The Herald.

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THE HERALD

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BY

EDWARD REILLY,

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at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

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ALMANACK FOR FEBRUARY

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 3h. 27m., evening, N. W.
New Moon, 15th day, 6h., morning, E.
First Quarter, 23d day, 0h. 35m., morning, W.
Full Moon, 30th day, 4h. 17m., evening, E. N.

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

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November 9 1865.—6m.

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AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER XXV.

It was a gloomy day. The feeling in the Block was one of sadness and undefined dread. The judge having yielded to the persuasions of Barton knew not how to retreat. He rose early and went out into the garden with Charles. His walk was uneasy, his face pale and anxious. Charles was equally sad.

'My son,' said the judge, laying his hand upon his arm, 'this is a terrible state of uncertainty. I have promised my child to Barton, he having restored her to me, and yet——'

'You are not satisfied, my dear sir,' replied Charles quickly; 'could not we delay it a day or two longer?'

'No! In the exuberance of my joy at her second safe return, I said, 'Take her; name your own day.'

'You did, father, and but for this strange disappearance of Custa, Harvey, and their friends, I should hesitate still more.'

'I should hesitate but for the unaccountable calmness of Amy,' said the father; 'she has raised no objection, nor does Jane—'tis mysterious and puzzling. The events of the last few weeks, indeed, have utterly amazed me. I know not what to think.'

'I have ridden far and near to get a trace of either Custa or Harvey; but they have disappeared and left no sign. Sometimes I dread a crime.'

'Charles, there is a Providence above us, and in Him we must put our trust,' said the father solemnly. 'See, the girls are up; they nodded to me from their window.'

The two gentlemen then, after kissing their hands to the girls, turned slowly towards the river, on which side the guests were expected to arrive. Barton was to come at eleven with the minister who was to officiate and pronounce the blessing on this ill-starred and ill-omened marriage.

At an early hour, two of the neatest and sprightliest of the negro attendants of the Moss entered the room of the sisters. They were already up and busily engaged in laying out the simple finery which was to adorn them on this memorable occasion.

'Many happy returns of the day!' said Rosa with a laugh, while the other girl curtsied in silence. Like all of their race, a wedding was to them a peculiar occasion for rejoicing.

'Thank you,' replied Amy gravely.

'Will Miss Amy dress for breakfast now?' continued the girl.

'No; make our excuses to my father and bring us breakfast here,' replied our heroine, who was provokingly calm and easy in her manner.

The attendants went out to obey these directions and left the sisters once more alone.

'How bright your eyes are, Amy,' said Jane, as she looked kindly and yet strangely at her; 'I never saw you look so beautiful.'

'Hush, silly one! There is fever in my blood, the fever of anxiety and doubt. With all my bold resolves I begin to be very nervous.'

'Dear, dear, Amy; are you quite sure you know what you are about?' exclaimed Jane, leaning on her shoulder tenderly.

'Quite sure, dear Jane. I feel that I am doing but right, however strange my conduct may appear.'

'How grave and sad father looked just now,' mused Jane, shaking her pretty curls; 'he does not think it right.'

'Of course he does not. Jane, dear, trust in me. I am acting for the best: I am acting so as to ensure my own happiness and the happiness of others. Wait awhile and you will understand better,' added Amy.

'Dear sister, I am accustomed to hearken to your words and to believe them; but it does seem to me strange, after all that has passed, that you should at last consent with so much ease to marry James Barton, simply to please father.'

'But father does not wish it,' said Amy with a merry smile.

'Upon my word,' cried Jane, 'I do begin to think you are not in your right senses to torment me thus.'

'Thank you, Miss Jane Moss,' said Amy with much solemnity, and an obeisance quite ludicrous; 'but when did I agree to marry James Barton?'

'Why, Amy, what do you mean?' said Jane, turning quickly round.

'I ask you, Jane, when I agreed to marry James Barton?'

'Did not father fix this day, and did not you consent?'

'I said, 'Father, I will marry on the twenty-eighth, if the bridegroom be ready.''

'Those words are plain enough to me—the bridegroom will be here directly.'

'He may be here, but not ready, I fancy,' continued Amy, taking up a white veil and throwing it over her luxuriant tresses. 'Shall I wear a white veil?'

'Incomprehensible girl!' said Jane, somewhat relieved by her manner; 'I do not understand you, but I will endeavor to be easy in my mind.'

At this moment, Rosa entered with a mysterious look on her face, while her companion came behind with the breakfast-things.

'What is it?' asked Amy Moss, who was truly incomprehensible on this occasion. Nothing seemed to move or surprise her.

