VOL. II.

THE HERALD

EDWARD REILLY.

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JOB PRINTING.
of every description, performed with neatness and despend on moderate terms, at the Hunano Office.

ALMANACK FOR OCTOBRE

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

First Quarter, 27th day, 11h. 32m., merning.

DAT WEEK.

Tuesday

E .

MOTARY PUBLIC: 40:

TEW GOODS

ell's Clothing Store,

THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per "UNDINE," a

STOCK OF GOODS. hed for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, and which he is confident will give satisfaction in

Style, Quality and Price,

C. LEWIS.

UNION BANK P. E. J.

The Herald.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1865.

P. E. ISLAND Steam Navigation Co's. Steamers PRINCESS OF WALES & HEATHER BELLE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, Commencing Monday, May 22.

The Steamer ' Princess of Wales '

20 night.
25 Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, every FRIDAY morning at half-past eight

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

We also publish the

PARMER'S GUIDE. By Haway Symmens, of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. Monroys, of Yale College. 2 vols. Hoyal Octave, 1600 pages LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

Boetry.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie Where early fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true. Gave me her promise true, But she's worthless proved to me, And for brawling Annie Laurie, I could drown me in the sea.

Her temper's like a mest-axe, Her throat is like a rasp; And when her tongue gets going She stings worse than a wasp. She stings worse than a wasp, And the de'il is in her e'e. And for brawling Annie Laurie I could drown me in the sea.

Like the fall of a thousand brickbats Is the tramp of her clumsy feet; And worse than March winds whistling Are the sounds that do me greet. Are the sounds that do me greet.

(R. WM. A. JOHNSTON.

They and Stricter at Jan.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

The profit of the profit of the section is followed.

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Seareity had the judge spoken when Egran's voice as distinctly heard on the other side, singing in a trenalous but very load voice,

"Come, all you girls from New England that are unmeeried yet,

O, come along with us, young harbands you shall
get;
For there's all kinds of game, besides the buck and
The particular technical states and stall like. Amy, we shall like the lindance.'

The particular technical states are unkilled poor Clayris and stall likes Amy. Well, I allay a
did bette a red-skin, and won't I pick'un off now. I
thought they were a breedin' some minchief, I did.
They were on minchief, I did.
They were on singlet civil. My! if that black their
spity to said Harrod "that's an man and thin devil date the lindance".

The particular tecket I vote for, said Beanett,
the dee,
To heast with dog and rifle all on the Ohio."

The against the ground. 'So they've
'Is's a pity he am't here, and that's distance that were a breedin' some minchief, I did.
They were a breedin' some minchief, I did.
They were a mistage come of the three their tecket I vote for, said Beanett,
spity Jones only kinns across my old shootin' stick, he's
a game coon, I sell him. He may dedge whout like a
fish of greeced lightenis', but I'm bound to hit him.

The anxious and
observant judge cought the glance and spoke.

NO. 2

'Say what you think, squire; I am prepared for the worst.

'Oh, nothing that I know of; but Esram is an old friend of mine and I knew by the sound of his voice he's skeared, that's all.'

Jane did not speak, but she looked at the door with deep anxiety, and waited. All imitated her, and then anxiety grew intense as they heard Esram coming near.

'You lat old guys,' said the new arrival, addressing the negroes, you are killed, I guess, with easy living. Never mind—look up; you'll have plenty uv work shure—I conclude—I expect you'll be up to Chillicothe, and won't them red-skins polish you up slick. Your servant, side—askins polish you up slick. Your servant, judge—ladies—ah, only Miss Jane, I see, Servant, squire—servant, sir—wha! the first time I've breathed, I do thyink, since I left the Crow's Nest. Bloody work up there, sir—bloody.'

'What mean you?' exclaimed the judge, tottering, as he rose to his feet. 'Speak—in the name of Heaven, speak.'

Jane sank back en her chair, not fainting, but transfixed with horror, gazing with one eye at the new comer, who stood with his saddle bage on his arm and his whip in his hand, without taking a chair, so surprised was the tone and manner of all present. The squire himself was livid, while the young man stared from one to the other, almost unable to credit his senses.

'Why, judge—I really guess I've sed somethin' unpleasant—I'm cone d'rable ryled, if I have, by Jakers—but I aint rekivered my fright yet—I wur almighty skeered, that is a fæt. I went up to do a bit of trade with Harrod, and to collect a matter of business—I'm blamed, sir, if they ain't all clear gone—the house ha-fe bwunt, and signs of a scriumage.'

'Lost, lost, lost.) ignored the judge, while Jane, after a faint whick, almost slided to the ground, until caught for the promise of the last few days and flied his mind with vague alarm, which the expedition of his young master was likely to increase inastead of diaminishing.

'Lost, lost, lost.) ignored the judge, while Jane, after a faint whick, almost sli

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