

and so often was that all perished. Such miserable scenes, however, in those days, instead of sickening the human heart at the loss of blood and life and limb, only spurred them on to renewed conflicts. The thirst for blood is never assuaged in the breast of the savage and the borderman, mutual violence continually inspiring new attacks.

They had not been gone above ten minutes when there was a movement on the field; and the negro, who had in reality been cut down by one of the Indians, unperturbed by the whites, rose with difficulty and crawling very slowly towards the spot where the beeches rose towering to the skies, like the spires of village churches in a deep wood—where the pendulous boughs waved gently to and fro, and, fanned by the wind, made pleasing shelter against the sun, which was rising rapidly and becoming very warm—there all around was deep and gloomy forest far away on every side. Here they determined to rest, Custaloga and the Silent Hunter determining to watch in turn, as they had had some rest on the previous night.

The day seemed a perfect age to Custaloga, who, however, restrained his impatience, perfectly well aware that by hastening his strength he would only hasten his death. Towards midnight he drew the Silent Hunter to his side, and they still sleeping, and the following interview—we cannot call it conversation—began.

"Harrod," said the Indian, slowly, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "there is love at my heart for the cousin of her who was the Singing-bird of the wigwam." A sorrow gleamed about his eyes, and he looked at me with a look that said, "I can never be to you as I was to her." "A strange, odd smile played about the Silent Hunter's mouth, then vanished.

"She was like a red-skin and Squire Barton is her future husband; but what the air is to the eagle, what the roosting tree-ops are to the croaking raven, what the wind and storms are to the croaking raven, what the wind and water is to the swift torrent, what drink is to the drunkard, what his ride is to the hunter, what the star at night is to the Indian on the lakes, so is my Moss unto me. She is life, all creation, to the poor Indian whom she has taught. She can never be to me more than a protector, a friend, a queen-bird. I can be to her only the faithful bound, or watchdog—good, I will be so. Custaloga is like the oak of ages, which changes only when the fire from heaven burns it; he is as the rocks of the red-tone quarry, which are hard to break. Custaloga loves Amy of the Moss more than his life, which is every minute, and every friend who aids him to serve her is his brother; but the big-hearted white man cannot go with Custaloga to-night—where any two tracks they must part."

Harrod looked half angrily, half inquiringly at Custa. "My brother's heart is very sad, his hair is like the hair of the tiger, it can only be killed by blood—in it is night. The Shawnees have killed his wife, let him take a scalp for every hair of her head—but in the cave of the Ohio there are women and children, and Amy Moss must not hear their shrieks. Besides, Custaloga has heard the Word of the God of the whites; he cannot kill the fair and the little ones."

Harrod looked sullenly on the ground while Custaloga spoke. When he ceased, he made no reply, but closed his eyes and folded his arms.

"Say, Harrod, how shall it be?" said Custaloga, anxiously.

Harrod looked up and took the Indian's hand, which he wrung warmly, and by a nod of the head intimated that he yielded.

"Thank you," cried Custaloga warmly; "Custa will be glad to go."

As they went up his companions, and ever thoughtful of what they had to do, distributed a portion of the food that remained from a deer they had shot during the night, and then, after a few moments' rest, they started on their way towards the Great Cave on the Ohio river.

Custaloga led the party, the others following in Indian file, an arrangement which had been agreed should be strictly adhered to. It was not long ere they were on the banks of the beautiful river, upon which none, however, dared that night with any of those feelings which usually belong to men when rights so lovely strike the eye.

"Hie!" said Custaloga, in a low and somewhat husky tone, which all the men crowded round him; "if we part—Glen Hie!"

All understood these brief words, and then Custaloga, setting the example, a small hickory stick in his hand, all entered the thicket and ventured under cover of the darkness into the waters of the river, which at the present time was not so much swollen as on many occasions.

To be continued.

to see the agricultural products of the country hawked through the city of Charlestown for half nothing, or sold to a few speculators for half cash and half "trick," as in the days previous to the passing of the Reciprocity Treaty. Bananas, pine apples, "India rubber" and cheap rum will but poorly compensate for American dollars and products. Now, under these circumstances, gloomy and distressing as they undoubtedly are, let us suppose the Provinces to be confederated, and we venture to say that, with the products of the country depreciated in value, and taxation materially increased, as it must necessarily be, there is no power on earth could restrain the Provinces from rushing headlong into an alliance with the neighboring Republic.

