The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1865. NO. 52

THE HERALD

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EDWARD REILLY,

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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.

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ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 1h. 17m., morning,
Last Quarter, 13th day, 5h. 30m., afternoon,
New Moon, 20th day, 3h. 5m., morning,
First Quarter, 29th day, 7h. 34m., morning,

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

ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

AT

Bell's Clothing Store,

Queen Street.

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NEW and SELECT

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Style, Quality and Price,

to all who may favor him with their orders.

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Merchant Tailor.

May 24. 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.

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Drugs and Chemicals,

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

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Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practiced 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.

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Queen-street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1865.

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C. LEWIS.

Ch. Town, May 31, 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
90, Prince Street,
HALIFAX.

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
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 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 thepeople 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, 1600 pages and numerous Engravings.

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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 Charlottetown 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
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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.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER II.

THE rosy fingers of dawn had barely chased away the grey tint of moonlight; the fog, that had hung all night over the dewy leaves and tall forest trees, was rolling back towards the hills; the song of birds and lowing of cattle and the cackling of geese might be heard, and yet not a sign of actual human life could be seen, nor a sound of human voice be distinguished.

The morn had not quite broken, and yet any one could see a slight change from the dull gloom of night; and then in an instant it was day. So rapid are changes in American scenery. And then the red-birds sang their merry songs, and the grass-hopper flitted, and the owl flew to roost, for it was time.

It was a lovely spot and a lovely morning. Nature had made it beautiful, and it could not be said that the hand of man had in any way taken from the native charms of the place. The advent of human beings may sometimes spoil the outward appearance—it generally gives animation and motion to what, still and death-like, wants an attribute of beauty.

A belt of tall thick woods skirted on three sides a large clearing, partly natural, partly the handiwork of the pioneers of civilization, as might be seen by the chared stumps and the cultivated meadows and fields that were richly ripening under the influence of an autumn sun. There were half-ripe corn fields, an orchard, a few meadows near the river, a haystack of last year, a garden fenced round with some show of care and taste, the whole occupying at least two hundred acres, cleared, cultivated, or preparing for cultivation.

But a little time before it had been a virgin wood, where not an axe had ever been heard, or aught of the white man known, save the crack of a terrible rifle in the hands of some daring hunter. And then several 'broad horns' had come, and axes had played their part, and fire had assisted, and log-huts had arisen. But such is man! The log-hut was soon discarded, and the double house had taken its place, while

"To cultivated fields the forest changed,
And where the wild beasts, now the tame ones ranged."

By an effort of man's industry and ingenuity, a spot of useless desert had, in fact, become a pleasing abiding-place, and the centre of what soon would be a bustling neighborhood. And when we remember what the earth was given us for, why should we regret the loss of some wild beauty of scene, when in its place arise huts by the moss-covered rock, cottages on the slope of the hill, corn in the field, fruit trees round the houses, and everywhere abundance and happiness for man? Such was rising here on the banks of the Scioto river.

But the principal feature of the whole scene was the residence of the owners of this farm, in what, in the days of which we speak, was a thinly-peopled district, on the outskirts of civilization, infested by the wild Indian, with whom its owners had to battle, inch by inch, for every inch of ground. In the days when the history of that time shall be written as ancient history, few will believe or credit the stories of what is called the dark and bloody ground of that place, where once wandered, in their panoply of paint and war, the wild men of savage heart, who only gave up their territory after fearful struggles; few will understand or credit any more the history of the hardy white pioneers, who first began to contest with them their exclusive right of hunting in the vast primeval woods of the mighty continent. The dwelling, or collection of dwellings, was inclosed by a stockade, or line of palisades. These palisades were formed of quartered oak, which had been cut in the neighboring woods, ten or twelve inches in diameter and fifteen feet high. Outside the earth had been banked up, thus forming a ditch, which, without much difficulty, could have been filled with water had the calm existence which these wanderers had hitherto met with warranted this precaution.

