The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1866. NO. 13.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

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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

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.)

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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.

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M. J. CLARKE.

Orwell, Sept. 20, 1865. ex isl rw

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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 twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

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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 out-side wrapper.

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Oct 11, 1865. 1y

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Oct. 11, 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.

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.

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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.

Poetry.

GROWING OLD.

Touch us, oh, Time! with light hand as you pass,
Tempt us to think it a lovely caress;
Tread on our hearts, too, with reverent care—
Crush not the flowers of life blooming there;
Furrow our foreheads with care, if you will,
But let youth linger within our hearts still.

'Mid our dark tresses are fibres of gray—
Silent reminders of life's fleeting days;
And when we turn to the shadowy past,
On its bright altars lay ashes and dust;
All its fair idols are marked with decay—
All its sweet pictures are faded away.

Sadly ye look for the friends of the past—
They of strong heart and beautiful trust:
Some we find sleeping beneath sculptured stone,
Some toiling wearily onward, alone;
Some, thro' ambition, grown heartless and cold,
But one and all, save the dead, growing old.

Oft' we grow weary of watching in vain
O'er hopes that always but shadows remain:
Weary of counting the joys that have died;
Weary of laying bright visions aside;
Weary of taking dross for pure gold:
Weary, so weary, of hearts growing old.

Chase from us, Time, all shadowy fears;
Lift from our lives the slow burden of years;
Shadow our foreheads and silver our hair,
But, oh! shield our hearts from the furrows of care;
Let not the heart e'er grow selfish or cold,
And we shall no longer fear to grow old.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XIX.—(*Continued.*)

'Where is he?' asked she wildly, gazing around.

'Who was it?' asked Custa, anxiously.

'Spiky Jonas,' she said in a trembling voice.

'Spiky Jonas!' said Custa, with a shudder—'impossible!'

'I see'd him dead,' cried Ezram, starting back, 'it are his spurrit!'

'I'll believe in ghosts for evermore,' said Harvey, solemnly.

'It is no ghost, but the negro himself, who was cut down, and lay as if dead to escape your cruelty, Custa—it was wrong to put the poor wretch to death.'

'Never!' replied Custaloga, after some further explanations, 'never was I more glad. We meant not to slay the black. Poor fellow, he is gone now; but come, Miss Amy, the road is safe——'

Harrod made a sign to enter the cave.

'The child, Custa!' exclaimed Amy, 'we cannot leave the child.'

'True,' replied the young man, gravely; 'how many men are there?'

'Two,' said Amy.

'They sleep soundly, but the cave is high above the ground.'

'Yes,' said Amy, 'but inside we hear no sound from without. I could go in and fetch the child—the girl would explain to the warriors.'

'Yes,' replied Custa in a whisper, glancing at Harrod, 'bid the men hide away. Tell them Harrod is here—that will be enough. He has promised not to touch the women; let the men be saved too.'

'Noble Custa,' said Amy, shaking his hand, 'I will go.'

'Wait,' replied Custa; 'let them know we are here.'

He whispered a word to his companions, who advanced to the proper mouth of the cave, entered it, and discharged their rifles upwards into the hollows of the cavern.

The effect was terrific—the echoes seemed as if they would never die away. There was a crash like thunder, a roar, and then a rumbling noise of a kind perfectly indescribable. Amy stood back perfectly speechless.

Then Custa spoke in a loud voice, and told those inside that resistance was useless, the mouth of the cave being held by white rifles. Any attempt at resistance would only bring upon them certain destruction. No answer came to these words, and then, the four men, holding guard over the entrance, Amy went in, speaking aloud, so as to be recognized. The cave appeared lighter viewed from this point, and our heroine at once saw that all had disappeared from around the watch-fire.

In a few minutes Amy was at the back of the cave, and here, behind a projecting rock, she found the whole party, men, women and children. The Indian girl, whose grace and beauty had won for her so many epithets, but who was commonly known as Blue-bird, advanced quickly, and caught her by the wrist.

'What they want—eh? fire gun all leap—eh? Bad pale-face, kill woman,' she exclaimed, speaking with extreme volubility.

'They will not hurt a hair of a woman's head—they fired but to let you know their strength, said Amy, earnestly.

'Then what they want?' said Blue-bird; 'kill men?'

The two old men stood like statues, as if not hearing a word that passed, but in reality drinking in every sound.

'There is one, the husband of Ciara of the Crow's Nest,' replied Amy, solemnly, 'who would take the life of the two warriors——'

The whole party shuddered when they heard this implacable foe was at their gates.

