

# The Herald.

VOL. II.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1866.

NO. 16.

## NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Corner of Great George and King Streets.  
This undervalued 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.  
PICTURES made in every style known to the art: **CARTES DES VISITES.**  
Plain or Colored. Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Pictures; also, for making Children's pictures for which his lights is admirably suited, and in which he acknowledges no superior.  
He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto failed to get a good picture. Pictures taken from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.  
Instructions given in the above art.  
Ch. Town, May 31, 1865.  
O. L. KWIS.



MRS. WINSLOW.  
An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of Mother, 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 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 medicinal virtues. We speak in this matter "what we know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment 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 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 gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC, and overcomes convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, and in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhea 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 foregoing 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 name of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.  
Sold by druggists throughout the world.  
Principal Office, No. 48, Deit Street, New York.  
Price, only 30 cents per Bottle.  
Oct. 11, 1865.

**A Slight Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat,** which might be checked with a simple remedy, if recognized, at an early stage. 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.  
**Brown's Bronchial Friction** is the best remedy for all such cases. It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh of the Throat, and numerous affections of the Throat, giving immediate relief.  
**Public Speakers and Singers,** will find them essential for clearing and strengthening the voice.  
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, at 25 cents per box.  
Oct. 11, 1865.

**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, Osnaburg, Wincies (in plain and checks) Alpaccas, Coburgs, Lustres, Popinotins, Printed Calicoes, Black Lustres and Coburgs, Mullers, Honey-comb Scarfs, Shawls, Mantles, Secs, Secs, black and grey Whiskeys, Seal Cloth, Scotch Tweed, Black Doeskin and Broadcloth, black and grey Mantle cloth, red, white and fancy Flannels, Serges, Blankets, white and colored Cotton Warps, &c., &c.  
**IN READY-MADE CLOTHING—**Men's Overcoats, Sack do., Vests, Pants, Felt Hats, Cham do., Fur Caps, Cloth, Gleanings and Glazed do., Aberdeen, Cloth, Lined Kid, Ringwood and Cashmere Gloves, &c., &c.  
**IN GROCERIES—**Tea, Sugar, Mafino, Sasses, Tobacco, Sole Leather, Neats do., Coffee, Soap, Candles, Keroline Oil, Washing and Baking Soda, Extract Logwood, Redwood, Copperas, Alum, Starch, Indigo, Rice, Raisins, Nuts, Coffee, &c., &c.  
**IN HARDWARE—**Cut and Wrought Nails, Floorboards, Shovels, Traces, Blister Steel, Hammers, Axes, Whip-saw, Hand-saw, and Mill-saw files, Blacksmiths' Resps, Smoothing, Jack and Trying Planes, Horse-shoe Nails, &c., &c., Oil, Potty, Paints, Glass, Matches, Powder and Shot, Buckles, Brackets, Tomawks, Pats, Axes, Ladles, &c., &c., 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, and he hopes to receive a fair share of public patronage. Either Cash or Merchandise Produce will be taken in payment.  
MICHAEL MCCORMACK.  
Souris East, Nov. 1, 1865.

## Poetry.

### SUNSET.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes its vesper sigh to thee.  
And as I watch the line of light that plays  
Along the smooth wave, toward the burning west,  
I long to tread its golden path of rays,  
And think 'twill lead to some bright isle of rest.

## Select Literature.

**AMY MOSS; OR, THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.**  
BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

