The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1865. NO. 53

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 SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 5th day, 9h. 40m., morning.
Last Quarter, 12th day, 0h. 46m., morning.
New Moon, 19th day, 6h. 34m., evening.
First Quarter, 27th day, 10h. 35m., evening.

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

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, 1865.

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; Plain or Colored. Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Pictures; also, for making 'childrens' 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.

ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

AT

Bell's Clothing Store,

Queen Street.

THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per "UNDINE," a

NEW and SELECT

STOCK OF GOODS,

suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, and which he is confident will give satisfaction in

Style, Quality and Price,

to all who may favor him with their orders.

JOHN BELL,
Merchant Tailor.

May 24, 1865.

MR. WM. A. JOHNSTON,

Attorney and Barrister at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

Has resumed the practice of his profession in Halifax.

Office, - - Somerset Buildings

95, Prince Street,

HALIFAX.

P. E. ISLAND

Steam Navigation Co's. Steamers

PRINCESS OF WALES & HEATHER BELLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

Commencing Monday, May 22.

The Steamer 'Princess of Wales'

LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE, SHEDIAC, RICHIBUCTO, CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, every MONDAY night at eleven o'clock, reaching Shediac in time for the morning Train on Tuesday.

Leaves SHEDIAC, for RICHIBUCTO, at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning, and RICHIBUCTO, for CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, at one o'clock same day, arriving at Chatham and Newcastle same evening.

Leaves NEWCASTLE, for SHEDIAC, at four o'clock on WEDNESDAY morning, calling at CHATHAM and RICHIBUCTO on way down.

Leaves SHEDIAC, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, on WEDNESDAY afternoon at half-past two o'clock, immediately on arrival of the Train.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for PICTOU, every THURSDAY morning at half-past nine; returning, leaves PICTOU, for CHARLOTTETOWN, at twelve o'clock same night.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, every FRIDAY morning at half-past eight o'clock.

Leaves SHEDIAC, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, at half-past two, every SATURDAY afternoon, arriving at Charlottetown at half-past ten same night.

The Steamer 'Heather Belle'

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for PICTOU, every MONDAY morning at half-past nine.

Leaves PICTOU same evening—on arrival of Mail, about six o'clock—for Charlottetown.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for BRULE, every THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at five o'clock; returning to Charlotterown same evenings, immediately after arrival of Mail at Brule, at about five o'clock in the evening.

Steamer "HEATHER BELLE" also runs to MOUNT STEWART BRIDGE and ROCKY POINT, on the Hillsborough River, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY—being market days.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou, or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Brule, or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Summerside, or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Shediac or back, Cabin 18s., Steerage 15s.

Charlottetown to Richibucto, or back,			$5.00
Do.	Miramichi,	do.	6.00
Summerside to Richibucto,		do.	3.50
Do.	Miramichi,	do.	4.50
Shediac to Richibucto,		do.	2.00
Do.	Miramichi,	do.	3.00
Ch'town to St. John, or back, £1 8s. 1½d., or			4.50
Do.	Eastport, do. 1 17s. 6d., or		6.00
Do.	Portland, do. 2 10s. 0d., or		8.00
Do.	Boston, do. 2 16s. 3d., or		9.00

FARES—FREIGHT.

Charlottetown to Summerside,	1s. per barrel bulk.	
Do. Shediac,	1s. 6d.	do.
Do. Richibucto & Miramichi,	2s. 3d.	do.
Shediac to Richibucto and Miramichi,	1s. 6d.	do.

RETURN TICKETS to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s., available one week. Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS, at one first-class fare, may be issued at any Ticket Office, to parties of five or more going and returning together, to and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with, the Tickets will be void.

SEASON TICKETS may be purchased at Office for individuals or families.

By Order,
F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Charlottetown, June 7, 1865.

BRITISH PERIODICALS,

—VIZ:—

The London Quarterly Review, (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)
The Westminster Review, (Radical.)
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
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 EIGHT 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 in 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 $5 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, 1660 pages and numerous Engravings.

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

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

Poetry.

UNDER THE THORN.

BY JOHN HAY.

Sweet was the breath of the hawthorn bush
That blew in the briery lane,
And tender the vesper song the thrush
Poured forth in low refrain;
And tenderly smiled the curving lips
That never shall smile again.

The breath of the hawthorn's snowy bloom
Fell faint on the happy air,
And the gay wild bird sang on unheard
In the hush of love's low prayer;
And the sun went down, but the twilight flush
Lovingly lingered there.

