

The Herald.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. ISLAND. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1864.

VOL. I.

NO. 9.

THE HERALD

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JOHN PRINTING.

By arrangement, performed with neatness and dispatch on a modern press, at the HERALD OFFICE.

ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

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

Full Moon, 13th day, 3h. 0m. morning, S. W.

Full Moon, 21st day, 0h. 51m. morning, E.

Full Moon, 29th day, 5h. 2m. evening, W.

DAY	DAY WEEK	SUN	High	Low	MOON
Month		rises sets	Water	sets	Day
1	Thursday	7 28 4	10 11 55	7 58	42
2	Friday	29	10	8 12	41
3	Saturday	30	10	8 26	40
4	Sunday	31	10	1 19	31
5	Monday	32	10	3 4	38
6	Tuesday	33	9	2 57	36
7	Wednesday	34	9	2 58	34
8	Thursday	35	9	2 50	33
9	Friday	36	9	2 42	32
10	Saturday	37	9	2 34	31
11	Sunday	38	9	2 26	30
12	Monday	39	9	2 18	29
13	Tuesday	40	9	2 10	28
14	Wednesday	41	9	2 02	27
15	Thursday	42	9	1 54	26
16	Friday	43	10	1 46	25
17	Saturday	44	10	1 38	24
18	Sunday	45	10	1 30	23
19	Monday	46	10	1 22	22
20	Tuesday	47	10	1 14	21
21	Wednesday	48	10	1 06	20
22	Thursday	49	10	0 58	19
23	Friday	50	10	0 50	18
24	Saturday	51	10	0 42	17
25	Sunday	52	10	0 34	16
26	Monday	53	10	0 26	15
27	Tuesday	54	10	0 18	14
28	Wednesday	55	10	0 10	13
29	Thursday	56	10	0 02	12
30	Friday	57	10	0 04	11
31	Saturday	58	10	0 06	10

THE HERALD

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MAILS.

THE MAILS for the WESTWARD, viz: to Tipton, Clonmore, Port Hill, Princeton, &c., will, on and after Monday, the 2d Monday, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlotte town, at 9 O'CLOCK, A.M.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster-General.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, CHARLOTTE TOWN.

is situated in the City, and is centrally placed. It is now opened for the reception of passengers and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by giving attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Office, No. 1, P. E. Island.

Poetry.

ROCK

TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, flow backward, oh, take in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!

Mother come back from the echoless shore,

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 take in the year,

Take them and give me my childhood again;

Toll without recompense, tears all in vain,

I am so weary of toil and of pain;

Wearily of flinging my soul weath' away;

Wearily of striving for others to reap,

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's 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 weary 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;

Sting, then, and unto my soul it shall seem,

Womanhood's years have been only a dream;

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,

Never, never, to wake to weep my face;

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

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

Victrola.

VICTORIA STANTON.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY L. AUGUSTUS BEALE.

(Continued.)

With that determined and terrific shout, peculiar to New England armies, they rushed forward into the face of the belching cannon, and the jaws of death, on, on, to the almost impenetrable breast-works, into a shower of ball and shell. Not a man faltered except some that poured out their life-blood and fell by the way, but on they pressed at the cheering command of their gallant leader. Twice they were repulsed by the decimating fire, but the voice of their commander rallied them forward and they charged over the breast-works into the midst of the rebel nest, taking a whole regiment of prisoners, with all the guns and ammunition, and a great quantity of army stores. This had long been considered by the rebels one of their invulnerable strong-holds, and no preparations were made for a retreat.

This brilliant action, as it well known, prevented the right wing of our army from falling into the hands of the rebels, and held them in check until Jackson arrived at night, when the attack on the rear was renewed, but too late to be successful.

When the night came down upon the field of carnage, Colonel Lyon lay under a large oak tree, with the crimson tide of life ebbs from a wound in his shoulder. Robert Stanton was beside him, all his rough nature changed to womanly tenderness by the suffering of his friend.

"Shall I send for your mother, Decatur?"

"Yes, she would rather be here."

"And your sister?"

"Yes, poor Grace. I shall not live to see them."

"Hope for the best, my brave cousin. Would you wish to see Victoria?"

