The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1865. NO. 6.

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."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

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ALMANACK FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

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

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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Orwell, Sept. 20, 1865. 3m 38 tw

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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
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Oct 11, 1865. 1y

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By the latest arrivals he has increased his present stock of

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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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☞ TIN and ZINC WARE SPOUTS, STOVE PIPES, and TIN WARE, constantly on hand.

Stoves fitted up and repaired.

*** All orders promptly attended to.

Oct. 17, 1865.

Poetry.

O, BLAME NOT THE BARD.

O, blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a happier flame.

The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

Unpriz'd are her sons, till the've learned to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal:
O, give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!

That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

—MOORE.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;
OR,
THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XII.

I.

It was with some misgivings that Custaloga, after the events recorded in a previous chapter, proceeded once more to tread his way through the tangled forest, over hill and thicket and bog, to the gully where he had left Dick Harvey and the Silent Hunter. There had been rain overnight, but now the sun shone out clearly and brightly, and the waving treetops cast the last drops to the earth, which gave forth a splashing sound beneath the feet of the traveller. Walnuts and oaks and elms, and the silvery beech and the tulip tree, raised their lofty branches to the sky, while the mistletoe, the ivy, and the moss, combined to produce everywhere a series of leafy arches, which at any other time, especially during the noontide heat, would have been far more agreeable and pleasant. The way through this vast primeval forest was rendered extremely difficult by the half-hidden roots, and by the total absence of any track. Custaloga trusted to that kind of instinct which, even in his case, appeared to have been gained by early acquaintance with the woods.

And he never turned to the right nor to the left, as with sullen brow, and fierce and angry mien, he sped on his way towards the Devil's Gully.

It was some hours later when he was startled by the cry of wolves quarrelling over some prey. He halted, and a thrill of horror ran through his whole frame. Then he clutched his rifle and darted through the thicket, quite certain that where the wolf howled so loudly there was no great danger for him.

In another instant he broke cover, and saw, at the mouth of the gully, a herd of wolves eagerly devouring the carcass of the panther which had been slain by the fugitives in the gully. Custaloga placed his hand on his heart, for his agitation was great. The presence of that yelling crowd of animals was of itself sign enough that something of moment had occurred during his absence, which, prolonged as it had been, must have given his comrades great uneasiness.

He, however, gave utterance to no word; but avoiding the wolves, which snarled and yelled at him as he passed, he entered the gully, his rifle ready, his axe loosened, his knife gleaming naked in his girdle. On he went, slowly, cautiously, with all the stealth of the animal which had met with so unexpected a death in that same place some hours before.

The cache was empty.

Custaloga stood within the niche, leaning on his rifle, his lips compressed, his brow contracted, and yet with an expression of manly grief, of deep sorrow, which did not seem to belong to an Indian. Nor was his speech now at all of that figurative character which he almost always assumed before others.

'If he has fallen a victim, I could make some such vow as that poor husband has done, and never rest while an Indian lived, be he Wyandot or Shawnee. But why am I such a child? Why have I become in heart a Long-knife? Why have I accepted their God, and laughed at the Manitou of the Red-skins? Amy Moss! Amy Moss! you have spoiled a good Indian; and yet, why do I talk thus, and hide my own real nature? But never mind, 'tis of fierce combat, of blood and devastation I must not think. Ah! what is that?' he exclaimed, as he saw some rude scrawling on the walls, his eyes becoming more used to the semi-gloom of the locality.

'Good, Harrod,' he cried, 'this is wise, and yet 'tis terrible too.'

Scrawled in red chalk on the stone was a very clear sketch of Dick Harvey held by four huge savages and being dragged away, while behind them, on the ground, crawled the Silent Hunter. It required no explanation. Harvey was a prisoner, and the other of his companions, on whose aid he depended for the release of Amy, was behind him, following the Indians; and all that remained for him to do was to follow himself, and trust his actions for a while to the decrees of Providence. On himself alone he was not sufficiently vain to rely, but backed by two such woodsmen as Dick and Harrod, he had counted on carring out his plans with ease.