Again I stand by the blooming thorn,
And muse of the wasted years,
And I sigh for the day so far away,
And its tender hopes and fears—
And I mourn that the world has brought me back
With a heart too hard for tears.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER III.

YOUNG Moss and Squire Barton were welcomed to the block, not only as an accession of force, but because it was likely, coming from a long hunting party, they might know something of the events which were taking place on the frontier lands of the young Republic They, however, shook hands with the Judge with so much jolity of manner that the old man looked first at one and then at the other with extreme and startled surprise.

'Have you seen or heard nothing of the bloody red-skins?' said he, anxiously.

'Nothing, my dear sir,' replied young Charles Moss, heartily.

'Red-skins!' exclaimed Squire Barton, with a sneer; 'I'd eat all in this part of the world.'

'Then you had better begin with the one who is prisoner in the block,' said the Judge, gravely.

'A red-skin in the block a prisoner!' repeated the son, more earnestly.

'Some boasting fool of a Wyandot, or a follower of your dark friend, Custaloga,' again put in the squire, who always spoke of Indians with a sneer.

'Ay! Ay!' said the Judge, shaking his head, 'tis the custom of youth to scoff and doubt. The red-skin is a scout of the Shawnees, and was captured by Custa himself, who overheard a plan last night to attack and destroy this—'my poor dwelling.'

'That Custa will lead you into trouble some of these days, Judge. I say, never trust a red-skin, and, above all, never believe him.'

'Squire Barton, all in this settlement know the misfortunes of your house; for this reason I excuse your general dislike of red-skins. But Custa speaks the truth Had I doubted him, I have the corroborative evidence, as we say on the bench, of honest Dick Harvey, and the negro himself did not deny the fact.'

'What negro?' said young Moss, anxiously.

'Spiky Jonas, my son,' replied the Judge, mournfully, 'I know not what I have done to wound his feelings, but the black had given us up to the slaughter.'

The son turned away towards the breakfast room with a heightened color, whence now issued Jane, who greeted her brother heartily, and the Squire with a formal politeness which was very much the practice of the day.

'It seems, dear Jane,' said the young man, smiling, 'we have come in time. Where is Amy? 'Tis strange she is behind.'

'She is up at the Crow's Nest,' replied Jane, casting down her eyes.

'Good heavens, and you are all so still!' cried Squire Barton, impetuously. "If there are Indians in the woods, she should be fetched home without an instant's delay.'

'She will be fetched home by Custa and Harvey,' said the Judge, quietly.

'Pooh! But how long is it since they started?' asked the other.

'They sleep. When the night comes they will start—they travelled for seven hours in the forest yesterday even, and 'tis but right they should restore their weary limbs. Besides, Custa says that the night trail is the safest.'

'I have no doubt of it, judge, not the least,' said the squire; 'but as you will. Since we must wait, I am for accepting Miss Jane's hospitable offer of breakfast. We, too, are famished men, who have travelled through the woods all night, and though neither Indians nor mad artists, are weary and sore-footed.'

'Then come in and eat,' said the father, pushing his son affectionately before him. 'I am right glad to welcome you, my boy. Would to God that all those I love were here likewise.'

The whole party were soon in the breakfast-parlor, where a hot and smoking board greeted them, pretty Jane having, on the very first sound of an arrival, ordered everything to be replenished. The two travellers sat down at once, and for some minutes nothing was said while the wayfarers satisfied the keen appetite acquired in the woods, by an eager attack on the viands so plentifully supplied them.

Young Moss, who was not more than twenty years of age, was a very admirable copy of his father, though somewhat taller, and with an apparently more open and frank brow. He wore an elegant hunting tunic, a shirt collar very wide and turned over, an ornamented horn and knife case, and carried in his hand a small light rifle recently imported from Europe.

Squire Barton was a man about five-and-thirty or more—one of those men who, by shaving off every particle of hair upon the face, contrive to assume a perpetual juvenility. He wore short curly hair, which shaded not his forehead, but exhibited every part of it to view. It was a low white forehead, kept thus fair by a cap which was almost always drawn over his eyes. His eyes were the features that struck most observers; they were so cold and chilly-looking, and yet were keen and piercing, without, however, one spark of brightness, one flash, one solitary change of expression, at all events that ordinary men could tell. As the female sex, when judging a man's personal appearance, generally are first struck by his eyes, no woman was ever known to smile on Squire James Barton. A miserable man must he be, on whom a woman never smiled.