The palisades, we have said, were of oak, the smooth side of which was set outward, and the whole strengthened by stout ribbers, or wall-pieces, as the Americans call them, "pinned to them with three-inch tree-nails," as a backwoods historian would say. To the left, towards the woods, was a gate of sufficient width to give passage to a wagon, and which served to admit the cattle at night. This was now, however securely fastened on the inside, those within the palisade having sufficient respect for their own safety not to neglect this precaution.

On the fourth side, the place was defended more by nature than by any fortification from the hand of man. The palisade at each end jutted out into the river about half a dozen yards, and rendered crawling round in that way difficult. There remained a possibility of danger from the river itself. Here, however, thick and sharp stakes had been stuck in the ground, very close together, forming a kind of *chevaux de frise*, which was not without its advantages, seeing that behind them lay sturdy watch-dogs of the wolf and St. Bernard breed, that would not fail to give the alarm before any enemy could make an entrance that way. In the centre of the water-line of defence was a kind of wharf, not more than ten feet long, which was quite open to the river on ordinary occasions, but could have a barrier erected in a very few minutes. This was guarded night and day by the two largest dogs of the troop, animals that were so attached and devoted to their masters as to feel no sympathy even for the blacks of the establishment, who cordially returned their hatred by transferring their affections to a certain lively cur, dignified with the name of Turk.

Within this fortification, which in those days was much needed, there were several building; none, save one, remarkable in appearance. There was a very neat and well-built residence, one story in height, with a covered walk in front, which occupied the whole left frontage of the space within the palisade. Behind this, as well as to the right, were out-houses and dwelling-places for the blacks and for the humbler white dependents of the family. A garden, in the case of the more aristocratic habitation, filled with flowers chiefly in bloom, ran along nearly the whole frontage of the location; that before the department devoted to the negroes and servants being composed of more useful "stuffs" than the beautiful ornamental products of the "master's plot," as it was called. A wide path, well kept and rolled, divided the two, and marked the clear difference that existed between those who were born to command and those whose lot it was to obey; a difference, as far as the whites were concerned, very much narrowed by the issue of that contest which had been raging between the mother country and her half-emancipated colony, now an independent and free nation.

In a most conspicuous place, between the two parts of the extensive farm-buildings which Judge Moss had thought proper to erect, for some reasons of his own, so far away from what was then called civilized settlements, stood a building which was the admiration—in fact, in some instances, the envy—of the whole border for miles away, wherever its reputation had spread. It was a block-house, erected for the defence of the farm from the invasion of the red-skins, whose wigwams and fires were at no great distance to the west and north.

About twenty-eight feet square in the basement story it was thirty in the story above, which thus projected over the one below—a plan generally adopted in all American block-houses—with a view to defend it the more easily when at close quarters. Few Indians would venture to assail the doors and windows of such a building, when its inhabitants could fire directly down upon their heads. The materials of this sylvan fort were, as would naturally be expected in such a locality, all wood logs, a foot in diameter, rudely squared, and not only bound together by an ingenious system of dovetailing, but by mortar carefully poured in wherever an interstice was observed. Thick oak shutters, solid wooden bars, a smooth and shelving roof, too acute to give long resting-place to any fiery missile, completed, with several loop-holes, the outward appearance of a block-house, which, though it had never yet been used, was not likely to be long before its value would be appreciated, if the rumors from the frontier were true.