It was about a year before the events recorded in our present narrative, and on a bright May morning, that a young lady in a hunting dress, and mounted on a gallant steed, came galloping through the woods on the upper waters of the Seneca, in company with a gentleman. He, too, was mounted, and rode by her side.  
'Tis a lovely day, Amy,' he said, 'and lovelier still because you are by my side.'  
'It is a lovely day,' replied Amy, 'dashing forward to escape his searching looks, and I am glad that you are happy. 'Tis now eleven months to the day of our marriage,' continued the squire: 'a long, long time!'  
She dashed on still along the path, cutting the boughs of the trees with her whip.  
'A year is soon gone,' she replied again, with a laugh that sounded somewhat forced.  
He hit his lip.  
'A year may, perhaps, go too soon for some,' he said moodily. 'I fear Amy Moss has changed much in a year.'  
'James, have I ever said a word to indicate any change in my intentions?' asked Amy, turning this time gravely to him.  
'Never,' replied James Barton; 'but I do fear a change in your affections. You seem glad that there lies this long interval between the present and the future.'  
'A young girl who is happy and contented before,' continued Amy, 'again making her horse curvet before her, 'is never in a hurry to change her name.'  
But you do intend to do so?' said Barton almost fiercely.  
'If you wish it,' replied Amy, looking forward at the trees.  
'If I wish it?' roared Barton in a state half of frenzy. 'I wish it! So it has come to this. All your promises and gentleness have come to this. You will marry me because you have promised to do so.'  
'I have promised, and, if it is desired, I will keep my promise,' said Amy coldly.  
'What means all this, I ask?' cried Barton, screaming in a passionate tone, unfortunately for himself, that sounded shrill and angry; 'who has robbed me of your hand?'  
'Mr. Barton, that is an impertinent question,' said Amy coldly.  
'Impertinent it may be, but I will have it answered.'  
'Yes, Amy, you have promised to be my wife, and as I love you, shall be. This strange change in you has unmanned me. I can no longer wait the year. Amy Moss, my horse is but four miles distant. It is ready to receive me. In two hours I will find a priest who will unite us.'  
As he said these words he snatched the bridle of Amy's horse, and darted away along the trail.  
'That was a strange scene,' said Amy for a moment.  
'Howard,' she cried, and struck him with her whip. Barton muttered a deep curse and plunged on.  
At this instant other horse's footsteps were heard, and Amy uttered a loud cry.  
'Hurrah!' shouted Charles; 'is that you, Amy?' Barton reined in his horse and quietly loosened his rifle from his saddle-bow. His face was livid with passion.  
As surely as he comes, he dies,' he said.  
'Barton!' said the girl wildly, 'are you an assassin?'  
'Promise, then.'  
'I will be your wife, Barton,' said Amy, in a low but distinct tone; 'and I will never breathe a word of this interview.'  
'You swear it?'  
'I do,' replied Amy proudly.  
'That's all right,' said Barton, turning round and responding to the other in a cheerful tone.  
In another instant they had joined young Charles Moss, and were riding back towards the Block.  
Just as they turned, a man, who had been dogging their steps, came out of the thick bushes and looked after them.  
'That star's a goodish secret to get hold on. I guess she'd pay tidy to have that told. Well, if he don't mark how they struggle with weariness and from the effect of wounds. He felt himself a match for half a dozen at least.  
It was, perhaps, after six hours of hard walking in the woods, when the tracks became so recent, that he began to use extreme caution in his proceedings. The Indians were, perhaps, not many hundred yards ahead. He had passed a place where they had rested some time, and he there had counted seven marks of seven warriors. This number by no means deterred him, and in a few minutes more he caught a glimpse of the last straggler, a warrior of the band, as he disappeared beneath the arches of the forest up a slight acclivity.  
It was now with all the alert and caution of a cat that Harold dogged the weary band, amongst whom he soon recognized, with a thrill of delight, the murderer of his wife. The whole frame shook with agony a moment, and he hoped to receive a fair share of public patronage. Either Cash or Merchandise Produce will be taken in payment.  
MICHAEL MCCORMACK.  
Souris East, Nov. 1, 1865.