His cheeks were thin, his mouth small, concealing a row of teeth white as ivory, but somewhat sharp and long; while beneath this was a small pointed chin, where nature had placed a thick beard that James Barton had never allowed to rest without attack from a sharp English razor.

A plain ill-favored man was James Barton, the Squire of Scowl Hall on the banks of the Susquehannah; a man of wealth, not only in landed estate, but in large sums of money invested in the British funds, which in those days, despite the new Republic and the loyalty of the people to the noble edifice founded by Washington and his comrades, gave him great and marked consideration

And yet, as it was not the wealth he so notoriously enjoyed that influenced young Moss, many persons wondered at the constant companionship of the fiery and impetuous youth with the cold and sneering squire.

The fact was, that Squire Barton was to his friends the most hearty of mortals, and the most genial of companions. He dearly loved his glass, and could set the table in a roar. Then he was a keen sportsman, knew how to track coon or panther, to crawl upon a herd of deer, or hunt them with the fiery pine-knot at night. He could find his way at any time through the trackless forest, and had met alone and unharmed more adventures with Indians than Boone or Flehart. All this was a power he knew the force of, and had brought it to bear upon young Moss with great success.

And then he was suitor for the hand of Amy Moss, the lovely elder daughter of the judge, and though she was not yet eighteen, he had been so four years, and was, too, an accepted suitor. It was rumored, however, that though the young girl had accepted him at fourteen, she showed him much less favor now, and did not even accept his presence, though she did not turn him away, because it would have pained her father.

In this way, then, Squire Barton was a frequent visitor at the house of Judge Moss, where he played at backgammon with the father, hunted bears and deer with the son, went boating with the girls, with whom he was so humble and so gentle that they could not, under any pretence, be hard or rude to him. Squire Barton had no difficulty in persuading both Amy and Jane of his sincere and devoted attachment; for that which is true is so eloquent, it speaks trumpet-tongued for itself; and Squire Barton passionately loved Amy, and had for Jane all the tenderness one feels towards a favorite and cherished sister.

The breakfast party was cheerful enough under the circumstances; and then, when it was over, and the squire had kept up a fire of banter for a while with merry Jane, he intimated his wish to rest—a wish warmly seconded by young Moss. A large room, so arranged that they could start from it at early dawn, to follow the chase without disturbing any one, was always ready, and there they went. The younger man without hesitation jumped into bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Not so with Squire Barton. He drew a chair near the window, which was open, and, lighting a pipe, began to smoke, looking all the time at the sentinel who had recognised him, and appeared to be thinking deeply.

The following was the account Harrod always gave of what followed, an account substantially true in every particular, though involving no explanation of subsequent events. He was smoking, to while away the time, his back leaning against the block-house door, and the squire was smoking, too. Presently, his tobacco ran out, and after cursing his ill-luck, he was about to put away his pipe, when the squire spoke.

'Harrod,' says he, 'I see your pipe is out. So is mine, and I have no more tobacco here. I do not like to wake young Mr. Moss, or I should go round—but I'll keep guard while you go. Ask Miss Jane for my pouch; it is on the breakfast side-board. Leave your musket against the door.'

The sentry afterwards freely confessed that in so acting he was wrong, but still he conceived that there could be no danger in agreeing; so he laid down his musket which he was about to take with him, and went round for the tobacco-pouch, which, after considerable delay, he found, but not where the squire had left it. He then hurried back and found the squire whistling, with his back to the window, his gun all safe and unmoved, and not a sign of any change. Then he and the squire smoked a pipe, after which Squire Barton said he was sleepy, closed the window and appeared to go to bed.

Nothing more passed for twenty minutes, at the end of which time he was relieved.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Harvey came out of his bed-room, ready dressed for the expedition of the night, with a gun in his hand, with which he walked into the ornamental garden, and began to clean and polish it up with great gravity. It certainly was a little dirty from two or three days outlying in the woods; but then that was the work of a quarter of an hour, and Harvey kept polishing away with his soft leather for more than twice that time, and whistled, as if to keep up his spirits, a bar from some popular ditty of the day.

