The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1865. NO. 11.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

Per 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

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ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 2nd day, 2h. 32m., evening.
Last Quarter, 9th day, 8h. 1m., morning.
New Moon, 18th day, 0h. 1m., morning.
First Quarter, 25th day, 8h. 19m., evening.

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

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE:—

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:—

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	per annum.
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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 the people of this country, of every creed and country.

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A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $6 for the whole four, or $2 for any one.

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R. J. CLARKE.

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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 twenty 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,

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Oct 11, 1865. 1y

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Brown's Bronchial Troches were first introduced eleven years ago. It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, the Hacking Cough in Consumption, and numerous affections of the Throat, giving immediate relief.

Public Speakers and Singers, *will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice.*

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, at 25 cents per box.

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.

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Stoves fitted up and repaired.

*** All orders promptly attended to.

Oct. 17, 1865.

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Corner of Great George and King Streets.

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PICTURES made in every style known to the art;

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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.

THE FACE THAT EVER WEARS A SMILE.

I love the man whose open brow
Proclaims a noble mind;
I love the sympathetic soul
That feels for all mankind—
That feels for human wrongs and woes,
And pities e'en their guile;
And oh, I love the angle face
That ever wears a smile.

I love my little lisping child,
And her who gave it birth;
I love the memory of the dead,
Whose deeds illume the earth,
I love the friend of freedom's cause,
Whom gold could ne'er defile;
And oh, I love the angel face
That ever wears a smile.

That face that ever wears a smile
Hath sunshine in the heart;
Its beaming rays reflect around—
A thousand joys impart;
It gladdens, cheers, inspires with hope,
Far more then tongue can tell;
'Tis in such hearts the angels bright
Forever love to dwell.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Richard Harvey saw the party which had possession of Amy go their way, the last sign of anxiety and nervousness departed from his countenance. Those were rude days, and the manners and thoughts of the wilderness were not the manners and thoughts of towns and Christian communities. The Eccentric Artist prepared to die like a hero of the woods, without giving to the Indians any of that satisfaction they are known to experience when an enemy dies without nerve or courage, and exhausted nature yields to the torture.

There were no less than a hundred and fifty warriors and boys assembled now, and looking impatiently to the moment when the torture should begin. In the middle of the [illegible] which might be had, many a fresh [illegible] had been done, and here they took Dick Harvey and set him in their midst. Then the whole knavish and cowardly crew commenced chanting, dancing, yelling round him, stooping every now and then to kick and beat him.

And Dick Harvey folded his arms and stood stoically resigned to whatever fate they chose to impose on him.

He saw, with a burning face and the mien of an indignant martyr, however, that they were about to make him run the gauntlet, for the Indians were ranging themselves in a long double line about two yards apart, and were arming themselves with stout hickory sticks. At the end of this long human line of men without mercy, and boys more cruel still, Harvey was placed, and then a shower of blows from one of the nearest, gave the signal for him to run. His teeth set, his head bowed, his thoughts more full of anguish than at some more cruel but less ignominious death, he started away wildly, evading the blows with considerable dexterity.

Suddenly his eye caught sight of one who stood a little ahead of him, and who instead of a hickory, had in his hand a small shining axe, with which he intended probably only to maim—his death was too rich a luxury to be wasted—and he determined to balk this dusky ruffian at all events.

The line through which he had to run was right across the camp, from one side to the other. To his right was the entrance by which Custa had escaped on the occasion of his visit to the camp. To his left was the council-house, a large and prominent building, which, could he but once reach it, he knew enough of Indian customs to be aware that he would not be called on to recommence his odious task. There was no time for indecision, and his mind was made up with all the decision and vigor for which his character was well known

He suddenly turned to the left, hurled an Indian to the ground, and then away he darted towards the council-house, the post in front of which was now the coveted object of his desires. A shower of hickory sticks was sent after him to stay his progress if possible; but, though they fell among his legs and somewhat impeded him, he was not to be checked by trifles. The Indians were behind him, yelling—screeching, as he would have said—like "infernal furies."

The wished-for post was not far distant, and Dick Harvey began to hope for a successful issue to this part of his trial, when suddenly right before him stood an Indian, who had just entered the camp, and who, casting off his blanket, grappled with the unfortunate prisoner, and he being out of breath and fatigued, was easily sent to the ground. The whole ferocious gang of pursuers were upon him in an instant, and one and all began to kick and beat him, laughing all the while at the failure of his attempt. They then tore his clothes to ribbons, and left him on the ground unconscious and faint. Presently, however, a woman—for all the women had not departed—brought him some water and a little bread. And there he lay near the council-house all but dead.

