The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1865. NO. 10.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

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ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 2nd day, 2h. 32m., evening.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 8h. 1m., morning.
New Moon, 18th day, 9h. 1m., morning.
First Quarter, 25th day, 8h. 19m., evening.

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

BRITISH PERIODICALS,

THE

The Quarterly Review, (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)
The Westminster Review, (Liberal.)
The North British Review, (Free Church.)

AND

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)

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Choice Perfumery, Toilet Articles, in variety; selected from the best London House by those competent of doing justice to the business.

The Dispensary department will be under his own immediate superintendence.

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C. LEWIS.

Ch.Town, May 31, 1865.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;
OR,
THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Kate remained behind, after her interview with Squire Barton, she proceeded slowly on her way for some time, and then, as if struck with a new idea, determined to pass the night in the hut, and, on the morrow, commence an expedition she contemplated. Her mind relieved from the weight of what she felt was an evil dream, thinking calmly and seriously, she began to see the character of Squire Barton every moment in more hideous colors, and consequently, to have awakened within her strong sentiments of sympathy and affection for Amy Moss.

She began, too, to look back with regret to the past life she had spent with Ralph Regin and Martha, whom she well knew were not her parents. Then, who were? Whence came she? Should she ever be able to trace those who had abandoned her, or from whom she had been forcibly taken? These were questions which came rushing with tumultuous force to the mind.

How should she begin the journey she contemplated? In the first place, she thought if she could but carry some useful intelligence to the Moss, she would at once raise up to herself friends in the judge and his family. No longer jealous, or fearful of the beauty of Amy Moss, Kate determined to free her from the trammels of the squire. She knew, from some dark hints of Ralph Regin in his savage moods, that there were secrets which would utterly blast the hopes of that individual, secrets which Ralph had only recently learned, but which he promised to make good use of when the proper time should come. From a conversation which passed between the man calling himself her father, and Martha, it appeared that he only began to unravel certain ideas in his mind, and was biding his time to obtain full knowledge, and then to use them with effect.

The night passed away, and Kate had scarcely slept when the bright dawn came, and she was up and on foot. She had some dried venison in a small wallet, and a gourd of water, from which she refreshed herself, and then, washing in a half-broken bowl in the hut, sallied out into the forest, in the direction of Scowl Hall.

The morning was bright and beautiful, the sun was warm and genial, the birds sang their tuneful notes, full chorus in the trees, as Kate, a little pale, but beautiful as usual, entered below the arches of the green forest. The bright day-star that peeped into that mysterious glade, where some tragedy had been enacted of fearful import, scattered with it all the terrors of the night, and Kate, who had nothing to fear from the Indians, with whom her degraded associates were in league, stepped lightly on her path, as the opening of a glorious dawn gave promise of a bright day, and shed not only its effulgence over nature, but reached her heart, and roused it to hopes of better things than yet had been her lot.

A [illegible] her, though he knew her not, was near at hand, when a spark was to be kindled of which she little dreamed, there was a sad and a dreary future before Kate Carstone. Events were crowding in, which, if perhaps they did portend little good to others, were about to prove unfortunate and painful to the young girl, whose fortunes had already been so chequered and so varied.

The path was along a slight rise for some distance, tending away towards the Moss, in the direction of which she moved for some time, intending to cross the Scioto at a ford, with which she was familiar. The young girl, though with such little prospect of fears from either white man or Indian, still used many of those precautions which are induced by a border education. Her principal desire was to avoid being taken back to the Frog's Hole, a consummation to be escaped from at any risk.

She listended attentively every now and then, and looked carefully about her; but nothing came to interrupt her journey for some miles.

Presently she came to a small valley, inclosed by tiny hills—a circular slope of brush and trees, on one side thickly wooded, on the other, which was very steep, partly covered by brush; and in other places rocky, steep, and barren, except at the summit, which was fringed with bushes. Kate was quietly descending one side of this, when her eyes caught sight of two human figures, moving cautiously along the edge of the ridge.

She slipped hastily behind a tree, but it was too late; the two men imitated her example, at the same time levelling their rifles. As they did so, Kate was able to see that they were white men.

She at once stepped forward from her place of concealment and presented herself openly to their view. At sight of her the two white men came bounding wildly down the steep side of the glen, waving their rifles, and never pausing until they were close to her side, when they slackened their pace and looked with disappointment at one another.

'How came you alone into the woods, young girl?' said the foremost of the two men, a handsome youth.

'I am going to the ford,' replied the girl quietly, at the same time surveying her questioner with curiosity.

'Know you not,' continued the other, while his companion, a scout and hunter, surveyed her curiously, 'that the Indians are out, and that it is dangerous to be here? The red-skins are killing and slaying all they find.'