He dashed a line or two under the scrawl to signify that he had been there, and then away he went back again down the gully towards the trail which he well knew the white men would have left.

He, however, found but one, after the track had advanced some little distance from the place where Dick Harvey had skinned the panther.

'Good,' said Custaloga to himself; 'Harrod has hid his trail.'

He now advanced slowly and with extreme caution along the path, which he was quite sure was the one made by Dick Harvey. There was his foot, and here and there he had broken branches and sat down, and once he had climbed a tree—all things Custaloga saw as clearly as if he had been by his side all the day.

At length he came to an open clearing, and here he saw at once there had been a fearful and terrible struggle. There had been rolling on the ground and knives had been used, and blood had been shed, and then there was the step of Harvey clearly defined, with the lighter feet of Indians by his side. And then there were a little moccasin, almost infantine, which made Custaloga start and look round anxiously. It was, however, but for a moment, and then he bounded on his way, as a bright, sunny, and pleasant thought seemed to cross his mind.

He had not advanced two hundred yards when he was startled by a low strange sound quite new in the woods, the suppressed chanting of an Indian girl, for such he knew her to be by her words, her voice and manner. Treading now with all the caution of a serpent, his heart beating wildly, his brain on fire, he continued moving for about five minutes, and then peering through the bushes, looked on a scene quite new to him, with all his experience of woodcraft.

It was an arid piece of land, stony and bare with a little stream on one side, and on the other a huge tree, which had fallen years before, uprooted by some gale, and lay there rotting and decaying, giving, however, new life to a host of parasitical plants, ivy, wild vine, mistletoe, and moss, that made it look like a green bank rather than a log.

About eight yards distance, standing beside a tree which concealed this fallen monarch of the forest from her, was an Indian girl, whose short tunic displayed limbs, shoulders, and arms, modelled as if by the hand of a sculptor, so round so perfect were they in their [illegible] and she gazed at something before her, which evidently excited grief and awe in her bosom for she chanted her monotonous and conventinal song of grief in a way quite new to Custaloga.

But he was creeping round the clearing with stealthy and anxious step, his heart almost in his mouth, as he distinctly saw before the girl on the ground, the body of an Indian with his head placed on his breast, having been served from the body by a knife, after the horrid description of scalping.

But Custaloga was too bent on his task to care so much as he would have done at another time for the sight he saw. He thought of nothing then but making the girl a prisoner; and so wrapped was she at the spectacle before her, that he rushed to within six or seven yard of her before she saw him. Then she gave a little low cry, but made no attempt to run, knowing too well that her sex was little protection, while the Indian garb of Custaloga also deceived her.

'What is my sister doing in the woods?' asked Custaloga gently.

'She is very sad, and she has bid herself, that her friends may not see her weep,' replied the girl without hesitation.

'And why is my sister sad?' said Custaloga.

'Water Lily is a chief's daughter—and next moon she was to be the wife of Tecumseh—but Tecumseh is a great warrior'—this was said very proudly,—'and has taken many prisoners—one a daughter of the Pale-faces, and Tecumseh says that she is more beautiful than Water Lily, and sings sweeter, and Tecumseh looks darkly at Water Lily, and she was ashamed to weep, so she came and hid herself in the woods.'

'Girl of the Shawnees,' said Custaloga earnestly, 'the daughter of the Long-knives is my friends—she saved me when I was a prisoner—I must save her—help me, and Tecumseh will have no veil before his eyes—he will see that Water Lily is very fair.'

'Wagh!' exclaimed the girl, laughing; 'the Wyandot warrior loves the Pale-face girl himself.'

Had not Custaloga been thickly painted, his face would indeed have exhibited the deep crimson blush of shame, at having by his eagerness seemed to convey an idea, the very last he could have wished to find promulgated in that part of the world.

