The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1865. NO. 7.

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."

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 NOVEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 3rd day, 3h. 51m., morning.
Last Quarter, 10th day, 1h. 33m., morning.
New Moon, 18th day, 6h. 48m., morning.
First Quarter, 25th day, 10h. 47m., 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	Wednesday	6 46	4 42	8 33	4 16	9 56
2	Thursday	47	40	9 27	5 28	53
3	Friday	49	37	10 17	rises.	49
4	Saturday	50	36	11 28	6 57	46
5	Sunday	52	34	even.	7 33	42
6	Monday	53	33	0 51	8 13	40
7	Tuesday	55	31	1 46	9 13	36
8	Wednesday	56	30	2 42	10 15	34
9	Thursday	57	29	3 39	11 12	32
10	Friday	59	27	4 34	morn.	29
11	Saturday	7 1	26	5 29	0 12	26
12	Sunday	2	25	6 21	1 11	23
13	Monday	3	24	7 10	2 6	21
14	Tuesday	5	23	7 58	3 4	18
15	Wednesday	7	22	8 43	3 59	15
16	Thursday	8	21	9 22	4 56	13
17	Friday	9	20	10 10	5 53	11
18	Saturday	10	19	10 52	sets	9
19	Sunday	12	18	11 35	5 50	6
20	Monday	14	17	morn.	6 44	3
21	Tuesday	15	16	1 0	7 32	1
22	Wednesday	16	15	1 48	8 31	8 59
23	Thursday	18	15	2 36	9 31	57
24	Friday	20	15	3 25	10 45	55
25	Saturday	23	14	4 15	11 44	53
26	Sunday	24	14	5 7	morn.	51
27	Monday	25	13	6 0	0 47	49
28	Tuesday	26	12	6 53	1 55	47
29	Wednesday	26	12	7 18	3 6	45
30	Thursday	27	12	8 7	4 17	40

BRITISH PERIODICALS,

VIZ:—

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

AND

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. (Tory.)

THE American publishers continue to reprint the above-named periodicals, but as the cost of printing has DOUBLED, the price of paper nearly TREBLED, and taxes, duties, licenses, etc., largely increased, they are compelled to advance their terms as follows:—

TERMS FOR 1865:

	per annum.
For any one of the Reviews,	$4.00
For any two of the Reviews,	7.00
For any three of the Reviews,	10.00
For all four of the Reviews,	12.00
For Blackwood's Magazine,	4.00
For Blackwood and one Review,	7.00
For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews,	10.00
For Blackwood and three of the Reviews,	13.00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews,	15.00

Subscribers in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to these prices, TWENTY-FOUR CENTS A YEAR for Blackwood, and ONE CENTS A YEAR for each Review, to cover the United States Postage.

The works will be printed on a greatly improved quality of paper, and while nearly all American Periodicals are either advanced in price or reduced in size—and very generally both—we shall continue to give faithful copies of ALL the matter contained in the original editions. Hence, our present prices will be found as cheap, for the amount of matter furnished, as those of any of the competing periodicals in this country.

Compared with the cost of the original editions, which at the present premium on gold would be about $100 a year, our prices ($15) are exceedingly low. Add to this the fact that we make our annual payments to the British Publishers for early sheets and copyright IN GOLD—$1 costing us at this time (Jan. 1865) nearly $2.50 in currency—and we trust that on the scale we have adopted we shall be entirely justified by our subscribers and the reading public.

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our CIVIL WAR, and, though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and country.

THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR 1863.

A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $3 for the whole four, or $2 for any one.

We also publish the

FARMER'S GUIDE,

By HENRY STEPHENS, of Edinburgh, and the late J. P NORTON, of Yale College. 2 vols. Royal Octavo, 1600 pages and numerous Engravings.

Price $7 for the two volumes—by mail, post-paid, $8.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
38 Walker Street, New York.

Butler's Rosemary Hair Cleaner.

