

# The Herald.

VOL. II.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1865.

NO. 3

## 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, \$20 0 0  
Half-yearly in advance, 10 0 0  
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### ALMANACK FOR OCTOBER.

MOON'S PHASES.  
Full Moon, 4th day, 10h. 31m., evening.  
Last Quarter, 11th day, 11h. 10m., evening.  
New Moon, 19th day, 0h. 15m., morning.  
First Quarter, 27th day, 11h. 32m., morning.

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

### BRITISH PERIODICALS.

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

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)  
The American Publishers continue to reprint the above named periodicals, but as the cost of printing has increased, the price of paper nearly trebled, and taxes, duties, licenses, etc., largely increased, they are compelled to advance their terms as follows:—

TERMS FOR 1865:	per annum.
For any one of the Reviews, . . . . .	\$4.00
For any two of the Reviews, . . . . .	8.00
For any three of the Reviews, . . . . .	12.00
For all four of the Reviews, . . . . .	16.00
For Blackwood's Magazine, . . . . .	4.00
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For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews, . . . . .	10.00
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Subscribers in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to these prices, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, a year for Blackwood, and send cash a year for each Review, to cover the United States postage.

The works will be printed on a greatly improved quality of paper, and while nearly all American Periodicals are either advanced in price or reduced in size—and very generally both—we shall continue to give faithful copies of all the matter contained in the original editions. Hence, our present prices will be found as cheap, for the amount of matter furnished, as those of any of the competing periodicals in this country.

Compared with the cost of the original editions, which at the present premium on gold would be about \$100 a year, our prices (16) are exceedingly low. Add to this the fact that we make our annual payments to the British Publishers for early sheets and copyright in GOLD—\$1 costing us at this time (Jan. 1864) nearly \$2.50 in currency—and we trust that in the scale we have adopted we shall be entirely justified by our subscribers and the reading public.

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.

### THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR 1863.

A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at \$4 for the two volumes, or \$3 for any one.

### FARMER'S GUIDE,

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Price \$7 for the two volumes—by mail, post-paid, \$8.

### LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,  
38 Walker Street, New York.

### Dr. W. G. Sutherland

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

His latest arrival has been his present stock of 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 supervision.

Dr. Sutherland has also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practiced in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive Colonial practice in every branch of his profession, combined with permitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and success.

Dr. Sutherland is now in New York, P. E. I., Jan. 6, 1865.

The New York Tribune says, "the reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale, is that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material, and of pure quality, although the price has so largely advanced." &c.

The Tribune just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. All sort of twenty imitations and counterfeits have sprung up. They impose upon the people once and that's the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an immediate beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things.

"I owe much to you for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life."  
REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N. Y.

"... Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefited by their use."  
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"... The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was afflicted for years, and had to abandon my business."  
H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O.

"... The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years."  
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Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet, and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicine failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small vial—glassful after dinner. Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished the coldness and cramp of my feet and hands, and I slept the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.  
Respectfully, JUDITH RUSSELL.

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one-half of the weariness, prostration and distress experienced by them, would vanish. James Marsh, Esq. of 169 West 14th St., N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism, and my wife with neuralgia, for several years, and my children with various ailments. I have taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers." &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these Bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck. Beware of red-labeled bottles. See that the cap has not been tampered with. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon, is an impostor. We sell it only in bottles. Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,  
New York.  
March 22, 1865.

Dawson's Building,  
Corner of Great George and  
Kent Streets,  
NEW GOODS.

### W. B. WILSON

HAS completed his SPRING IMPORTATIONS, per  
L. C. OWEN & EOWEN AND LEZLIE from LIVER-  
POOL, and UNASKED from LONDON, consisting of:

Grey, White and Striped COTTONS,  
Grey and White Shooting, Fancy Shirting, Prints,  
Striped Skirtings, Jean, Osnaburg, Tickings, Hollands,  
Grass Cloth, Linen, Fancy Flannels, &c., &c.

### Ladies' Dress Material,

in Plain and Fancy Poplinettes, Barabases, Mohairs,  
Checked Lustras, French Merinos, Black Silks, and  
Printed Muslins.