'Her father is my friend, her sister is my friend, her brother is my friend; I must take the little bird back to its nest. My sister loves Tecumseh—he will go back to the village, and she will tell the pale-face girl that her friends are near, and in the evening Water-Lily will bring her out for a walk in the woods.'

The girl shook her head at these propositions of treason against her tribe; but Custaloga immediately changed the subject for a moment.

'Does my sister know why this Shawnee has laid his head on his breast?'

'No,' said the girl with a shudder; 'I was hiding in the woods when ten warriors passed with a white prisoner, and I began to follow, when I heard a noise, and another Shawnee ran by, and then I heard a blow, a groan, and Water Lily ran up and saw this.'

'Hist!' exclaimed Custaloga, in a low and determined voice, seizing the girl's arm. 'Come, come—quick.'

The girl showed a wounded foot, which made walking almost impossible. But he hesitated not a moment, caught her in his arms, bounded into a thicket, and then with a sternness and decision unusual in Custaloga, he bound her to a tree, sitting, and actually gagged her, which ungallant proceeding the girl submitted to without a struggle. She was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and she must resign herself to her fate.

Custaloga had heard distinct voices of Indians coming back on the trail, as if to look after the absent one, who had been sent to fetch a forgotten hatchet of a chief, which having found, he darted back, utterly ignorant that behind him was running an avenging spirit that was soon to destroy and annihilate.

Custaloga hastily chewed some leaves, placed them on the girl's wounded foot, and bound them on with some rag he kept for wadding. He was engaged in this act of humanity, when a yell of unusual ferocity and savage surprise made him start to his feet. Four Shawnees were standing round the dead body of their fellow so fearfully mutilated, and on whose body not a sign of other wound appeared than that which had severed the head from the trunk.

A moment of silent awe succeeded the cry, and then away came the Indians darting towards the cover where Custaloga was concealed, and to which they were directed by the track of his moccasins, heavier than usual, both from the dampness of the ground and the weight of the girl.

The Wyandot levelled his rifle and fired. Despite the danger of his position, he gave a loud cry of astonishment and surprise as his gun appeared echoed, and two Indians fell to the ground. The other two halted and looked around in every direction. Both were about to dart to cover, when a third shot startled them still more than before, and one, the only one capable of flight, bounded into the thicket near the stream and disappeared.

Then Custaloga saw the bushes and foliage which covered the old bog begin to quiver and shake, a head appeared, and then, his eyes flashing, his whole mien that of a man worked up to a pitch of unearthly excitement, came forth the Silent Hunter, with a gun in each hand, his own rifle and that of the wretched Indian he had slain.

With a low growl like that of some beast of prey, he bounded across the little open glade, dropped his guns, and dispatched the three wounded Indians, after which he did unto them as he had done to the first, the whole time growling and muttering with a ferocity of manner that was perfectly awful. Custaloga, used as he was to scenes and deeds of blood during forty-eight hours, turned away horror-stricken to load his rifle.

A shriek of fear, a painful, shrill cry awoke him from a train of earnest thought. To turn, to catch the Silent Hunter by the neck, and cast him to the earth, was the work of an instant, and that instant saved the life of the Indian girl, whom the maddened and bereaved husband and father was about to sacrifice with apparently even more pleasure than he felt in slaying the ruthless warriors.

The Silent Hunter rose growling with savage and ferocious disappointment.

'My brother is a brave—his heart is very sad for the death of his wife, and he will kill the red man whenever he finds him; but the Water Lily is the prisoner of Custaloga—she will help him to save Amy Moss—and then, if my brother's heart is very sad because of his wife and little ones, him be a man, and not a dog of a Shawnee—he will kill no women, he will kill no children, for his wife and his little ones' sake.'

As Custaloga spoke in his softest and most winning tones, the face of the bereaved man grew less fierce, his eyes softened, and then the big tears rolled down his cheeks, tears accompanied by sobs of the most heart-rending character. Then he grasped the hand of the Wyandot, and turning towards the girl, patted her softly on the head, with a gentle and resigned mien which quite reassured his companion.

