The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1865. NO. 51

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,

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ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 1h. 17m., morning,
Last Quarter, 13th day, 5h. 30m., afternoon,
New Moon, 20th day, 3h. 5m., morning,
First Quarter, 29th day, 7h. 34m., morning,

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

ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

AT

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 "UNDINE," a

NEW and SELECT

STOCK OF GOODS,

suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, and 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.

May 24. 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.

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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.

MR. WM. A. JOHNSTON,

Attorney and Barrister at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Has resumed the practice of his profession in Halifax.

Office, - - Somerset Buildings
35, Prince Street,
HALIFAX.

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 DOUBLED, 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
or 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 advanced in price or reduced in size—and very generally both—we shall continue to give faithful copies of ALL 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 and copyright IN GOLD—$1 costing us at this time (Jan. 1865) nearly $2.50 in currency—and we trust that in the scale we have adopted 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 1863.

A few copies of the above remain on hand, and will be sold at $5 for the whole four, or $2 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 numerous Engravings.

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

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PRINCESS OF WALES & HEATHER BELLE.

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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 Charlotteown 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 18s., Steerage 15s.

Charlottetown to Richibucto, or back,		$5.00
Do.	Miramichi, do.	6.00
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. 0d., or	8.00
Do. Boston,	do. 2 16s. 2d., or	9.00

FARES—FREIGHT.

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.

Poetry.

THIS BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful this earth, where God
His ceaseless bounty shows,
The dropping of autumnal fruits,
The fragrance of the rose,
And all the varied harvest wealth
That he on man bestows.

How beautiful the snowy flocks
That in green pastures feed,
The patient, plastic herds intent
Their masters' call to heed:
And with intelligence endued,
The noble prancing steed.

How beautiful the human face,
Through whose expansive lines
Amid the dawn of infant grace.
Or where bright youth refines,
Or age in holy calmness smile,
Creative glory shines.

How beautiful the unfolding mind,
Where Reason fills its urn,
And Knowledge stores unrusting gold,
And lights of Fancy burn,
And Memory bids the buried past
In picture tints return.

How beautiful the immortal soul,
Its heavenly birth that feels,
And looking upward to its Sire
With faith that meekly kneels,
Gains strength that heightens every joy,
And every sorrow heals.

How beautiful this life we lead,
That brightens year by year,
And bears upon its brow the hope
Of a more perfect sphere;—
To fit us for that world we'll strive
To be a blessing here.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

AN old owl that had been blinking and staring, during its sleepy watch, in the deep hollow of an ancient beech, in company with a rare brood of horned young—little goblins of the woods—was beginning to wake up and prepare for its night's adventures, the more readily that for some time its peace had been disturbed by the noise of certain daring birds of day, which, as evening drew in, came near and began to settle down on some of the topmost boughs, there to roost for the night. A jay, a twittering blue-bird, and several noisy cawing crows, had waked the owl, which peered out with its great goggle eyes, as if to be quite sure that it was night and a goodly time for owls to wander. There are many owls in the world. Every little circle has its night-bird—men who come forth only under the cloak of darkness, who live not in the day, whose existence is a mystery at all times, but who are always jovial and lively when the gas burns and the taper is lit, when, in fact, the broad noontide sun is gone. We might be ungallant, too, and say that ladies have been known to live all day in semi-obscurity, showing themselves only after dark, from some peculiarity in complexion. But to return to our owl.

It was a fine old beech, too,—or rather had been once; for now, though its branches soared still to the highest heaven, though it filled a large space in the wood, its better days had departed, and its trunk was hollow from the ground to the place where the branches forked, and its bark had in some places faded away and fallen, until it stood a wreck of the past, a monument of ghostly hue, awaiting but a brief interval which should blast its growth forever, or the storm which should cast it prematurely to the ground. Every day, in the vast virgin forests of the great American continent, may be seen all stages of bloom and decay, the acorn bursting into life, the tree of ancient days falling and yielding up the ghost (if trees have ghosts), to make way for younger elements.

A few fresh boughs, small and with little leaves, had projected themselves over the opening by which the old owl went in and out, and their inside seemed lined with a golden glow that owed its existence in reality to the last dying tints of the sun sinking on the far horizon, but which appeared to draw their momentary brightness from the fierce eyes of the ancient owl itself.

The beech stood on the very edge of a small open space, almost circular, and about twenty yards in length and breadth, beneath the leafy and magnificent arches of a virgin American forest, not many miles from the Scioto and Ohio rivers—a district then but little peopled, though now filled by the busy thousands that spring up as if by magic on the soil of the great republic. In the days of which we speak, there were tangled thickets, and spreading trees, and Indian tracks, and the lairs of panthers and wolves, where now are cities; there were Indian wigwams where the plough now passes; and there were battles and skirmishes where fair ladies now ramble on foot, or on Narragansett steeds in perfect safety.

