

The Herald.

VOL. III.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1867.

NO 47

THE HERALD
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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.
First Quarter, 6th day, 7h. 19m., evening, S.
Full Moon, 13th day, 8h. 21m., evening, S.E.
Last Quarter, 20th day, 10h. 56m., evening, E.N.E.
New Moon, 27th day, 7h. 29m., evening, W.N.W.

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

Prices Current.
CHARLOTTETOWN, September 24, 1867.

Provisions.	Grain.	Vegetables.	Poultry.	Fish.	Lumber.	Sundries.
Beef, (small) per lb., 4d to 7d	Barley, per bushel, 5s to 5s 6d	Pas, per quart, 7d to 9d	Geese, 5s to 8s 6d	Codfish, per qtl., 20s to 30s	Boards (Hemlock) 4s to 5s	Hay, per ton, 45s to 60s
Do by the quarter, 3d to 5d	Oats per do., 8s to 8s 3d	Potatoes, per bushel, 2s 6d to 3s 6d	Turkeys, each, 1s to 1s 8d	Herrings, per barrel, 25s to 40s	Do (Spruce) 4s to 5s	Straw, per ton, 20s to 25s
Pork, (carcase) 6d to 8d			Fowls, each, 2s 6d to 3s	Mackerel, per dozen, 1s 3d to 1s 6d	Do (Pine) 7s to 9s	Timothy Seed, 4s to 6s
Do (small) 6d to 8d			Ducks, 1s 3d to 1s 6d		Shingles, per M, 13s to 18s	Homepun, per yard, 6d to 9d
Mutton, per lb., 3d to 5d						Calfskins, per lb., 6d to 9d
Lamb per lb., 3d to 5d						Hides, per lb., 1s to 1s 6d
Veal, per lb., 6d to 9d						Wool, 1s to 1s 3d
Ham, per lb., 10s to 12s						Sheepskins, 1s to 1s 3d
Butter, (fresh) 4d to 7d						Apples, per doz., 1s to 1s 3d
Do by the tub, 9d to 11s						Partridges, 1s to 1s 3d
Chesse, per lb., 9d to 11s						
Butter, per lb., 9d to 11s						
Lard, per lb., 8d to 6s						
Flour, per lb., 7s to 8s						
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs., 7s to 8s						
Eggs, per dozen, 8d to 10d						

Fishermen's Outfits.
THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as
Salt, Flour, Bread, Beans, Peas, Butter, Mackerel Hooks, Cod, Mackerel Lines, Cod, Mackerel Jigs, Cod Leads, Coston Duck, Do Salt Twine, Bait Knives, Splitting Knives, Jig Raps, Bait Heavers, Clam Choppers, Oil Clothes, Sou' Westers,
Flour, Bread, Beans, Peas, Butter, Pork, Beef, Lard, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Spices, Pickles, Lanterns, Boiled Oil, Kerosene Oil, Vinegar, &c., &c.
He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.
I. C. HALL.
Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

CHILDREN TEETHING
MRS. WINSLOW,
An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, 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 medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do 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 skilful 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 invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve
GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC,
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhoea 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 fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.
Sold by druggists throughout the world.
Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.
Price, only 25 cents per Bottle.
Oct. 6, 1866.

Brown's Bronchial Troches
Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.
For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases.
Troches are used with always good success.
Singers and Public Speakers
will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have high testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in the localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.
Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MAILS.
Summer Arrangement.
THE MAILS for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, United States, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—
For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.
For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.
Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate MONDAY and WEDNESDAY evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:
Monday, June 17 Monday Sept 9
Wednesday, " 19 Wednesday, " 11
Monday, July 1 Monday, " 23
Wednesday, " 3 Wednesday, " 25
Monday, " 15 Monday, Oct 7
Wednesday, " 17 Wednesday, " 9
Monday, " 29 Monday, " 21
Wednesday, " 31 Wednesday, " 23
Monday, Aug 12 Monday, Nov 4
Wednesday, " 14 Wednesday, " 6
Monday, " 26 Monday, " 18
Wednesday, " 28 Wednesday, " 20
Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock; and Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per steamer, every FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.
Letters, to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.
T. OWEN, P. M. G.
General Post Office, Ch' town, }
May 22, 1867.