Shawls, in Paisley, Black Indiana, Silk  
Baraze, Fancy Cashmere, &c., &c.

### Mantles, Flowers, Feathers,

Ribbons, Fancy Willow, Straw and Crinoline Bonnets,  
White and Colored Hats, Dress Ornaments, etc., etc.  
Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery, Edgings, Veils, Muslins,  
Corsets, Lace, and a large selection of Worked Em-  
broidery.

A choice selection of Scotch Tweeds,  
White Shirts, Scarfs, Collars, Braces, Revolving Ties,  
&c., &c.; Ready-made Clothes, Boots and Shoes in  
great variety.

### Groceries,

TEA, warranted good; Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles,  
Starch, Rice, Tobacco, Indigo, Blue, Pepper, Ginger,  
Allspice, etc., etc.

### Hardware,

Nails, Hoss, Shovels, Ploughmounting, Glass, Weavers'  
Reeds, Tea and Table Spoons, Knives and Forks, etc.

The above Goods have been well selected  
in some of the best English and Scotch  
houses, and will be sold at the lowest possible  
prices FR CASH.

Ch. Town, May 31, 1865.

### AXLES.

A SUPPLY OF  
CARRIAGE AXLES.

Half Patent, just received at

LAIRD & HARVIE'S.

## Poetry.

OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! Thou darest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The summer's melancholy bier.  
The moaning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month, I hear thy voice—  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice—  
When earth was lovely to my gaze;  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are thy living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

I look to nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground;  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pious murmur by,  
How much their sweetening tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the west.  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast.  
Through summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now they beat,  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like the transports of the breast,  
When life is fresh and joy is new—  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!

They stir the leaves in the bright month,  
Which hope about her forehead twines,  
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe—  
Then pleasure's lips its smile resigns.

Alas for Time, and Death, and Care—  
What gloom around our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring.

The dreams that each successive year  
Summ'rs hatch in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered autumn's spray  
And sleep in darkness side by side.

## Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;  
OR,  
THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY FERTY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER IX.

WE return to Andrew and Fanny Carstone.

How the sad couple mourned for the little one as dead, it would be weary and painful to tell. Long they hoped and trusted, and then they hoped no more, for it seemed wicked to know the heart up with false light, when all was dark and gloomy in the future of their earthly existence.

Andrew Carstone was approaching fifty years of age, a stout and earnest man, whose whole existence was one of patient study and thought and reflection. He was a good and kind landlord, and his gentleness to the poor, he was lenient as a magistrate; he ever retained what he once had been, an excellent and loving husband.

Time did not lay its hand too heavily upon them, for they used time well, and at forty-six and fifty, Mr. and Mrs. Carstone were a pleasant couple to look at.

They spoke now of the child as of one long since dead, and they spoke with a bitter pang of grief which touched them at first, and which from its violence had worn itself out.

Charles Carstone, who had been knighted for some deed of little note, and was a very precise and solemn character, a prime man in days not remarkable for needy days when men scarce spoke without an oath, when a thing was a measure of man's capacity, and modesty a virtue, received his annuity with a formal, pleasant letter of thanks, and continued on his way, still Sir Charles, unchanged, unaltered, except that there was a Lady Carstone in the case, and one fine boy of thirteen, to whom it pleased Andrew Carstone to think the family estate would one day go.

Andrew Carstone was in his garden, which ran along the back of his house, and skirted a pretty lane with trees and green hedges, and Mrs. Carstone was with him looking at the flowers and shrubs, and the gravel-path, and the quaintly-cut yew trees. Andrew was dressed in the fashion of the day. He wore his own hair and a three-cornered hat, a riding habit, buttoned up to the throat with large buttons, and boots that went above his knee, for he was wont to ride forth to some meeting of magistrates. His wife wore a dress, the petticoat of which was turned up all around, showing another skirt, and a high body, which was open in front and laced. Her hair was tied back in a knot, and a cap with long ribbons fluttered on her shoulders. She was pale and thin by the slow action of continued and painful thought.