'A lady at the postern gate want to speak private to Miss Amy Moss,' said the girl, her large eyes becoming rounder than usual from the decided mystery of the case.

'Show her in, and say not a word to any one,' replied Amy.

'Who can it be?' asked Jane, who began to be bewildered more and more every moment.

'A friend,' said Amy, 'whom I have been expecting for some days.'

'Why, Amy, dear, who can it be?'

'Dear child, there shall be no more mystery for you now—wait until she comes in, and you shall know all.'

At this moment Rosa returned, leading in a lady, closly veiled, who, as soon as she entered the room, raised her veil and looked somewhat uneasily around. She was young and lovely, but her face was careworn, pale and thin. She trembled violently and sank on a chair.

'Miss Amy Moss?' she said in a tone of gentle inquiry, addressing our heroine.

'Yes!' replied Amy tenderly, taking her hand. 'You are not well my dear madam?'

'I am weak, very weak; and the dread of this scene unnerves me.'

'Pray be calm. There is no danger now—what has happened can never happen again.'

'I know it—I know it—I know that I may not live in peace. But it is not so much that, as—as—a—dislike to injure him—he is still my husband!' said the trembling woman.

'Strange mysterious tie!' cried Amy. 'This man has tortured your body and soul, and yet you regret being the instrument of his punishment—'tis natural, after all.'

'No. I do not regret—I only dread the moment. When once I am sure 'tie over I shall be happier. I hoped never to have seen him again. He is far more wicked than I could have believed him.'

'Sister Amy!' cried Jane passionately; 'explain to me what all this means, or I shall go mad!'

'This is my sister Jane—and listen, Jane, this is poor Mrs. James Barton, whom he pretended dead!'

Jane raised her hands, pressed them on her forehead, and sank into a chair.

'Helen Barton!' cried Jane, 'why where, then, has she been?'

'In a dungeon under his house, where he believes her still—and to that house this monster would have taken me this night!' said Amy with a voice of horror.

'And how discovered you all this?' asked the bewildered Jane.

'Custa,' said Amy with a deep blush; 'Custa has here again been our salvation.'

'Ah!' cried Jane, turning pale and red by turns; 'then they have not deserted us?'

'They have not,' said Amy with a smile and a blush; 'but come, let us have breakfast and arrange our plans.'

The breakfast was laid before them. For some time the two sisters listened to the story of the injured wife with deep interest. Time, however, was going on, and it was necessary to prepare for the events of the day.

'Jane,' said Amy, blushing deeply, 'do you know 'tis very likely that I shall be married to day after all?'

'What mean you?' cried Jane bewildered.

'There will be a minister here, and 'twill be hard to make him come for nothing,' added Amy in considerable confusion.

But how is it possible?' exclaimed Jane.

'Reginald Morton will be here at twelve o'clock,' continued Amy.

'Then it is all true?' cried Jane. 'Naughty Amy, why have you concealed this from me?'

'Because he wished it,' said Amy solemnly; 'he feared that if explanations were given to all, the just exposure and punishment of the guilty would not have been.'

'When did you see him?' asked Jane anxiously and yet timidly.

'He wrote to me, and he came here one night when you were asleep, and talked two hours to me at the window,' said Amy, who was now more confused than her sister.

'Well, Amy, you have done for the best. Does Reginald come alone?'

'No, silly one; his brother comes with him, and if Amy Moss becomes the wife of Reginald, why not Jane of Walter?'

Jane hid her burning, blushing face on her sister's breast and sobbed aloud, while Mrs. James Barton, or Helen as we may call her, looked on with a half-sad, half-gratified smile.

'Jane, dear,' said Amy, caressing her hair with gentle solicitude, 'if it grieves you, I will say no more of it.'

'It does not grieve me, sister dear; but Richard—that is, Walter—never asked me.'

'But he will ask you, and that this very day. He never dared to ask you before, because he was a poor artist; but he always did love you. A pretty state of affairs truly. I am going to marry my pupil—you your drawing master.'

And despite the solemnity of the occasion, Amy laughed aloud.

Meanwhile, events were occurring in the Block, to which it is necessary to return. When the father and son received the message of the girls, intimating that they would breakfast in their own room, they went into the breakfast-room at once and sat down to their meal in somewhat solemn silence. They were both in a state of painful, nervous excitement, fearing almost they knew not what.

'Rash promises, my son,' said the judge earnestly, are always sure to bring their own punishment.'

'But, my dear sir,' replied Charles, 'as Amy is satisfied, what more can we ask?'

'Charles! Charles!' continued the judge, shaking his head, there is a mystery about Amy I would gladly fathom. She raised no objection to this marriage, she consented to the day; and yet she scarce speaks to the squire when he is here, while he is constrained and forced in his manner, as if his happiness rests heavily on him. 'Tis strange, 'tis wonderous strange!'