'But Custaloga is there, and Custaloga will not consent—go!' she continued, turning to the warriors, 'go—let my friends see none but women—Amy Moss answers for their lives with hers.'

The two old Shawnees made no reply, but glided away towards the gloomy recesses of the cavern, and in a few minutes had disappeard in some place inaccessible to ordinary eyes. There were, indeed, small holes and recesses in the cavern of the Ohio, where a man could have lain hid for days.

Amy now called to her friends. Custaloga and Harrod were by her side in a moment, but Ezram Cook and Harvey still held the entrance. The child made one bound, gave a shrill cry, and was clasped in his father's arms.

'Pa—dear pa—where have you been?—where's ma?' sobbed the boy.

Harrod replied by a growl so fierce that the women, who had been staring with awe at that huge man, so fierce, so powerful, so terrible, started back alarmed. And well might they feel dismay, as, illumined by a brand from the fire held by Blue-bird, they saw his eyes glare around like those of a wild beast, and his fingers clutch his long knife.

'Come!' said Custaloga, gravely, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

Harrod loosened the hold on his knife, and carrying his boy, turned to go.

'Good-by, Blue-bird!' said Amy, kindly; 'when peace is between my people and your people, come and see me.'

'Ah!' cried Custa, starting as if stung by remorse; 'Blue-bird—your father, what of him?'

'He was slain by the red hand of the Eagle Eye,' said the girl, mournfully.

'No!' replied Custa, earnestly; 'I found him wounded, and I saved his life—I left him in a cache—he was lame, but there was water and food. Blue-bird will find him alive.'

He then explained his meeting with the wounded warrior, how he saved him, and how in the hurry of subsequent events he had quite omitted to see to him. He had, however, food for days, and unlimited water, but was, he suspected, too weak to get out of the cave without assistance. The girl heard the tale of the young Wyandot with admiration, as did Amy, and the former caught his hand and thanked him.

The young man then explained minutely the position of the cache, and this done, he turned from the Indians and was about to depart, when Amy spoke.

'The negro,' said she in a low whisper, and with a shudder, 'he may not be dead.'

Custaloga explained the accident which had occurred, and requested four of the women to come and see to the matter. The women readily agreed, and the young girl accompanied the party. In a few minutes they were all on the platform, which was occupied by Ezram Cook only. Harvey had disappeared.

'Where is he?' asked Custa.

'Well, that sr' nigger is hard *tu* kill; he's been a moaning and crying, and I 'spect Harvey's gone down to finish him——'

'Never!' cried Amy, impetuously; 'I know Harvey better than that.'

'Thank you,' said Custaloga, simply.

'Come down,' cried Harvey from below, 'the poor fellow is all of a heap. I expect he may be saved, though he is crumpled up rather.'

Custaloga, after requesting the others to lead Amy to the water's edge, hurried by a circuitous path to the bottom of the cliff, where, by the light of the moon, he saw the negro lying nearly on his face, with his hand grasping the bough of a tree which he had broken off in his fall.

'Are you much hurt?' said Custaloga gently, all his animosity now gone.

'Him done for!' groaned Jonas, his groans turning to yells when they turned him round.

It soon was evident that his body was only bruised, but his arm was broken. Knowing the skill of the Indians in these matters, Custaloga had no compunction in handing the negro over to the women, who with a few sticks and boughs proceeded quietly to make a litter on which to carry him.

'And now, Jonas,' said Custa gravely, 'twice has your life been saved—tempt it not again. Your quarrel with the Moss is wicked—your wife is good and kind—she will forgive you and comfort you. You must never show your face to the judge—but when you are well, let me know, and if you will promise to cease your evil conduct, your wife shall join you.'

'You no Indian,' replied Spiky Jonas, amazed at the other's speech.

Custaloga turned away to avoid replying, but heard the negro mutter to himself that he would think over the matter

Harvey and his companion now left him to the Indian women, and hurriedly rejoined the party, who waited for them on the bank of the beautiful river. They halted a moment to confer as to their proceedings.

'The water is deep,' said Custaloga to Amy, 'and you can never walk.'

'What is to be done?' replied Amy, much distressed.

'Harvey, I think you might bring round one of the horses,' exclaimed Custa, after a moment's reflection.

Harvey nodded his head, and without a moment's hesitation entered the stream, and, slowly and carefully following the ledge, was in a few minutes lost to sight. The rest sat down upon the bank to await his return.