1867. SPRING. 1867.
KENT STREET CLOTHING STORE.
THE Subscriber has for sale
Black Broadcloths and Doeskins,
Silk Mixtures and Tweeds,
Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. He will make them up for parties, in want of Summer suits of Clothing cheap for cash or approved credit.
Also a superior lot of
Ready-Made Clothing,
Manufactured on the premises under his own immediate supervision. Parties in want of a good substantial article, would do well to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere.
P. REILLY.
May 14th, 1867.
PINE LUMBER, &C.
FOR SALE, 50,000 feet 1, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, and 2 inch Pine—good quality and partly seasoned.
100,000 Square Sawn SHINGLES.
125,000 Cedar SHINGLES.
1 large Ware Room FRAME.
—ALSO—
100 Tons Port Hood COAL, a good article for home use.
A McNEILL, Auctioneer.
July 24, 1867.

Select Literature.
THE
TURKISH SLAVE;
OR, THE
DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.
BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.
CHAPTER X.
As the priest thus expressed his honest regard for the boy, the widow of Amaraul seemed to regard him with a sort of evil joy expressed in her countenance.
'Ha, you love him, then?' said the woman, after regarding him intently for a moment.
'I do indeed love the boy,' said the priest honestly.
'It is well. You will fit my service quite as well as though it were otherwise.'
'You speak in riddles, woman,' said the priest.
'But you will understand me ere long, I trust.'
'What of the boy?' asked the priest anxiously.
'He is the heir to the throne of Greece,' said the woman, significantly.
'True.'
'Do you not comprehend me?'
'No.'
'Have I not a son also?' asked the woman, looking at the priest meaningly.
'True.'
'And still must I speak plainer?'
'Ay—what does this mean?'
'Mean!' said the woman, with a bitter sarcasm, as she repeated his word. 'Mean! It means that he must be removed. He is in the way! Do you comprehend me now, dull man, or must I speak still plainer?'
The priest seemed horror-struck, and could not reply to her at all for some moments.
'Well,' she said, impatiently; 'well, what have you to say? Are you prepared to keep your oath?'
'Woman, I understand thee,' said the priest; 'but our contract, fearful though it be, does not bind me in any matter that concerns the life of a fellow-creature.'
'You speak truly, and his life must not be harmed, but still he must be removed.'
'Go on,' said the priest, sighing deeply. 'I am bound to do thy bidding, and now let me know the worst! O, holy Father, I deserve this for my sin.'
'This boy must be removed,' said the woman, 'and at once. You may not disappear from court unless you wish it, but he must be placed beyond the possibility of being found, and where he can never return to his home, or Athens. He is young, too young to remember much, and a few years will serve to completely mystify him, and destroy all knowledge of his identity. This accomplished, and you are released from your oath. But let my object be betrayed, either by your carelessness or otherwise, and you not only have the fearful penalty of this oath hanging over you forever, but I will declare your character to the king and the people, will show your written evidences of guilt, and have you executed.'

'I understand you,' replied the priest solemnly, 'and with God's help I will keep my oath, more as a penance for my own sin than from fear of thy threat. You say I can remain at court. I desire it not, but shall comply with your demand as soon as may be, and shall also myself leave a spot that must for the future become hateful to me. I am almost ready to thank you for thus opening my eyes, thus turning them in upon myself, thus exposing the villainess of the passion that excited me, and finally thus relieving me from the sinful chain that had fastened about my soul. I now look upon myself in such a despicable light, to think that for one moment I have been absorbed by one like thee, that were I to live for a century to come, I could never forgive myself for the part I have acted. Ah, lady, the beauty and eloquence that Heaven hath so richly endowed thee with, might have been exerted to such noble ends, that even I can grieve as I look upon thee, to see them so sadly perverted. Make known your commands to me in brief, that I may be away and strive to find once more that peace of mind you have so nearly robbed me of forever.'
The priest spoke in sorrow; there was not an angry intonation of the voice that escaped his lips. Had he stormed, the crafty woman would have met him on his own ground; but by the spirit he evinced he had the advantage. She could not speak. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, her bosom swelled with emotion, she seemed trembling with indecision. It was, perhaps, the first moment in all her headlong, mad career that she had paused to look back. But the evil within her prevailed. She had gone too far, she was fully committed before the priest, and then the object in view had attractions that could not be resisted.
She hesitated but for a moment, then raising her eyes, filled with all the resolution and fire of her will, she said:
'I am resolved, and no earthly power shall prevent the accomplishment of the only object I care to live for.'
The widow of Amaraul knew her position and power, and of course, she cared not what motives actuated the priest, so that he did not mar the result of her plans, and she freely told him so, acknowledging the full purpose of her heart.
The priest's romantic dream of love was dispelled like snow before the sun, and there remained to him only the dark and muddy surface that the white sheet of his imagination had so softly covered with pleasure. He told the woman that she had now done her worst—that she could not add to the task imposed, and that in its fulfillment he should endeavour to make amends as far as possible for the evil that he must commit.
It was a fair summer's evening, a gala day in Athens, and the king had kept open house, and wine flowed like water in his courtyards, where the promiscuous populace revelled in plenty. Feasting and dancing were the order of the day and evening, and the throng made merry and were glad. A cheerful, manly little boy was among them, entering with childish glee into the spirit of the scene, and crowing with delight. He was a sweet child, with his full clear eye and thoughtful brow, which at times, in the pause of his laughter, assumed an expression of one who had experience, and thought deeply.
It was the fair child of the king. On, on it stray-