It was the summer of 1790—or rather, the fall of the leaf was at hand, the summer having nearly passed away; and within a few days hints and scraps of information had reached the ears of many in that neighborhood—those of the Big House almost alone excepted—of a harassing and destructive war with the Indians having commenced; a war made all the more fearful by its being conducted by whites who had deserted their homes and kin to league with the red-skins. The brutal massacre of Wyoming—a settlement of a thousand families, swept away by the tomahawk and the scalping knife as much as by treachery and cunning—with all its hideous details, was far from being forgotten, though ten years had elapsed since it was perpetrated. As yet, however, the events which happened on the beautiful plains of the Susquehannah had not found imitation on the Scioto or Ohio waters. But within a few weeks facts had come to light which spread alarm and terror through those new settlements, which, while the fierce struggle was going on between England and Congress below, had escaped the devastating curse of war, and now, when peace was declared, was to be visited by its terrors. But Tecumseh, though very young, was already at work organising the tribes, and several encounters between some of the hardy and daring trappers and the red-skins had taken place, especially those trappers who, having suffered in other places, had vowed deadly hostility to everything in the shape of an Indian. One whole family, not ten miles distant, had been surprised and utterly destroyed; the Wyandots were out near Wheeling; Mr. John May, of Virginia, travelling on a flat boat on the Ohio, with Charles Johnston, his clerk, Mr. Jacob Styles, of Virginia, one Flinn and two Miss Flemings, had just been shot, with one of the females, at the mouth of the Scioto river, the rest being carried into hopeless captivity; while the massacre of Big Bottom had just become known through the escape of the two Ballards, the sole survivors.

But here all was still and calm, and any one standing on the opposite side to the block-house, and looking at the peaceful scene, would never have imagined that events of such a fearful character were taking place so near this picturesque fort. The Scioto swept calmly by, wide, still, and shallow; and though to the west it turned sharp round, and brought a projection of its bank within fifty feet of the block, it was generally about sixty or seventy feet across. The banks were almost wholly shaded by trees on this side, and a little up the stream several logs lay in the water, having fallen there naturally, or having been cut down and left to rot, from the too great abundance of a commodity which is so valuable in a country where timber is so much in the way.

We have indulged in this long description, and given so many details, because even now the life and sufferings of the hardy men who were to carry population west, and add new states to the great Republic, are still unknown to many millions of those who speak the same language with the adventurous people of the frontiers of the United States of North America.

The dawn had not streaked the sky many minutes, when the clatter of hoofs was plainly heard in the distance, and a tall bony horse came in sight of the block itself, though it and its rider, or rather riders, could not be seen from that building. As if they had no wish to be discovered by any one who might be on the look-out, the horse was suddenly reined in, and the two beings that had clung to his back leaped off, and stood erect side by side.

The first, the one that had been on the saddle, was the negro we have already alluded to; the other was an Indian.

He was, however, no common red-skin, and in even those wild settlements would have excited a thrill of horror in any white man or woman who had suddenly confronted him. He was an old man of considerable stature. His face was painted in part white, that is, the nose and the forehead, up to where the hair began. This was daubed with red ochre. A bunch of feathers hung down from his scalp-lock, while over his mouth and chin he had painted a red hand. His nose, which we have described as painted white, did not in reality exist, having been hewn of in a drunken brawl. The place where it had been was painted. Crow-feathers formed a muff round his neck, with wampum beads. His arms were painted and naked, but he wore leggings, skunk-skins, moccasins, a dirty blanket, and had a rifle, tomahawk, powder-horn and scalping-knife. He looked a spectre, a mummy of his race, under the degrading influence of the fire-water which had so materially assisted in weakening his people.

"Yah! yah!" said the negro, shaking his fist at the block; "all berry fine and cut big dash now. Berry soon make him laugh 'nodder side ob him mout."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, drawing a long breath, as if glad to be released from his awkward position on the horse's back—"got more rum?"

"Ees, Massa No-Nose," said the black, handing his gourd to the red-skin, who put it to his lips and drained a draught which showed how accustomed he was to the fiery liquid; "now dis child 'sb ob necessity to leab you. Massa Big-Nose him sobby him duty"

The Indian, who was an outcast from his tribe recently returned at the sound of the war-whoop, nodded and stalked away as if further conversation were useless.

"Dis child him distrust dat feller," said the black to himself; "neber mind; hiss keep a berry sharp obserwatory on him."

