The Herald.

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THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

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ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 2nd day, 2h. 32m., evening.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 8h. 1m., morning.
New Moon, 18th day, 0h. 1m., morning.
First Quarter, 25th day, 8h. 19m., evening.

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

BRITISH PERIODICALS,

VIZ:

The London Quarterly Review, (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)
The Westminster Review, (Radical.)
The North British Review, (Free Church.)

AND

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)

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The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our CIVIL WAR, and, though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and country.

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A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $6 for the whole four, or $2 for any one.

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R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, Sept. 20, 1865. ow 1d 2w

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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 and sold this article for over thirty years, and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful 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

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

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Price, only 35 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 11, 1865. 1y

A Slight Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, which might be

edy, if neglected, often terminates seriously. Few are aware of the importance of stopping a Cough or Slight Cold in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if not attended to, soon attacks the lungs.

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Public Speakers and Singers,

will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice.

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Oct. 11, 1865.

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 towards him.

By the latest arrivals he has increased his present stock of

Drugs and Chemicals,

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

The Dispensary department will be under his own immediate superintendence.

Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practised in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive Colonial practise in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and ensure satisfaction.

☞ Advice to the poor gratis.

Queen-street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1865.

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THE undersigned being an operator 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 Provinces, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at MODERATE PRICES.

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He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto failed to get a good likeness. Pictures taken from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

Instructions given in the above art.

☞ Remember the place, corner Great George and King Streets.—Entrance on King Street.

Ch. Town, May 31, 1865. C. LEWIS.

Poetry.

OUR HOME.

BY MRS. L. B. ADAMS.

A lowly, wildwood home is ours,
No spacious halls, no lofty towers,
No gardens gay with fairy bowers,
No pomp or pride are here;
Yet wealth, with fingers bright and cold,
These magic fingers, nerved with gold,
Amid the realms of romance old,
Ne'er wrought a home so dear.

Its summer roof is gay with moss,
And climbing vine and roses cross,
And blooming trees their branches toss,
In breeze and sunshine there;
And when her garland autumn weaves,
Of coral seeds and painted leaves,
The moss grows gray along the eaves,
Like age's whit'ning hair.

And now, though piled with winter snow,
Though fierce the north winds round it blow,
No chill can reach the hearts below,
Where social love holds sway;
Where cheerily each winter night,
While blazing fire burns high and bright,
The scattered household band unite
Around the hearthstone gray.

The dear old hearthstone of our home!
Where'er on earth our steps may roam,
No purer light than thine can come,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer;
Light from the blazing brands piled high,
And holier light, that cannot die,
That makes our household dear.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Charles Carstone lived in a small, elegantly-furnished house in one of those streets which were accounted fashionable when George the Third was king of this wondrous little island. Sir Charles Carstone was about Guards who stayed at home; and an oracle in a limited circle which he called the world. Sir Charles had many visitors, for he was a favorite now with one in a high place, who loved such companions as the baronet.

Sir Charles Carstone and Lady Carstone sat in a small breakfast-parlor, sipping their chocolate, each on their own side of the table, while Master George, a tall boy of thirteen, red-haired, freckled, spoilt, saucy, with every quality to make him his parent's darling and the world's nuisance, stood on the other side playing with a dog, a kind of Italian greyhound.

Sir Charles had powdered hair, a coat of extreme elegance, his moustaches were curled upward, his face though thin was placid, his knee-breeches were irreproachable, his silk stockings of the finest, his sword was already by his side. He was, in fact, full dressed and ready to go out.

Lady Carstone was a contrast to her husband. She was a stout and portly dame of forty, with a round face and double chin, overdressed, showy, and extremely vulgar. She was uneducated, but she was rich. She would doubtless have been a very worthy dame had she remained in her station. Alderman Pepper, the great grocer, was one of the best of men, sensible, earnest, a good man of business, upright, honest, respected wherever he was known. He had his foible, however—a very common foible in this country, and one which marks the weakness of our civilization. He worshipped the aristocracy, he venerated a lord, he shook in his shoes if he happened to meet a duke. Blood was every thing with him; and feeling his own wealth, he aimed at elevating his daughter to the level of the most fashionable courtiers.

Sir Charles Carstone, bart., a most polished courtier, a man who was the favorite of a prince, who had actually spoken to the king, and taken his hat off to a queen, was a being to dazzle the worthy alderman. Had any man alive attempted to cheat Mr. Alderman Pepper out of five pounds, he would have failed; but he was coolly fleeced of £20,000 by the polished courtier with the utmost ease. He even felt obliged to the man for taking the money. He had also taken his daughter.

