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Tumors
Ulcers
Venereal Affec-
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Worms of all
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Weakness, from
whatever cause
&c., &c.
ESSOR HOLLOWAY, 244,
and by all respectable
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L., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s.,
taking the larger sizes.
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C & TIN PLATE
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STOVE PIPES, and TIN
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Wharf and site for
Messrs. BALL & SON,
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NG, Agent.

The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1865. NO. 54

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.

JOB PRINTING,
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 4th day, 9h. 40m., morning.
Last Quarter, 12th day, 0h. 46m., morning.
New Moon, 19th day, 6h. 34m., evening.
First Quarter, 27th day, 10h. 35m., 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	h m	h m
1	Friday	5 22	6 35	7 19	0 58	13	10	
2	Saturday	26	34	8 13	2		8	
3	Sunday	28	31	9 8	3 7		4	
4	Monday	30	30	10 3	4 18		2	
5	Tuesday	31	28	11 28	rises.	12	58	
6	Wednesday	32	26	even.	6 57		55	
7	Thursday	33	24	0 4	7 33		52	
8	Friday	34	22	0 49	8 13		49	
9	Saturday	35	20	1 46	8 56		46	
10	Sunday	37	19	2 42	9 45		44	
11	Monday	38	17	3 39	10 35		40	
12	Tuesday	39	15	4 34	11 32		37	
13	Wednesday	40	13	5 29	morn.		34	
14	Thursday	41	11	6 21	0 30		31	
15	Friday	42	9	7 10	1 30		28	
16	Saturday	43	7	7 58	2 29		25	
17	Sunday	44	5	8 43	3 28		22	
18	Monday	45	4	9 22	4 27		20	
19	Tuesday	46	2	10 10	sets		18	
20	Wednesday	47	1	10 52	6 13		15	
21	Thursday	48	5 59	11 35	6 44		11	
22	Friday	50	57	morn.	7 14		7	
23	Saturday	51	54	1 0	7 47		2	
24	Sunday	52	51	1 48	8 24	11	57	
25	Monday	53	48	2 36	9 5		53	
26	Tuesday	54	46	3 25	9 52		50	
27	Wednesday	55	44	4 15	10 45		47	
28	Thursday	56	43	5 7	11 44		45	
29	Friday	57	41	6 0	morn.		41	
30	Saturday	58	39	6 53	0 47		36	

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 practice in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and express satisfaction.

☞ Advice to the poor gratis.

Queen-street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1865.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH
GALLERY,
Corner of Great George and King Streets.

THE undersigned being an operator of acknowledged skill, acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Provinces, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at MODERATE PRICES.

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 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.

ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS.
Bell's Clothing Store,
Queen Street.

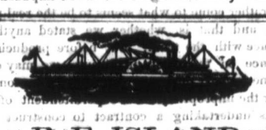
THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per STEAMER, &c.

NEW and SELECT
STOCK OF GOODS,
suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, which he is confident will give satisfaction in
Style, Quality, and Price,
to all who may favor him with their orders.

JOHN BELL,
Merchant Tailor.

Nov. 21, 1865.

MR. WM. A. JOHNSTON,
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Has transferred his business to the premises adjoining the residence of his father, in Granville Street, Halifax, where all orders will be promptly attended to.
Office, Somerset Buildings
Opposite the Post Office.
HALIFAX.



P. E. ISLAND
Steam Navigation Co's. Steamers
PRINCESS OF WALES & HEATHER BELLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing Monday, May 22.

The Steamer 'Princess of Wales'

LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE, SHEDIAC, RICHIBUCTO, CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, every MONDAY night at eleven o'clock, reaching Shediac in time for the morning Train on Tuesday.

Leaves SHEDIAC, for RICHIBUCTO, at nine o'clock on TUESDAY morning, and RICHIBUCTO, for CHATHAM and NEWCASTLE, at one o'clock same day, arriving at Chatham and Newcastle same evening.

Leaves NEWCASTLE, for SHEDIAC, at four o'clock on WEDNESDAY morning, calling at CHATHAM and RICHIBUCTO on way down.

Leaves SHEDIAC, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, on WEDNESDAY afternoon at half-past two o'clock, immediately on arrival of the Train.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for PICTOU, every THURSDAY morning at half-past nine; returning, leaves PICTOU, for CHARLOTTETOWN, at twelve o'clock same night.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, every FRIDAY morning at half-past eight o'clock.