The wounded man was silent; but he opened his hand which clasped a stick and by the dim twilight gazed long upon a sweet, young face pictured there. At last he replied, "Tell her my latest thought was undying love for her, and my fondest prayer for her untroubled happiness."

CHAPTER IV.

We pass lightly over the year of anxious hope and fear and silent prayer at our home.

Victoria had never relented, and never written a word of kindness in cheer to the soldier who was winning unfading laurels in the blood-bought field of valor and patriotism and right. But the fearful fire of passion and wrath were too much for the fragile creature. Weak after weak the veins faded from her cheeks, and her step grew slow, yet her eyes had all the stern brightness of her indomitable will. We whispered to each other that she would die.

Decatur's weekly letters sent no message to her, and we read them in silence, and her name was unmentioned in her presence.

She had grown more and more languid until she could no longer sit on the sofa most of the day. She said she felt entirely well, and would not see a physician, and still she grew weaker. Her mind would not be soothed, and at last there came a letter for her from Washington, but we did not think of it again, as it was

ought simultaneously with one that told us that Decatur was seriously and it was feared mortally wounded. We all at once decided to go at once to Washington.

Victoria's letter was from her brother Robert, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR AND ONLY SISTER: I thank God that I can once more communicate with you. I pray you do not doubt that I should be with you as soon as this can reach you, but that other and painful duties detain me.

"I will hasten to inform you why I am so suddenly at Washington.

"When Southern despots and slaves (these are mild words, for our language is sadly destitute of proper terms) first conceived the fanatical plan of overturning our glorious government the darkest crime that ever cursed this sin-polluted earth, your brothers were struck dumb—dumbfounded, your hoping in Yankeeism, and we held our peace, would say that some day we might be able to do great service to our native country, and to his majesty the American Eagle. We saw and saw that we should be impressed into service and our property confiscated unless we join the Confederate army (and by the way, sir, I think the only proper orthography is 'confederacy,' for I'll be whipped if there's anything to eat but maize in all rebellion), ergo was joined. Brother Joe was always the right smart chap of the family, viz of course excepted, so he bore off the palm (we are both colewals), by leading a whole regiment into a good place to be taken prisoners, but he was hurt, poor fellow, not seriously, and escaped by not being able to follow.

"I am ashamed to say that I ran away. But the cream is at the bottom—everything gets turned upside down in my hands. The man I ran away with was—guess who. One of the boldest, most unmitigated heroes of the war, a cool, daring Yankee who rode into our lines and threatened to court-martial the pickets, bullied them out of the out-entrance, and learned the complete scheme of Jackson and Lee, rode out with a regiment of cavalry at his heels, and carried the information to McClellan, saved the army of the Potomac. I followed him to administer proper chastisement, and soon found myself in the Sibby tent of Decatur's legion, the most intrepid and able soldier in the army of our Uncle Sam. Of course McClellan considered himself only too lucky to find such a man to put into command, and he led a regiment through some of the most brilliant actions of the war, and was badly wounded by a ball in the shoulder.

"This isn't all, Vic. What is the trouble between you and Decatur Lyon? By all the fends in Tophet, if you are my sister, and have ill-treated the noblest man on God's earth, I will never speak to you again. I've got the Stanton blood as well as you. He turned pale every time I spoke of you, not to mention the fact that you were his sister, but I wouldn't blame Moses for getting mad about such a thing. I am watching beside his bed. He has been delirious for twenty-four hours, and I presume I have heard what no one in the world knows save you two.

"Victoria, my only sister, what powers of darkness possessed you to link yourself with those fiends of perdition, secessionists? I grew sick with the monstrous horror! My sweet sister like these unsexed she-rebels! Forgive my harshness, but you know I would say kind to you, though always in the face of the belching cannon, and I mean to be kind to you. Now but you must make an effort to atone for your sin to Decatur I think you love him. I know you loved him very dearly before the war. Your letters were full of his fondest praises,—you were a sweet and loving girl then. And if you could be here now and listen to the sweet heart of this noble man, though he is only in death, you will not leave him and his wife as you have done, you would never say again as you used to do, 'Men can never love as women do,' for I protest that a love that will live in such undying tenderness through such treatment, is a jewel that is seldom found in a woman's heart. He thinks that I am you and speaks to me, 'My precious darling, I knew God would give you back to me, though it is only in death. You will not leave me and his wife? Then I tell him I will not leave him and he is satisfied. So Vic, you must come here immediately, so that you can ask his forgiveness if he returns to consciousness before he dies. You can never have mine unless you do.