AN elegant preparation for the Toilet and Nursery, possessing, in the highest degree, the property of removing Scurf and Dandruff from the Head, and by its invigorating qualities increasing the growth of the Hair.

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Nov. 28, 1864.

Bank of P. E. Island.

(Corner of Queen and Water Streets.)

HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; WM. CONNELL, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m., to 3 p.m., and 7 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Final Notice!

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to inform all those indebted to the estate of the late PATRICK STEPHENS Esq., that unless they pay their accounts in full this Fall they shall be sued for WITHOUT ANY DISTINCTION OF PERSONS after the closing of the Navigation.

ALL KINDS of MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE taken in payment.

R. J. CLARKE.

Crown St., Sept. 26, 1865. eptf rw

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 fulfilment 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 over-come 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 Diarrhœa 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 forgoing 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 11, 1865. 1y

A Slight Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, which might be checked with a simple remedy, if neglected, often terminates seriously. Few are aware of the importance of stopping a Cough or Slight Cold in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if not attended to, soon attacks the lungs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Brown's Bronchial Troches were first introduced eleven years ago. It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, the Hacking Cough in Consumption, and numerous affections of the Throat, giving immediate relief.

Public Speakers and Singers, will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, at 25 cents per box.

Oct. 11, 1865.

Dr. W. G. Sutherland

RETURNS thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since commencing the practice of his profession, in its various branches, in this city, and trusts by attention and assiduity, that the same may still be continued towards him.

By the latest arrivals he has increased his present stock of

Drugs and Chemicals,

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.

Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practised in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive Colonial practise in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and ensure satisfaction.

Advice to the poor gratis.

Queen-street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1866.

AUGUSTUS HERMANS,

Locksmith, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger,

COPPER, SHEET IRON, ZINC & TIN PLATE

WORKER,

QUEEN STREET, - - - - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

Tin and Zinc Water Spouts, Stove Pipes, and Tin Ware, constantly on hand.

Stoves fitted up and repaired.

*** All orders promptly attended to.

Oct. 17, 1862.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH

GALLERY,

Corner of Great George and King Streets.

THE undersigned being an operator of acknowledged skill, acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Provinces, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at MODERATE PRICES.

PICTURES made in every style known to the art;

CARTES DES VISITES.

Plain or Colored. Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Pictures; also, for making Children' pictures for which his light is admirably suited, and in which he acknowledges no superior.

He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto failed to get a good likeness. Pictures taken from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

Instructions given in the above art.

Remember the place, corner Great George and King Streets.—Entrance on King Street.

C. LEWIS.

Ch.Town, May 31, 1865.

Poetry.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

[The following is from the pen of JOHN HOWARD BRYANT brother of W. C. BRYANT.]

Fresh from the fountains of the wood,
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glided on for many a rood,
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh, and soft, and sweet,
The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,
And wet with dew-drops at my feet,
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard,
Amid those pastures' lone and still,
Save the faint chirp of early birds,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way;
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah! happy valley stream," I said,
"Calm glides thy waves amid the flowers
Whose fragrance round my path is shed,
Through all the joyous summers hours.

"Oh! could my years like thine be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I could dwell and sleep at last,
Far from the bustling haunts of men!"

But what new echoes greet my ear,
The village schoolboys's merry call;
And mid the valley hum I hear
The murmur of the waterfall.

I looked; the widening vale betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished steel,
Where that bright valley stream was stayed,
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I, I thought with shame,
Sigh for a life of solitude,
When even this stream, without a name,
Is laboring for the common good.

No longer let me shun my part,
Amid the busy scene of life,
But with a warm and generous heart,
Press onward in the glorious strife.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XIII.

We must now return to the morning on which Amy Moss went forth into the open air, to discover what was the cause of the shouts of the red-skins. first, however, detailing some events of importance which happened earlier in the day, and to which we could not allude on a former occasion at the end of a chapter.