Leaves SHEDIAC, for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN, at half-past two, every SATURDAY afternoon, arriving at Charlottetown at half-past ten same night.

The Steamer 'Heather Belle'

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for PICTOU, every MONDAY morning at half-past nine.

Leaves PICTOU same evening—on arrival of Mail, about six o'clock—for Charlottetown.

Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN, for BRULE, every THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at five o'clock; returning to Charlottetown same evenings, immediately after arrival of Mail at Brule, at about five o'clock in the evening.

Steamer "HEATHER BELLE" also runs to MOUNT STEWART BRIDGE and ROCKY POINT, on the Hillsborough River, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY—being market days.

FARES:

From Charlottetown to Pictou, or back, Cabin 12s., Steerage 10s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Brule, or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Summerside, or back, Cabin 9s., Steerage 7s. 6d.
Charlottetown to Shediac or back, Cabin 16s., Steerage 15s.
Charlottetown to Richibucto, or back, $5.00
Do. Miramichi, do. 5.00
Summerside to Richibucto, do. 3.50
Do. Miramichi, do. 4.50
Shediac to Richibucto, do. 2.00
Do. Miramichi, do. 3.00
Ch'town to St. John, or back, £1 8s. 1½d., or 4.50
Do. Eastport, do. 1 17s. 6d., or 6.00
Do. Portland, do. 2 10s. 9d., or 8.00
Do. Boston, do. 2 16s. 3d., or 9.00

FARES FORWARD.

Charlottetown to Summerside, 1s. per barrel bulk.
Do. Shediac, 1s. 6d. do.
Do. Richibucto & Miramichi, 2s. 3d. do.
Shediac to Richibucto and Miramichi, 1s. 6d. do.

RETURN TICKETS to or from Charlottetown and Summerside, 12s., available one week. Tickets void if parties leave the Island during the time.

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS, at one first-class fare, may be issued at any Ticket Office, to parties of five or more going and returning together, to and from any one station within one week, it being distinctly understood that unless these conditions are complied with, the Tickets will be void.

SEASON TICKETS may be purchased at Office for individuals or families.

By Order,
F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Charlottetown, June 7, 1865.

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.)

THE American Publishers continue to reprint the above-named periodicals, but as the cost of printing has nearly all risen, the price of paper nearly TREBLED, and taxes, duties, licenses, etc., largely increased, they are compelled to advance their terms as follows:—

TERMS FOR 1865:

	per annum.
For any one of the Reviews,	$4.00
" any two of the Reviews,	7.00
For any three of the Reviews,	10.00
For all four of the Reviews,	12.00
For Blackwood's Magazine,	4.00
For Blackwood and one Review,	7.00
For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews,	10.00
For Blackwood and three of the Reviews,	13.00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews,	15.00

Subscribers in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to these prices, TWENTY-FOUR CENTS A YEAR for Blackwood, and EIGHT CENTS A YEAR for each Review, to cover the United States Postage.

The works will be printed on a greatly improved quality of paper, and while nearly all American Periodicals are either altogether or partially printed in the dear and very generally dull type, we shall continue to give faithful copies of the matter contained in the original editions. Hence, our present prices will be found as cheap, for the amount of matter furnished, as those of any of the competing periodicals in this country.

Compared with the cost of the original editions, which at the present premium on gold would be about $100 a year, our prices ($15) are exceedingly low. Add to this the fact that we make our annual payments to the British Publishers for early sheets entirely in Gold—$1 coming as at this time (Jan., 1865) nearly $2.50 in currency—and we trust that on the scale we have acted, we shall be entirely justified by our subscribers and the reading public.

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.

THE FOUR REVIEWS FOR 1865.

A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $6 for the whole four, or $4 for any one.

We also publish the

FARMER'S GUIDE,

By Henry Stephens, of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. Norton, of Yale College. 2 vols. Royal Octavo, 1600 pages and hundreds Engravings.

Price $7 for the two volumes—by mail, post-paid, $8.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
Publishers,
38 Walker Street, New York.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;
OR,
THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER IV.

BETWEEN Big Muskingum and Duck Creek on the Scioto, about twenty miles distant in a straight line from Moss House, was a small log-hut, picturesquely situated in a mooty bottom, and known to the few who were aware of its existence as the Crow's Nest. The log-hut was situated in a clearing, the work of one man's patient industry.