If the gentle reader has ever been in love, he will understand why Harvey stood patiently polishing his gun-barrel, looking at the pan, and brightening it up a dozen times, when we explain that he stood beneath a latticed window at which he covertly glanced every minute or so, until his color heightened and his eyes flashed as two wavy ringlets shook behind the edge of the little white curtain, and then Jane Moss might have been seen taking her seat near the window, with some work in her hand.

'Is that you, Mr. Harvey?' said Jane, in a tone of well-affected surprise; 'I had thought it was Harrod whistling to pass the time while mounting guard over the prisoners.'

Harvey looked somewhat aggrieved and amazed at being taken for Harrod, being too simple in love to detect the artifice by which pretty Jane Moss concealed her having been drawn to the window by a knowledge of the artist's presence. Like many of those whose brains are kindled by the fire of human genius, the Eccentric Painter was utterly without guile. His reply partook of this feeling, then, and pleasure both.

'I thought Miss Jane too quick to mistake big Harrod for one so insignificant as myself, or rather me for big Harrod. But the afternoon is hot, and under the shadow of this wall it is pleasanter than in the house.'

'Is that meant to excuse your own trespass, Mr. Harvey, or is it a direct invitation to me to come out from my cell?'

'I should not presume to invite Miss Moss to share such dull companionship as mine; but if the honeysuckle and roses have any charm for so keen a lover of the beautiful as you, I should advise you to come out and sit on your old seat,' said Harvey, timidly.

'If Mr. Harvey has not quite forgotten the purpose which first made him a visitor to the block, his old pupil will come out and show her work for the last month, unless Mr. Harvey is so intent upon polishing his gun into a mirror to admire his sweet countenance by, as to have no leisure.'

'Dear Miss Moss,' exclaimed the delighted artist, 'have you then been at work, and have you really pursued your studies? Pray pardon me if I spoke not of it before.'

'I will excuse and pardon if you are very good, and don't find too many faults,' said Jane, as she withdrew from the window.'

'I protest,' began Harvey; but Jane was gone. 'Was there ever so sweet and fascinating a creature in this world?' he added to himself with a sigh. 'Ah me! what is the use of one like me, an orphan, half-educated, with nothing but my gun and brush to depend upon, looking up to such as she? It is clear lunacy. But she is so lovely, so gentle, and so good, I cannot help it. The savage bear in the woods may fall down and worship the good and the beautiful if he likes, and no one blame.'

But here she comes to check his humble soliloquy; and with a cheek quite pale with emotion, he hastened to meet her. Jane was herself as timid as a fawn, and feigned to be intent upon her picture, to give herself a countenance. She laid it down on the seat and sank beside it. But all her joyous manner was gone. She was grave and earnest.

'Mr. Harvey,' said she, when he had ventured to seat himself about a foot away, 'you and Custa are about to enter on a dangerous journey. Your object is a sacred one—to fetch my sister home. Heaven will bless you for the deed But be not reckless of danger. We expect you back to defend your friends here.'

'And, please God, we will come,' replied Harvey, solemnly. 'Who would not die to defend you and your sister?'

'You are very chivalrous,' said Jane, with a faint laugh. 'I know that Custa will stand by us to the last, but we have no claim on Mr. Harvey.'

Oh! the waywardness of woman's heart. If Jane's real thoughts could have been known.

'I know not what I have done,' replied the young man sadly, 'to make you doubt me; and there is some truth, perhaps, in the words that you have no claim on me, if you mean that I am not a relative nor an old friend; but, Miss Jane Moss, I do believe that no old friend will be found to show deeper gratitude than I will for the kindness I have received in this house. I am not a boaster; but time will show.'

'Thank you,' said Jane, more warmly than usual; 'but these are dangerous times, and many will desert when bad times come. But I did not tell you, my brother and Squire Barton are just in. We have two good rifles, I believe.'

'Two as true rifles as ever rang in the forest,' exclaimed Harvey, 'even up in old Kentuck with Boone. I am right glad to hear your brother has come—I wish I could say as much of Squire Barton, but I agree with Custa in this, and like him not.'

'Custa likes him not!' said Jane, hurriedly, while a blush suffused her cheek. 'I knew not that, why does he not like him?'

'I thought you knew it,' replied Harvey, quickly,' or I should not have mentioned it. He has never told me, but as he conceals it from you, though I do guess it, I will not betray his secret.'

'Not even to me?' said Jane, coaxingly.

Harvey looked at her with a glance of surprise and a flush on his cheek quite crimson.

'Not even to you,' he continued, 'though Heaven knows I would rather tell you anything than any one else.'