'Strangers,' said Kate in a sad voice, 'unfortunately I have nothing to fear from the Indians.'

'I know'd it,' exclaimed the other, the one who as yet had not spoken; 'you're the gall of that catercorned old white Indian, Ralph Regin, the friend of the meanest man in creation, Simon Girty.'

'I was called his daughter,' replied Kate proudly; 'but I am no child of his. I have left his house for ever.'

'You are she they call Kate Regin,' said the young man curiously; 'you know, then, of Amy, Miss Amy Moss, of the Block?'

'You are—— ?' asked Kate eagerly.

'Her brother Charles,' said the young man anxiously.

'I thought so,' exclaimed Kate, with a crimson blush at her own words.

'Why?'

'I do not know why, but I thought so. She is safe. The Indians have taken her up to the great cave on the Ohio; no harm is intended her, and I believe money would buy her; but I do not know—I am trying to find out. Don't ask me any questions—but I have something to discover, and I mean to do it.'

'You amaze me,' said Charles Moss; 'your present journey has something to do with my sister.'

'Everything,' replied Kate, gravely; 'but I am not sure of anything. All I know is that she is more the prisoner of white men than of Indians.'

'Of white men!' exclaimed Charles, passing his hand over his brow.

'Thim rinigades is wus than the aborygines,' said William Harrod; 'I should'nt wonder if they had made some plot to rob the judge, just by way of a ransom.'

'That's not it,' insisted Kate, positively. 'But, Charles Moss, return home. In a day or two, at most, I will bring you tidings of the truth. In the mean time, do you return to the Moss, arm a party of men, and go up to the great cave.'

'On the Ohio?' repeated Harrod.

'Yes.'

'But Custalogs?' asked Charles, anxiously.

'Is hanging about the Indian trail, I have heard,' said Kate.

'And Harvey—Dick Harvey?' asked the young man musing.

'Of him I can say nothing more than that he is a prisoner,' said Kate, evasively.

'A prisoner!' cried the two.

'So I heard,' said Kate; 'there was talk of taking him up to Chillicothe.'

'And my brother, Walter Harrod?' continued William, hurriedly.

'Your brother?' exclaimed Kate. 'Are you the brother of him whose wife the Indians killed?'

'I am, gal,' said the hunter, striking the ground with the stock of his gun—'I am; and the Injines had best keep out of my sight.'

'Let us return,' put in Charles; 'your advice, Miss ——'

'Kate,' said she, blushing, as she saw him hesitate.

'Your advice, Miss Kate, shall be followed. We go to the ford also, and will keep you company. Let us lose no time; my blood boils to know the end of all this. Amy a prisoner, Harvey up at Chillicothe, and Custa in the wood—there is no time, not an instant, to be lost.'

Saying these words, Charles shouldered his rifle, and began once more to ascend the ridge, making a short cut to rejoin the trail, which followed the skirt of the wood on the other side. They had to cross a small cane-brake and swamp, after which they again were to follow the path under the forest trees for some distance. They had got half-way through the swamp, when suddenly they all started and looked at one another with surprise and alarm. Loud bursts of laughter, cries of distress, and shouts and yells of a very fearful description, broke suddenly upon their ears, proceeding from the wood before them. The shouts were Indian, the cries were apparently those of white men, as they all considered by the voice.

'What's that?' said Charles, clutching his rifle.

'Injines torturing a white man,' replied Harrod. 'On, in the name of Bunker's Hill!'

'Hist!' said Kate; 'be cautious—the Indians are not many, and you may surprise them. Follow me.'

Stooping low in the tall grass, and exhibiting a knowledge of the locality which in a woman was really surprising, Kate, who never went out without her short, light gun, led them with extreme rapidity to the skirt of the forest, and then along the trees behind some bushes, until they were close to the scene of action, which was another small valley, one of the numerous dells that intersect these vast forests.

Then they halted and peered down through the bushes at the persons who were the actors in this tumultuous scene.

They were at the head of a small opening, the two slopes of which lay right and left of them. It was a stony, briery, thorny place, without any pleasing vegetation, though the summits of the lofty trees around cast a deep shadow over the depths below. In the centre of the locality, about forty yards distant, were six Indians in their war-paint, dancing round a white man, whom they jostled, tossed, cast backwards to and fro, with shouts of laughter, which were answered by execrations from the unfortunate victim of their savage merriment—an individual whom none of the party recognised.

It was a man in rather a showy livery, red, and ornamented with gold, who made desperate efforts to re-

'Bojour, brudder—white man dance—roast presently—fine chief—grand—big officer.'

'Roast! yer sneaking naked crossing-sweepers," exclaimed the white man; 'laugh away—yer vill be tired by and by. I won't dance—I can't—I'm tired.'

'Dance,' said a tall Indian, hitting him gently with a sharp axe.