And with this sage remark he advanced to the very edge of the stream and hailed the block-house. A short pause ensued, and then a stir was to be noticed; two young blacks moved down to the water's edge, a flat-bottomed float pushed off, and in ten minutes more the whole three, with the horse, were being ferried over the stream to the big house.

The Indian at the meanwhile advanced up the river and disappeared.

About a quarter of an hour, two other men came in sight, both evidently wearied and sore-footed. They were Custalogs and Harvey. They moved slowly along the trail until they came to the place where the horse had stopped and the negro and old Indian had alighted.

"Wagh!" said Harvey, seating himself unhesitatingly on a log. "That varmint has given me a run. My! I shall never get my wind again. Oh! won't I pay that nigger out. If I don't scarify his black hide my name ain't Dick—that's all."

"They were two, and one a redskin," replied Custalogs, looking on the ground.

"Two, and one an Indian—now that beats me all to leather, it just does. How do you know?"

"There's the foot of the negro—this is the moccasin and the trail of a drunken Indian. Come."

"Out!" said Dick, rising with a grunt, "but pitch ahead; though I am dead beat, no Injun as was ever made shall see me pull up."

He rose, looked at his rifle, and followed in the footsteps of Custalogs, who was already stepping quietly in the trail of the Shawnee, facetiously named No-Nose from the want of that necessary organ, which is generally considered to be as ornamental as it is useful. The footsteps were easly traced to a grove about two hundred yards above the block-house. At the edge of the small island of timber they halted and listened. Nothing could be heard. Custalogs peered, for some time, into the thick shadow cast by the trees, without his face exhibiting any emotion. Then his features suddenly lighted up, and as suddenly changed to an expression of deep disgust, as he turned to Harvey, and without a single word mimicked the sleeping of an intoxicated man.

He then handed his rifle to his companion, drew a thong from his person, and entered the wood with all the calmness of one who was taking a stroll in the familiar street of some town of the settlements, leaving Harvey standing like a statue, without motion, scarcely breathing in his anxiety. By kneeling down, however, he presently caught sight of the Shawnee, who was leaning with his back against a tree, perfectly still, his head bowed on his shoulder. Not quite certain that this was not pretence, Harvey slowly passed his rifle through the bushes and took delibrate aim. Then he saw the form of Custalogs gliding from trunk to trunk, until he passed behind that against which the Shawnee slept.

The thong was round him in an instant, and his arms pinioned. "Come!" said Custalogs aloud. "I have wandered in the forest, and I have caught a skunk."

Harvey caught up his friend's rifle and darted through the bushes, never stopped until he sank exhausted in front of the hideous marauder, who, unarmed and tied, gazed at his captor with stupid sottish surpsise. He had travelled all night with the black, stopping to drink and rest the horse several times, and, overcome by rum and fatigue, had neglected the usual precautions used by his race, and paid the penalty.

"Now, Custalogs, is that a Shawnee? If he is, he's a uglier one then ever I see'd. I could lift his hair myself—the dirty loping scoundrel. Is that one of the warriors we are afeard of?"

"Did my brother ever see the wild horses of the prairies?" asked Custalogs, who always adopted his most figurative style of speaking when in presence of any but his most intimate friends.

"I conclude I have—why?"

"When the wild horses see one that is weak and useless, they fight with him and drive him away, until he become strong and his mane is thick, and he can bound over the rushing stream. When the storks would fly to the east—to the country whence comes the sun, they meet and try their wings; those that cannot fly well are killed or driven away. When a Shawnee is a squaw, his tribe take thongs and drive him away. This is Muskwash. His people saw that he was a squaw and loved fire-water, and they sent him to make petticoats for the woman of the pale-faces."

"Now that's straight up and down, as clear to my mind as greased lightning, old boss," said Dick, whose language was very much that of his favourite companions the trappers. "But why have the varmints taken him back?"