ed, joining now this group and now another, disdain all leading or care, and leaving far behind those whose duty it was to look to his wants and protection. At last it approaches the open portal, and is delighted at a display of tiny fireworks just beyond, and rushes towards the bright spot. It was a trick to attract him. That fire was in the hands of the priest, and is extinguished instantly, leaving the bewildered eyes of the child half blind. He is seized in the arms of the guilty confessor and borne quickly off.
We need not describe the consternation that followed the disappearance of the child, nor tell how artfully the widow of Amaraul joined apparently in the general sorrow. She feared not that the immense rewards offered by the king for the recovery of his child would lead to the divulging of her guilt; for she knew that stronger influence than that of avarice held her guilty companion in the deed, and she knew full well that he would keep her secret, because it was also his own. Well and carefully had she chosen her victim and slave, and thoroughly had she mastered her character before she resolved upon entrapping him. She felt safe in all her guilt.
Leaving the artful Athenian widow in glory over the success of her scheme, while the greatest consternation reigned at the court on account of the loss of the young prince and heir to the throne, we will go back with the reader to the scene where the sultan's lugger struck the sunken rock and went to pieces on the northern shore of Negropont.

CHAPTER XI.
A FITFUL NIGHT ON THE AEGEAN SEA.
It was a fitful night, that on which the Golden Horn was lost, and the moon seemed as if coquetting with the scene below, now hiding for a moment behind a dark cloud, now peeping out from beneath one less dense, and then shining forth again in unequalled loveliness and purity. The reader will remember that it was during one of those darkened moments, when a shroud of black mantled the sea and air, that the fearful accident happened to the lugger. Had the people on board the Turkish frigate been particularly observant, they might have discovered a broad spar like a black speck upon the wreck, floating upon the current leeward, after the wreck had disappeared. But their eyes were resting upon the very spot where the sultan's yacht had gone down, without allowing for the strong set of the current to the south, which must carry any floating substance in that direction at the rate of some four or five knots an hour. Had they been thus observant, they might have seen the floating spar referred to, and even, perhaps, discovered and recognized the form of the page secured upon the broadest portion of the timber.
In their blindness and stupidity, the Mussulmen believed him lost with the rest of the ill-fated crew, and returned to Constantinople, and reported the story, as we have already seen.
Alick the page was indeed the only survivor of the Golden Horn. At the moment of the shock, he seized upon a spar that lay along the deck, the one upon which the mate had attempted to rig a jigger sail as before described, and upon this he rose to the surface from the vortex of the water caused by the engulfing of the lugger's hull. He was too good a sailor and swimmer net to make the most of his small advantage, and at once secured himself to the best purpose upon the frail support that chance had given him.
On this diminutive spar, the page floated away upon the southern current of the Aegæan Sea, with a heart that was very far from being void of hope. Indeed, he at once calmly examined his position, chose the most secure part of the spar, and reasoned with himself upon the probabilities that succour might reach him, and doubted not that with the break of day he should have floated far out of sight of the Archipelago below, with whom he would of course feel at home, and safe from danger.
At last the changeable indications of the weather settled down, and the moon was hidden altogether from sight; a fierce Levanter, as the sailors call it in those seas, set in, and the waves washed at times almost over the pages head; he sat almost constantly with a full half of his body immersed in the water; but with forethought and care, he had already bound himself by a rope that hung from one end of the spar, securely to the center, and here he buffered the waves which each moment threatened to engulf and destroy him, with a calm but resolute front.
Once his heart did leap within him, as he discovered a small fisherman of the isles bearing almost on the same course that he was drifting! They neared each other, but in vain was every effort of the page to excite the attention of the crew, for the darkness of the night hid him from their sight, and his voice was swept far to leeward, until, as he approached the gut of Thecis, the fisherman hugged the coast still more closely, and he was swept further seaward! He did not despair, but his heart almost sank within him as the distance increased between him and the fisherman, but with the native zeal and restless activity of his countrymen, he turned to new schemes and hopes.
O, that was a fearful night which the page thus passed upon the cheerless waters of the Aegæan Sea. It would have tried a more manly spirit than his, but a brave heart was in his bosom, and Alick did not despair even for a moment; he breathed a short, fervent prayer, and again devoted himself to take advantage of any incident that chance might disclose whereby he might hope for safety. As morning approached, the Levanter lulled away, and the waves subsided, much to the comfort and security of the page. With the break of day he found that he had already swept with the current by the classic isle of Scio, and that he was now doubling again with its course away from the shores of Asia towards the shores of Greece.