About an hour later, the savage and unscrupulous wretches took him into the council-hall, after washing his bruises with rum and giving him a good draught to produce a factitious strength. There he stood glaring at his persecutors with looks which told of undaunted and unchanged courage, and also of undying hate. Dick Harvey, the Eccentric Artist, who hitherto had looked upon Indians rather with an eye to the picturesque than anything else, began to feel something of that fierce and burning hostility towards them which belongs to nearly all those who were educated on the borders, and who had an opportunity of experiencing their tender mercy

He understood now that the question was between life and death.

A warrior rose, and the grim Shawnees held their tongues, for to them one of the rich parts of such entertainments was the opportunity is offered of boasting and taunting. It was a savage-looking fellow who began, and Dick Harvey well knew that the purport of his speech was death—death without hesitation and mercy. The man showed certain scars which had been inflicted on him in battle with the whites, and as he spoke of these the expression of his countenance was perfectly diabolical. This man held in his hand a knife and a piece of wood.

The man spoke with animation and fierceness, and though Dick Harvey was not able to comprehend the words used, he knew very well that their tendency was unfriendly towards him. The whole party applauded with such frenzied delight, that this alone was sufficient to convince the Eccentric Artist that the speaker was unfavorable to him.

He sat down, and the old chief made a notch on the piece of wood.

Two other speakers followed, who appeared to speak on the same side, and two notches were marked for them. Then an old man, covered with scars and medals, rose and pointed to the white man, spreading his hands gently over him. His voice was musical and persuasive, and it was evident that he spoke on the side of mercy, as the victim might have guessed by the murmurs that arose on all sides. Instead of grunts of approval, he met with grunts of disapproval.

Then the speaking ceased, and a war-club was handed to the warrior nearest the door, and this man struck the weapon violently on the ground. And all those who struck the ground were recorded as votes for death, while those who declined to strike the ground were taken no note of. They were the votes for mercy.

The old chief stood up in their midst. He counted the notches. He then summoned up the number of the marks he had made, counted those present, and decided accordingly. The majority for death was very great.

A question now appeared to arise as to how his death should be compassed, and all those outside the wigwam made the 'welkin ring with shouts of joy.'

At this moment a messenger or scout entered the village, and made a secret communication to the young chief Tecumseh.

The prisoner was forgotten in the excitement which followed the news thus brought. The warriors flew to arms, and the execution of Dick Harvey was adjourned. It had been determined to make a national spectacle of the affair, and the prisoner was therefore given in charge to a small party of five men, who were to take him up to Chilicothe, and at the same time carry thither the news of a gathering of the whites, which was rumoured as about to take place on a most extensive scale, threatening danger and ruin to the Indian tribes on the frontier.

His hands were then bound behind his back, and his legs tied loosely, and while the rest of the tribe prepared for the war-path, the men who were to go up to Chilicothe started on the same trail which had been followed by Amy Moss and her captors. It was a reprieve, however painful, and Dick Harvey was not so bowed down by brutality and the savage conduct of the red-skins, as that the natural characteristics of his age should be overcome. He hoped then even against hope itself.

There was one old man and four young ones of the party, the old man being one of those few Shawnees who had shown any kindly feeling towards the suffering paleface. A cord had been fastened to Dick Harvey's waist, which was then attached to the tail of the horse on which the old Indian rode. The four young braves came behind, laughing, chatting, and occasionally, by the way of diversifying the subject-matter of their discourse, poking the wretched victim whom they were leading to the slaughter.

The trail they followed was difficult, and it was at rather an early hour that they camped.

They camped under a cliff, evidently much exhausted with the events of the day. This appeared to induce they made a fire, piled up grass and leaves, and played evidently for a carouse. They had an ample supply of pork, the produce of poor Harrod's pigs, and an allowance of whiskey, which was beginning to destroy the red-man. While one of the party proceeded to cook their supper, the rest undertook to provide for the unfortunate white man. They took a piece of wood and stretched it across his breast, and to this fastened his hands. They then laid another across this, to which his neck and ankles were fastened, so that it was utterly impossible for him to move. This was one of their common and barbarous means of securing a prisoner.

Presently the meat was ready, and the brutal red-skins sat down to their meal and began devouring their plunder with intense satisfaction. They grinned like ogres at the unfortunate white man, held out pieces of pork to him, and bade him come and fetch them, and did all that an utterly uncultivated and ignorant mind could conceive to torture and tantalise his fellow-creatures. At last, they gave him one or two morsels, which he contrived to devour, as nature had exerted her supremacy, and despite his position, he was faint from hunger. Then the savages saw once more to his fastenings, and satisfied that he could do nothing, put a little wood on the fire, and lay down to sleep quite at ease as to any danger in that distant and secluded part of the forest. They were all so weary that in a very few minutes he was significantly reminded that they were asleep.