The forest had not long before covered the whole place. But a bordersman had come, taken a liking to the locality, and upon, before his quiet and indomitable energy, the spot had assumed quite a new and life-like aspect. He came alone, away from a part of the country which, to his mind, was too thickly peopled, because a trail led direct from his house to a neighbor's ten miles off. And there he camped by himself, and next morning the sound of the axe was heard, and tree after tree fell before the woodsman's heavy blows. Many days and weeks did he continue his labors, until two hunters who had had bad luck, and one of whom was wounded, came that way. And the solitary woodsman gave them food and the shelter of his tent; and when they were both recovered, they paid him back by several days of hard work, and at the end of that time a solid log-hut appeared, where before was only a confused mass of fallen trees.

Then the trappers went away; and the woodsman was again alone. He piled up wood in great quantities for fuel, and then the ground being heavily encumbered, he burnt all the small wood, and made that wild forest dell appear pleasant and comfortable. This done, he laid up his few tools, shouldered his rifle, and went his way.

It was a little while ere he came back, and then he re-appeared in the clearing one mid-day, leading a horse on which was mounted a woman with a child in her arms. The woman was fair and delicate, with a mild and gentle expression which was strangely in contrast with the bulk of the hunter. He was nearly six feet high, with red hair and sandy whiskers, and a general jolly expression of countenance. Fun and good-humor were all, in fact, the world in general gave him credit for; and yet, in truth, he was a man with a large heart—a heart commensurate with his bulk, and full of generous impulses and warm feelings.

She was a cheerful and smiling thing by nature, though a shade of melancholy sometimes stole over her soft and well-formed features; and though she did seem a frail and tiny mate for one so huge, there was a glance from one to the other which seemed to speak of earnest affection and real happiness.

Their story is told in a sentence.

He was a wandering youth, who never would be confined to the limits of a town. It might have been that the vast expanse of the illimitable prairie, the unbroken extent of forest, which make America like no other land, induced Boone and other pioneers to go far beyond the settlements. He this as it may, he did travel, and young as he was, became a mighty hunter, wandered up to the wilderness round Green River, and followed the chase even up to the Pilot Knobs.

Tall, handsome, merry, light-hearted, he was welcomed back to his native village in the settlements with hearty good-will, every time he came down to sell his skins and procure powder and shot; all the girls especially—and somehow girls will admire fine, handsome men, which is annoying—always looked upon the return of the hunter with singular delight.

He was a merry fellow, and loved a dance. He was the man for a "regular frolic," told odd stories about knotting panthers' tails through the bung-holes of barrels, and being carried up hill for a mile; gave his partner a kiss "like a crack of a cart-whip," and did anything, in fact, which youthful spirits and "corn-juice" prompted. Wild and harum-scarum as he was, he was known to be good in heart, true, honest and manly. And yet it was strange that Clara Barking, the minister's daughter, should notice one so rude; and yet she did. It was at a frolic where she went to look on a "pikernik" as the young hunter said, where everybody brought "sunthin"—some a lock of meal, some a pumkin, some a possum, some a few dried apples, some good teeth, and a skin chock full of fun." and [illegible]

Clara just came to look on; but he declared she was the prettiest girl in the room, and, though her silk did outshine the "homspun" and were "fancy doings," was as good a girl as any; and, despite herself and her old aunt, made her dance, and indeed stuck close to her nearly all the evening; afterwards, whispering, in his good-humored way, all kinds of nonsense; and three weeks afterwards they were married.

The old minister shook his head and wept in secret, as well he might, could he have foretold the future; but he was too comatose and simple a Christian to say aught against the hunter because he was humble and rough, when once he saw that poor Clara's heart was wholly won. So they were married, to the extreme surprise, and in some cases not only the prodigious astonishment, of certain young ladies, who had considered the hunter's attentions as rather particular.

The hunter now made a compromise between town and country life. He no longer went away alone up into the far-distant districts where he could hunt for weeks without meeting with a living soul; but he built himself a hut in the uncleared country, which proving handy for calls and visits, he finally transported himself to the place we have already described, and which he facetiously called the Crow's Nest.

He was now bringing home his wife.

"I will be a nice farm," said Clara, cheerfully, though she could scarce repress a shudder, poor girl, at the deep and mysterious forest, beyond which lay, at no great distance, the Indian town of Chillicothe; "will be a nice farm, Walter, when the ground is sown—but is it not rather near the Indians?"

And she cast a timid glance at the child of a year and a half old in her arms.