Now came a moment of intense anxiety with Alick. He knew that the waters rushed with increased velocity by the southern point of the shores of Negropont, on their way to the open sea beyond, and this point he hoped to gain. Indeed, from the isles above he had made his calculations for it, well knowing the set of the current; it now seemed to him to be almost his only remaining hope, and could he effect a landing there, he would be within a few miles of his boyhood's home! How high did his heart now beat with hope! He thought that he could not fail now after all that he had suffered, but it was an Herculean task that he must perform, and one that required, besides a large degree of physical strength, a cool head, and a steady eye to accomplish.
With a small piece of drift wood which he had secured for the purpose, he now endeavoured to guide the spar which was swiftly gliding towards the point referred to. He was approaching it fearfully fast, there was no time to be lost; one moment of ill-judged delay might ruin all—cool judgment and intrepidity of action was his only hope. He paused not until he was satisfied that the spar was as near to the shore as the tide

would carry it, then recommending himself to Providence, he leaped into the sea and struck stoutly out for the shore.
The page was not very muscular, but his sinews were of an iron stock, and backed by an indomitable spirit, he still had the advantage of the element which he buffeted so bravely. He did not waste his strength by a sudden and nervous struggle, but swam like one who was doing it for amusement only, slowly but steadily, keeping his eye fixed firmly on the shore, now about a hundred yards distant. He carefully economized every stroke that he made, and drew upon the course of the current all that he could do in safety, until at last, with one powerful and almost superhuman effort, he gained the land but a few feet above the point, which had he passed, death would have been inevitable!
Alick lay upon the shore completely exhausted; he had not the power to move from the spot where he had landed, except to creep beyond the flow of waters. The danger and fatigue of the night, added to the last fearful effort he had just made, were too much for his physical strength, and his energy and mental strength began to decline for the first time; they had been too highly wrought, too severely strained, and reaction left him indeed prostrate. How he was discovered by a Greek girl belonging to a fishing hamlet at no great distance, whether he was conveyed insensible, or revived the sufferer; but a few hours, however, had elapsed before a fever set in, caused by the extraordinary efforts he had made, and the physical suffering he had endured. This, no kindness could avert, though it might palliate its course, and the poor page torn by pains and racked in mind, lay there delicious for many long days and nights, his life trembling as it were between earth and the grave. How tenderly did these rude people tend the ship-wrecked page, how kindly commiserate with and soothe his wayward mood and how like an angel looked the young girl whose untiring hand smoothed his pillow both night and day.
Some one has beautifully and truthfully said that no woman can be truly appreciated until she has been seen by the bedside of the sick. There, indeed, does she seem to be in her true sphere; all the tenderness of her heart finds play, all the native gentleness and soliloquy of her character shine forth in unclouded brightness. Thus it was with the young fisher girl; her tender heart bled to see such suffering. She prayed in innocence and sincerity for the stranger's recovery, and looked upon his noble brow and classic features with something very akin to love.
Of course, she could not understand the strange mood of his fancy, for much of his talk while in delirium was in the Turkish tongue. He grieved for Esmah, upbraided the sultan in one breath and blessed him in another, described himself as a base slave, and then regretted that he had sought his freedom at such a cost as the loss of the one he loved. Now he was by her side in the seraglio gardens, now pressing her soft fair hand to his heart, now struggling with the Mussulman who had arrested him as he leaped from the balcony to escape from Bramah, the chief eunuch, and now he was relieved by the well-directed blow given by the dwarf. Once more he was on the deck of his swift-gliding lugger, and the prompt nautical orders issued from his fevered lips. Now he was chased by the Mahomet, now the fight commenced, and the cunning manoeuvres followed. Now his fellows dropped dead about him, and the blood covered the decks; his lips were compressed in bitter, but stern resolve again, the lugger strikes upon the sunken rock, she sinks, he gasps for breath in his raving, and then rise once more to the surface. Then followed that fearful night on the black waters of the Aegæan, and the hope that was blasted when he saw the fisherman bear away from him for the land, and then exhausted with living over, as it were, all these things again, he fell back almost breathless.
Then would Nydia, the Greek girl, smooth his fevered brow with cooling baths, and gently soothe him to sleep by a soft, low chant of the Greek service. O, it was a dangerous kindness which the young girl did him for we must inevitably love those whom we serve thus; and her heart was so young, and so unoccupied, that it was already fast filling with thoughts of him who was so noble and so handsome, even in the rage of his fever, and the height of his delirium.