'I really cannot make Amy out,' said Charles in surprise; 'only last night she laughed at me, when I bade her reflect seriously. She said she had reflected, and if the bridegroom came she would be married to-day.'

'Yes, she does say the bridegroom, but she never mentions Barton. She avoids his name.'

'Father! whatever is to be, for weal or woe, will soon be decided; for here is Barton and poor Clara's father, with one or two neighbors,' said Charles, rising and ringing a bell violently.

The judge stifled a sigh and went out to meet his guests.

Barton was dressed with scrupulous care, and though evidently pale and agitated, looked handsomer than usual, from the intense state of excitement into which he was thrown by the circumstances of the day. He shook hands with the judge, and addressed in suck meek and humble tones, that the father was quite touched. He shook hands also with Charles; but the young man was haughty and distant.

'Welcome!' said the judge heartly, to the grave and sad father of Clara; 'tis not often we see the face of a minister of God. My poor house is honoured by your presence.'

'My humble services are yours,' replied the minister gravely. 'I am glad to see you, judge. You are a happy man, William Moss; you have two daughters and a son. I am alone in the world.'

'No,' said a timid voice beside him. 'no, *grand-pa*!'

The minister of the gospel quivered all over as these words came to his ear, and turning beheld a beautiful boy looking up in his face—a boy to whom one of the party had whispered that that was his grandfather.

'Is it so?' exclaimed the minister deeply affected. 'Is this my Clara's child? Father of mercy, I thank Thee! There is, then, something of human interest yet left for me in this world.'

And moving apart with the child, he left the others to their general conversation, to give way to his deep emotions unnoticed. There is a magic in the second love of old men for their children's children, which the minister was destined to feel to the full. The bitterness of his child's death was not gone—his spirit was not chastened enough for that, good as he was; but it was counterbalanced by the unutterable joy of having near him the offspring of his beloved daughter.

There is no love so unutterably deep, so mysterious, so absorbing, as the love for a dead child's child.

The rest adjourned to the breakfast-room, and there, in general conversation, on the weather, the crops, and the Indian war, beguiled the time, aided by copious refreshments.

Barton spoke in an under tone to the judge, expressed his deep gratitude for the honor done him, protested his love for Amy, and his earnest wish to make her happy. He spoke with deep and sad feeling; his emotion was overwhelming and contagious.

'May you be happy!' cried the judge suddenly; 'I believe you deserve to be—but my child is a tender plant. Be good to her.'

'I will, as I hope for mercy myself,' said the squire with an earnestness quite startling.

At this moment the minister entered, leading the child by the hand. There was a pause, and a general silence, for all felt that the critical hour was arriving.

'Judge I thank you! This is an unexpected blessing. I heard confused accounts of my child's death. I knew not the boy was saved. But no more of this—the time advances. This is a day of sober gladness—I will not interrupt it.'

'Go, ask your mistress to come to the drawing-room,' said the judge gravely.

The negro girl went out. The gentlemen rose, the judge leading the way to the drawing-room, which was fitted up with considerable taste and elegance. Flowers and white curtains had been used extensively, and the effect was very pleasing.

At the same instant that the gentlemen entered at one end, the ladies, four in number, entered at the other. There was a moment of greeting, and then, had a thunderbolt fallen, none could have been more astounded.

'James Barton,' said Amy Moss with flashing eyes, at the same time advancing close up to him; 'you have come here to marry me this day.'

'I have,' replied he, rather surprised at her tone.

'And you would really go through the ceremony?' continued Amy.

'Why not?' asked Barton, while the judge stood still in silent amazement.

'Why not?' said a gentle voice near. Why not? Am I not your wife, James Barton?'

'Helen!' roared he, his eyes starting from his head; 'where came you from?'

'From the tomb, James Barton, where you buried me alive, to save this innocent girl.'

All stood as if the ghosts of their ancestors were passing before them in solemn array. Never on or off the stage had a prepared surprise produced so startling an effect. It was too bewildering, too incredible, too horrible for instantaneous belief. Too many sensations were crowded upon them in one instant of time.

The general accusations against Barton burst upon the minds of all, and Judge Moss appeared for a moment as if paralysed.

'Then there is no need for my services?' said the minister, who alone of all present could find words, and who really wished to hurry away.

'Stay, my dear sir,' replied Amy, with burning blushes; 'the bridegroom has not come yet.'

