, Ploughmounting, Shovels, Traces, Blister Steel, Hammars, Hoes, Whip-saws, Hacksaws, and Mill-saws, Files, Blacksmiths' Rasps, Smoothing, Jack and Tryng Planes, Horse-shoe Nails, &c., &c., Oil, Putty, Paints, Glass, Matches, Powder and Shot, Buckets, Brooms, Tinware, Pots, Pans, etc., Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Earthenware, &c., &c.

HAVING purchased these GOODS in the best markets and on reasonable terms, he is prepared to sell them cheaper than has ever been offered in King's County before; and, as his knowledge of trade has enabled him to select the best and most desirable kinds of Goods, his Stock will be found as complete and varied as shall meet the requirements of this section of the Island, and he hopes to receive a fair share of public patronage. Either Cash or Merchandise Produce will be taken in payment.

MICHAEL McORMACK,
Souris East, Nov. 1, 1865.



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 this Syrup in bottles of various sizes, and in a convenient wrapper, and it is sold by all the most experienced and skillful 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

CHILDS IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC,
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and most reliable in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause.

We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

It is not only a safe and reliable medicine, but it is also a most effective and skillful nurse in New England, and has been used with never failing success in THOUSANDS OF CASES.

Light Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, which might be checked with a simple remedy, if neglected, often terminates seriously. Few are aware of the importance of stopping a cough or Sore Throat, which might be checked with a simple remedy, if neglected, often terminates seriously.

Woman's Crampish Breches were first introduced into your eyes. It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for *Crampish Breches, Catarrh, or Hooping Cough in Infants, and numerous affections of the Throat, giving immediate relief.*

Public Dispensary and Dispensing Office, will find them useful for clearing and strengthening the voice.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines, at 25 cents per Box.
Oct. 11, 1865.

Poetry.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for December.)
THE BELLS OF LYNN, HEARD AT NAHANT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O'erflow of the fitting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!
From the dark bellies of your cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!
The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the head-land,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shilling sands, the wandering cattle home-ward,
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!
The distant lighthouse bears, and with its flaming signal,
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!
Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
To summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And started at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
To cry aloud and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;
OR,
THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY FANCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I Reginald Morton!" exclaimed Custa.
"But for your dusky hue I should swear to the likeness of a white man," replied the other.

"But my dusky hue is all false," replied the other. "I have always known myself white, but my early Indian education has made me ashamed of my true color."

"As like my old friend Morton as a twin brother," cried the judge.

"Amy Moss was here so overwhelmed by her emotion that she rose to retire with Jane, alleging her late fatigue as an excuse. The judge embraced her with a cordiality and affection which testified his great joy. She shook hands with all, but Custa felt a thrill of delight in his very heart, which, being his hand in hers, she thanked him once more for all he had done."

"The stranger took advantage of this opportunity to rise also, to take his departure, after receiving full explanation as to the route he was to follow to reach the Frog's Hole, with a kindly tone, he leaves to mind how he acted there, as the owner was a great rascal."

"I only caught with my whole skin, stranger, by means of a splendidous girl called Kate—Ralph Reginald Morton to cut my throat; there ain't no no way about that."

"The stranger thanked the pedlar with something of a sneer, and then departed on his way."

"They were something," said Custa in a low muttering tone; "there was something in the woman's look to bear out the hope you give me, judge."

"He said nothing of the other child," asked Dick Harvey in a hasty tone, the judge standing by her side.

"Why ask you?" said the judge.

"Because I too am an orphan and never knew my parents," cried the young man. "Let me tell my story."

"Mrs. Girty lived in a small cottage outside the town of Boston, where the first thing Harvey could remember was being placed at school by a lawyer named Watson, who supplied his mother, as a usual call her, with money. This lawyer, who was reported to be a good man, used to come down to the cottage and indulge in what used to be thought very wearisome lectures to Mrs. Girty about his bringing up, and in very strong observations about Simon, who was not only being because he was not so bad as people said, because he always sent her money every now and then to support her and the poor boy."

"That boy," would the lawyer say, "that boy's proof against him. He's got him here for no good. He is not his boy; then whose boy is he?"

"I am sure I do not know," said the old woman. "Simon would never tell. He only says, 'Be careful of him. He may be a fortune to us.'"

"Rank Harvey!" roared Barton cry; "take care of him. Time will show, time will show!"

Then he used to go away. When Harvey was ten years old he seemed to take a fancy to a wandering and strange life. He would ramble away for days at a time with a sketch-book, draw animals, bushes, scenes, and then come back to study with great diligence. It was soon found that he was passionately fond of drawing, and the art the lawyer directed he should be specially taught.

"Eh, what?" he cried; "another enemy of my peace! Am I to lose both my girls?"

"Please God," said Custa, "if all this be true, you will lose neither of them."

Harvey held down his head in too great confusion to notice that it was true that you love my daughter?" asked the judge sternly.

"I do," replied Dick Harvey timidly.

"I believe you know of it," said the judge sternly.

"I never spoke to her on the subject," said the judge sternly.

"Then there is time to speak of all this. It is late. Let us to bed."

All rose, and after visiting the grounds, the palisades and the Block, retired to rest, one sentry alone on the summit of the Block keeping watch and ward.

At daybreak next morning, James Barton was heard urging the negroes to saddle his horse quickly, as ten minutes later he left by the ferry and galloped off in the direction of Scow Hill.