They stood on a path near the wall, looking at some sprouts, Andrew pointing to the wall with his heavy riding-whip. Fanny was examining the flowers with a listless and careless air.

Suddenly they both started and looked up. A head, nothing more, protruded over the wall; but it was a head seldom seen, but once seen, not easily forgotten.

It was a very ugly-looking, middle-aged man, peck-marked, sun-burnt, with little grey eyes, a large mouth, and a shaggy head of hair, red, uncombed and dirty; the whole set off by an expression of low cunning that belongs only to ignorance and guile combined—and in general guilt is the consequence of ignorance in those who should obey, and in those who make the laws.

"I say," muttered this apparition, in such a voice as a door-mat with a severe cold might be supposed to in-  
durate in, but which was really a tone common to some  
constant drinkers of raw spirits. "I say, axing your par-  
don, is you the bank's private office?"

And the head disappeared as if by a trick in a pan-  
tomime, and then bobbed up again, and looked hard at  
the astonished couple.

"What does that horrid man mean," exclaimed Mrs.  
Carstone, somewhat alarmed.

"I believe, my dear, he wishes to know if I am the ma-  
gistrate's private office."

"Exact—that's what I mean," continued the hollow  
voice, again disappearing, as if its speeches were uttered  
upon tiptoe, and the exertion was too much to be sus-  
tained.

"I am a magistrate, sirrah, and pray what do you want  
with me over the walls? Persons who wish to speak  
with me usually ring at the door."

"But is you Master Carstone hisself?" continued the  
man.

"I am Mr. Carstone," began the magistrate—but I  
agree."

"It's or right," exclaimed the thick-skulled individual,  
"that's the way you. Cor for an answer in ten minutes."

"With that he cast a crumpled piece of paper on the  
ground. The magistrate picked it up immediately and  
opened it.

"Merciful and all-wise Providence!" he cried, turning  
ghastly pale; "come back man—come back!"

"I'm, guv'nor—or rite."

"What is it, Andrew?" gasped Mrs. Carstone, with a  
vague and dreamy hope.

"Our child! our child!" exclaimed the father, wildly.  
"Speak! Oh, Andrew, what is it?"

"The magistrate says that the writer, on his  
death-bed, repeating of a curse, wishes to gain pardon  
from Heaven by revealing the place where our child  
lives—still lives, Fanny! Come round to the door, man,  
I'll join you."

"Or rite," repeated the shaggy head, again disap-  
pearing, while the husband and wife hurried into the house,  
unable to exchange a word.

In five minutes more the messenger of such glad tidings  
was in the magistrate's private office. He was a short,  
thick-set looking man, in very ragged attire, with an an-  
tiquated hat, and a stick in his hand, and a general look  
of one who slept in market-places, or upon piles of straw,  
or on any stable—anywhere, in fact, but in his natural  
bed.

"Man," said Andrew Carstone, "if these tidings you  
bring be true, you shall be rewarded beyond all you can  
hope. Tell me all you know."

"The man explained as well as he could that a comrade  
of his—one Joe Mullins—a post-boy as was, being  
laid up and likely to die, was very much tormented by  
his conscience. He lived with the deponent, one Cor-  
nelius Ragg, following the humble profession of a bon-  
net and rag dealer, also a purchaser of unconsidered trifles,  
like, the said Cornelius Ragg, seeing that he really was  
ill, induced him to confess being concerned in robbing a  
house, and that the said Joe Mullins, in consequence of  
this statement, he, the worthy bonnet-picker and pur-  
chaser of unconsidered trifles aforesaid, did then and  
there induce the said Joe Mullins to tell the truth to the  
magistrate of the said county on certain conditions, in such  
a case made and provided.

"Second—Perfect immunity for the said Joe Mullins  
should be recovered from his illness."

Third—A slight reward in the way of a small annuity  
for the said Joe Mullins, always provided that he lived  
to enjoy it.

Fourth—A small fee or gratuity for Cornelius Ragg,  
as the messenger of glad tidings.

"You live in London?" said the magistrate, anxiously.  
"Her lot," replied the man.

"How came you here?"  
"Ward," continued the bonnet dealer.  
"Can you ride on horseback?"  
"Rite—rite."