Not that Alderman Pepper did not love his daughter. He adored her and had kept her unmarried until nearly thirty, because none but substantial city matches had offered. When, however, a knight—Sir Charles was then only a knight—offered, he was accepted gladly; and now that his daughter was the lady of a baronet—we need not tell how Sir Charles became a baronet—his delight knew no bounds. He made them an additional present of £10,000.

Poor Lady Carstone was well-meaning, though she was ignorant, while her new station, and the society of the strange portion of the aristocracy with whom she associated, instead of improving, almost ruined her. She became proud, haughty, inflated, and her temper was spoiled. All these qualities are offensive and disagreeable enough in the polished—they are worse in the vulgar.

'Ton my word, George, my poor head aches. Lor! what is there in a dog to bring him in a drawing-room?—but never mind me—of course not.'

'The child, Lady Carstone, can only be fitted for good society, by giving full swing to his natural propensities. Allow me, madam, to educate my son.'

'Hoity toity! Sir Charles, and is he not my son. Lackaday!'

'I ventured no remark derogatory to your maternal authority, madam. I merely requested that *his education* should be left to me. The court and the city do not very well agree.'

'They agree fast enough when the court wants money. I fancy, Sir Charles, you would not have such a good coat on your back if you had not tasted a city plum.'

'Money is very useful; but rank and fashion, madam, are more than money. To be the wife of Sir Charles Carstone, baronet, Colonel in the Guards, is an honor, madam,' said the baronet affectedly, 'which an alderman'ic action may well be proud of.'

''Lady,' is a very good word,' said his wife peevishly; 'but I've paid for it pretty well.'

'I would remind you, madam, that your son will inherit a baronetcy and eight thousand pounds a year on my side.'

'And as much on my side,' repeated the mother quickly.

'Except the baronetcy,' said the baronet quietly.

'Have you done quarrelling? What a bother!' said the boy saucily.

''Bother,' my boy, is not a correct phrase—that is a city importation,' began Sir Charles.'

'Sir Charles!' exclaimed Lady Carstone angrily, 'do not set the boy up to insult me.'

For some time this disgraceful scene of wrangling continued, in which the spoiled child, more spoiled by these matrimonial bickerings in his presence than even by their weak compliance with his wishes, took a part, sometimes encouraged by one side, sometimes on the other. At length the contest ended from mere weariness, and the happy couple turned to some other subject of conversation.

When breakfast was over Lady Carstone retired to her chamber to dress, the boy ran out to join a groom, who had a pony to show him, and Sir Charles remained alone.

He had an appointment at twelve, and was about to make a movement to keep it, when one John Barty was announced.

'Let him come in,' said the baronet, somewhat quickly.

A man entered. The visitor was a man of middle height, slight, and somewhat bowed in the back, with a long cadaverous countenance, a hooked nose, little restless grey eyes, and a general air of poverty and distress about him. He bowed meekly to the baronet, who threw himself into a chair and motioned to the other to be seated.

'And pray, Master Barty,' said the baronet in a stately tone, 'what may procure me the pleasure of your company this morning? None of my bills are yet due, and I did not think of asking for a new loan, though now you are here——'

'Sir Charles!' exclaimed the other, 'not money always—do not talk of money like it was bread, or cheese, or dust; money is the thing to take the hat off to, to think of reverently, to use when it is really necessary. I shiver when I hear you talk of it so.'

'Upon my word, John Barty, money is a very fine thing, but I would not think of it as you do for all the gold of the Indies. You'll be murdered some of these nights. Why, the very look of you proclaims a Crœsus.'

'Hush!' said the other, who wore a long great-coat trailing down to his heels, shoes much too big for him, and soiled linen; 'why say I am rich? You know I am not. I try to be; I make a little here, a little there; I starve myself, I go errands, I introduce gentlemen to moneyed men—and, Sir Charles, why do I do it?'

'Ay, why?—that is a question I have often thought of asking you,' said the baronet.

'I have a daughter, Sir Charles.'

'A daughter?'

'A daughter, whom I wish to leave happy, Sir Charles, and for whom I do all that I do—a daughter, the image of what her mother was, and she was beautiful.'

'Upon my word, Mr. Barty, you quite interest me; and if I had not a most special appointment with the prince I should ask you to continue.'

'Excuse me, Sir Charles, but I am forgetting important business.'

'So you have business, then—pray in what can I oblige you?'

'Have you not a secret in America, of——'

'What means this introduction?' exclaimed the baronet, planting his hands on the sides of his arm-chair.

'Your secret is discovered,' said the miser coolly.

'Babbling fool, what mean you?' asked Sir Charles.

'What I mean,' said John Barty, without moving a muscle, 'is, that your cousin, Andrew Carstone, has left for America with an old pal of Dick Blunt's.'

What the baronet said is of little moment; his words cannot be repeated here. He rose hastily, and moved impatiently across the room, clenched his fists, and seemed painfully agitated.

