The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1868. NO. 46.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, Queen Street,

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, 1st day, 11h. 45m., even., S.
LAST QUARTER, 9th day, 5h. 52m., even., S.
NEW MOON, 16th day, 9h. 7m., morning, N. W.
FIRST QUARTER, 23rd day, 11h. 9m., morn., W.

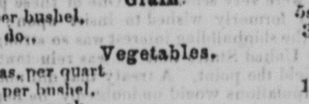
DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets.	DAY'S LENGTH
		h m		h m	h m	h m
1	Tuesday	5 22	6 35	10 24	6 5	13 13
2	Wednesday	26	34	11 6	6 59	8
3	Thursday	28	31	11 53	7 24	3
4	Friday	30	30	even.	7 50	0
5	Saturday	31	28	1 0	8 20	12 57
6	Sunday	32	26	1 41	8 55	54
7	Monday	33	24	2 23	9 24	51
8	Tuesday	34	22	3 5	10 2	48
9	Wednesday	35	20	3 49	10 50	45
10	Thursday	37	19	4 36	11 42	42
11	Friday	38	17	5 25	morn.	39
12	Saturday	39	15	6 19	0 42	36
13	Sunday	40	13	7 14	1 52	33
14	Monday	41	11	8 9	2 29	30
15	Tuesday	42	9	9 5	4 18	27
16	Wednesday	43	7	9 59	sets.	24
17	Thursday	44	5	10 55	7 5	21
18	Friday	45	4	11 46	7 42	19
19	Saturday	46	3	morn.	8 18	17
20	Sunday	47	1	0 33	8 47	14
21	Monday	48	5 59	1 29	9 28	11
22	Tuesday	50	57	2 21	10 12	7
23	Wednesday	51	54	3 12	11 1	3
24	Thursday	52	51	4 5	11 53	11 59
25	Friday	53	48	5 1	morn.	55
26	Saturday	54	46	5 50	0 42	52
27	Sunday	55	44	6 55	1 40	49
28	Monday	56	43	7 30	2 36	47
29	Tuesday	57	41	8 26	3 36	44
30	Wednesday	58	39	9 47	4 35	41

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, August 25, 1868.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	3½d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	3½d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	3½d to 5½d
Do (small)	5d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	4d to 6d
Lamb per lb.	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 1d
Do by the tub,	10d to 1s
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb.,	
Flour, per 100 lbs.,	24s to 25s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	18s to 21s
Eggs, per dozen,	9d to 1s
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 6s 6d
Oats, per do.,	3s to 3s 6d
Vegetables.	
Green Peas, per quart	6d to 7d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 9d to 2s
Do new, per peck,	8d to 1s
Turnips per doz.	6d to 10d
Poultry.	
Geese,	none
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	1s 6d to 3s
Ducks per pair,	3s
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Sprace)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	50 to 60s
Straw, per cwt	2s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s 6d to 2s
Sheepskins,	1s 6d to 2s
Apples, per doz.,	6d to 9d
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.



A. HERMANS,

GUN-SMITH,

BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced Busines on Dorchester Street, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch.

ON HAND,

A neat assortment of Tinware, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT, which received the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which together with a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for Cash.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 24, 1867. e

THE OLD FAVOURITE HOSPITABLE BOARDING HOUSE,

At The Head Of St. Peter's Bay.

ESTABLISHED by the late John Sutherland, Esq., is now opened for the accommodation of travellers, and the Proprietor solicits a share of Public Patronage. No trouble or expense will be spared to make visitors comfortable.

ANTHONY McCORMACK.

Head of St. Peter's Bay, June 17, 1868. }

RONALD McDONALD,

Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,

AND

COLLECTING AGENT.

Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868. 1y

CORNS & WARTS

Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of

ROBINSON'S

PATENT CORN SOLVENT.

For Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister at Law,

CONVAYNCER, &c.

Office,---Great-George St., Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

August 22, 1866. E tf

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES,

Office - - - - O'Halloran's Building,

Great George Street.

GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.