'Now, then,' cried the white man, 'none of yer larks—it hurts. Vy, vat are you, vit yer painted mugs. Yer ugly enough to be Old Scratch; but there's too many of you—bowl away.'

'That poor man thinks it's all fun,' said Charles, in a low tone.

'He's a green Britisher,' replied Harrod, coldly.

'And are we not English—white men—Christians?' whispered young Moss, rather indignantly. 'Was not your own grand-father an Englishman, and was not Clara's father an Englishman? Let us save him.'

'You're right, sir,' said Harrod, with a blush; 'here goes.'

Next minute three sheets of flame, three cracks of rifles, startled the wild group of savages. But the prisoner was the most astonished. He now first began to comprehend, it appeared, the extent of his danger. Gazing wildly around, he snatched from under his coat a small iron bar, with which he began laying about him in so vigorous and startling a manner, that the Indians thus assaulted, and the chief part of them severely wounded, darted beneath the trees and disappeared.

'Run for your life—this way!' roared Charles, showing himself for a moment.

'Orr rite,' replied the other, bounding up the valley with frantic speed, as two or three shots from behind quickened his perception of danger.

In another minute Cornelius Ragg was under the cover of the bushes.

'Vell, yer don't mean for to say,' he exclaimed, as he regained his breath, 'that them ugly sweeps mean nuffin more than fun?'

'They would have roasted you before night,' said Charles, drily; 'but keep down—your red coat is a good mark.'

'Vell,' continued Cornelius Ragg, bobbing down, 'this do look like earnest, too. Vell, I never—much obliged to you gents—glad to make your acquaintance.'

A rapid interchange of shots now followed which, however, after lasting a few minutes, ceased, as the Indians gave way, evidently crippled by the first discharge, and made off into the forest. The whole party then rapidly rejoined the trail.

'Where are you going?' said Charles, curiously.

'Vell, I ain't partikler? I've just escaped from a place they call the Frog's Hole—they've got my master a locked up—a set of land pirates, sir.'

'Who, and what are you?' replied Charles, somewhat surprised, while Kate and Harrod listened attentively.

Ragg, without explaining the secret object of his journey, narrated all that had occurred up at the house of Ralph Regin. Charles looked inquiringly at Kate.

'It's true, I have no doubt of it,' replied Kate, quietly. 'Ralph Regin is capable of murder. Ask Ezram Cook.'

'Ah! he did say something before he left. This is worse than the Indians,' exclaimed the young man. 'Stranger, you had better come to my father's house, make a declaration to him—he is a judge—and we'll take a run up to the Hole as soon as we have attended to some more pressing business.'

'Orr rite,' said Ragg, nodding his head; 'he's a judge hisself, is my master.'

'Rely on it, your master shall be saved, and the villain punished.'

'Vell, I hope he vill, though if 'ed answer a question or two, may be ve vould'nt say no more,' observed Cornelius Ragg, philosophically.

'Mister Charles Moss,' said Kate, pausing, 'here we part. Your path is to the right, mine to the left. Fear not for me, I am safe anywhere. Rely upon it that, in a few days, I shall have news of importance for you.'

'I thank you beforehand—most welcome will you be at the Moss—your hand, Miss— ,' said Charles, respectfully.

'I shake hands freely,' replied Kate; and then, nodding in a friendly way to the whole party, she entered the forest and disappeared.

The three men walked on a little way without speaking. Then suddenly Charles Moss broke the previous stillness and addressed Harrod.

'She seems a fine, open-hearted girl—'tis a pity she should have been brought up by Ralph Regin,' he observed thoughtfully.

'Vot!' said Ragg, clutching his arm violently—'that ere gal is Ralph Regin's gal?'

'Yes,' replied Charles much surprised; 'but why this surprise and emotion?'

'Cos she's vot ve're cum from England for,' said Ragg, striking his head; 'she's my master's dorter.'

'Are you mad?' exclaimed Charles Moss, turning round and looking hard at the cockney.

'No I arn't,' said Ragg; 'you just listen to me, that's all.'

And rapidly, in his wild, disjointed way, he told his story, to which the two listened with great interest, particularly Charles, whose eyes flashed with great animation.

'Well,' exclaimed Charles Moss, 'be under no uneasiness. I will take this matter in hand. In a very short time Kate will be at the Moss. That Ralph Regin is a terrible scoundrel, but he shall pay for this.'

'Orr rite,' said Cornelius Ragg, who was excited to a pitch of great enthusiasm. 'Ah, Mister Hackett, you'll pay your debts arter all.'

'Who's Hacket?' asked Charles.

'Vy, Hackett, *alias* Regin, *alias* Robbs; he's as many names as a cat has lives, he has—he vos vot ve call a highwayman.