'Barty,' he said, stopping suddenly, 'this is terrible bad news. But how do you know?'

'Well, sir, I was down at Greenwich yesterday, and I saw that thief, Corney Ragg, coming down the street with a bag in his hand. He was dressed like a gentleman's groom.'

'Who is Corney Ragg?'

'The man where Dick Blunt once lodged, when we fetched him that night.'

'Go on.'

''Eh, Ragg,' says I, 'you're mighty fine; where are you going?' 'All right,' says he, 'you won't split?' 'Split be hanged, says I. 'Then it's all right, Barty—I'm going to 'Merika with Mr. Andrew Carstone, to fetch home his daughter, as a villain called Sir Charles Carstone stole from him.''

'Sdeath,' cried the baronet, 'then he knows all.'

'It appears so, Sir Charles,' said the money-lender.

'Go on. While you speak I can collect my thoughts.'

'Just then a gentleman come up and Ragg joined him. They hailed a boat and went on board a barque bound for New York. It sailed directly.'

'This is terrible. Who could have betrayed me? But he may not know—and yet the secret voyage to America, without communicating with me. Barty!'

'Yes, sir,' said the miser, looking down on the ground meekly. He felt the attack coming.

'I must have two hundred pounds by this evening, and my passage taken for America!' exclaimed the baronet, looking hard at him.

'Two hundred pounds!' said Barty; 'it can't be done.'

'Hearken, Barty—it must be done. I am in no humor to bandy words. Time is everything. I must act first. The furniture of this house is new and good—take it as security, but bring me the money.'

'I dare say, Sir Charles, I may find a friend to assist me—the security is good; but, Sir Charles, you may be gone some months—Lady Carstone is very changeable.'

'What now?'

'You may be gone some months.'

'Well.'

'Lady Carstone is very changeable,' said Barty timidly.

'Well, speak up; do not distract me.'

'Lady Carstone might wish to change or sell it.'

'Nonsense! I will leave strict injunctions.'

'You had better leave me in the house, Sir Charles. They will want a steward over them in your absence.'

The baronet laughed grimly. The idea of leaving such a master over Lady Carstone was too ludicrous.

'So, good Barty, you shall be steward in my absence—keep good guard over my house; but now go, and let the money be forthcoming.'

John Barty bowed and left the room.

'There has been some treachery,' said Sir Charles moodily; 'and yet I paid the villains well—they should have been true. If he finds her, all is lost. He must know it is my doing; and then adieu, even my pension. But if I can arrive in America before him, or with him, and find that Hackett, it shall go hard but I will yet prevent the fatal result.'

He then left the room and went to his wife's chamber, to whom he bluntly communicated his intention of going to America—a piece of news which Lady Carstone heard with astonishment, but without regret. She had no reason to lament because her husband gave her a few months of liberty.

Such is the usual result of unsuitable matches, where affection is the last thing considered.

Sir Charles spent the day in making his preparations, in bidding adieu to his boon companions, and at seven o'clock in the evening he waited for John Barty in his room. That individual came punctually. He was dressed in a holiday suit, and had a parcel under his arm. He was clean-shaved, and had fresh linen on.

'By my faith, Mr. Barty,' cried the baronet, 'you are quite a beau—you do me proud. I suppose this is in honor of my poor house.'

'Why, Sir Charles, I could hardly expect the servants to mind me, if I did not look like a gentleman.'

'No, certainly not;' and Sir Charles laughed heartily.

'You are amused, sir,' said the money-lender.

'No; but have you the money?' asked the other quickly.

'Here it is, sir; and here is the bill of sale.'

'Bill of sale?' cried the baronet.

'If you do not repay me—it is void otherwise,' said John Barty meekly.

'It is well. You are an honest money-lender in your way.'

The man bowed low and placed the document for the other's signature. He took up a pen and signed hastily. The miser then handed him the money, which was at seven per cent,—moderate considering the profession of the man and the necessities of the borrower.

'And about a passage to America?' asked the baronet, secreting the money about his person.

'A worthy Captain Douglas sails at daybreak—he would have you on board to-night. Is all ready?'

'Everything is ready.'

'Does her ladyship know of my position in the house?'

'That is a pleasure I have reserved for her until the last moment, Mr. Barty. She will want some consolation for my absence.'

Barty grinned like an ogre, and would have spoken, but Lady Carstone at that instant entered.

'So, my dear, you are really going,' said she with an affectionate drawl, rubbing her dry eyes very hard with a pocket handkerchief.

'Really, my dear, I am sorry to say, the business on which I go is so imperative, that I must tear myself away.'

'Well, you know best, Sir Charles; I am not at all a business woman—I never was.'