Oct. 23, 1867. tf

KING STREET.

NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.

THE Subscriber returns thanks for past favors, and begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has on hand a

Large Stock of Ready-made Men's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, Women's Balmoral, Elastic Side, and other Boots.

ALSO, 250 PAIRS

Children and Misses Boots,

which will be disposed of low for Cash.

JAMES STANLEY.

Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

COTTON DUCK,

THE Subscriber is AGENT for the Sale of the celebrated

Russel Mills Cotton Duck,

and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with the least possible delay.

Also on hand COTTON BOAT DUCK, and COTTON DRILLINGS, suitable for Boat Sails; together with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Wax, &c.

I. C. HALL.

Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

DAWSON'S ESTATE.

Important Notice!

THE SUBSCRIBERS have been instructed by the TRUSTEES of W. B. DAWSON'S ESTATE, to SUE all parties, without any distinction, whose unsettled Accounts, or Notes of Hand, to W. B DAWSON or GEORGE NICOLL, are not immediately paid,

ALLEY & DAVIES.

Atty's for Trustees of Dawson's Estate.

Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1868.

COPPER PAINT.

CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon Cans of

Tarr & Wonson's Copper Paint,

which effectually prevents the action of worms on the bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.

I. C. HALL.

Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

PACKET

BETWEEN

SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE FAST-SAILING and COMMODIOUS Schooner "A. R. McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlottetown, calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the navgaition permits.

DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.

January 29, 1868. 1 y

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement

THE Mails for the United Kindgdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States, via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:—

Monday,	May, 18,	Monday,	September 7,
Wednesday,	do 20,	Wednesday,	do 9,
Monday,	June 1,	Monday,	do 21,
Wednesday,	do 3,	Wednesday,	do 23,
Monday,	do 15,	Monday,	October, 5,
Wednesday,	do 17,	Wednesday,	do 7,
Monday,	do 29,	Monday,	do 19,
Wednesday,	July 1,	Wednesday,	do 21,
Monday,	do 13,	Monday,	November 2,
Wednesday,	do 15,	Wednesday,	do 4,
Monday,	do 27,	Monday,	do 16,
Wednesday,	do 29,	Wednesday,	do 18,
Monday,	Aug. 10,	Monday,	do 30,
Wednesday,	do 12,	Wednesday,	Dec. 2,
Monday,	do 24,	Monday,	do 14,
Wednesday,	do 26,	Wednesday,	do 16,

Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's and Bedeque, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

And Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per Steamer, every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Letters to be registered and newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.

General Post Office, }
Ch'town, May 4th, 1868. }

Literature.

WANTED AT THE CROSS ROADS.

I was in a hurry to reach home. No wonder; for it was the wildest night I had ever known in my life, and the country road over which I took my way was as bad as country roads in general. Consequently I was walking at a great rate, with the collar of a rough coat over my ears, and a comforter tied over my soft hat and under my chin, to keep it on and so protect my ears, when, suddenly, a man stood full in my path and caught me by the arm.

'Hullo,' said he, 'You're just in time; you are wanted at the Cross roads to-night.'

The voice was the voice of a ruffian.

I fancied myself attacked by a highwayman. I stood quite still, and strove to show him by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

'What the deuce am I wanted at the Cross roads for?' said I. 'Unless I choose it would be hard to get me there.'

But instead of producing a pistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered in altered tones:

'Beg pardon, I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother, and I wanted to frighten him. Bad night, sir.'

'Very,' said I.

'You don't know the time?' he asked.

'It was seven when I left the train at L——,' I said.

'Thank ye,' said the man. 'Good night.'

If his object had been robbery, probably he had decided from my rough mufflers that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble.

'But, after all,' I said, 'probably he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice without being a highwayman, no doubt.'

So I went on homeward, and soon found myslf under shelter, and partaking of a warm and savory supper.

My mother was there, and my brother Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow, who could beat any other youth of his age for miles round if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good-humored a boy as ever lived—a boy always to mother; and I think he had exercised his right to vote in one election.