Do not wish to be considered a prophet of good or evil, or to impose our views upon any one as more reliable than those who take a more sober view of matters; we merely speculate on the result of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, and thus endeavor to trace in our own mind the future of these Provinces, without at all wishing that our views may be realized. This is a wide field for speculation, and it is one in which each individual colonist should take as great an interest as in the question of Confederation itself, as he sees therein his own future social condition, to improve which has induced him to make the Provinces his home. Although our views may not coincide with those of a more hopeful nature, nor be quite as pleasing in his character, yet there is no more reason why we should all agree on any question of this kind, than that the oceans should be perpetually calm.

Notwithstanding, however, that in the abstract we look upon the cessation of free trade with the United States, and the consequent removal of hostile tariffs, as assuredly leading to annexation, yet there are two things possible, either of which may obviate the evil anticipated, and destroy the certainty of annexation. The first is, that industry and enterprise may be so stimulated as to greatly develop the resources of the country, and to establish manufacturing within the Provinces. Any people relying upon their own resources and possessed of a large share of industry and enterprise, can command their own fortunes—in evidence of which we have only to refer to the history of Holland, which a few centuries ago, even in the face of the most disadvantageous circumstances, and with resources not nearly equal to those of the British American Provinces, was through the subduing industry of its people, reared to be one of the most flourishing commercial countries in Europe. Time alone will tell whether British Americans will be equal to the emergency that is fast approaching. If they are, the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty need give them little trouble. There is also another circumstance, somewhat doubtful, it is true, which would effectually allay the fears of the present, dispel the complications of the future, and leave undisturbed the relations existing between the Provinces and the United States, and that is, that even at the eleventh hour, the Americans may begin to find that the advantages of the Treaty are not all on the side of the Provinces, and that its abrogation will materially injure themselves. President Johnson's address to Congress gives a slight glimmer that reason, justice and fair play may yet prevail, and that the influence of those who foresee the evils likely to result from a removal of hostile tariffs, will have some influence on the action of the American Congress in regard to this question. We sincerely hope that this may be the case, and that the efforts of the friends of peace, progress, and happiness will speedily triumph.

"Suppose we levy a high tariff on rough lumber from the Provinces, for the benefit of our Maine fellow-cut; their resources will not be increased thereby, they will not be able to give us the article in the needed kind and quantity, and we shall still be obliged to import it from St. John, Amherst and Blithedale, and pay the duty we have put on it ourselves into the bargain. If we levy a duty on Fictus and Silyria seeds, of Nova Scotia agricultural produce, the result will be the same, and this duty will press equally and chiefly on the pockets of the American consumer, instead of the Provincial producer—though, owing to the enhanced cost of these commodities, trade would doubtless be considerably restricted. We should buy less of our neighbors, and hence their ability to buy of us would be diminished in the same ratio.

But it is palpably for the interest of both parties, mutually dependent as they are and always must be, to inaugurate free trade as far as it may be practicable. In doing this, there is no time to be lost. The present Treaty will come to operate next spring, and the new anticipation of the event has already introduced disturbing elements into our commerce. The Executive branch of the Government must either negotiate a new treaty before that time, or the Legislative branch will have to provide for the emergency by imposing a tariff on the goods of the Provinces, which will be adopted (though we hope not) it will be a most unnatural and mutually vindictive war of tariffs, in which neither party will escape serious injury, and which will retard the progress of trade and development on both sides of the line at least twenty years.

It will necessitate the maintenance of an immense revenue force, throughout a long and exposed frontier, to guard against smuggling. It will render our railroad enterprises abortive, which are now being pushed to a connection with those of the Provinces. It will render comparatively worthless and unproductive the large investments of American capital made, during the last few years, in the mineral lands of Lower Canada. It will prove almost a death-blow to our fishing interests, whose business facilities have been vastly expanded by the foothold it has gained in the eastern shore and bay fisheries under this treaty. And, worst of all, it will engender a feeling of political hostility and social antagonism on both sides of the border, which will make us perpetual and passive enemies, if it does not lead to more violent results."

Monday's Examiner contains an extract said to be taken from the New York Herald, and, in commenting thereon, the Editor asserts that anti-Confederates are the friends of the Fenians—meaning, we suppose, the friends of Annexation. This is a stale dodge on the part of the advocates of the Great Scheme, and the only reply that is necessary to make to it, is to point to a letter in the same Examiner, over the signature of "W. Cooper," where that venerable Confederationist recommends the adoption of the Quebec scheme, because it will lead to "peaceful annexation" to the United States. We think this ought to teach Confederationists a little discretion, if not to convince them that they and not those whom they misrepresent are the friends of annexation and the Fenians.