The condition of Amy was anything but agreeable or satisfactory while these varied events were occurring in different parts of the woods. She had heard and understood the tumult of the night, and it was with vague and wild horror that she waited for some event which should explain to her the fate of her generous and devoted friend, Custaloga. As soon as it was daylight she arose, and taking the child by the hand, and signing to the Indian woman to follow her—for Tecumseh had plainly intimated that she was an attendant as well as a spy—she went forth into the village, which was now once more still and calm. The warriors were lying within their wigwams, and not even the occasional return of some of the young men who had gone forth to chase Custaloga roused them from their apathy. These warriors went quietly to their tents without communicating with any one, reserving their explanations for a council of the whole village, which it was well known would take place in the course of the morning, according to previous arrangement.

Seen by daylight, the village presented anything but an agreeable aspect. There were a number of wigwams of bark and skin, whence arose, in one or two instances, a light wreath of smoke, as if domestic hands were preparing the early morning meal. There was the richly variegated forest all around, save where a clearing showed several cultivated fields, but the enclosure within the palisade was unsightly; there were patches of scrubby grass, numerous spots where fire had blackened the ground, and here and there a stunted bush, a pile of wood, or a log, while the whole was so trodden down by the hoofs of horses and the feet of men, as to resemble a dirty farm-yard rather than a lawn. Numerous ugly-looking curs lay about, still sleeping, but raising their heads at intervals to snarl at the passer by. At no great distance from one of the entrances to the village, but at some considerable distance from the lodges of the Indians, was the horse-pound, within which they kept those valuable animals, which were in nearly every case the produce of plunder.

'Aunt Amy,' whispered the child, clinging to the skirts of the girl, whose tasteful habiliments, though torn and dirty, seemed strange in that wild place, 'when shall we go to pa?'

'Hush!' replied Amy, who, as she saw the child's pale anxious face turned up to her, could scarcely restrain her tears; 'we must wait a bit. Your father and Dick Harvey will be here soon, and take us away from these bad people.'

'I do want to see papa,' said the child; but still, under the weight of dread and alarm at the Indians, it remained silent after giving utterance to a cry which is the cry of nature and love—and no cry of nature is deeper or warmer than that of a child for its father.

Amy Moss made no reply, but having gained the gate of the enclosure went out, crossed a small open barn, and entered the forest, where, near a pure and clear and pellucid spring, which formed a pool, she performed her ablutions, bathed the child's feet, and, as well as she could, in obedience to custom, smoothed her glossy hair and performed her toilette. The old Indian woman, who like most of the aged crones of the village, and indeed like most Indian women, despised such niceties, looked on with a contemptuous scowl, but made no remark, as young Tecumseh had ordered her to be peculiarly attentive and obedient to the prisoners.

When this simple and refreshing morning duty was performed, Amy returned towards the village. She walked slowly and thoughtfully, still holding the child's hand, and had fallen into a very deep reverie when a shriek from the child alarmed her, and she looked up.

The young chief, who had originally made her a prisoner, stood before her.

He was a tall and rather handsome Indian, with an expression of countenance which, at the present moment, was mild and gentle. He wore a kind of tiara of badgers' hairs, with the beak and claws of a buzzard, and on his blanket were silver brooches and coins to indicate his bravery of ornament. He was wholly unarmed.

'Tecumseh is glad,' he said in a soft, low and melancholy voice—for this man was an adept in the ways and arts of eloquence, which oft depends as much on voice and manners as on words—'the sight of the nightingale is good. The air is fresh, and there are roses on the white lily's cheeks. Go, Wass, take the little pale-skin. Tecumseh will speak with the daughter of the Long-knives.'