When supper was over, and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs together.

We shared one room.

The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That night I fellowed his example.

But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip on my arm, and was roused by a voice crying in my ear:

'Wake up. You are wanted at the Cross roads.'

It was so real, so palpable, that when I started, broad awake, I actually believed that some one was in the room—the man who had met me on the road, perhaps, and who intended robbery or violence. But when I had arisen and lit a lamp, the room was empty, except myself, and Ben snoring on his pillow.

I went to the door; it was locked. I went to the window; the rush of rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake. There had been no unusual sound, she was sure.

Only a dream born by meeting with the strange man upon the road, I felt sure, had awakened me.

I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words; this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice.

'Wake up, wake up, wake up. You are wanted at the Cross roads.'

I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came towards my bed.

'What ails you?' he cried.

'Nothing,' said I. 'Did you hear a voice.'

'Yours,' said Ben, 'yelling wake up. You fairly frightened me.'

'Ben,' said I, 'wait until I light the lamp. I heard another voice. There must be some one in the house or outside.'

So we lit the lamp and searched in vain.

'Nightmare,' said Ben, when I told him my story.

'Ben,' said I, 'what is there at the Cross roads?'

'A house,' said Ben.

He had lived in the neighborhood a long while, and I not long.

'One little house, besides two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there—a rich old fellow and a bit of a miser, they say. His grand-daughter keeps house for him.'

'Ben,' said I, 'that fellow may have meant harm to them. I may be wanted at the Cross roads.'

'Brother,' said Ben, 'go to sleep. You had a nightmare.'

And Ben plunged in between the blankets and was soon snoring again.

I, also, in ten minutes, slept as soundly as before; but the awakening came again.

I opened my eyes to see a girl standing at the foot of my bed—a girl in white robes with hair all about her shoulders, who wrung her hands and cried:

'Oh, wake up, wake up; you are wanted at the Cross roads.

This time I started out of bed in a cold perspiration. I trembled like a leaf. I had no doubt that I had received supernatural warning.

'Ben,' I cried, 'Ben, for the third time I have been told that I am wanted at the Cross roads, and I am going.'

And I began to dress as speedily as possible, listening the while to the storm raging madder and wilder than at any period since its commencement.

Ben remonstrated with me in vain. At last he also began to huddle on his clothes

'If you have gone mad, I must go with you and take care of you,' he said. 'But fancy another man going out in a storm like this to the Cross roads because a nightmare advised him to do so, and what would you think of him?'

I said nothing. All I could have answered would have been:

'I am compelled to go. I must go. I dare not refuse, whatever may be thought of me.'

In ten minutes we were splashing through mud and rain along the road.

It was perfectly dark: now and then a red star in the distance told us that a lamp was gleaming through the rain in some cottage window, but otherwise we would not have been conscious of our proximity to any habitation whatever.

At last nearing the spot where the road from S—— crossed the road to P——, we were indeed in as solitary a place as could be well imagined.

The house, which abutted on the very angle of the roads, called in the familiar parlance the Cross roads, was the only one for some distance in either direction, and certainly on such a night we were not likely to meet with many travellers.

All was silent as the grave. We stood quite still. In a moment Ben broke out in one of his merriest laughs—

'Well,' he said, 'how now? Will you go home and have another nightmare?'

But hardly had the words escaped his lips when a shriek broke on the air, and a woman's voice, plainly coming from the interior of the cottage, cried:

'Help, help, help!'

'Ben,' said I, 'we were wanted at the Cross roads.'

And then, each understanding the other, without more words we made our way to a window through which a light shone. A muslin curtain draped the panes, but through it we saw an awful sight.

An old man lay on the floor, and over him bent a ruffian clutching his throat, and holding a pistol to his ear, while another man grasped a shrieking girl by the arm—a girl in a floating night dress—with such long golden hair as belonged to the woman of my vision.

Not a moment was to be wasted.

Ben flung his weight against the slender lattice and crushed it in, and we had grappled with the ruffians before they knew whence the attack came or how many foes were upon them.