"Now, Clara," replied the hunter, "you don't mean it. I'm a mean town teaper if I don't know what's is right and what isn't. This log is located splendid. You'll have too many friends up here, shed to live above twenty miles from a house. So let's lift you and baby off—so ho! we'll and I'll fetch up the traps."

He lifted them gently and kindly, and then went away to where he had left a boat, taking the horse with him. He soon returned with a load, and then another; and before night the hut was furnished, a fire blazed on the hearth, the horse was staked where he could feed at will, the watch-dogs were chained to the one corner of the log, and "Wally," as he called himself, had the satisfaction at last of owning a house in his own style.

And this is the way in which the great continent of America was and is being peopled. Somehow or other, that vast and illimitable land has an influence on the very nature of man, and changes him much indeed from the quiet Anglo-Saxon of his early island home. Instead of seeking companionship, as do men in other lands, the pioneers of American civilisation appear imbued with a strange love of solitude—such a love as prompted Boone once to go and dwell two whole years up in the wilderness; and which carried the frontiers of America with such wondrous rapidity forward, still forward, never stopping, so that a land which in 1790 had but four millions, has now nearly twenty-five millions of inhabitants.

It is to this restless desire to advance, to proceed onward, to reach the confines of civilisation, and be free unshackled, and unbound, that is owing the rapid rising up of new states, whose history is briefly told. At the end of the war, there were but thirteen, and now there are more than double; Vermont admitted in 1791, Kentucky in 1792, Tennessee in 1796, Ohio in 1803, Louisiana in 1812, Indiana in 1816, Mississippi in 1817, Illinois in 1818, Alabama in 1819, Maine in 1820, Missouri in 1821, Michigan in 1835, Arkansas in 1836, and then Wisconsin, Florida, Texas—who shall say where they will stop?

And all this is the work of those energetic pioneers, who, like this young man, left all to settle in the wilderness.

On the morning on which our narrative takes us to the Crow's Nest, great changes had taken place.

The log-hut had been much improved; several creeping plants had been sown and had risen rapidly, and now hung in green and flowered festoons over the windows; a garden had been laid out and fenced, which Clara had herself cultivated, while by dint of large fires perseveringly applied, many of the stumps had been burnt away and a small field thus formed, which exhibited a goodly stock of pumpkins, potatoes, and other vegetables, while corn had been sown round other stumps at a different part of the clearing.

A little stream came ripplingly down into a pond near the door—a tiny stream, indeed, which had been guided by hollow logs from a spring at some little distance; and near this were ducks and geese and fowls, while a cow and several pigs gave a still greater air of comfort, and a settled look to the place, which was quite cheering.

And there on a bench not far from the door, under a bower of hops and honeysuckle, sat one who was even brighter and more beautiful than nature itself in all its green and gorgeous array.

About the middle height of woman, she would, had she been a little older, have been majestic. But she was so young, and there was such an airy grace about her, a grace of sweet girlhood, that charm that lingers so long on some, one could not grant her majesty. Raven hair clustered over a brow very pale, not from ill-health, but some constitutional characteristic; while her deep black eyes, that floated, as it were, in a bath of soft and warm light, overshadowed with their lashes, cheeks as white, mouth as lovely, and chin as beautifully carved as if Phidias had modelled her and Pygmalion given her life.

The expression of her face was smiling and sweet just now, for she was teaching a child to read; but all who knew her, also know well, Jane alone excepted, that her brow could frown, her lip curl, and her whole face exhibit disdain, pride and haughtiness to a degree that many found painful indeed. But now, as she tossed back her curls—she had taken off her straw hat—and laughed and prattled with the child, and pointed with a pretended frown to the big letters in the spelling-book, who would ever have dared to say that she could be haughty?

And this was Amy Moss, with the child of Clara and Walter. She was giving it a lesson, to keep it still, while the young mother and another babe but a few days old lay quiet within the shelter of the hut.

Presently she rose.

"Willy dear," said Amy, gently, "go pick some flowers for mamma."

The sun was hot, the wind was low, the trees waved not, and a brighter day never shone on the fertile lands watered by the tributaries of the "beautiful river," the Ohio of the Indians, the *Belle Riviere* of the French.

And Amy walked quietly and gently to the log-hut, making no noise, entering the house so gently that scarcely any save the quick ears of a sick person could have detected the sound.

"Is that you, Amy?" said Clara, in a whisper. They were relatives and school-fellows.

"How are you now?"

"Sick at heart and faint. Where is the child?"

"Picking flowers for you, Clara dear," said Amy, offering some cooling drink.