The moon had disappeared, though it was not late, and darkness now veiled the whole scene. It was not, therefore, without a shudder that Amy viewed the prospect of travelling that night. There was, however, consolation in the fact of their having horses. But her thoughts soon turned to her father, to Jane, and that dear home she longed so much to see.

Suddenly Custaloga started and bounded to his feet. The long, low, wailing cry of a bird, which at that time of year did not frequent the river, had roused him thus.

'That is Harvey,' and there is danger, he cried.

The men clutched their rifles, and Amy caught the child to her arms. For a few minutes all was still, and then Harvey was seen making his way through the water, holding his gun on high, but he led no horse. In another minute he was close to them.

'The horses are gone,' he said, in a tone of deep dejection; 'there have been Indians on the bank. I think I heard them up river; but no time is to be lost.'

Custa made no reply, but catching Amy in his arms before she had time to make any objection, entered the stream and led the way. Harrod followed with his sobbing child, while Harvey and Cook, after a whispered conference, darted up the bank by a path which, though rude and difficult, they knew was practicable to men.

The current was swift and strong, and Custaloga was almost exhausted by the superhuman exertions he had made for several days. It was, therefore, by slow degrees that he advanced with his precious burden in his arms, his ears open to every sound, and his heart beating with a feeling of alarm and dread he had never experienced before.

'I could walk,' said Amy, gently seeking to disengage herself.

'Impossible,' replied he; 'do not speak. There is danger in the air.'

They were within a short distance of the shore, and Custa distinctly saw figures moving on the bank. He stood still and turned. He then first missed two of his companions. Half guessing what had happened, he gave one of his usual signals, and this being answered, hurried forward, and the whole party were once more collected together.

No words were spoken, but away they went along the skirt of the forest, crossed a small strip of wood, and then found themselves in a barren clearing, which it would have been shorter to have crossed than skirted. They were about to make use of the trail that could be traced out by a practised eye even at that hour, when they distinctly heard a body of Indians talking at some distance.

All sank to the ground and listened. A few words explained the plan of the Indians.

A prowling Shawnee had found the horses, with which he had galloped away to his companions, an outlying war party. It was instantly guessed that the cavern on the Ohio was the destination of the scouters, and the Shawnees were hurrying to catch the white men, as they expected, in a trap. They moved carelessly, as if quite certain of what they were about.

Suddenly Custaloga whispered low to be ready, and his own rifle fell to a level, while Amy shut her eyes and stopped her ears. The Indians were passing within ten yards of them. They, however, lay in the deep shadow of the trees, and the Shawnees, little suspecting their own danger and the proximity of the party they sought, hurried by, and buried themselves in the forest.

In a few minutes their footsteps were no longer heard, and then away went the fugitives in solemn silence until they reached the well-known neighborhood of the Haunted Pool and the Glen Hut.

The Glen Hut lay in all the stillness of night. It appeared as if it had been abandoned as usual to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; for who could tell that there had taken place an interview between Squire Barton and the unfortunate Kate, of such importance to the fate of both those personages? Custa, however, left his companions on the skirt of the wood, at some little distance from the place, and advanced alone into the clearing. The night was pitchy dark, the heavens were obscured by clouds, and there appeared every sign of a terrific storm about to burst upon their devoted heads; and Custaloga, aware how impossible it was for Amy and the child to reach the Block-house that night, had determined to rest for some hours—in fact, until daybreak, when he could guide his companions by secret and secluded paths to the home they all, save one, so wished to gain.

The Silent Hunter's intentions none could make out. He walked so gently, so quietly beside his boy, holding him by the hand, carrying him at times, that all thought him moved from his more terrible purpose of revenge.

Custaloga stalked across the clearing, entered the hut, felt about in a secret corner for flint and steel, and soon made a blaze, to his great surprise finding every sign of a very recent fire. Upon this, however, he did not pause to reflect much at the time, as the signal was given, and the whole party were approaching the house.

It was not without a feeling of awe that Amy gazed upon a hut, the history of which had been related to her, and seen as it was in the gloom, amid those fitful gusts, and with that canopy of black above, with tall leafless trees around, victims of the girdling system, it was not an inviting place for one used to such home luxuries and comforts as Amy Moss. And then the wild solitude, the hour of midnight, the sound of rushing waters, the distant moaning of the trees, all carried terror to her heart.

And yet her position had not been so hopeful and enviable for many days.

But the clearing was soon crossed, and the hut reached where the cheerful blaze of a fire acted with considerable force to recall Amy to her better and more sunny ideas. Ezram Cook, too, was delighted, for he was weary and exhausted, both with physical fatigue and mental anxiety. Harvey was too elated to feel the fatigue which in reality weighed him down.