I do not intend to describe the struggle; indeed I could not if I would. But we were both strong men, and inspired by the cries of the helpless old man and the terrified girl, soon had one of the villians bound and the other lying *hors de combat*.

Then Ben started for assistance, and before morning both were confined in jail, Ben admitting, as we shook each other by the hand, that we were 'wanted at the 'Cross roads.'

The old man was not a miser, but he had saved some few thousands for his old age, and living more plainly than he need have done had given rise to the rumor and so brought the burglars to the Cross roads in the hope of a booty.

The girl, a beautiful creature of seventeen, was his grand-daughter; and as no story is acceptable to the lady reader without a flavor of romance, I will tell them that she became in after years, not my wife, as the vision seems to indicate, but the wife of my darling brother Ben.

Selections:

THE DANGEROUS STATE OF THE COUNTRY —THE PROSPECTS AHEAD.

[From the New York *Herald*.]

We are going the way of other democracies' empires and republics, and the historical perspective is picturesque with the ruins of one more grand attempt to govern justly failing through human passion. Seeming in the very heyday of life and the blaze of glory, we are treading irrevocable steps towards calamity. Our great political contest assumes a character that indentifies it with the political contest that blackens a hundred years of Roman history. Should the democracy win we perceive by its declarations and by the spirit in which it receives every encouragement, such as the Kentucky triumph, whither its victory must certainly too drive us. But a little while ago it assumed a certain more or less gracious humility. Now it threatens, and every indication that the people listen patiently or that they seem to sympathize gives it countenance and reacts in the boldness of its utterances. And it is possible that it may win. Kentucky goes for the democracy, it is true, by a larger majority than the last election, but we doubt if it is safe to draw from a Kentucky election on such a fact any augury in favor of the election of Seymour. If the ideas that have given Kentucky to the democrats by seventy thousand majority have hold of the minds of the whole Southern people, as there is all reason to suppose they may, and if the craft that lately put Wade Hampton on the democratic stump between two niggers shall continue to temper chivalry, the South may go very largely for the Blair ticket, and the election would be the closest possible contest. It might be so close, indeed, as to make the result practically indecisive before the people, and from a very close struggle, from a doubtful result, or from a democratic triumph, would flow new turmoil for the nation, new danger, perhaps absolute anarchy.

Excitement raises in view of such possibilities, and the passions of partisans rise with it; and we hear public men refer to their opponents in terms that point to the growing fury, whose full height we contemplate in Marius, Sylla and Cinna. What reason have we to congratulate ourselves that we are beyond the possibility of repeating these bloody pages of political story? The greater humanity of the nineteenth century, perhaps. But before we trust ourselves to that, show us something from antiquity worse than Libby Prison or Andersonville, and wipe out the fact that Paris, less than a century since, repeated the horrors of Rome with multiplied barbarity. The Roman republic had its rebellion, as we have had ours, and thought as we did, that it was put down, when the politicians of the dominant party settled the great land question in their own way and established the State on a new constitution. Alas! that end was the beginning of Roman troubles, and that rebellion was only the first event in a series of civil wars and revolutions, which the men who lived a hundred years later saw still in progress, as Cesar and Pompey hunted one another through the known world. France also began in 1789 a revolution that is not closed yet—that has had its phases of democracy, monarchy and military empire, and now only halts in a despotism standing on universal suffrage, a great army and an enormous debt. Great political throes such as our rebellion and war, seem to leave nations calm because they leave them exhausted, and in the truce of that quiet the elements only gather strength to renew the fight. Our rebellion also will appear in history as only the first of a series of political revolutions, and the end may be anywhere.—Mexico herself may be a respectable Power besides what the United States will appear when political anarchy has done its worst. It is for the people to determine whether the storm of war shall reopen next year in the accession of Seymour to the Presidency, or whether an immense majority for Grant shall lengthen the truce for four years.

