The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTEOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1866. NO. 14.

THE HERALD

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

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" " " 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 JANUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 2h. 36m., morning, N. E.
Last Quarter, 8th day, 5h. 24m., evening, N.
New Moon, 16th day, 4h. 24m., evening, W.S.W.
First Quarter, 23rd day, 4h. 42m., evening, S.
Full Moon, 30th day, 4h. 17m., evening, E.N.E.

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

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.

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

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☞ ALL KINDS of MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE taken in payment.

R. J. CLANCY.

Orwell, Sept. 20, 1865. 6m

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years, and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or tweenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.

Price, only 35 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 11, 1865. 1y

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

PENSIONS,
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and all other claims promptly adjusted.

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The Widows of all officers, soldiers, sailors, and marines who have been killed in battle, or who have died either of wounds or sickness, are entitled to pensions.

If there be no widow living then the children of such officers, soldiers, etc. are entitled.

PRIZE LISTS

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Additions are every day being made to these lists, and the latest and most reliable information can always be obtained at this office.

No charge for information.

No charge until the money is collected.

All charges less than any other agency.

Claims collected *without delay*.

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DERBY & WILLIAMSON,

46 Court Street,

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Oct. 4, 1865. 3m

NEW PHOTOGRAPH

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Corner of Great George and King Streets.

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PICTURES made in every style known to the art;

CARTES DES VISITES.

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

Ch. Town, May 31, 1865. C. LEWIS.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

Custa now announced that the time was come to make the dangerous experiment he had proposed, as, if left much longer, it would be light, and the weakness of the fugitives be betrayed.

All prepared to act their part in the perilous undertaking of escape with the coolness and courage of experienced backwoodsmen. Custa quietly removed some planks at the back of the hut, and passed out into the open air, standing alone on the little platform behind the house. The rope, which had hung to the crook because of its utility in drawing water, was quickly passed through his hand, and examined in every part. Then he fastened it to the chair by thongs and bits of twine, heedless of the crash of rifles and all the shouting and screaming of the Indians. He then, calling Harvey to his side, proceeded to execute the more important part of his duty.

A log, which had once formed part of the wall of the hut, was quietly lifted over a hole indented in the steep bank. This hole was a cave about six feet inwards, and was formed by earth having given way between two rocks, which, though separated by this opening, were joined a little further in. Amy and the child were now brought out and seated in the chair, to which they were tied in such a way that our noble heroine could untie the thongs herself when at the bottom.

'As soon as you touch the rocks below," said Custaloga, in a hushed, anxious whisper, 'untie yourself, and step back under the rock. As you value your life, not an inch forward! In front there is a gulf of twenty feet of water.'

Harrod and Cook were now summoned to hold the end of the rope, while Custaloga and Harvey passed the chair over the log. This they did very quietly, the child being submissive and still from sheer terror of the Indians.

'Lower away,' said Harvey.

'Defend the hut!' shouted Ezram Cook, loosening his hold of the rope so suddenly, that, but for Custa, it must have jerked from Harrod's hand. The Wyandot dashed at the cord, flung himself on the ground, his feet against the log, and held on—not, however, before the chair had fallen two or three feet with a velocity which extorted a shriek from Amy, and a wild cry from the child.

Then Custaloga heard, after two or three shots from the rifles of the Indians, a fearful chorus of cries, howling, curses and pain, inside the hut. The three men were engaged in a hand-to-hand and grappling combat with a number of the enemy. But he lowered the chair quietly, though not without extreme difficulty, the weight being very great.

Presently the cord hung loose. Quick as lightning he darted to his feet, fastened the rope, and sprang to the hole he himself had made. The four rifles of the party were standing against the wall on the inside. Custa gave them to his friends.

He paused to detect the result of the furious struggle within. He could hear nothing but stamping, rolling, hard breathing, and such cries as come from men in the last terrible struggle for life; but on the other side he distinctly saw a group of Indians, who appeared unwilling to enter the hut, which was already more than occupied by the combatants, and who could scarcely have been told from one another in the darkness.