The place being announced as safe, the whole party entered the hut. Amy silently took a place beside the fire with little Willy. Harrod cast his huge frame on the ground as if to sleep, while Custa and Harvey drew forth from their own and the pedlar's wallet all the provender they could muster. Supper was consumed in silence, and then a conference was held.

'Miss Moss,' said Custaloga, speaking, in deference to his mistress, without any figures or tropes, 'must sleep beside the child, but it will be right for the men to watch.'

'I am of your opinion,' replied Harvey, whose manner of speaking in polite company alway astonished Ezram Cook; 'I could not sleep——'

'But,' began Amy, 'this will never do. You must all be weary. Could not one of you watch in turns?'

There are many ways of attacks,' said Custaloga, submissively, as if he disliked to differ from Amy in even the most trifling way. 'They must all be defended.'

Amy made no reply, but her heart sank within her as she saw that she had not yet escaped from the horrid strifes which made the woods so fearful.

'I propose,' continued Custaloga, 'that Harrod should outlie to the right, Harvey to the left, Ezram Cook behind the hut, overlooking the river, while I stand sentry over the hut door;' and his voice shook a little as he showed his anxious desire for the post of honor.

Ere he had finished speaking, Harrod rose and moved away to the right without a moment's hesitation; Harvey prepared to imitate him, taking up his rifle and bidding adieu to Amy; while Ezram Cook, cursing the Indians with all his heart, went out and posted himself in a ledge behind the house. Custaloga remaind alone with Amy, who looked rather graver and more stern than she had done when in the company of the whole party.

'There is a pile of leaves and grass, Miss Moss,' said Custaloga, 'in the corner and here is Harvey's blanket coat. The sooner you lie down the better, as I must let the fire fall. It has already burnt too long.'

'Custa,' said Amy, in a low, timid tone, very unusual with Amy Moss.

'Yes,' replied he; those soft tones sending a thrill to his very heart.

'Do not go further than the door—I shall never sleep if I know you are more distant,' continued Amy, gently.

'I will watch by the door,' said Custaloga gently.

He then drew the ashes over the embers of the fire, and going out into the open air sat down on the ground, his back against the fallen door, his rifle on his knees, his heart beating so tumultuously that at first he felt quite unfit for his duties. Soon, however, his forest education gained the upper hand, and he was once more the careful sentry guarding the treasure he loved best on earth.

The clouds sped quickly across the darkened heavens, the wind howled amid the tree-tops, whistling, croaking, rushing round the hut, making eddies of leaves and dust, and dying away in the deep chasm behind the house, over which Ezram Cook nodded and dozed with the fearful belief that he was the very perfection of a sentry. But there was no other sound. Nature seemed to sleep; the birds of the air and the beasts of the field hid themselves in nooks and corners, far away from the chilly blast, and it seemed as if the forest for the time were quite abandoned by living things. The spirits of the air alone appeared active in their war with inanimate nature.

Custaloga listened cautiously and carefully. He tried to detect the slightest evidence of the presence of Harvey and Harrod close at hand, but he could hear nothing save the guarded movements of the wolves in the clearing, which, as usual, had followed the track of a party of whites. He listened, too, for the sound of the soft low breathing of Amy Moss; but despite the quickness and sensitiveness of his ear, he could hear no sound.

And there he sat motionless and still, keeping himself awake only by great efforts, and succeeding, which unfortunately was not the case with any of the other guardians of the hut. In every instance the immense fatigues of the previous days overcame their vigilance and watchfulness. But terrible was to be their waking.

CHAPTER XX.

Suddenly Custaloga started as if a serpent had stung him, so surprised was he at the interuption to his thoughts.

'Custa,' said the soft voice of Amy Moss, close to his shoulder.

'Miss Amy,' was all he could reply.

'I cannot sleep—the gloom of this place, and my anxiety to be home, have made me feverish and restless. If I do not disturb you, I would watch with you an hour; perhaps then I may sleep.'

'Miss Amy Moss knows,' replied Custaloga, 'that her company is the greatest happiness that Custaloga of the Eagle Eye can enjoy.'

'You overrate the little I have done for you,' said Amy in tremulous tones.

'Little!' exclaimed Custa. 'Little! you know not half you have done for me. You found me a savage, uncultivated child of the wood, hating the whites, looking on killing and scalping those as a duty, and you have made me see that all this is vain and wicked.'