His first impulse was to try his bonds. They were fastened in a way that left no hope of his breaking them. This hope had then at once to be given up, and though there was so little chance of any plan succeeding, he did not even in this grievous and melancholy strait wholly despair. It was true he was alone, his position unknown to his friends, of whose fate he was ignorant, guarded by five powerful savages, all well-armed; but still such is the heart of man in youth, Dick Harvey did allow a faint ray of light to fall upon him as he surveyed his position.

But the night wore on, the wind sighed in the trees, the stars twinkled over his head, the moon rose and faded away, and yet there came no hope. Wearied, exhausted, worn out, he actually slept for a moment. It seemed but a moment, and then he was awake. It was nearly day. Harvey lay about three yards from the Indians. He could not turn his head far enough to see his persecutors, but he knew by the smoke of the fire that their position was under the cliff. They had not yet moved, and Dick Harvey, a little refreshed by his night's rest, tried again to move the osier band which bound his wrist. His right hand came free away at once—the knot had slipped in the night.

At this instant a slight noise attracted the attention of the young man; he looked up and instantly recognised a white man, a tall and gaunt figure he knew full well. He was looking strangely at the Indians, and did not as yet see the prisoner. Suddenly his eye caught sight of one making signs to him, and he instantly disappeared. In a few minutes he stalked slowly out of the forest, with noiseless step—if discovered he knew that his Indian trader character (it was Ezram Cook) would protect him—and with a rapidity of action which gave life and hope to Harvey, cut his bonds, left the knife, and retreated as rapidly as he came. In five minutes he was once more on the summit of the rock, leaning on his rifle.

Dick Harvey was so stiff that full ten minutes elapsed ere he could move. Then he gained his feet with great difficulty, crawled to the fire, took up a gun, and then, every instant his blood circulating more freely, hurried away to where the horse was hoppled. Cutting the animal loose, he drew him gently through the wood, along the trail left by the pedlar. He had not gone a hundred yards when a cry of fury and rage startled him, and he staggered as the beating of his heart grew tumultuous and wild. Then using all his energy, he mounted. A rifle-crack guided him, and then a horseman came galloping towards him.

'Turn to the right, stranger, turn to the right—keep the wind on yer left cheek; the trail's pretty good. Make tracks with yer old hoss,' he continued, as he rode up to Dick Harvey; 'thar they come.'

They could, indeed, be plainly heard coming crashing through the bushes behind with loud and furious yelling.

'You've a deal to answer for, stranger,' continued the pedlar—'a deal to answer for. Here am I, Ezram Cook, a neutral Ingine trader, brought into a scrimmage, and a'most afeared I've shot a Ingine. Now, if one of them devils sees me, my business is gone—right away—they'll skin, tar, scarify, and lynch me anyhow. But I cudn't see a fellow critter prepared like a lamb for the slaughter.'

'My sufferings have sorely changed me in twenty-four hours, Mister Ezram Cook,' said the artist 'that you don't recognise Dick Harvey.'

'My! Jehosaphat! Thin I tell you what, Mister Harvey, I don't care if the hull bilin' of the Ingines seen me—I've done a good day's work—just keep that hemlock right afore you—go it, pony, jee! woh!'

And the pedlar reined in as a small column of smoke rose above the hemlock.

'Pontius Pilate!' cried the pedlar, 'if we ain't done. Ingines afore, Ingines behind. Never mind, spur away. What's that?'

A yell of a very fearful nature rose in the forest, bursting so suddenly upon the ear, and appearing to be of such an unearthly character, that Dick Harvey and the pedlar shuddered. It was no cry they had ever heard before, and both were already very familiar with the noises of the forest. It was not an Indian yell, it was not a wild beast, it was not an animal in pain; and the two men, who were sufficiently distant from genuine civilisation to be superstitious, looked uneasily at each other.

'What is that?' asked Harvey, in a low, hushed voice, almost forgetting the Indians behind.

'Rattle-snakes and henbane!' cried Ezram Cook, turning rather pale; 'I don't know.'

Up it rose again, that yell—once, twice, thrice—until it seemed to make the very arches of the forest ring again, every time more shrill, more horrid, more unearthly.

'On! on!' cried Dick, suddenly; 'it is a human voice, shrieking for help.'

'I think you're about right, Mister Harvey,' said the pedlar; 'so here goes.'

The two men gave reign to their horses, and darted down an acclivity which led to the hemlock tree. In ten minutes' hard galloping, they entered an open glade, and reigned in their horses with a shudder of horror. A sight met their view which, not so common then as it has been since, made them look at one another with amazement and confusion.