By a desperate effort Custa raised two rifles, one in each hand, and fired. The echoes had scarcely died away when, peering again across, he saw that the group had disappeared. He fired, however, two more guns, and then, in the clear, ringing voice of an American backwoodsman, he began shouting to supposed companions to come on.

Then he saw, while loading, one figure dart through the open doorway and fly, and next instant his three companions were near him, clutching their own rifles. The diversion made by Cartaloga had, it appeared, alone saved Harvey, who was in the clutches of an Indian even more powerful than himself, but who fled at the sound of the guns, believing the whole force of the whites to be down upon them.

'Go,' said Custaloga,' pointing to the rope, which he had secured.

Harrod nodded, went up to the log, lowered himself with his hands, and slid down without a word; Cook did the same, and then, after a little hesitation, Harvey.

Custaloga remained alone on the platform, waiting the signal from below, which, however, was speedily given. Stepping forward—he had sent his rifle down with Harvey—the young pseudo-Wyandot was about to descend, when he saw a grim warrior stalk round the back of the hut—one who had cast himself on the ground when the volley had been fired, and who now, hearing all quiet, came peering round to discover the true state of affairs. He saw Custaloga, and would have retreated; but he, thinking his secret betrayed, darted to encounter the Indian, who, however, fled, but not before he had noted the other's purposed mode of escape.

Quick as thought, Custa darted into the hut, raked up the embers, drew some out on a piece of wood, placed them on the rope, after giving it a slight cut with his axe, and then, after fanning the embers, rushed himself to escape.

Down he went with a rapidity that surprised those below—only, it appears, just in time; for in another minute the rope came down after him, to the great surprise of his companions, to whom, without a word of explanation, he addressed himself.

'Quick!' they know the ford. Harrod, carry your child—follow me. Miss Amy Moss, your hand—let no man speak!'

On the young man went, leading Amy by the hand, keeping close under the bank, at the summit of which he could distinctly hear the Indians conversing. They were ascending the stream, but from the peculiar formation of the cliff they could not see those below. At the end of a hundred yards Custaloga halted.

The stream was here wide and placid. It ran swiftly by, as if hurrying to sink in the deep pool below, at the end of a descent, down which the water ran with extreme velocity. The opposite bank was low and skirted by trees, which were clearly defined against a sky becoming lighter and clearer every moment.

'Cross,' said Custaloga in a low tone, 'and when under cover, fire.'

They all obeyed, darting through the water with a rapidity that raised it in clouds of spray behind them. A loud yell from the Indians announced that they were discovered, and then the whole body congregated above where Custaloga stood, discussing how they could follow the fugitives.

There was a sound of whizzing bullets, followed by the crack of rifles, and there was a shriek of alarm or pain, and all in a minute Custaloga bounded for the shore. He reached it, flew to cover, placed Amy fainting on the bank, and sunk at her feet lifeless. His alarmed companions surrounded him, and saw that he was wounded in the shoulder. But this did not account for his state of syncope, which indeed was caused by the terrible exertions he had made, and the mingled emotions of joy, terror and dread, he had felt relative to her who so wildly clung to him for preservation.

'Where am I?' said Amy, rising suddenly—and then she saw the lifeless body of the young Wyandot before her. 'He he then dead? No! no! it cannot be true.'

And she kneeled by his side, and pushing away the others, raised his head gently, and just as she placed it on her knee the young man drew a long breath and opened his eyes.

His look of wonder and delight, his glance of gratitude and pleasure, brought the rich blood mantling to his cheek, and by sympathy made Amy blush as she recollected the frantic tone of her exclamations when she thought him dead. She gently assisted him to rise, and turned to the child to hide the excess of her emotion, which she the better concealed, that the child had to be hushed. A few minutes sufficed to restore Custaloga, to bind up his wounds, and to make him as active as ever.

'We must go,' he said quickly; 'the hungry wolves are on our trail—they thirst for our blood.'