"Hoping to see you immediately, I am the same old sixpence."

Your Brother, Bob.

Just as we were all assembled in the hall, waiting for the carriage to be brought around, we were startled by the unexpected appearance of Victoria, clad in gray travelling robes, with hat and cloak, as if for a journey. We looked at each other for explanation, but all were ignorant of her intentions, and Aunt Myra ventured to ask:

"Are you going with us, Victoria?"

"If you please, aunt. Brother Robert is in Washington and wishes to see me, and he replied in a tone that repelled further inquiry, and there was no mention of Decatur, even in this hour of dreadful suspense, save an occasional telegram from Robert Stanton, which only the 'Times' and 'Herald' were still living in the critical delirium of brain fever. Victoria remained as ever passive and unobtrusive, giving no sign. Would she carry her cruel recollections to death? Looking into her bold, bright eyes, I felt perfectly convinced that she would!

Her brother met us at the station and accompanied us to the National Hotel where he had already engaged rooms on the capital side. Aunt Myra and Grace went down to the hospital. About nine o'clock in the evening Robert Stanton came up with Grace, and called for Victoria. She had been lying upon a sofa, with her face to the wall for four long hours without speaking a word, and when she rose to meet her brother, I should scarcely have known her.

She went towards him with a sad, beautiful smile on her proud lips, and her eyes suffused with emotion, while a purple hectic burned on each cheek. She turned her eyes about his neck and he bore her to the room where she was to sleep, and he bore her to the bedside. Perhaps they sat there an hour, and then Robert Stanton asked me if I would accompany them to the hospital.

When we arrived Victoria was pale again. The surgeon put us and said that our friend was sleep-

ing, but we would go to his couch. I was not prepared for the dreadful change that grief and toil and sickness had wrought upon my cousin. Marks of years and toil and pain were interlined upon his features, and I thought it was the shadow of death that sat so sternly on his brow. Victoria was whiter than he, when she saw all this, and turned for an instant with a gesture of unspoken helplessness toward her brother, who drew her to a seat at the head of the sufferer. Aunt Myra was holding one favored hand in pale and patient silence. Presently he opened his eyes and looked up at Victoria, and said, with the first gleam of consciousness in many days:

"Victoria, my darling. I thought you would come."

And she, the proud and willful passion-flower of the tropics, slid her arm under his head, bent forward kissed his lips, as a true and loving wife might do, and answered:

"I shall never leave you, Decatur."

A holy smile of contentment spread over the face of the invalid and he slept.

Of course there is but little more to write. This long estrangement was the 'unknown and stubborn cause,' which the doctor could not fathom, of the brain fever, and this strange reunion was the only cure. In two weeks Decatur was returning home convalescent. When he asked the quiet and devoted girl by his side why she changed her mind, she persisted that it was all Bob's threats of dreadful vengeance that actually frightened her into relenting. But we are of the opinion that accession was a very different aspect where she found that 'her people' were no longer traitors and rebels. Her willful heart, led into error, and Love, the king of all hearts, ruled with a sceptre of steel this loving maiden.

They are to be married next week, and he will immediately return to his regiment. But Victoria with all her old persistence still determines to keep sacred the promise that she would never leave him, and no persuasion can move her from her purpose to accompany him.

Robert Stanton goes with them to take an honorable position upon the staff of General Sedgwick.

Last evening we were walking by the side of the brook, Robert Stanton and I, and he asked me to wear his mother's ring until he came home, and he said on my last hand, and I gave him a golden circle, very plain, but I value it for his sake.

THE PROFESSOR MARRYING A COOK.