'A pretty fellow to bring up an only child of loving parents,' said Charles; 'but yonder is the Moss. Let us hasten. The scouting business has made them anxious. See, they sign to us from the Block.'

Cornelius Ragg gazed at the stockade, the Block-house and the whole building, with feelings of great interest. It was quite a novel sight to him, as indeed was everything he met with in America, especially the Indians, who at first had more amused than alarmed him.

The return of the scouting-party was hailed with considerable pleasure. The young man joined his father and sister, while Ragg was taken charge of by Harrod who undertook to initiate him into the mysteries of a forest residence.

'Well, my son, what news?' said the judge hastily.

'Amy, father, is safe, though a prisoner; Custlogs is with Walter, on his track; but Harvey, I'm sorry to say ——'

'What of Harvey?' exclaimed Jane, turning very pale, and clutching her brother's arm convulsively.

'He is a prisoner!' exclaimed Charles, turning round and looking curiously at her.

'Poor fellow!' said Jane, bending her eyes on the ground, and seeking to conceal, by attending to some detail of the table, the acute sufferings she experienced and the tears that she could not restrain. Charles took no notice openly of this demonstration of feeling, though he thought of it afterwards often, but turning to his father, informed him of the intended expedition to the cave on the Ohio.

'Heaven bless you, my son!' said the judge, who was pale and careworn, from anxiety, during these few days.

'That, my dear father, is a fresh story,' exclaimed Charles; and in a few words he explained all that had happened in relation to Kate,—a story which, with that of Ragg, interested both until the hour of the afternoon siesta, when the judge lay down, or rather retired for that purpose, while Charles did so in reality, after selecting the men who were to accompany him on his expedition.

Meanwhile Kate hurried along towards the ford, her ideas somewhat divided between the thought of Amy Moss, Barton, and the young hunter whose acquaintance she had so suddenly made. She could not help being struck with the manner and mien of the handsome young man, whose tone of voice, whose look, were so gentle in comparison with the men she had been accustomed to. But as she advanced, the thought of her self-imposed task struck her, and she determined, in accordance with her plan of operation, to devote her whole thought to this one idea—this one thought.

There was an idea in her head, which for some time had been gaining ground, hinted at by Regin, muttered by Simon Girty in moments of anger, which she conceived it possible to unravel only by exploring the mysteries of Scowl Hall, a place which Kate had long been anxious to see.

Kate stood on the summit of a green hill. Here she first caught sight of the ford, and looking downward along the trail, she could hear nothing save the rushing of the river's waters over a pebbly bottom, and the occasional note of a bird, or perhaps that secret hum of life which perpetually arises over the waving tree-tops.

Satisfied, then, that she would be able to cross the ford unseen by any of the emissaries of Squire Barton, and quite satisfied, from the beaten path before her, that she was in the right track, she tripped quickly down the hill-side, and stood upon the water's edge. Warily again she looked around; then stooping, loosened her moccasins, and tucked up her dress. With one hand she held her gun and moccasins, with the other her dress, and then springing from stone to stone, sometimes leaping, sometimes wading, she was soon on the other bank.

'What does pety Kate Regin doon in these parts?' said a well-known voice, that made the heart of the young girl bound within her.

'Simon Girty!' she exclaimed, with a start, as that worthy appeared from among the trees.

'Well, that may be true, *ta*—I ain't much of a fayvorite I know—but I don't want to be. How's Regin?'

'I don't know,' replied Kate, moving up the bank.

'Why, how skittish you are; but you ain't told me wur you're going.'

'I am going to Scowl Hall, to see Squire James Barton,' said Kate, looking hard at him.

'Well, I reckon he ain't at hum, but you can wait, I dar' say. Well, good mornin'; I'm off t'other way. Hope you will be less ryled next time I see you, miss.'

And the ruffian, somewhat puzzled at what Kate could possibly want in that direction, turned his back on her, as if thoroughly disgusted with her short and angry manner.

Kate, who knew the man well, had affected with him a confidence she little felt, and was therefore much relieved when they parted company. It is true that she had never penetrated any further than the point she had now reached, and would have been all the better for a guide; but still the track was tolerably clear, and she knew that Scowl Hall was not situated at any great distance from the ford.

She rejoiced, moreover, at the news that Barton was absent.

This gave her, she imagined, the opportunity of making the search she desired—a search, which, if successful, promised to be of great value to persons in whom she already took an interest. Kate had lived so long amid the bad and the reckless, that she felt a kind of relief in the prospect of associating herself in any way with the good and the pure.

Not that Kate had been tainted in any material way by the companionship of Ralph Regin and his ruffian followers. She had found in books a constant refuge against the cursing and swearing and other evil habits which were so common in the Frog's Hole; and when the visitors became violent, would shut herself in her room, and there take shelter against painful associations.