An hour later the screams of the attendants on Amy Moss aroused all the inhabitants of the Block. Hebs had gone into their room to inquire if anything were wanted, and had found the bed unoccupied. The girls had not undressed, it was easy to see, but had fallen asleep while talking, and the outside the bed-locks. There Hebs had indeed found them, when she took them guard the preceding night. But finding them asleep, she had cast shame over them and left them.

The judge, fury, and despair of the friends cannot be described. Custa and Harvey lost their self-possession utterly, and darted away into the wood in various directions, in a few minutes followed by Charles, leaving the bereaved father utterly prostrated by this last blow.

A large party soon afterwards started to scour the wood, to the great indignation of Corney Ragg, who was impatient to return to the Frog's Hole, the more so as he had suspicions relative to the stranger who had started up there through an American Indian country. His determination was, however, soon taken.

CHAPTER XXII.

The natural history of the world has often told of legends and tales which have been found a place in the fablest narratives. White speaks of a broad-leaved elm of fabulous proportions; Evelyn, of a wych elm that weighed, when cut, ninety-seven hundred and eighty pounds; and the eighty feet high, Jesse, of an elm under which two hundred people breakfasted. But few of those familiar to these islands could be met with in foreign regions, where nature always appears to have exerted her power.

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"Why ask you?" said the judge.

"To find Amy Moss?" repeated Richard Harvey emphatically.

"My friends, I came here, also, to look for my master's daughter—I thank you—three will have more chance than one. But tell me why you came here for her?"

"Bennett," said Custa, gravely, "there are instincts of the human heart which never deceive us. I have long suspected that the aquire has been the cause of all the misfortunes of your house. It must have been he who allowed the Alligator and the negro to escape—it is he who has abducted Amy."

"But why?"

"Why—I have I not said she shall never marry him?"

"That is his affianced wife," said Bennett.

"She is—but could he induce her to marry him by the use of force or terror, he would do so. There is a mystery behind that man, which I long to penetrate."

"Then let us on," said Bennett impatiently; "I would hurt him to the earth myself. He has, I fear, been a hollow traitor to us all."

"Clutching their rifles, without further speech, the three young men entered the stream, following the ford and making straight towards the house. In a few minutes they stood upon the opposite bank near the garden of the house already alluded to. Again they listened, and they fancied they heard low murmuring voices."

"Voices of women," said Bennett. "Follow me."

"Hush!" replied Custa, clenching his arm to restrain his impetuosity. "Be slow."

And he glided round under the house, scarcely anxious to touch the ground until he reached the front door. He placed his hand upon the latch. It was unfastened. "It is unfastened!" he said with a slight shiver; "who is not here?"

"Let us search," said Harvey in reply; "I heard women's voices."

They raised the latch, opened the door; not a soul was visible in the out-house, which were at some considerable distance from the mansion, though the watch-dogs barked violently from ever part of the building.

Before them was a long passage from which many doors opened. They tried each as they passed. The rooms were all richly and even elegantly furnished, though slightly tarnished; but in no room did they find a living soul. They were at the end of the passage and about to ascend the stairs, scarcely noticing a last door, which was concealed by a screen, when they distinctly heard several voices in altercation. They listened a moment, and then discovered the door which had escaped their first examination. They opened it rapidly. It was the private room of Squire Barton. The shutters were closed, and most of the room was in obscurity; but what astonished them all was, that light streamed up from a hole in the floor, and from that hole came voices.

There were the clanking sound of a meeting, the angry tones of a white woman, and the feeble moaning as it were of a child.

They looked at each other as if for an explanation, and then treaded cautiously on the heavy carpeted floor, they moved round the trap-door and looked down.

That morning, a little before the arrival of Custa, Peche—the handsome negro already alluded to—had risen from his bed, and come down, without awakening any one, to the kitchen, where he had found a note pinned to the door. She had gone to the kitchen, which was near the front of the house, and there cut some slices of bread and meat and filled a jug with water. All this she had placed on a tray, and then had advanced to the private cabinet of the aquire, which she opened with a key that hung from her girdle.

As if familiar by long use with the place, she had laid down the platter of meat and bread, and the lantern which she also bore, and had raised the trap-door formerly mentioned in the early part of this narrative. Then she laid down the platter, opened a rickety, passed it inside, and then rang a bell and waited.

The light came dimly into the room—dimly and gloomily through the bars and through the try—shedding less light than upon the floor, which was divided into several squares by the lines of the floorboards. He was a man of few, if any scruples. He was at first dimly, darkly, somewhere in the deepest recesses of his soul, half consumed with wrong, and a temper so yielding and so loving, that she had never once complained of the crime of which she was the victim.

There could be no doubt that, despite the vigilance of the watch-dogs, and the Indian, in the course of time some person must have passed that way and heard her cries, if cries she had uttered. But she uttered none. She kissed the hand that smote her, and prayed day and night for him.

She had a stock of books, chiefly of a devotional character, and having become reconciled to the idea of utter seclusion from the world, she endeavored to think only of another and a better—even sometimes thanking Heaven that had removed her from the temptations of the society, her who in the world was being a laughing, giddy, merry-hearted child. She had never been happy. From the first dawn of womanhood she had known sorrow. She had married very young, and had found herself neglected, unkindness, and finally had been removed out of sight and barred from the world.

And this was the wife of Squire James Barton. He had seen Amy Moss, and loved her with as much sincerity as belonged to his scorned and rugged nature. He was a man of few, if any scruples. He was at first dimly, darkly, somewhere in the deepest recesses of his soul, half consumed with wrong, and a temper so yielding and so loving, that she had never once complained of the crime of which she was the victim.

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