'You ought to have been, madam, considering the time you spent in your worthy father's shop.'

'Sir Charles,' said the lady, looking imposing and dignified, 'what shop do you allude to?'

'The clothier's shop, to be sure, my Lady Carstone.'

'My father,' said she to John Barty, 'was a banker.'

'And breeches-maker—had lots from him—bought a pair once a-week when I was courting you, just for an excuse for getting round. But time is passing, Lady Carstone, and I must go. Good-by, my dear; make yourself happy and comfortable; for fear you should be dull, I have left Barty in charge of the house, he'll find you in money while I am gone.'

And the baronet, after an affectionate embrace, went out.

'Sir Charles,' cried the money-lender hurriedly; 'I never promised to advance my lady a penny.'

And he ran after the baronet, without replying to a series of angry questions which Lady Carstone addressed to him. In his hurry he left the deed of sale on the table. Curiosity is the characteristic of women like the baronet's wife. She took up the paper and read it, then smiled, folded it up, and put it in her pocket. At that instant the money-lender came running back. He saw at once that the document had disappeared.

'My lady! my lady!' he gasped, looking round the room.

'What is it, pray, good Mr. Barty?'

'A piece of paper—a deed—a businesss document.'

'It is quite safe,' said the baronet's lady in dulcet tones, 'quite safe, and Mr. Barty shall have it back if he behaves himself. I cannot think, however, of letting am too much a woman of business.'

'My lady! my lady!' cried the money-lender. 'Coming, Sir Charles! coming!'

'Adieu, Mr. Barty; when you return I shall be happy to chat with you.'

Barty darted a look of rage and despair at the lady, and ran to the baronet, who was getting impatient.

That night the baronet, under an assumed name, accompanied by John Barty, went down to the water's edge below the hospital at Greenwich. It was a cold and gusty night, and the ship could be dimly seen across the stream.

'Barty, what o'clock is it?' said the baronet.

'Eight, Sir Charles,' replied the miser.

'The boat ought to be here,' returned the other gloomily.

'In a quarter of an hour,' again answered Barty.

Sir Charles made no reply.

'Barty,' said he suddenly, 'do you believe in presentiments?'

'Why sir?'

'Answer me.'

'No, Sir Charles, I never had any such hint given me when I cashed a bill,' replied the other grizzly.

'Did you not?' said Sir Charles moodily; 'then hearken to me, and let events tell whether I am right or not. I do not expect ever to see England again.'

'Why, Sir Charles?' exclaimed Barty much surprised.

'There is a settled gloom hanging over me—an apprehension I cannot smother. My heart sinks within me. Barty, perhaps I had better not go.'

'There is plenty of time to change your mind,' resumed Barty coldly.

'And yet I must go,' said he again.

'Sir Charles,' said the miser in a low whisper, 'I cannot see the good of going unless——'

'Unless what?'

'Unless you are going to kill somebody.'

'Hush! you busy fool. Who talks of killing? There are other means of facing our ills than murder.'

'When a party stands between you and vast fortune, the party must perish or the fortune be lost,' said Barty drily.

'Barty,' continued Sir Charles, 'you are deeply interested in my fortunes—you have advanced me large sums of money—you have little prospects of being repaid unless I get the estate—what say you, shall I go or stay?'

'Sir Charles,' said the money-lender, with much emotion, 'I should not have ventured to say anything, had you not asked me. Sir Charles you owe me £19,000, all of which I shall lose if you do not get the estate; but as I stand here, Sir Charles, I do most solemnly declare that I would rather lose all than that one drop of blood should be shed.'

The man spoke wildly, as if it were torture to think of losing such a vast sum, the fruit of fifty years' saving; but he conquered his dread of loss, and spoke firmly, distinctly, and with energy on the subject of the suggested murder.

'Barty, we have both played a deep game; we must go on or fall.'

'But she can be removed without blood?'

'He has the start of you,' cried the money-lender, wildly; 'what will become of us?'

'John Barty!' cried Sir Charles, rousing himself, 'what is to be no man can say; but if ever I return to England it shall be to pay you. What noise is that?'

''Tis the boat sir—boat ahoy! The Walter Raleigh!'

'All right,' replied the rough voice of a sailor.

Next minute the boat pulled right up to the strand, the baronet's luggage, which had been brought down by strange porters, was put on board; he shook hands with John Barty, and cheerily hoi the boat put off towards the Sir Walter Raleigh, bound for New York.

At daylight the vessel sailed.

Our narrative is drawing to a climax.

Amy Moss is on the verge of rescue by Castalega and her other friends.

Kate Carstone is engaged in unravelling a part of the mystery.

James Barton is plotting to secure the hand of our heroine.

Andrew Carstone is in confinement, from which Cornelius Ragg is striving to release him.