Some years since, when I was in California, we had amongst our "faculty" a peculiar personage, and as yet a character *en genre*. He had lived many years without a wife, and expected to live so always. Indeed, as he was the professor of mathematics, the abstractions of his science furnished him the means of the idea of getting married. To the female sex, therefore, he showed no regard than common politeness required. 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. It seemed a whimsical, but he was bound to get married. 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 always boarded.—Of course it wasn't expected of him that he should ever give a party or a dinner. But it began to be regarded as rather mean in him to shirk this matter from year to year, and "well off" as he was pecuniarily, to throw upon the other members of the faculty the cost and trouble of entertaining the special friends and patrons of the College.—This question was therefore frequently asked:

"Why doesn't the old miser entertain some of the distinguished characters that visit us?"

Now our professor wasn't a miser at all, and it often troubled him to think that he was so situated that he couldn't bear his part of the burden. And yet, what could he do? Must he get married? And if so, to whom? He had no special regard for any one in the vicinity of the College, and no one had any special regard for him. In his younger days he had seen at school, a young lady in the city of New York, in whom he had felt a peculiar interest before this time she was married, or in her grave. Possibly, however, she was still living and still waiting for him! Glorious thought! He was quite relieved at it though, indeed, there might be no foundation for his belief. Nevertheless he would make due enquiry. Nor could he long delay, for Commencement day was at hand, only a few weeks off. It was his turn or rather would be if he was married, to give the grand dinner to the distinguished personages that should be present on the present occasion. There would be the Governor of the State, and his lady—the trustees of the Institution and their friends, and others of equal repute. But who should be master of ceremonies?—And who should grace the table? He could spare the circle, perhaps, but such a circle as this, what could he do with it? If he were only married, what a helpmate would his wife be at such a time. And yet, his wife must be good looking, accomplished, and intelligent lady; otherwise the blank would be a blot.

Now there was a young lady in the neighborhood that the professor thought might answer. He had seen her at his boarding house and spoke to her once or twice. "But," said he, "she may say no," and if she did "where in evasions," thought he, "could I hide my head?" The Governor must have a dinner and he must have a wife. And hence he lay awake thinking about it all night. At last, at the morning break he cried out to himself, "Content! She will say no, will she! What then? Other men have lived through it, and I shall. If not, I shall have a clear conscience about the dinner, and clear conscience is the main thing after all, I will write a note to Miss A. anyway. It may be she will regard it favorably. So the professor sat down and wrote a note to Miss A.—Stay a minute," said he to himself, "what will

the Governor think of the lady? She is handsome and polite, but can she cook?" "Doubtful," said he to himself, "very doubtful," and so he tore up the note. Alas, for a man on the verge of matrimony! In an hour or two, however, the Professor called on the President saying:

"I should like to be absent a few days."

"Ah!" said the President, "just at this time."

"Yes, sir, I have my classes in readiness for the examination, and I wish to go to New York."

"Has any death occurred to the family," said the President.

"No, sir," said the Professor, "but I have a little matter of business there that requires my immediate attention, and I thought it best to go."

"You have my best wishes," said the President, "and may you return safely and not alone!"

The Professor almost smiled, but blushed rather than smiled, and left the President and hastened to New York.

His first inquiry on his arrival there was for Miss Adelaide G., the young lady whom he had seen some years before at school, as we have mentioned.

"Why," said the respondent, "the family has become reduced, and she is a cook! Perhaps you don't know it, sir?"

"A cook," said he, "that is just what I wanted!"

"Oh!" said the lady, "we thought you wanted something else possibly."

"No, I have been half-starved to death since I left New York, and I want some one that can cook decently."

"Well, she can do that, for she secretly has been in that line in this city. Why, sir, she is a splendid cook."

"And how does she look?"

"She is the handsomest cook in the city, too."

"Not quite that, I presume," said the Professor, "but is she intelligent? I speak confidently."

"Intelligent—she is, indeed. She can converse like an angel."

"And as to manners, is she accomplished?"

"As graceful as an actress."

"Couldn't I see her before that hour?"

"I think that would be the most convenient time for you to call, and her to see you. She will be engaged in her duties till then."

"I will wait then. Please to tell her that Professor Mack, of Virginia, wishes to see her—an old acquaintance of hers."

"Shall I tell her that you wish to engage a cook?"

"You may tell her that I wish to see her," said the Professor.