'Orr rite,' said a strange voice; 'Mr. Reginald and Mr. Walter Morton.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

The scene in that room at this moment was one to which the pen of few men could have done justice. On one side of the room, up against the wall, stood Barton—or rather leaned this man of crime and guilt—his eyeballs distended, his lips moving but not speaking, his face ghastly in its pallor, his hands held up to hide all the world, all life, all nature from him.

At the door, elegantly dressed in the garb of gentlemen of that day, stood those heretofore called Custalega and Harvey, but now known to be the children of the same mother as Barton—Reginald and Walter Morton. They were hand-in-hand, flushed and excited, but keeping down all sign of triumph over the miserable man who had been their enemy so long.

Helen, poor victim, had fainted, and was supported by the sisters; while Kate, who with her father also entered, ran across the room to assist her.

The judge and Charles, with all the gentlemen invited to the party, stood silent, amazed, utterly unable to realise in one instant the awfully-dramatic scene which was taking place before them.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said the judge wildly.

'My dear sir,' replied Reginald, taking his hand, 'it means that the squire has had all his crimes discovered at the same time; and that it has been done publicly, at the wish of Colonel Butler.'

'Colonel Butler,' muttered Barton, looking round for a weapon. He was unarmed.

At the same instant two powerful hands were laid upon him by two men, who had crept upon him, unawares—ill-favored looking fellows, who acted with a calmness quite dreadful.

'James Barton,' said one of these men in a gruff voice, 'I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Morton, fifteen years ago. Here is my warrant.'

A shudder went through the whole room.

'Who dares,' said Barton wildly, 'who dares accuse me of this foul and unnatural crime?'

'*All* your accomplices have confessed,' said the man; 'and you had best come along quietly.'

'Take me away,' he replied, closing his eyes. Will no man have the heart to shoot me?'

None answered, and he was led out by the officers of justice, without another word or another struggle.

'Reginald,' said the judge, shaking him earnestly by the hand, 'I thank you; you have saved my child from worse than death.'

'No, he has not, papa,' replied Amy; leaving Helen who was now sensible.

'What mean you, my child?' continued the judge, who was more puzzled every minute.

'I never meant to marry James Barton, I said I would be married to-day, if the bridegroom was ready.'

'My more than father,' exclaimed Reginald, taking the hand of the beautiful girl, 'the minister cannot come up here again often.'

'But, my dear children, this is very sudden. What do I see?' exclaimed the judge, as Walter and Jane also stood before him hand-in-hand.

'*Scowl Hall will not be ready for a-year* said Walter with a smile; 'we do not wish to leave you.'

'But will any one explain to me the mystery of this day?' replied the judge. 'Was all this arranged beforehand?'

'My dear father,' said Amy Moss, 'I alone was in the secret. Custalega—I mean Reginald—said it was necessary, and I obeyed his orders. Blame me—blame no one else.'

'I blame no one,' continued the judge; 'but really it is very sudden.'

'My dear friend,' said the minister earnestly, 'this is a day of rejoicing and gladness; your lambs have been saved from the wolf. Let us make them further happy. Marriage is God's holy ordinance.'

'God bless you!' put in Harrod, who came in unobserved, leading his child by the hand.

The judge took his two girls on one side, and spoke to them in affectionate and earnest tones. They replied to him in the same manner, and wept tears of love as they heard him.

Meanwhile, to the astonishment of all present, a further conversation of a very similar character was taking place in a corner.

'Mr. Carstone,' said Charles timidly, 'I have sincerely to congratulate you on having recovered your daughter.'

'Who is, Mr. Charles, all that I could have hoped. Allow me to thank you for the part you have taken in her release from the den of that villain!' replied the merchant earnestly.

'How do you like America?' continued Charles, with a blush.

'Very much,' said Andrew Carstone, fixing his eyes keenly on him.

'I wish you could persuade papa never to leave it,' said Kate with a smile.

'Mr. Carstone!' said Charles impetuously, 'I love your daughter—I have had more than one opportunity of judging of her character and disposition. I have thought of her ever since our first meeting. Mr. Carstone, will you send for your wife and settle with us?—America cannot afford to lose so fair a daughter.'

'I have already written to my wife to sell all and come here,' replied the merchant with a smile.

'Dear father!' exclaimed Kate.

'Do you accept the addresses of this young man?' continued the merchant, who remembered her dear mother at the same age.

'Yes!' said Kate faintly.

'Heaven bless you!' replied Charles, taking her unresisting hand.

'Mr. Moss!' exclaimed the merchant, drily turning to the assembled company; 'have you decided the fate of your two daughters?'

'I have, sir,' said the judge quickly; 'I am about to give two good girls to two of the best boys on earth.'

'Thank you!' exclaimed Reginald, clasping his fair lover's hand.