And yet it was to a certain extent inhabited, though the log huts, plantations, and block-houses were situated at a considerable distance from each other.

And the great beech-tree stood alone in its glory, all the other trees being of a different character, and comprising almost every variety known in the mighty forests of that favored land, which appears to have been kept undiscovered just long enough to show, at the proper time, what energetic men can do in a new country under the fostering influence of liberty—civil and religious.

There was the bird's-eye maple, so-called because of its spots; the white maple; the moose wood, on which the deer in certain regions were once wont to feed, of which the dower bushes when young, and fades to pure white as time and age set upon it; there was the canoe birch, lofty, with bright brown bark, one of the most useful trees of the forest to Indian and hunter, being used for hut and wigwam, as well as to make the peculiar craft that bears its name; there was the red cherry, too, the black ash, the white cedar, the butter-nut, and hosts of others; the tops of the more lofty ones being still gilded by the last rays of expiring day, which seemed to hang like a vapor of light over the very summits of the waving pines and other forest productions, lingering as if loath to part, and then suddenly disappearing and leaving the whole scene in dull and heavy gloom.

At this moment the owl flew forth with a hoot. The birds of ordinary character ceased their chattering, and naught was heard but the solemn, deep and muffled sigh of the wind among the trees—then all was still, and the forest appeared as if it had never been disturbed since its creation, as if it were not the habitual residence of the panther and the wolf, and the still more deadly, stealthy, and ferocious Indians, who crept through its silent arches without awakening an echo or leaving a mark behind.

The night had hardly set in, the owl had scarcely taken its departure, the wind had but just ceased its lullaby to the wearied universe, when out burst upon the blue heavens the bright effulgence of the moon and of her tiny twinkling handmaids, the stars, shedding over the whole scene a beauty and a radiance, a devotional calm and a loviness, which are beheld nowhere but in those choice bowers where nature sets up her temple amid flowers and green leaves, and where the crumbling bark and pith of ages fall unheeded to decay upon the richly fertile soil, enriched in turn by the falling leaves, the aged tree, the too ripe acorn, and the triangular beech-nut.

The open glade, which some sudden whirl of wind had swept of its leaves, was now by the light of the moon made clearly visible to the eye, and a little bubbling, rippling stream was distinguished bursting up in its midst, which, falling away to the south, was lost beneath the leaves that had been piled up like a mimic snow-drift in the corner.

Low bushes grew very thickly round the old beech-tree, and for about three yards further up the side of the glade. In most other parts, the leafy arches of the forest were opened up to the eye of the sojourner in such wild spots, except in two occasions where a stunted red oak raised its cowering head beside a tall canoe birch that darted straight up seventy feet sheer to the heavens.

Round the mouth of the bubbling spring the soil was composed of a bluish clay, which gave rise to the name found at the head of this our opening and descriptive chapter.

This was the Blue Spring, the source of which, a little further on, was a small stream, flowing beneath a long and matted arch of overhanging trees all the way through the forest, until it fell into the Scioto and was utterly lost, or so commingled with its more huge associate as no longer to be distinguished.

The solemn stillness of that scene had lasted perhaps an hour after the setting of the sun, while as yet not a breath of the night wind had arisen to shake the trees, and not a larch or pine waved its tall head. All was quiet, calm and beautiful as the slumber of an innocent babe before dreams come to disturb and agitate; when life is, to all appearance, quiescent, and the mind free from burning thoughts and wild emotions, which exhaust even sleep, and bid us wake to the toils of the day, unrefreshed and unrested.

The wide gulf that separates the good man from the wretched evil-doer is in nothing more marked than in the effect of sleep. The simple, earnest, honest man, who has gone on his way doing good, loving his kind with a hearty affection, and looking forward unostentatiously to his heavenly reward, lies down to sleep unchequered and undisturbed by aught but pleasing visions of the night. But the guilty soul of the evil-doer chaseth away the kindly spirit of rest, which to him comes only by snatches, in fits and starts, by stealth, and never but by long wooing or artificial helps, caught for a minute, then gone; the man and his dreams playing an eternal game of hide-and-seek that wearies and wears but too heavily the unfortunate wretch, whose crimes stare him ever in the face, and whose conscience scolds and chides, holds up the menacing finger, and points to the desolated horizon, where, like some mist-born phantom of evil, looms over, for aye, and all living time, the thing done.