And you may live if you like,' continued the Silent Hunter.  
'Ugh—speak!' said the Indian distrustfully.  
'Look ye, Moniwah—you killed my wife and child—now you go back to the camp—bring here your wife and child, and go your ways—then I reckon even justice will be done. I am alone, and you will be alone—we are quits.'  
'White man dog!' roared the Indian; 'kill—no speak!'  
'No you won't, to save your life, Indian, give up your wife and little ones!' said Harold moodily.  
'No!' replied the Indian coldly and scornfully.  
'Will ye give up yer squaw?'  
'No!' continued Moniwah; 'kill—no talk.'  
'You have five minutes to decide,' said Harold, shaking in every limb, and clutching his knife.  
'Kill!' cried the Indian fiercely; 'the Manitou will take care of my wife and little ones.'  
'Indian!' said Harold, while the scorching tears came rolling down his many cheeks, and his whole frame quivered with wild emotion, and his form dilated, and his men was dignified and sublime; 'I never killed a deer when it defied its young. Your love for your wife and child has saved your life. Go! Harold will kill no man in cold blood again.'  
The saying, he cut the thoughts of the astonished Shawnee, who, however, quite understood the case of this wonderful change, though he sank to the earth when no longer held up. Harold stooped and raised him up. He shook a little, and something of his old rancour leavened his present Christian emotions when he saw Castagna, Harvey, and Bennett burst the cover and come running up; but he had led too deeply to be suddenly changed, and he rose to meet them with a faint smile.  
He shook them all by the hand, and listened to the story of the abduction of Amy and Jane with unusual silence. He nodded his head, however, when they asked him to join them.  
At this moment the Indian rose and made a motion to speak. All turned towards him.  
With much emotion, in the figurative language of his race, he related every detail, the events of the night, the terrible resolves of Harold, and the way in which he had been brought round to change his ideas. All listened with wonder, though the conclusion of the Shawnee's speech scarcely surprised them. He wound up his oration by an offer to pilot them to the place of concealment of Amy and Jane Moss, which offer, however, was not accepted. He named the place, which was quite sufficient, and then the party at once started towards the Frog's Hole.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
Ralph Regn was now in a position which few men would have envied. He had within his walls, as a prisoner, a man he had deeply injured, while the person to secure who had acted in this manner, had escaped his grasp. Kate had not re-appeared at the Frog's Hole for reasons well known to the reader, though Ralph had been unable to learn any tidings whatever of her. This circumstance, so inexplicable in the man of crime and guilt, acted on his mind with a force which betrayed itself in startled looks in sullen mien, and continual agonies to the bottle. To Martha he was savage and morose, while whatever cheerfulness he displayed, he usual with drunken husbands, was to his boot, competition.

At times he determined to release his prisoner, whose presence, after the escape of Regn, was to a certain extent dangerous; for Regn would doubtless in the end rouse the indignation of the country. Then he resolved to tell the truth to the merchant, and throw himself on his mercy. But how was he to account for the absence of Kate?  
Racked by doubt, tortured by fear, generally ever come by drink, Ralph's whole existence was now extremely wretched.  
He stood before the door one morning—his bed-room was within drinking—musing sadly on his past life, regretting much that had been, and looking forward with dismay to the future. His eyes appeared to tread upon his heels with a rapidity and swiftness he had little dreamed of.  
Suddenly the sound of a horseman galloping roused him from his lethargy. He raised his head, and at the same moment the new arrival bounded from the corner. It was a man in the dress of one of the better classes of society—a gentleman, in fact, whom Ralph did not know, instinctively alive to everything that looked like danger, he was about to retreat, when the other came dishing up to the foot of the stairs.  
'Is this the Frog's Hole?' said he, in a loud imperious tone.  
'Well, I guess it is,' replied Ralph, shaking in every limb.  
'The man made no reply, but dismounted, fastened his horse to a rail, and came slowly up the steps.  
Ralph stood motionless. His senses seemed about to leave him. The voice, too, was not unknown to him.  
'The very man,' said the stranger as he came close.  
'Hackett, as safe as I live.'  
'Sir Charles here?' replied the other, hesitating.  
'Yes—and I too late?' asked the guilty countenance, hurriedly, as he noticed the man's countenance and alarm.  
'He is in there, and she is gone.'  
'In there?' cried Sir Charles hurriedly, his face becoming livid in its pallor at the prospect of confronting his victim.  
'He's safe under lock and key,' said Hackett, recovering himself.  
'Well done!' continued the other, drawing a long breath; 'but why is she not here?'  
'That I don't know. She's been disconcerted lately. She's not easily managed, Sir Charles. I can tell you.'  
'Are you alone?' asked the other, musing and striking his boots with his whip.  
'Well, there ain't but two inside; but we can be private, Sir Charles, if you have anything to say to me.'  
'I have much to say to you,' said the baronet, 'muck, and that must be said quickly. Have you wine up here? Well, you see, Sir Charles, it isn't much to ask for here, but we have first-rate spirits.'  
'Well, come on, and let me have brandy. Is he out of hearing?'  
'How does he bear it?' said the other in a low tone, as if afraid his cold-bloodedness should be whittened to the air around.  
'He does about me a few—white mightiest quiet to-day, but I fancy he trusts to Regn.'  
'Ragg?' said Sir Charles, tottering, and clinging to the railing over the pool; 'he here?'  
'Yes,' replied Hackett gravely, 'he is here, and we loaded in like the other, but he occupied. It became always carries the tools about with him.'  
'That man has turned evidence; but how could he know?'  
'He's an old pal of the post-boy.'  
'Is it then so?' groined Sir Charles, as he waved his hand to the other to lead on, looking to himself; 'is this the sure consequence of crime—hope deferred and detection?'  
And the miserable man entered the Frog's Hole in the principal room of which were two men drinking. A sign from Hackett they rose and went on—Martha and the negro, who had been listening to the conversation, disappeared also, by order of the master of the house, who then produced brandy and glasses.  
The baronet drank off a large draught of the spirit, and then sat down on a chair, his eyes fixed on the back of the legs across as if he were, still on the bench.  
He closed his eyes for a few moments, and then looked sternly at the landlord of the Frog's Hole.  
'Hackett,' said he, 'where's your partner, the black head never been committed. I should have been happy,