'Custa loves my sister better than suits his color,' said Jane, quite coldly now.'

'I care not what his color is,' exclaimed Harvey, warmly; 'but this I know, that the girl who wins Custa's heart will have reason to be proud. But Custa loves your sister scarcely as well as he loves you—he is deeply grateful to you both, but he does not love Amy as you suggest. If he has any choice, it is you he likes best, for he speaks oftener of you—and it is natural, as you are the more beautiful of the two.'

Timid Mr. Harvey, you can find a way of your own, though, of saying things.

'Mr. Harvey,' said Jane, blushing as red as the rose close to her feet, while she gazed at him in unfeigned astonishment, 'you must be mad. Amy is the most beautiful girl on all the borders. I am surprised to hear you talk of such a doll as I am, beside Amy. But enough of this. I did not clearly understand this morning your story of the meeting in the woods. If it will not weary you, pray tell it again.'

Harvey had half-prepared a solemn protest against Jane calling herself doll; but his speech was ingeniously cut in two, stopped and utterly destroyed by this interruption—but whether or not Jane intended so to do, is one of those feminine secrets, one of those instances of true female intuition and instinct, generally pure, lofty, elevating, which we have no right to inquire into.

Harvey asked himself no question but began his story, which he told with all the frankness of his heart, but with much also of that picturesqueness which is the peculiar province of the artist. He was so often questioned, had to be so minute and particular, and was asked for so many explanations, that time passed away so rapidly that Jane was summoned to attend the supper-table an hour before she expected, the regular mid-day meal having been dispensed with. The picture had never once been thought about.

'Thank you, Mr. Harvey,' said she mischievous girl; 'if it's only half true, it's worthy of the days of chivalry, and Spenser might have written another Fairy Queen about it.'

So speaking she hurried away, followed by the young man, quite overwhelmed by this sudden outburst from one who, for two hours, had listened so attentively and shown such deep interest in his discourse. They reached the supper-room where they found none save the attendants, and the judge who had taken a siesta.

'Where are the squire and Charles?' asked the judge.

'Still sleeping,' replied Jane.

'And Custa?' said Mr. Moss.

'I left him reading,' observed Harvey.

'Call them, then,' continued Judge Moss; 'for supper is ready, and these brave lads must soon start.'

A negress went as she was told, and in a few minutes Charles and Squire Barton entered, Custa gliding behind them almost unnoticed. The whole company at once sat down to their meal, which was of the usual plentiful description, and for some time little or nothing was said; there was a kind of restraint on the company, which all felt, though none acknowledged it. The greeting between young Moss and the Indian had been silent, though cordial; but Squire Barton did not attempt to disguise the bitter sneer which curled upon his lip. But Custa looked at him vacantly, as if there had been no such person in the room.

'Custa,' at length exclaimed Judge Moss, playing uncomfortably with his knife and fork, 'I know that secrecy is an Indian virtue——'

'Ugh!' said Custa, who affected unusual adherence to his red-skin habits and manners when in the presence of Squire Barton; 'did a pale-face ever gain anything by talking on the house-tops?'

'Not much, Custa; but I am a father, and naturally anxious to know your plans, since they affect so much the safety of my child.'

'The grey-beards of the whites are wise and brave men; but they have hearts as warm as a woman. If the stricken hemlock would speak with Custa, let him say the word. We shall have supped soon, and Custa and his white friend will smoke the pipe of peace, where no roof is above, save the blue sky, and where none may hear but the trees, which have no tongues.'

'Go, father dear, with Custa,' said Jane, gently; 'go and smoke the calumet with our brave friend, and give him from yourself and me a thousand kind wishes to dear Amy.'

'And tell her,' exclaimed Charles, impetuously, 'that if I do not come, it is because I am not sufficient of an Indian to follow Custa—at least he thinks so—while some, too, are needed here.'

'Charles Moss is a good warrior,' said Custa, rising; but few feet make a small trail.'

'And conceited people never like to be ruled,' muttered the squire.

Custa passed out of the room as if there had been no such person in existence as the squire. He was followed by the judge, who lit his pipe and took his seat beside the Indian on a bench under the dining-room window.

The night had come on suddenly, and the whole place was wrapped in deep darkness. The moon would not rise until late, so that the travellers would have several hours of night before they had any fear of being betrayed by that luminary. They could not see more than a few yards. The dim outline of the water's edge and of the distant trees could be distinguished but