All this while Amy Moss had not moved. She had listened to the warrior's words, and they had entered into her soul. She began to suspect why she had been preserved, and her heart sank within her. Proud of her fair skin, proud of her race, and looking on negroes and Indians as an inferior class of beings, of a naturally haughty character, educated by a mother who boasted of descent from some Norman nobles on the roll of Battle Abbey, Amy Moss had for some time past cooled in her superb and protective friendship towards Custaloga, because she had fancied a slight and almost imperceptible amount of admiration had become mingled with his previous humble and grateful friendship. She saw, with a woman's keen and unerring instinct, the first faint dawn of passion in the Indian, and pitilessly, mercilessly had she overpowered him with her cold sarcasm, her withering and bitter scorn, her sharp and stinging woman's anger. She had often talked before him with contempt of women who had given way to silly passion and made unequal matches; she had sought every occasion to allude with biting sarcasm to men who demeaned themselves by marrying quadroons and half-castes. Beautiful as a queen, majestic in her mien, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks she had rejected, in her view of man, all who were not of her own color and immediate race. And Custaloga had fled once before it, but he had come back to meet it all again, and bear it silently, calmly, without anger—without evidence, indeed, that he knew of the existence of such a sentiment.

What, then, were her feelings now?

'Go,' said she to the child, 'I will be with you directly. Wass will give you some milk."

Then she turned and confronted the Indian with a calm exterior of face, which, however, the heaving of her bosom, the flashing of her eyes, and the red spot in the middle of her cheek, showed was but apparent. As she stood erect, her straw hat across her arm, her mien one of semi-defiance, she looked so lovely, that the Indian could scarcely restrain a cry of admiration. He controlled himself, however, and motioned her to take a seat.

There are moments in life when exterior objects assume a shape and form which is fixed on the mind with such power and distinctness, that they are never forgotten. It was but a path in the forest, a narrow path leading to the spring where Amy performed her ablutions, and she sat down on a log; but never, never during the years of life that were given to her did Amy forget the scene. Each tree, each bush, each green blade of grass, every stone that dotted the path lived in her memory. There was a ray of morning sunlight which fell full upon the half-green, half-black surface of a dead bough—here a spot, and there a spot, like the speckled back of a snake or panther, some green, some mouldering, as if mushrooms and fungi had just been cut from companionship with that ancient bough—and an ant crept up along the branch with a tiny bit of straw in its mouth, running hurriedly, as if the great and famed devourer of his race were close behind; and there a bird stood twittering upon a tree-top merrily, cheerily;—and Amy saw and heard it all, and took it in as with a glance of instant thought; and there it lay—that quiet forest scene—stamped for ever and all time upon her recollection, as if written in photography upon her soul.

There was a log which had long lain there, going to decay, and on this Amy sat herself down—not, apparently in obedience to the Indian's command, but because she seemed to think it unfitting that she should hear him standing.

'The maple tree is sweet, and it sends forth pleasant sap, which the cunning white makes into sugar; but the mouth of a woman is sweeter, and the honey on her lips is sweeter than the sugar of the pale-faces. An Indian girl is an Indian girl—she was born to wait upon her warrior—her young chief comes back and tells her there is meat of his killing in the woods, and her heart is glad and she goes and fetches it. It is because her blood and her heart are both red—her blood is warm—she is proud of her chief. She loves to see him go on the war-path; the screams of his enemies, the scalps at his belt, are as music to her ears—are as jewels to her neck—she is the mother of braves—she puts a scalping knife in the hands of her little babe and she laughs—she shows him the tomahawk, and mother and child are pleased, and the heart of a warrior is glad, because he knows that his wife will give him only little warriors. The daughter of the pale-faces is not so—she is nursed in a warm wigwam—she is petted—she is like the panther of the woods—the foxes bow to her, and she is very beautiful—she is not meant to wait on warriors—the weight of a deer would break her little bones—the sight of blood would make her faint; but she is very beautiful. Tecumseh is a young warrior—he is the son of a great chief—his heart is glad, he has seen the song-bird of the whites—there is one chief's daughter in his wigwam, and the blue-bird will be there next moon—they can wait on him, because they are Indian girls, and they are proud—but the singing-bird of the whites is very beautiful—she will be the queen of Chillicothe, the master of Tecumseh's heart, and the mother of braves—let her speak.'