Andrew rang the bell. A man-servant appeared—a  
staid man of five-and-fifty.

"James," said his master, "I can trust you. There is  
news of my child—not a word to a living soul. Take  
this man, have him dressed up in the best clothes you  
can find among your own and John's. Tidy him, and  
make him look as much like a groom as you can. Sad-  
denly, and be ready to start at a moment's notice."

Mr. and Mrs. Carstone, when once alone, clasped  
each other's hands, and then fell on their knees and ut-  
tered an earnest prayer that the hope thus excited might  
be realized. Andrew then bade his wife be of good  
cheer, and prepare to accompany him in any search he  
should have to make for the lost one. His wife could  
scarcely speak, but through her tears and sobs she pro-  
mised to remember all he said.

He matched some refreshment, and as soon as the  
deponent and the horses were announced as ready, An-  
drew Carstone kissed his wife, and accompanied by  
Ragg, dashed off along the London-road at a pace which  
showed his eager desire to see his journey.

Many were the people who stared to see them go.  
Cornelius Ragg, in a suit much too long and too loose  
for him, his face washed, his hair cut and combed, his  
legs encased in high boots, looked even a more extra-  
ordinary personage than he did in his previous dirty garb.

It would be idle to tell how Andrew Carstone rode  
to town, how he showed little of that tenderness for his  
best which was generally his characteristic, how he  
flushed down half-crowns at toll-bars without stopping  
for change, and hence was taken for a highwayman by  
the discriminating toll-men, and how at last, covered  
with dust, he reached London.

He put up his horses at a city inn, took hasty refresh-  
ment, for he was sorely exhausted, and then, with little  
change to his attire, he sallied forth into the streets to-  
wards the place indicated by Cornelius Ragg, where Joe  
Mullins lay sick unto death, tormented by his conscience  
because he had done evil.

## CHAPTER X.

When Charles entered the dining-room, he found Jane  
sobbing in the arms of the negro, whose special duty  
we have said it was to keep company with Jane and wait  
upon her. It was, however, almost impossible for him  
not to laugh when he came to understand what had  
happened.

Jane had been sitting on a sofa beside the window,  
listening with anxious ears to the sound of strife with-  
out, and endeavoring, despite the danger, to school her  
mind to thoughts less gloomy than those which were na-  
tural to her situation. The more readily to attain this  
end, she had earnestly tried to check the alarm of the  
negroes, who, like most of her race in a state of servitude,  
were wandering in the very first elements of courage,  
and she was busily engaged in this task, which, from the ex-  
treme terror of the girl, was both a thankless and un-  
amusing one, when the shrieks and the sounds of  
battle, with all its horrid din, came close to her door,  
and she was startled to find the door open, and the  
crack of rifles, the war-whoop of the Indians, the  
many shout of the white men, the yell of the wounded  
and dying, the whole rendered doubly terrible by the  
glow of fire, and the further rumbling of the program, who  
retreated into the farthest corner of the room and clasp-  
ed her hands in agony.

At this instant, a huge painted Indian, in his fierce  
and "hideous bravery," came bounding into the room,  
showing her white teeth, her face pale with horror, the  
beautiful American girl could scarce believe her fan-  
ciful to breathe within the recesses of her soul one of  
those prayers which in her infancy she had learned, and  
which were so applicable to her situation.

"Borboh, sister," said the Indian, really struck by her  
infantine and graceful beauty, "get up, pretty one, quick,  
no talk, scalp!" he added, angrily.

"Mercy!" replied Jane, striving to rise.

"Pretty one prisoner," continued the Indian, stooping  
to help her to rise. What his words were next it was  
impossible to say. They were doubtless the most  
ferocious curses which man in his most degraded state  
ever gives vent to, and uttered with a shriek of such  
agony as made Jane close her eyes and almost faint.

"De ugles debble—yah! yah! yah!" said the room,  
giving way to a violent fit of laughter, as she returned  
to its place the half-empty kettle which had been the  
weapon of warfare used by her. "De ugles ole reb-skin  
—track him to about Miss Jane—could him skin apes"  
—think he won't run berry fast!