'If we only had the horses,' replied Harvey, 'it might be done. But to my judgment, for Miss Amy to reach the Moss without rest isn't possible.'

'It must be,' said Custaloga fiercely; 'we must carry her, but it must be done.'

And he led the way, taking the hand of the young girl, who at once without a word prepared to follow. The object Custaloga had in view was to strike the Scioto at a place where he had a small bark canoe concealed, and this before the daylight became so bright that all hope of their being concealed would be out of the question. To hide was impossible, with a hungry crew of Indians in their rear. For the first time in his life Custaloga felt the influence of despair upon him. He started at every bush, and he listened as if he expected every minute to hear the yelling of the Indians behind them.

But they advanced on their way for some time without interruption, passed the first ford, and then pushing for the second, reached it just as the day dawned, revealing the wan, haggard and anxious faces of the whole party. Custaloga at once signified his intention to halt. One glance at Amy had been enough. It was clear that for some time she had been crawling rather than walking, while the young Wyandot himself was very nearly exhausted.

In sight of the ford they stationed themselves amid a collection of bushes, and all lay down after taking a deep draught of water, which was most welcome and refreshing. Amy was indeed worn, for scarcely had she laid down on a pile of green grass and leaves ere she was sound asleep. The men all imitated her example, clutching their rifles, and sleeping with one ear on the ground, so as to catch the faintest sound.

But none came for a little while to break the stillness of the scene. Indeed, the whole party, Amy excepted, were up, and Harvey was fishing in the stream, when Custaloga gave, in a low tone the croak of the raven. Harvey fell flat on his face, and Harrod and Cook, the latter muttering imprecations between his teeth, clutched their rifles, on which, with their cunning and perseverance, all depended. Again came the warning croak of the old bird, as Harvey crawled upon hands and knees to rejoin his companion.

'What is it, Custa?' he said gravely, while his eyes fell with tender interest on the sleeping form of Amy.

'The Indians,' replied Custa in low, sad accents, almost of despair, the natural effect of his own weakness and exhaustion.

'Then, Custa,' said Harvey sadly, 'Amy must fly with Ezram Cook, and we three must die here, to save her—it is the only hope.'

'You are right.'

The heart of the artist bounded within him at these words. There was something so strange in the sensation of being called 'my brother' that he could scarce think for an instant of anything else—and afterwards, when the secret of this feeling seemed explained, his surprise was even greater than it had been before.

Custaloga was all unconscious of the feelings awakened by his words, and quietly roused Amy, whom he told to go forward with the pedlar, while they waited to see if any enemies came in sight. This was said with so much unconcern that the young girl readily accompanied the merchant, who, however was rather unwilling to abandon his friends.

'Cross at the Devil's Gully,' said Custaloga impatiently. 'Wait a quarter of an hour. If we come not, fly, and make the best of the way to the Block.'

Ezram Cook bowed his head and went, fully aware of the importance of his charge, and impressed in a most striking manner with the devotion and self-sacrifice of the three young woodsmen; for Custaloga, Harvey, and Harrod seemed on the present occasion actuated by one thought, guided by one mind.

Scarcely had Amy disappeared than the band of Indians came in sight. They were about ten in number, and walked in Indian file on the opposite side of the stream. But both by their signs and their words it was clear that there were at least as many on the side which was occupied by the fugitives. To retreat was now impossible.

'Pass me your horn,' said Custaloga as an Indian appeared close at hand.

'I haven't a charge left,' replied Harvey sadly; 'the game's up.'

'Let us hide our guns,' continued the Wyandot quickly, 'and then give up quietly.'

Harvey and Harrod both nodded. To run without a gun-load was useless. To surrender might perhaps save their lives; at all events it gained them time.

Custaloga then advanced into the open clearing, followed by Harvey and Harrod, and waved his hand to the Indians in token of cessation of hostilities. With a cry of delight that shook the air, the wild troop of Shawanees bounded up, and the three young men were prisoners. The Indians were exceedingly fierce in mien; they had lost many of their companions, while their surprise at the exact character of their prisoners was prodigious.

