

The Herald.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. ISLAND. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1864. NO. 9.

VOL. I.

THE HERALD

Published every Wednesday morning.

EDWARD BILLY.

Printer and Proprietor.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, \$20 00

For 6 months, 10 00

For 3 months, 5 00

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 3h. 22m. morning, N. W.

Full Moon, 13th day, 5h. 5m. morning, S. W.

New Moon, 21st day, 6h. 51m. morning, E.

New Moon, 28th day, 5h. 2m. evening, W.

DAY	WEEK	SUN	MOON	DAY	WEEK	SUN	MOON
1	Thursday	7 28 4	10 11 55	7	7	5 8	42
2	Friday	29	10	8	8	9	41
3	Saturday	30	10	9	9	9	40
4	Sunday	31	10	10	10	10	39
5	Monday	32	10	3	3	11	38
6	Tuesday	33	9	2	2	12	37
7	Wednesday	34	9	1	1	0	36
8	Thursday	35	9	2	2	0	35
9	Friday	36	9	3	3	0	34
10	Saturday	37	9	4	4	0	33
11	Sunday	38	9	5	5	0	32
12	Monday	39	9	6	6	0	31
13	Tuesday	40	9	7	7	0	30
14	Wednesday	41	9	8	8	0	29
15	Thursday	42	9	9	9	0	28
16	Friday	43	10	11	11	8	28
17	Saturday	44	10	13	13	9	28
18	Sunday	45	10	14	14	10	27
19	Monday	46	10	14	14	11	26
20	Tuesday	46	11	2	2	11	25
21	Wednesday	46	11	3	3	11	24
22	Thursday	46	11	4	4	11	23
23	Friday	47	11	5	5	12	22
24	Saturday	47	11	6	6	12	21
25	Sunday	48	11	7	7	12	20
26	Monday	48	11	8	8	1	19
27	Tuesday	48	11	9	9	1	18
28	Wednesday	48	10	10	10	1	17
29	Thursday	48	10	11	11	1	16
30	Friday	48	10	12	12	1	15
31	Saturday	48	10	13	13	1	14

THE HERALD
Book and Job Printing Establishment,
CORNER OF PRINCE AND
KENT STREETS.

Printing of every description executed
with neatness and dispatch!

Having prepared an entirely new Stock of Plain
and Fancy Printing Material, he is prepared to
execute any orders in the above line cheaper
than can be done elsewhere, such as

Pamphlets, Catalogues, By-laws, Reports,
Handbills, Bills, Circulars,

Blanks of all kinds:
BOOK PRINTING,

Bank Receipt and Note of Hand Books,
and all other kinds of Printing.

**Orders ordered by Mail promptly executed
and dispatched by parcel post.**

Orders of public patronage respectfully solicited.

EDWARD BILLY.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets, Oct. 13, 1864.

THE LONDON AND LANCASHIRE

FIRE AND LIFE

Insurance Companies,

HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL

Accept all classes of Risks

At reasonable rates of Premium.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets, Oct. 13, 1864.

Bank of P. E. Island.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

THOMAS H. STAYLAND, President.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

Union Bank, P. E. I.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

James Anderson, Cashier.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

MAILS.

THIS MAIL for the WESTWARD, viz: to Tipish,

Guantanamo, Fort Hill, Princeton, Act., will, on and

after Monday, the 2d Monday, be made up and for-

warded from the General Post Office, Charlotteville, at

8 O'CLOCK, A.M.

General Post Office.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster-General.

Office, Charlotteville, Oct. 20, 1864.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

CHARLOTTEVILLE.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

GLOBE HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE

"HOTEL," is now opened for the reception of per-

sons and transient boarders. The subscriber trusts, by

continuing to the utmost and comfort of his friends

and the public generally, to merit a share of public

patronage.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

Poetry.

ROCK

TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide, in your flight.

Make me a child again just for to-night!

Mother come back from the endless above,

Take me to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care;

Smooth the long silver-threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the years,

Take them and give me my childhood again;

I am so weary of toil and of decay,

Toll without recompense, tears all in vain,

Take them and give me my childhood again;

I was so weary of dust and of decay,

Heavy of sighing my soul wealth away;

Wistful of aching for others to weep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,

Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you,

Many a summer the grass has grown green,

Blossomed and faded our faces between,

Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I to-night for your presence again;

Come from the silence so long and so deep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in days that are flown,

No low like mother love, ever has shone;

No other worship abides and endures,

Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain,

From the sick soul and the world-wearied brain;

Stumbers soft calm, o'er my heavy lids creep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on my shoulders again as of old;

Let it fall over my forehead to-night,

Shedding my faint eyes away from the light;

For, with its sunny-edged shadows, once more,

Haply will through the sweet visions of yore,

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,

Since I last listened to your lullaby song;

Womanhood's years have been only a dream;

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,

Never, never, to wake to weeping my face;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

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THE PROFESSOR MARRYING A

COOK.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Some years since, when I was in California,

I had amongst our faculty a peculiar personage,

and as yet a character *non grato*. He had lived

many years without a wife, and expected to live so

always. Indeed, as he was the professor of mathe-

matics, the abstractions of his science furnished his

occupation, and he seemed to have no other

interest. He was therefore, in our opinion, a

man of purely negative character. His character, in this

particular, was purely negative. Of course he was

not popular with the ladies, and they kept themselves

at a distance from him. But circumstances that

often bring about a match in other cases, placed

him in a peculiar dilemma. He seemed a friendless

man, and he was, indeed, in the eyes of the

faculty, a man of no account. He was one of the

most distinguished visitors of the Institution. He had

always been a man of high social position, and

was at that time regarded as a rather novel man in

the city of New York, in whom he had felt a peculiar

interest. He was one of the faculty of the College—all the

other professors were married and obliged to entertain

the distinguished visitors of the Institution. He had

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