"God bless you, Amy!—I feel very ill to-day. Would that Walter were back!—I do not think I shall get over this; something warns me to be ready to go. How long the child tarries!"

"I bade it go, that you might be quiet," replied Amy; "and now, Clara, none of these silly fancies; you are yet weak and low, which is natural; but no talking. It is against all order. You recollect Doctor Pontoix gave such direction. He sent away the old French nurse because she talked so. No more words—I insist upon it."

Clara looked gratefully at the beautiful girl, and then closed her eyes. Amy turned to the fire to replenish it.

As she stooped, she heard a faint shriek, and rose at once erect. The mother had heard it too.

"Willy has fallen and hurt himself," she said, but so quietly, to please Amy, one could see she did not think any serious harm done.

"Willy," replied Amy, moving to the door, which, when she reached, she stood still—motionless, as if turned to stone.

The beautiful boy, not yet quite four years old, was held by the hair in the hands of a tall and savage-looking Indian, who raised his tomahawk—back to dash its brains out. Two hounds, and Amy was by his side—and the tomahawk the axe in his hand.

The warrior turned sharply round, and stared at the lovely apparition with unfeigned surprise and unfeigned admiration. Fortunately for Amy, he was young and a chief who had seen something of the white—one remorseless and cruel to the men, but generally kind to the women.

He laid the child gently down, and allowed Amy to catch it to her arms without any anger. He even seemed much struck by her gentle and almost maternal tenderness. A wild cry of anguish made Amy turn round, and make a dash towards the hut. But the young chief retained her.

"My prisoner—stop here—go there—scalp," said the Indian, clutching her arm.

"Oh let me go—save the mother of this child—quick—save her, save her!" shrieked Amy.

But the warrior held her firm, and by menacing and fearful gesture stilled the child's cries, while a fearful tragedy was being enacted inside the hut.

Clara had seen the hound and the startled, terrified look of Amy. Unable to fear the agony of suspense, she had crawled from her bed, her little squalling infant held by one hand, and, holding on to the wall, had reached the door. Here she sank on her knees, as she saw her poor Willie wrung in the rough hand of the savage.

"My child! my child!" she murmured rather than cried.

At this instant a crowd of warriors came yelling round the house in all the frightful panoply of war and death. One wretch saw at a glance that Clara was no prisoner for them, being so likely to hamper their march, and with a malignant yell—"Can we continue?" Indeed we must. We narrate an event common, ordinary, of every-day occurrence during the early days of the settlements on the Ohio, an event which, if glossed over or softened down, will leave our narrative incomplete, a narrative which, some few characters excepted and some dates crowded together, is strictly and historically true—with a malignant yell caught the baby by its foot and dashed its brains out against the wall.

It was a fiend, and not a woman now. She rose with more than strength to her feet, stepped back, clutched a pistol from the shelf over the table, and shot the Indian through the heart, as he paused to scalp an age that caught his fancy. She then fell to the ground, and was immediately scalped by one of the band.

The death—instantaneous and unexpected, the ball having reached the heart—of one of their number, roused the Indians to frenzy, and out they all rushed to wreak their fury and revenge on Amy and the scratched child. But the warrior spread his hands over them and wonded them away.

The Shawanees, unable to kill and slaughter the prisoners of their young chief, "Black Eagle, or," as he has since been called, Tecumseh, turned round in search of some other prey, and such was their infuriated state that, forgetting all caution, they began shooting the fowls, ducks, and geese out of sheer wanton rage.

A cry from their chief called the whole party round him.

"There are pale-faces in the forest. Will the young men bring them down to see one of their wigwams in our hands? Go—you are boys."

And motioning Amy to rise, he turned towards the forest. The warriors, who were nine in number, sullenly followed, after fastening the dead body of their comrade on the back of the horse, and driving it with the pigs and cows before them. This reckless exposure of their trifl betrayed extreme confidence or deep design.

Amy looked at the hut with fixed and glazed eyes. Her face was rigid and without expression, her mouth open, while her hand clutched the quivering form of the child. She knew that all was over in the hut, that that habit she had [illegible] before her [illegible] Clara fell, she had [illegible] her scalped, and yet herself was spared. She even rose mechanically, took the child up in her arms, and slowly followed the Indian.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the child, struggling and [illegible]

"Hush!—I am your mother now—hush or the man will beat you," said Amy, wildly caressing the child.