The Indians gave a yell of surprise and pleasure, and so great was their delight at having captured the man whom they knew by report to have vowed to avenge the death of his wife a hundred fold, that all other thoughts were crushed in their bosoms. A brief conference was held, and at its termination, the three unfortunate young men heard that, to prevent any accident, and to make sure of the destruction of three such enemies, their death by the fire had been resolved on.

Three saplings close at hand were rapidly cleared of their boughs, and to these, without a moment's delay, the three victims were tied. Then a large pile of brush and wood was piled round them, and every preparation made to fire it. The Indians seemed aware that they had no time to lose, for they spared their prisoners any of those preliminary tortures which usually precede the last agony of death.

They could not cease torturing their minds with every fiendish taunt and insult they could invent; all the words that base and cowardly natures could think of to humiliate and degrade the brave were showered upon them. These forty odd warriors appeared, indeed, so many demons, as they danced and capered and roared round the huge pile, to which at last they set fire.

'Adieu, brother!' said Harvey, earnestly; 'we shall meet in heaven.'

'Please God!' replied Custaloga; 'we die, but we have saved Amy.'

Harrod cast a kind glance at both, and thus one of undying hate at his enemies.

At this instant something seemed to dart from the wood, which instantly took the form of Amy Moss, who, jumping amid the startled savages, dashed the burning wood about the ground and scattered the flames ere the savages could interfere.

Custaloga gave a groan of intense anguish, and cast a look of withering reproach at Ezram Cook, who came out in another instant, leading the child.

'Ugh!' exclaimed the chief, while several warriors, despite their stolidity, looked anxiously at Amy, whom they had left guarded by their wives and little ones.

'Wretches!' cried Amy, standing boldly before the whole tribe; 'they had your wives and little ones in their power, and they harmed not one—not even he whose wife and child you have slain. Why do you murder them?'

'War,' said the chief, courteously, 'is not the affair of women. Let my sister stand on one side—she is welcome. There is a wigwam ready for her at Chillicothe.'

'Now, I tell you what, Minamah!' exclaimed Ezram Cook, in the dialect of the tribe, 'there's a considerable debt for fire-water due me—but if you'll just let my three friends off, I'll score it out, and send up a couple of kegs of whiskey first opportunity.'

'Cook trader—no warrior,' said the chief fiercely; 'my young men will light the fire again.'

'Wretches, monsters!' shrieked Amy, 'you shall not do it—nay I will be heard. They are my friends, my brothers. Let me go—have mercy, or you shall yourselves ask it in vain.'

At that instant a loud hurrah, such as only comes from British throats, was heard behind, then the heavy tramp of near footsteps, and then, as Amy fell back upon the pile of wood, a volley of rifles that proclaimed a powerful rescue. Away flew the amazed and startled Indians to cover, and then out burst from the forest Charles, William Harrod, and with a numerous body of dependents of the Block, Ragg, known in this worthy company as Tobias.

To cut the three prisoners loose, to provide them with ammunition, was the work of a minute. There was no time to be lost. The enemy were quite double their number, but the weight of mettle and skill was on the side of the white men. Hurriedly bidding Amy lie close to the pile, the whole party darted in pursuit, even Ragg obeying the summons, and quite exhilirated by having a brush with the red-skins.

Amy sank upon her knees and prayed. In such a state of things it was all she could do.

The battle was fought with all the fury of rage and despair. The white men, the hardy citizens of the young republic, were burning to avenge the massacre of Crow's Nest and Big Bottom, and all the other terrible scenes which had lately engendered feelings never to be eradicted; while the Indians, weakened, dispirited, demoralised, fought with the sullen valor of despair. They began by retreating, and the sound of the rifles proved that the whites were pressing them hard.

Gradually the sound became quite distant, and Amy began to be alarmed at her solitary position, when a rushing was heard in the bushes, and a young Indian, quite unarmed, appeared, running for his life.

'Stop thief!' roared a hoarse voice behind, and then Ragg came in sight, puffing and blowing after a long chase, having taken a wounded warrior by surprise, and forced him to run to save his life.