The girl looked and listened in astonishment. The four scalps which hung from his girdle surprised her much, while the words of Custaloga, and their effect on the terrible enemy of her race—for such she saw he was the man who cut off the heads of her people after scalping them—were to her almost incomprehensible. Custaloga now ungagged her, and even untied her.

'Water Lily,' said he, 'is a daughter of the Riven Oak, her word is the word of an Indian girl who never lied.'

'Water Lily is the daughter of Riven Oak,' she replied proudly, and with a start.

'Custaloga!' cried Water Lily, who had not seen him in his Indian paint for years.

'Custaloga,' said the young Indian proudly.

'My brother came into the camp at night to steal a singing bird, and he killed many warriors,' replied the girl sadly, shaking her head mournfully.

'I came because the Shawnees stole away the friend of my youth,' said Custaloga. 'Ten suns ago Custaloga had never slain a man.'

This boast, uttered in an earnest and mournful tone, made the Water Lily start, because such a boast was not in keeping with her ideas of valor and bravery, while it made the wretched owner of Crow's Nest—once so happy and joyous—shudder; for what a change had come over him within forty-eight hours!

Custaloga now narrated to Harrod, in brief words, all that had passed since his departure from the Gully. The backwoodsman listened with deep attention, and whenever the Indian told of the death of an Indian, he testified his satisfaction by an approving grunt.

When he had concluded, he intimated his intention of following up the Indians, but not upon the same trail. He explained to the Silent Hunter his views with regard to the Water Lily, who was to be sent into her village with the distinct understanding that she was to assist in the escape of Amy. The Silent Hunter grimly smiled at the name of Amy, and intimated by signs his willingness to do anything which could be useful to one whose kindness to his wife had brought her to her present terrible and all but hopeless position.

Having decided that a certain course of proceeding should be taken to bring about the escape of Amy, the three started. The girl, who was very light, was carried by the powerful backwoodsmen, her wound being too painful to admit of her walking. Custaloga went first with two guns, then came the Silent Hunter, his rifle on his back, and the girl carried in his arms. And thus they disappeared beneath the leafy arches of the forest.

About ten minutes later, seven Indians, with Harvey unarmed, and his hands tied behind his back, appeared on the clearing. Fearful indeed was their yell when they found the terrible report of the fugitive true, and saw four bodies mutilated on the field, while not all their ingenuity could find more than one trail, and this directly towards their own village.

Not one man proposed to follow this trail. A shudder ran through the whole group, and Harvey at once became convinced that they ascribed this wholesale slaughter to some mysterious agency quite new in the woods. He guessed the truth; but the stout-hearted painter, who had fallen a victim to his anxiety relative to Custaloga, took care not to undeceive his fierce and relentless captors, who now shrieked in his ears, with redoubled vehemence, their threats of torture, the stake, and all those fearful devices which the red-skins have invented to daunt and terrify their enemies.

He bowed his head in silence as they thrust him before them striking him with the butt-end of their guns and acting as only savages or National Guards in Paris, after an insurrection, ever were known to act to an unarmed and defenceless prisoner.

II.

In all countries and in every clime there are persons of a peculiar character of mind, who would be miserable if they were not permitted to believe in things supernatural, in the visible manifestation of the demon, and in the reappearance on earth of the uneasy spirits of the dead. Persons in this state of peculiar purgatory are generally described as wandering about the scene of their past life, and as taking a grim delight in annoying all such individuals as think proper to dwell there. A ghost is one of those luxuries which mankind even yet seems unwilling to do without, and there would be no evil in it, if it were a harmless luxury. But it is not. It makes people very weak and very foolish, and disorganizes the relations of society. Who will live in a haunted house? Give a residence a bad name, a reputation of: none inhabitants than can be taken in a cause of flesh and blood, and flesh and blood will not bear it.