"The faces of the Shawnees are darkened; they cannot see, they have taken a skunk for an eagle?"

The eye of the old Shawnee flashed lightning as he looked hard at the other Indian and seemed to regain something like consciousness."

"Ugh!" he exclaimed with an accent of the most profound astonishment—"Custalogs.

"Muskwash! I am Custalogs, and I have hunted with my father. But my father has drunk of the firewater of the Americans. Muskwash has drunk rum until it makes him forget. When have his tribe gained by fighting the pale-faces? The hatchet has been buried, and the white man hunted there, and the red man here—why has the hatchet been dug up? Custalogs has lived with the pale-faces, and he knows them—they will come and they will kill the red-skins, and make fields of their hunting-grounds."

"Wah!" exclaimed the other, rousing himself. "The pale-faces are thieves—they steal from the red-man his forests—every moon brings them nearer. Where are the red-men to go? The great Manitou gave us these plains. Shall we not defend them?"

"Muskwash—your son hears you and laughs. The pale-faces were quiet. The old white head," pointing to the big house, "never took a scalp. He comes here to live and hunt like the Shawnees. He sees that there are many deer, enough for him and for the red-skins—and he and the red-skins were friends, the pipe of peace was smoked, the hatchet was buried. Why has a black snake crawled between the white-head and his friends?"

The glance of the drunken Indian was truly ferocious and at the same time full of a wonder which, had he been a grave warrior, he would not have betrayed. He said nothing, however, allowing the two young men to unfasten him from the tree and bind him afresh, without a word or a struggle. They then advanced to where the fallen logs lay, and Custalogs drew from an admirable cache of his own making a canoe sufficiently large to hold them all. They motioned the Shawnee to enter, and, when he was seated, followed and struck out into the stream towards the block-house. They no longer spoke, but paddled warily, casting uncertain glances at the forest on the opposite shore, which they knew to be so big with danger and peril to themselves and those whose interests they appeared to have so warmly at heart.

They soon glided to within a few yards of the wharf, and were pushing aside a ferry-boat to enter a kind of harbor, when a loud and somewhat authoritative voice hailed them.

"The early morning to you, my friends! Where have you picked up that hideous mummy, who looks but like one of those stuffed creatures the boys used to burn in the streets of London on the Fifth of November?"

Custalogs bounded to the shore beside a stout, portly, but severe man about fifty, whose high forehead, white hair, and simple but elegant costume, appeared to announce him at once as Judge Moss. His chin was somewhat heavy, and his air cold, but he was still a handsome man—one would have said in the very prime and force of his manhood.

"Judge—he is but one of five hundred devils raging in the woods. When Big Bottom, with its sixteen rifles, has been razed to the ground, it is high time for the Big Block to prepare. Secure the black who was out to-night. He is the traitor who is to open your gate to the red-skins."

"My child! my Amy!" exclaimed the Judge, shaking like a leaf.

"Must be brought home," continued the Indian, who, with his friends of the block, spoke very simply.

"Merciful Providence!" cried the judge, clasping his hands; "and I that left all to come here, that I might have naught to do against the old country that gave me birth, nor the new country I had adopted."

Custalogs listened with an air of some surprise, but the glance vanished as he looked uneasily around.

"Where is the black?" he asked.

"In the kitchen, eating," replied the judge, almost mechanically.

"Have the Shawnee taken to the prison-room in the block," said Custagols, who then moved rapidly away towards the offices. Well acquainted with every part of the farm, the Indian glided away without noise, and soon stood by the door of the kitchen looking in, he saw the black surrounded by the whole white company, eating and talking with all the importance of a traveller after a journey in a far distant and unknown land.

"Now you just leeb dis child some time to eat. Think a nigger no hungry? Him tell he observb, but gib him time. You Gosh, just you cease dat fun—oh, where hab you dab? Behind me, eh—now none ob you nuss-sense."