Downer.—We learn that a Mr. Smith, generally known as "Aberdeen Smith," whilst proceeding to the West River, on his way home last evening, fell through the ice near three fathoms and was drowned. His body has been recovered. Mr. Smith was very well known in this colony, and from his knowledge as a practical farmer, as well as for his general intelligence, he was selected by the Government of this Island, as an emigration agent to Scotland a few years ago. This melancholy accident should teach people caution in venturing upon suspicious or doubtful ice in spring and fall.

We also learn that a Frenchman, named Albert Gallant, was drowned by falling through the ice on Monday last, at Restico.

THE SCARE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—Governor Gordon, of New Brunswick, after receiving the warning telegram (in cipher from Her Majesty's Minister at Washington, Sir Frederick Bruce, in regard to a Fenian raid on New Brunswick by six thousand Fenians, who were not to have embarked, or were about to embark, in six steamships which they had purchased at New York, proceeded, in company with some of his Executive and other military authorities, at once to St. Stephens and the border towns of the Province, to prepare measures of defence. Whilst at St. Stephens, His Excellency made a speech at a public meeting, during which, according to the St. Croix Courier, he very properly remarked "that great as was the harm which might be inflicted by a raid such as that contemplated, it was not calculated to do mischief half so serious or half so lasting as was the bad feeling which had unhappily been excited in some quarters by the fear of the Fenian association. In such a raid alarm might be created, property destroyed, and even valuable lives sacrificed; but such evils, great as they undoubtedly were, would soon be remedied and the mischief healed. But the evil done by setting class against class, and race against race, was one which would inflict an injury on the Province infinitely more serious and more lasting than could be inflicted by half a dozen Fenian raids. Ignorant and credulous people believed that because some Fenians were Roman Catholics, all Roman Catholics were Fenians—an idea about as ridiculous as if it were said that because some negroes were knaves, all knaves were negroes. If there were any less ignorant and credulous who played on those who were, he would only say that they were doing a work which he did not think could be too harshly characterized. For himself, he could only say that, were any attack made, there was no class on whose loyalty and readiness to defend their homes and their country he could more certainly rely than on Her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in this Province." An amusing episode of the scare is brought to light by the St. John Globe, which states that, in reply to an application for troops from Halifax, Gen. Doyle facetiously urged upon the New Brunswickers "not to spare the raiders on his account." The Globe cannot appreciate the humor of the gallant General's reply, and comments upon it as follows:—"We do not know that Gen. Doyle is one of the contributors to Punch, but we know that he has as high an opinion of his own wit as he has of his generalship. It seems that an application was made to the General for some more soldiers for this garrison, and he was told the cause. Instead of complying with the request, he sent back a word—that it is reported to-day—not to spare the raiders on his account. Now, this may be a 'suttle' joke, as Artemus Ward has it, but it is a little too 'suttle' for our comprehension. If the British Minister did not intend his warning as a hint for us to be ready for danger, he would not have sent it. No person apprehends any mischief—yet, when we are warned, we must not neglect the warning. Taking this view of it, Gen. Doyle's levity seems to be most ill-timed. If we are to protect ourselves, we need not be told to do so in this fashion."

REPLY: To HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN. Gentlemen: I sincerely thank you for your Address, and for the pressing invitation it contains of your estimation of the manner in which I conducted the administration of the Government of this Island, during the temporary absence of the Lieutenant Governor.

The terms also, in which you allude to my resignation of the duties of my office of Chief Justice, and your wish that I may long continue in the performance of them, are equally gratifying to me.

I accept my cordial thanks for your kind wishes for my health and happiness, tendered on behalf of yourself and your fellow-citizens.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. Most if not all the outward bound vessels from this Island have succeeded, during the mild weather of the past week, in clearing the ice.

ADDRESSES. The Mayor and City Council have presented a congratulatory Address to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, on his return to the Island.

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THE FENIAN SENATE IN SESSION. The Fenian Senate is in session in this city, and has deposed President John O'Mahony from office on charges of perjury and malfeasance, and Vice-President Roberts has been chosen to fill his place. The Secretary of the Treasury was also deposed from office. These officers, however, repudiate the authority of the Senate in their resignations, and indications of a lively quarrel are in prospect.

BY TELEGRAPH. FROM THE STATES. Great Smash-up among the Fenians. President O'Mahony and the Secretary of the Treasury turned out of Office.

A Lively Quarrel Anticipated. New York, Dec. 11. The Fenian Senate is in session in this city, and has deposed President John O'Mahony from office on charges of perjury and malfeasance, and Vice-President Roberts has been chosen to fill his place. The Secretary of the Treasury was also deposed from office. These officers, however, repudiate the authority of the Senate in their resignations, and indications of a lively quarrel are in prospect.

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