'Spare him,' said Amy Moss, rising before Ragg; 'he is unarmed and helpless.'

The Indian halted, laid his hand on his heart and before the valiant rag-dealer had recovered his surprise disappeard in the wood.

A loud hurrah proclaimed the return of the victorious party, and a litter was now made, on which Amy was placed; and thus, under an escort that was mighty indeed for those woods, Amy was taken towards the home of her father. Custaloga now marching proudly through the ranks. The child was near her, and the Silent Wyandot was nowhere to be seen. The moment he saw his little one in safety, he dropped behind, and began following the trail of the retreating Indians. He had, however, promised Custa, by signs, to appear at the Block next day.

CHAPTER XXI.

Meanwhile the judge and his young daughter Jane were in a state of painful and deep suspense. But sorrow of the kind felt by them is notoriously selfish, and they gave little thought to the general affairs of the country, absorbed as they were in their own sad reflections.

They sat then side by side on the bench in the garden, one morning, with feelings which were too deep to be described.

'O that I had never come up to the woods!' at last said the judge. 'It is all my own fault. In the towns I was safe with my little ones, at all events.'

'My dear father, it is wrong,' replied Jane gently—'it is wrong for you to blame yourself. You have acted for the best, and come what may, the world can never say but that you have been a good kind father.'

'Tis pleasant to hear a child talk thus,' said the judge with much emotion; 'the more pleasant that, perhaps, 'tis true. Dear girl, who knows, at this moment you may be my only one?'

'Father,' said Jane solemnly, 'you have taught us in all times of trouble and sorrow to put trust in Him—He will not desert us!'

'His will be done!' murmured the judge, bowing his head.

'Hark!' continued Jane, starting to her feet. 'I hear the sound of horses galloping!'

'Ah!'

'Tis close by—there on the bank!' she cried; and then she added, in an accent of considerable disappointment, 'the squire and a stranger.'

'They may have news,' said the judge, rousing himself.

The ferry-boat was already moving across, the negroes having heard the sound some little time before, and in a few minutes Squire Barton and the stranger were being sculled across, their horses swimming behind.

The judge advanced and welcomed the squire, who introduced the stranger as an English traveller, who, despite the disturbed state of the country, was wandering about the woods in search of scenery and sport. He was a man of much polish of manner and elegant in appearance. He gave his name as Mr. Gregg, but his real name was Sir Charles Carstone, Baronet. He was on his way to Frog's Hole, when he met with the squire, and being wearied, had gladly accepted the offer of a meal and rest at the Canebrake-block.

'Have you any news,' said the judge, after the ceremony of introduction had been gone through—'news that may relieve the anxiety of an anxious father?'

'Judge,' replied Barton, who was very pale, haggard and careworn, 'there is news, and not bad news. Amy Moss is safe. All the Indians want is a heavy ransom, and that I have agreed to pay. Tecumseh wants to keep her as an hostage—I think the accursed red-skin loves her; but the tribe will be unable to resist the temptation I have held out to them in the shape of whiskey, tobacco, beads, blankets, knives, and so on.'

'Heaven reward you, Barton!' said the judge; 'but I believe that Custaloga is trying to rescue her without ransom. Charles is out to aid him.'

'Any act of folly will spoil all,' replied Barton, who really had no intention that Amy Moss should ever return to the Block except as his wife; 'the Indians are exasperated at a series of murders committed by Harrod.'

'Murders, squire!' exclaimed the judge; 'did they spare his wife and child?'

'I am not blaming Harrod—for my part I do not care how soon the whole brood of Indians be exterminated; but all I mean is, that if violence be attempted while I am treating, all will be spoilt.'

'Enter,' said the judge, 'enter, and you can tell me more of this ransom. How is it to be conveyed to the Indians?'

'That notorious rascal and thief, Simon Girty,' replied the Squire, 'has taken the thing in hand. He asks but a tenth part of the spoil, the vermin, and he will arrange it.'