'Indian,' said Amy, coldly, who had drunk in every word of his speech, 'I do not understand you.'

'I have said,' replied the young Indian warrior, with quiet dignity, as if he thought he had already demeaned himself sufficiently.

'I do not understand you—explain yourself.'

'An Indian warrior does not speak twice,' said Tecumseh, with flashing eyes.

'Let him speak plainly once,' said Amy, with bitter sarcasm.

'Child of the pale-faces, you are my wife. I have said.'

'Wife!' exclaimed Amy, rising and standing before him with angry mien and flashing eyes, while she raised her hands to heaven to reject the sacrilege—'wife, did you say? Indian, I have read of your tortures. I have heard of your demon-cruelties, I have been told of victims burnt at the stake—I think I see them now—beaten with switches. Take me, burn me at the stake, try all your tortures, beat, whip, burn, drag me to death; but never, oh! never will I be an Indian's wife. I loathe your race. I detest your skin. I am a white girl—a white and Christian girl. I have lived, and a white and Christian girl I will die!'

Talk much—do little,' said the Indian coldly, and even sternly.

'Try me—I wish to die,' replied Amy, who was in that state of excitement and frenzy which has made many a martyr; 'to die would be pleasant—as Indian,' and she made a sign of superb and profound contempt.

The chief looked at her with glaring eyes, and fierce passion; but he checked the ebullition of rage that was on his lips, and said:

'Singing-bird talk much. Which best, Indian brave or white Indian renegade?—why your life save?—think nobody tell do it?—what say, marry Simon Girty or Kenton?'

'Indian,' said Amy Moss, wildly clutching his arm, 'there is dark meaning in your words; but rather than be given over to one of these monsters—yes, if I could not die, I would be your wife.'

'Wagh!' replied Tecumseh with a laugh—the vindicative cunning laugh of an Indian—'know little bird sing another tune by-and-by,' using a favorite English word of the redskins.

'Indian, what mean you? Speak. Why am I here?' she cried.

The Indian gazed at her with a look of savage triumph, but would give no other explanation. He pointed to the path before him and bade her follow it. Amy, recovering herself and re-assuming all her proud mien, walked deliberately before him to the camp, crossing which, she rejoined the child, who was anxiously awaiting her return.

Her feelings were so highly wrought by the scene with the Indian, that though while walking in the open air, she had controlled her suffering and agitation, no sooner was she concealed within the welcome shelter of a lodge than she sank exhausted on her bed. The child, alarmed, crept to her side, and with many an endearing caress—such caresses as children only understand—asked her if she was ill, if he could do anything for her. For a minute or two she did not reply, then she again nerved herself and conversed gently with the child, joined it in its breakfast, and endeavored as far as possible to be cheerful.

Hours passed, during which Amy remained quietly within her tent, allowing the child to breathe the fresh air in front. The sun rose in the heavens, the warriors assembled in council, and then there was a rush and a cry of astonishment, and some horsemen came into the camp. The tidings they brought were of importance, it seemed, for there was loud talking, high words, and movings to and fro in the camp; and then there was such a yell of frenzied delight and pleasure, that Amy Moss rushed before the entrance of the wigwam, followed by the aged crone who watched her, just in time to see a small party of Indians who had that minute entered the camp.

In their midst was a prisoner.

Her heart misgiving her much, her mind agitated and full of anxiety, she ran towards the group holding the child. So excited were the Indians, that they allowed her to approach close up, close enough to discover that the prisoner was no other than her friend, Dick Harvey, the honest Eccentric Artist. Tecumseh made a rapid sign to the warriors to allow the meeting.

'Richard Harvey!' she exclaimed, for Amy was never familiar, 'how is this?'