Nothing less than the moral effect of an immense majority for Grant will quiet the nation, and this as we say, will only lengthen the truce; for whatever the result our future is simply a series of strifes between these embittered parties made savage by the blood of the war. With all her internal struggles breaking her down Rome was still great abroad—extending her arms, her political system, her civilization over the world. She appeared to be no less prosperous than great, and even when the struggle was over the people thought they were still living in the glories of the old republic, governed by the Senate, with only an executive in the Emperor. It was a rude awakening from such a dream, but it had to come, and we also will awaken some day to perceive ourselves in the same position. This or that party—whichever may happen to be in power—will divert attention from its schemes by the same splendid pursuit of foreign wars, by the same system of subduing its neighbors, until our dominion shall be nominally supreme over the whole Continent, and our civilization, laws and enlightment shall penetrate to every country, laying the foundation of States to be carved from the ruins of the great republic, as modern Europe was carved from the Roman empire. We have entered upon a career in which no nation of the past was ever able to stop midway.

FRENCH VIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.

A writer in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Mr Blerzy), after giving a history of the Abyssinian campaign from beginning to end, closes his article with the following observations:—Such has been this war in Abyssinia, which was so diversely judged in France and even in England during the eight months it lasted. Some considered it as a proof of yearning after military renown, and others a pretext for annexation founded on most futile motives. Long-sighted politicians detected perfidious machinations, carried on in secret for many years, and ending all at once in the occupation of Abyssinia at the very moment when the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez Canal seemed to increase the influence of France. Nothing of all this is true. The facts show clearly that no one in England wished for the expedition; and that Abyssinia itself held but a secondary place in the thoughts of English statesmen to the day when the struggle became inevitable. What would the English go to seek in that country? A port? The coast does not possess one that could be a strategical position in the Red Sea. A market? Markets are not won by arms. A kingdom to colonise? The seacoast is unhealthy, and the interior is difficult of access. The question of Abyssinia became serious because it was badly conducted. It will be compared to those slight maladies which are neglected in the beginning, and which terminate in a sudden catastrophe the moment it is least expected. After the chivalrous enterprises of Consul Plowden came the imprudence of Consul Cameron, and after the mishaps of Consul Cameron the ill judged embassy of Mr. Rassan. At the point to which things had reached the British Government, was constrained to have recourse to force, unless it made up its mind to forfeit all its prestige in the East. This prestige is the mainspring of its policy, both in Africa and in Asia. It is by it that it imposes its rule on 180 millions of Hindoos, and, with a few ships, protects its subjects on the coast of both continents. It could not hesitate; at any cost it had to overthrow King Theodore.

The writer quotes the order of the day issued by Gen. Napier after the taking of Magdala as the true history given in a few words of this campaign, so short and so successfully terminated, which has won him renown so great and so legitimate, and for which all England feels an enthusiasm which is easy to comprehend. There is, of course, some little criticism offered. The writer obrerves: The English had one object in entering Abyssinis; that object once attained by the shortest way, they withdrew without any regard as to what may come to pass after them. But is there not in this simple and methodical fashion of treating affairs a certain selfishness which we Frenchmen are incapable of appreciating? At the cost of some complications, the extent of which it would not have been embarrassing to limit, we should have desired before quitting the country to leave to the Ethiopians other memorials than the ruins of Magdala; we should have seconded the sincere efforts of the princes, the heirs of the vanquished monarch, to aid this ill-fated kingdom in getting out of its anarchy. However glorious this war for the army that took part in it, it has closed without any effective result for the nation that carried it on. England is avenged; but that is all. From her vengeance she derives no advantage to compensate her for the five or six millions sterling it has cost her. The duty of humanity towards the unfortunate tribes whose territory she invaded has not been taken into consideration for one instant. After the departure of the English the fate of the Abyssinians, rid of a detestable tyrant, is as uncertain as ever. It may even be said that the conduct of Theodore, whose last days were not without a certain grandeur, might have been different had he been treated from the outset with more regard. True, it may be objected, that an empire, or a centralized monarchy, does not suit these barbarians; and that in their low degree of civilization the