One morn, the sunlight, soft and vernal, streamed in at the cottage windows, and lay across the sick page's room. The windows were open to let in the clear, refreshing spring air, and its soft breath revived the invalid as it played across his brow. He breathed freer and deeper of its freshness, and on half rising up his arm, though weak and tottering in the effort, he looked about him like one who awakes from a dream, and rouses, to assure himself that he is awake. Nydia was by his side; he gazed upon her intently, but with a bewildered look, and said:
'My fair girl, who are you, and what place is this?'
Nydia gazed at him, no less bewildered than he himself appeared to be, for these were the first words of reason he had uttered for many days. It was a moment before she realized that it must be the first dawn of sanity that she had witnessed in the stranger, and she could not suppress a tear of joy, as she said:
'You have been quite, quite ill, sir, and are now getting better.'
'Ill?' said the page. 'I do feel very weak, but let me see. I was on the water, I think, and swam to the land.'
'Yes, that was where we found you, quite exhausted and sick.'
'Ah! it is a blank to me since that; has much time passed?'
'It is a month since you first entered our cottage, said the girl.'
'So long?'
'Yes, a month yester eve.'
'O, no, you have troubled you much in that, time I fear.'
'I must, you have been very quiet all the while,' said Nydia.
'And you have watched by me these many days and nights?'
Nydia answered by a simple courtesy, deeply blushing.
'It seems to me now as though I had a faint glimmering of reason at times since I have been here, and that I do remember of your thoughtful kindness,' said the page. 'Alas, I am only too weak to express my gratitude to you.'
'I pray you sir, do not talk so much; it will weaken you,—and you need quiet very much,' said the gentle girl,—and endeavouring to turn the subject from herself, and also to ease for the comfort of the page.
'But I will think how kind you have been, my gentle nurse,' said the page, looking the thanks he was too weak to speak.
The page sank back exhausted, and fell into a long, sweet sleep, that seemed to refresh him more than any he had yet enjoyed, for his mind was no longer struggling in its wild fancies, and his body was consequently relieved. He breathed very low and softly, so like a child, that Nydia more than once leaned over his pillow and listened, almost afraid that he did not breathe at all; but when he awoke he was like a new man. True he was weak, very weak, but the eye beamed with reason, the speech was low, but distinct and musical, and his gratitude to his young nurse and her kind parents was expressed in such eloquent and gentle words that they went over the stranger they had thus befriended, and bade him thrice welcome to their hospitality.
'Whence came you when wrecked upon the point?' asked the father.

It was the fair child of the king. On, on it stray-