**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 Houses by those competent of doing justice to the business.  
The Dispensary department will be under his own immediate supervision.  
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 practice 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.

**NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
KENT-STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.  
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 and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.  
The Best of Liquors always on hand. Good Stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.  
JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Nov. 26, 1865.

**THOMAS KELLY,**  
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.  
Office—Queen Street, (over Welch & Owen's).  
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
November 8, 1865.—6ms.

**AUGUSTUS HERMANS,**  
Locksmith, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger,  
COPPER, SHEET IRON, ZINC & TIN PLATE  
WORKER.  
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.  
In and Zinc Water Spouts, Stove Pipes, and Tin Ware, constantly on hand.  
Stoves fitted up and repaired.  
\*All orders promptly attended to.  
Oct. 17, 1862.

**MR. WM. A. JOHNSTON,**  
Attorney and Barrister at Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
Has resumed the practice of his profession in Halifax.

Office, Somerset Buildings  
25, Prince Street,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**Bank of P. E. Island,**  
(Corner of Queen and Water Streets).  
HOW THOMAS H. HAVILLAND, President; Wm. C. Stewart, Cashier. Discount Days—Monday and Thursday. Business Hours—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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

DAY	MOON	DAY WEEK	RISES	SETS	High Moon	Low Moon
1	Monday		4 49	19 10	32	5 30
2	Tuesday		49	19	even.	6 35
3	Wednesday		49	20	0 10	7 39
4	Thursday		49	21	0 52	8 43
5	Friday		49	22	1 32	9 43
6	Saturday		49	23	2 10	10 43
7	Sunday		49	25	3 11	11 42
8	Monday		48	26	3 49	morn.
9	Tuesday		48	27	4 38	0 42
10	Wednesday		47	28	5 30	1 39
11	Thursday		47	29	6 24	2 36
12	Friday		47	30	7 18	3 34
13	Saturday		46	31	8 11	4 28
14	Sunday		45	33	9 3	5 22
15	Monday		45	34	9 51	6 8
16	Tuesday		45	36	10 33	sets
17	Wednesday		44	37	11 32	6 12
18	Thursday		43	39	morn.	7 18
19	Friday		42	40	0 6	8 28
20	Saturday		41	41	0 48	9 35
21	Sunday		40	42	1 32	10 43
22	Monday		40	44	2 22	11 55
23	Tuesday		39	45	3 16	morn.
24	Wednesday		38	46	4 14	1 5
25	Thursday		37	48	5 21	3 15
26	Friday		36	50	6 28	3 20
27	Saturday		35	51	7 34	4 21
28	Sunday		34	51	8 35	5 16
29	Monday		33	53	9 39	6 7
30	Tuesday		32	55	10 44	6 55
31	Wednesday		31	57	10 59	7 55