The Herald.

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THE HERALD

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BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

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ALMANACK FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 11h. 50m., even., E.
Full Moon, 9th day, 6h. 40m., even., E.
Last Quarter, 16th day, 0h. 51m., even., E.
New Moon, 24th day, 3h. 6m., even., S. W.

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

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, January 24, 1868.

Provisions.

Beef, (small) per lb.	4d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	3d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	3½d to 4½d
Do (small)	5d to 7d
Mutton, per lb.	3d to 6d
Lamb per lb.	4d to 5d
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	5d to 6d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 3d
Do by the tub?	11d to 1s 1s
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb.	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb.,	8d to 10d
Flour, per lb.,	3d to 3½
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	19s to 20s
Eggs, per dozen,	1s to 1s 3d

Grain.

Barley, per bushel,	3s 6d to 4s
Oats per do.,	2s 9d to 2s 11½d

Vegetables.

Peas, per quart	
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 9d to 2s 3d

Poultry.

Geese,	2s 6d to 2s 9d
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 6d
Chickens per pair,	
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d

Fish.

Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
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Lumber.

Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s

Sundries.

Hay, per ton,	70s to 80s
Straw, per cwt	1s 6d to 2s
Timothy Seed,	
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Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
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Sheepskins,	3s to 5s.
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Partridges,	1s to 1s 3d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

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Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

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Queen Street, Ch'town, Jan. 8, 1868.

Poetry.

THE ROCK OF CULLAMORE.

'My name is Tom Doyle,
I'm chief boatman of this station
Well-kown throughout the nationand round green Erin's shore.

Between this ancient highland
And Dalkey's royal island
I've pulled the best of quality for fifty years and more.
I've rowed the great Vice-regals,
Right reverands and legal,
Mitres, coronets and eagles, and monarchs by the score;
And all the great court ladies,
Not one of them afraid is
To trip into Tom's wherry at the Rock of Cullamore.

Singers, dancers and musicians,
Poets, painters and physicians,
Wits, wizards, politicians, and philosophers galore,
Play-actors and contractors
And mighty quare cha-rac-ters—
I've given them all a turn in the merry days of yore.
I've pulled old Pagonini,
Lablacho, and Tamburini,
Lovely Grisi and Rubini, and poor Malabran asthore.
Titiens, Patti and Alboni,
And Madame Taglioni,
Who danced an Irish jig upon the Rock of Cullamore.

I had Gladstone and Disraeli,
Bernal, Osborne and Whalley,
Russell, Derby, Bright, and really I could name a hundred more
Of hostile rhetoricians
And party politicians
Who fight on fierce conditions on the House of Commons floor,
Lord Gough and Sir John Ennis,
And Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness
Who laid out on St. Patrick's a mint of golden store.
And all the British Peerage
I've had them in my steerage
And towed them gaily over from the Rock of Cullamore.

The noble Prince of Wales, sir,
And Prince Alfred knew Tom's hall, sir,
When I pulled out to the mail, sir, and hoisted up my oar
Displaying Erin's banners:
To reward my genteel manners
They threw out each a sovereign to Dalkey's Commodore.
I've ferried our princesses
In their golden crowns and dresses;
But Tom's poor heart confesses, it feels no little sore,
That they should so despise us
Or so very meanly prize us,
As not to build a palace near the Rock of Cullamore.

Each time the Queen came over
From London or from Dover
With her own dear royal lover who's now, alas! no more,
No boatmen dare come near 'em—
'Twas Tom's privilege to steer 'em,
Likewise to bless and cheer 'em, and put them safe ashore;
As sure as here I stand,
'Twas I kissed King George's hand
When he left Dunleary's strand amid the cannon's roar.
And when next she comes in glory,
I'll shout for Queen Victoria
A hundred thousand welcomes from the Rock of Cullamore.

Select Literature.

UNCLE GEORGE;

OR,

THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Was it an Englishman or a Frenchman who first remarked that every family had a skeleton in its cupboard? I am not learned enough to know; but I reverence the observation, whoever made it. It speaks a startling truth through an appropriately grim metaphor—a truth which I have discovered by practical experience. Our family had a skeleton in its cupboard, and the name of it was Uncle George.

I arrived at the knowledge that this skeleton existed, and I traced it to the particular cupboard in which it was hidden, by slow degrees. I was a child when I first began to suspect that there was such a thing, and a grown man when I at last discovered that my suspicions were true.

My father was a doctor, having an excellent practice in a large country town. I have heard that he married against the wishes of his family. They could not object to my mother on the score of birth, breeding or character—they only disliked her heartily. My grandfather, grandmother, uncles and aunts all declared that she was a heartless, deceitful woman; all disliked her manners, her opinions, and even the expression of her face—all, with the one exception of my father's youngest brother, George.

George was the unlucky member of our family; the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of a man that a woman never looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life; he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education that London and Paris could afford; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethern as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse, ugly face, his hesitating, awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliess in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get anybody else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession, in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshipped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of the family, as I have already mentioned, did not hesitate to express their unfavorable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with anyone before, to the amazement of every body, undertook the defence of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and in virtue of that one great fact, she became in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share; the long journeys at night, the physicing of wearisome poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty busines of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine with the country gentry, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother and sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the eldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world until four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her passionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence towards me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret, but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterwards. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and many other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I recall them now without a harsh thought either towards my father or my mother. Both loved me and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even uncle George, so fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim wandering grey eyes winked and watered with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When he took us out walking, Caroline was always on the side next the wall. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he wou'd put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah! how he loved her! and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me, too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being taken to the seaside; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again to the midland county in which we resided. After much consultation, it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden-sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering place on the south coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the seaside, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is out of all proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is—inferior to the cheapest minature vessel now-a-days in any toy shop window—I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the seaside was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was getting on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also, at the same period, a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home travelled to the seaside to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit, now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was useless for to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my questions, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that 'something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty for ever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid of.' How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly 'something!' A fearful awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart, and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the window of a back parlor on the ground floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet, composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran terrified into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. 'He's too young to feel it much,' I heard one say to the other. 'So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it's happened no later.'

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I had heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt as closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day.

I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should weep and grieve over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some catastrophe had happened. I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said No, in a strange stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said no to that also, and I ade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servant to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out towards evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the sea-beach, telling her as we went, every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach, and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, 'Let's go up on the cliff as fast as we can.' The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me; a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted, with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help, I was put down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt, she seemed at first bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual to her, 'Never miad; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear,—forget all about it.'

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after, I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed and cried over me. Who could he be. Somebody who loved me very much and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over alll the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial—a hard one, even at my tender years—of witnessing my mother's passionate grief and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerately shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her when the door had closed behind us; but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for

(Continued on fourth page.)