By much coaxing, and by her own wild and incoherent manner alarming the child, she stilled its cries, and soon disappeared with the savage and ruthless warriors beneath the arches of the forest, all but herself glorying in the deed of blood, which was in accordance with all Indian characteristics. By some strange anomaly, which can scarcely be comprehended at a glance by the dwellers in civilized lands, these savages considered rapine, murder, and slaughter, things of great glory. And yet do we not ourselves put upon war by far too much a halo of brightness? and do we not allow ourselves to be warmed into enthusiasm when reading of deeds done by our own warriors, which, if we could see them done, would make us shrink with horror?

And the sun was hot, and the wind was low, and the trees waved not, and a brighter day never shone on the fertile lands watered by the Ohio.

All was still and silent for about an hour and a half, and then who came whistling through the woods a merry tune, the usual signal that papa was coming home? Who was it laughed and called to his boy to come help him carry that fat deer, which, lazy one, he would be glad enough to eat?

The one who shall whistle and laugh no more, despite his large heart, his glorious spirits, and his keen sense of enjoyment. The one who comes to bow beneath the chastening hand of God. Will he accept the sorrow meekly?

Walter cast the deer at his feet on the edge of the clearing and looked cautiously around. There was a dread of something, he knew not what, coming over him.

"Willy! Willy!—my boy!—Don't—don't—[illegible] ticks."

He never spoke, he never laughed again, that lonely, grieving man. He had caught sight of the [illegible] dashes floating on the breeze, he saw clearly the [illegible] of the Indians; and with a roar like that of some wounded beast of the forest, he bounded across the water and entered his house.

He came out, bearing Clara in his arms, and laid her on the ground in the bright sun, and then near her he placed the mangled corpse of the poor infant. Then he walked round the house fearfully, as if looking for something else. But he found nothing, and came slowly back, haggard, pale, glancing his eye fearfully into every thicket.

At last he started. Straight across a plowed field was the track of the Indian trail; and there, within Amy's steps, and there, for a few yards, the tiny little shoe of Willy had left its print upon the ground. That he had been taken up by Amy, as the agonised father conjectured from a slight change in her step.

Then that distracted heart, wild in study things as the savage who had made his heart desolate, stooped down and kissed the imprint of his child's foot upon the soft and tell-tale earth.

He then rose and returned to the place where Clara and the babe lay. She was quite dead—he knew it well. He had no hope, none whatever here; and as he gazed at the beloved form of her whom he had prized so much, but who he loved amounted almost to veneration, he gnashed his teeth, he tore his hair, and then wept a heart-rending, bitter flood of tears.

His hand rested on his knee; his eyes, closed firmly, were covered by his hands; and time he cared not had passed within his mind whether he prayed or whether he made a vow—no man ever knew. But at the end of that time he rose, and though his face was pale, his eyes sunken and haggard, all signs of tears had fled. Then he went over to the house, from which he had slowly, [illegible] it was in the [illegible] grew that had been planted by happier hands. He began to dig his wife's grave. He he carried the pickaxe in the ground, a foot at time again, as one at the energy of his character burst from him. But he wiped them away with his hands wildly, and then continued his task solemnly, quietly, sadly.

He had dug to the depth of three feet and was stooping to lift a heavy shovelful of earth, when he heard footsteps. He raised his head quickly, even furiously, and then a perfectly fiendish expression crossed his face, as he met the glance of an Indian warrior. He made a spring as if he would have bounded from the grave to where his rifle lay, when a voice checked him.

"Stay!" cried the artist, "in the name of God, what does this mean? Are you quite mad, too, that you do not recognise Canta?"

Walter came out of the grave and took a hand of each, which he shook with something of his old heartiness. Then he motioned to them to follow him outside the garden, and pointed to where Clara and her innocent lay.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Canta, who shook with agony as he leaned on his rifle.

"Dead and scalped," cried Dick. "If some red-skin don't pay for this mighty quick, I don't think I'll give them goss in no time."

And the artist dashed the stock of his rifle heavily on the ground.

"Where is Amy?" asked Castalogo, in a low, hoarse tone.

Walter pointed to the trail of the Indians. "He said I intended to wed, I [illegible]"

"There is her face, and there is that of the boy," said Dick.

"Ugh!" replied Canta, "she is alive and safe for the present. When the morrow dawns we will be alone by herself. The rest will not set in the west for two hours. [illegible] make sweet like memory after sorrow."

"Let us do as we may for the dead," said Walter, "and then bury the dead." Canta's voice was much altered, though he spoke distinctly and clearly.

"Wagh!" said Canta, coldly.