The shriek had ceased an instant, and they thought that all was over.

On a pile of loose wood, that threatened every minute to give way, stood the negro, Spiky Jonas. His arms were tied behind his back, and a rope was round his neck, so placed that if he sank from exhaustion, he must be hung, while the same would happen if the wood under his feet gave way. There he was, with eyes starting out of his head, with a face of hideous hue, turned imploringly towards the two horsemen.

'Now, Massa Harvey—don't let a poor nigger hang—now, Massa Harvey, cut him down, tell all—tell eberything—nobber hurt you, Massa Harvey.'

'Silence, traitor. You brought death into the Moss—you tried to betray the whole garrison to the Indians, to revenge a foolish act of Charles Moss. Doubtless it was Custaloga hung you up, and certainly I do not mean to interfere with his judgment.'

The eyes of the negro rolled in their sockets, his whole frame shuddered, he raised himself on tiptoe and looked uneasily around, he turned an imploring glance [illegible] 'you don't mean to say you'll hang this black critter. Consider the cruelty of the thing. Besides, he's valuable property, worth a mint of dollars. He's skeared enough—cut him loose.'

'No!' replied Harvey; and then he added in a low tone, 'be sure Custa is only frightening him. He's close handy, I know. So let us look for him. There come the Indians too—to cover!'

The negro, seeing them move away, began again to utter his wild shrieks of despair, shrieks that made the young artist shudder. Still he persevered and quietly disappeared along a trail on the edge of the small open space, just as the Indians came bounding up, themselves curious to discover the cause of these horrid cries, imprecations, promises, and threats, which came in a fearful stream from the negro's throat.

Harvey and Ezram dismounted and turned, rifle in hand. Feeling certain that aid was near, they determined to make a stand.

'My!' cried the negro, drawing a long breath as the Indians came up; 'yah be friends—make haste, ole red-skin—cut de rope—won't I skin them whites now!'

And the negro laughed a laugh of wild exultation as the Shawnees hurried up to aid their friend. But dire was the dismay of red-skins and of the black as four rifles were discharged, and then out burst Custaloga, Harrod, Harvey, and Ezram on the band, Harrod bounding ahead of all the rest, flourishing his gun in one hand, and waving his axe in the other.

Ten minutes later, to avoid details of a scene of sanguinary horror, the four white men were complete masters of the field, and the body of the negro lay beside that of his allies. In a moment of eagerness he appeared to have moved too rapidly, and the wood to have slipped from under his feet.

All were horror-struck at this murder, as they called it; for such, despite its frequency on the wild borders, it truly was—on those borders where many a fearful crime is committed in the name of that fearful Rhadamanthus, Judge Lynch. Not one of the four had intended the death of the negro. They simply intended to obtain for him, by means of terror, a confession of his accomplices, one of whom Custaloga suspected, though he had no proof of his guilt. The negro had stoutly refused to confess anything, and Custaloga and the Silent Hunter had left him to [illegible] reflections, persuaded that half an hour would induce him to alter his determination.

'It's a plaguy bad job,' said Ezram Cook, shaking his head; 'a plaguy bad job. I wud rayther not kill the salvages, as worthy John Smith says; but they thirsted for our blood. But that war cold blood!'

'It is done—when the lightning blasts the oak, it cannot give it life again—go—Custaloga is a boy to play with life. The black was wicked, but his Manitou would have punished him. But wise men do not wag their tongues—the negro is dead; let no more be said.'

'Custaloga is right,' said Dick Harvey; 'it is a very bad affair; but the best thing we can do is to say that Spiky Jonas is dead and there end the matter.'

'How did you escape?' asked the young Wyandot, rather gruffly.

Dick Harvey smiled, took the other's hand, and told his story succinctly. He then demanded Custaloga's narrative in return. Custaloga told all that had passed, and then related his determination of releasing her at any cost that very night. All heard him with intense interest, and then the plan of action was discussed. Ezram Cook simply listened, and nodded his head, Harvey was used to yield to Custaloga, so that the Indian was really master of the circumstance.

He told them that he believed the cave to be guarded only by two men, who, however, could, if they made a bold defence, do them terrible damage if they openly attacked the place. His idea, therefore, was to enter the cave in the night, trusting to the assistance which the jealous Indian girl—the affianced wife of Tecumseh—would give them.

Harvey acquiesced in this the more readily that he was exhausted with fatigue, and his limbs were sore and stiff with what he had suffered.

A removal took place, however, from the scene of the skirmish, which alongside even the smallest battle is of course a mere nothing, though these encounters, which usually became hand-to-hand, were relatively more deadly than any in the great wars of mankind, because the