'Well, Miss Moss, it's my own fault. Custaloga did tell me to keep close, and I didn't. I'm sorry because I did hope to help you away. Where is Custaloga?'

'He has been here—I have seen him, he has escaped,' replied Amy. 'But how is all this What is the meaning of all this?'

'It means,' said Dick Harvey, who, though polished in the quality of his discourse to the ladies of the Moss, was never so in the quantity—and who spoke the more readily that he though the interview permitted from humanity, little suspecting that those who understood English were listening for every sound—'it means that I and Custa overheard Spiky Jones agree down by the Blue Spring to let that tall Indian by your side, who looks like a pine he is so wooden, enter the Moss, which not convening to our feelings, we ran away to the judge and gave the alarme. Then we came up here, and I like a fool got took.'

'Are all well, Richard Harvey?' asked Amy in tremulous tones.

'All are well, the judge, Miss Jane, Charles, and the squire,' replied Harvey.

'The squire is safe in the Moss, I suppose,' said Amy, with a curl of the lip.

'Well, to give the—I mean, to be just to Squire Burton, he did want to come, but Custaloga would not let him.'

Tecumseh here interfered, and in cold tones bade Amy go back to her tent, while Dick Harvey, despite the manful way in which he tried to struggle, was removed another part of the camp. The poor fellow was so bound that his resistance was not very effectual; but what he wanted in physical force he made up in speech, for he called the Indians by more names than ever their astonished ears had listened to before. The Shawnees, however, paid no attention to his objurgations, but drove him before them to a wigwam, into which he was thrust, and his feet tied. There he was left to the dreadful reflections natural to a man under the circumstances, the full extent of the misery of which can only be conceived by those who have lived amongst the Indians, and realised to their minds their savage and degrading style of warfare.

Amy moved towards her tent with the child, and was about to enter it, when the shadow of a man crossed her path, and looking up, she saw a rough and coarse-looking being standing in her way. He was not an Indian, however, and she gazed at him as if expecting him to speak.

'I can't say much, miss,' he said, in a rough but seemingly hearty way, 'but don't be afeared. You'll be out of this, I guess, to-night.'

'Who and what are you?' asked Amy Moss, fixing her great eyes upon him inquiring.

'Well, my name ain't mighty liked in these parts—I'm Simon Girty, I am.

'Simon Girty!' said the girl with horror depicted in every feature.

'Don't be skeared, miss,' exclaimed the other without manifesting any very great surprise at her undisguised disgust. 'But it's all right. I'm paid to help you out by one as can pay, and I'll do my duty.'

'By whom are you paid?' asked Amy, whose face was crimson, and who looked at him with a look that scorched his very soul.

'Well! I expect you guess—by the squire. He's the man as can do it. None of your canting, smoking Indian Custas.'

'Simon Girty out of my way—I will not owe life or liberty to the squire, and you may tell him so. You may tell him more than this, that I have fulfilled to the letter my part of the contract—let him keep to his. Assistance from him is an outrage.'

With these words Amy passed on and entered her tent, where she sat down in a corner, wrapped in deep and earnest thought. Vague fancies passed through her mind. Wild notions, scarcely ever embodied in words by her afterwards, because she never explained the compact to which she alluded—one to which only a scrupulous respect of her word made her keep. The suspicions she had were so terrible that she was alarmed. She began to understand the allusions of the Indian chief—she began to comprehend why she had been spared at the Crow's Nest, and her very soul revolted.

It may not be stated that Amy Moss hated the squire with a hate which would not have existed, had she not been bound to marry him. If she had been free from this part of the contract, she would simply have despised him. But from what will probably, when the time comes for explanation, be considered a pure infatuation, Amy felt bound in honor to marry this man. And yet, we have said she hated him, and none knew it—not Jane, not her father, not Dick Harvey, not a friend—none save Custaloga, who surmised and suspected, that is all, and who was from that very cause lost in amazement, which not all his ingenuity could unravel.