And what is this that comes with stealthy step and slow, gliding like the ghost of the old dwellers in the wilderness, behind the ancient beech-tree?

It is a human shape, or something that has assumed one of the wilder and more terrible forms of humanity, which, without a sound, without noise of footfall, without step, as it were, comes floating over the surface of the earth, peering cautiously through the trees, harkening for the humming—one would think—of the glow-worm, if human ear could detect such sound, and fearing an enemy behind every tree, a hostile savage under every projecting leafy bough. At last, as if satisfied that there was no danger, the mysterious stranger advanced into the open glade, keeping, however, still within the deep shadows of the trees.

Had there been any eye to see and take in all the wondrous effect of that scene, it would, indeed, have been struck by the place and the man in no common way.

It was a tall Indian in his war-paint; and as the moon fell for an instant on his face, it might have been seen that he was far more handsome than those red and untutored savages usually are. It was a stern face, as far as such a thing can be in one, with certainly not more than twenty summers on his head; but mouth, eyes, nose, chin, all combined to make him as comely and majestic a specimen of God's greatest handiwork as is often found, even amid the luxuriously brought up, those who temper refinement and luxury with hardy exercises and abundant nourishment.

His face, too, appeared under all the painful disadvantages of that Indian painting, which the ingenuity of the savage aborigines of the New Continent had devised, to denote not only a man's peculiar tribe, but his mood of mind, his temporary occupation, and the very object with which he prowled through the shadows of the forest, or lurked in the deep and romantic glens of the woody hills of the newly colonized lands—lands which, from small outposts of Great Britain, were to become the counties of one of the most powerful and civilized nations of the earth—the departments of a unity of men characterised by strange inventive genius, indomitable perseverance, and gigantically progressive conceptions.

The warrior who stood in the open glade of the forest wore moccasins, leggings that reached from ankle to waist, from the knee down all hung with fringe, while over his shoulders was cast a kind of blanket-cloak very richly ornamented. Various trifles hung from a collar over his chest, which was strangely tattooed with a hand clutching a knife, while his head, which was covered with hair contrary to the usual custom, was adorned by several eagle plumes.

By his side hung a glittering axe, the tomahawk in fact, a long knife whose hideous uses are well known, a shot pouch and powder horn; and in his left hand was a rifle on which he leaned, as he slowly and deliberately took in every feature of the scene. His piercing black eyes seemed to dart into every nook and cranny of the place; his ears were erect, and he evidently listened with all the usual keenness of the child of the woodland and plain. At last he seemed satisfied, for he leant his rifle carelessly on his gun and uttered a few faint imitations of the owl's well-known hoot.

Another form then glided through the trees along the trail by which the Indian had come, and in two minutes stood by his side.

The new arrival was much shorter than the Indian, and his garb, step and manner marked him at once for a white man, a member of that famed race of Long-knives who were driving the redskins from their haunts, to replace their wild and fearful barbarism by something real and substantial, founded at all events on some approach to right, truth, and justice.

He wore high boots instead of moccasins, leggings, a handsome hunting shirt, and a cap of bearskin, while his only weapon was a rifle. On his back he carried a large knapsack, a novel thing to see strapped to the shoulders of one who appeared on the war path. He stepped carelessly forward until he stood near the Indian.

"A lovely spot, Custaloga, and one I could sit down and sketch with all my heart," said the white man, gazing with earnest look at the small open clearing and the bright heavens that lay an azure sea above the tree-tops.

"My brother loves much to see the forest tree on his book," replied the Indian, in a softer voice than in general belonged to his race; "and his fingers make the paper look like the oak and the beach. Custaloga is a warrior; but when the hatchet is buried, he looks at his white brother and smiles. But it is night, and the wolf prowls in the woods; my brother has a scalp, and he would not like to walk home to the block house and the white roses with a bare head."

"You've an uncomfortable way of talking, Red-Skin," said the other, passing his hand uneasily over his head, as if to be sure his natural covering was all right—"still if you had not spoken of Amy and Jane, I think I should have squatted down and dashed off that clearing. It's mighty tempting, Eagle-Eye."

"My brother is a great medicine, and he can make a piece of paper look like a leaf, or a bounding deer, or a girl's soft face—but he is very wise, and he will look round in the woods and watch, when Red-Bird and a hundred Shawnee warriors are thirsting for his blood."

The young man, whose sunburnt skin and wild garb did not conceal a pleasant, handsome face, clutched his rifle and looked warily around.

"I'm not a man to be easily skeered, Custa, and that you know. I have hunted, and painted beast, bird and flower, up and down, within reach of these vagabonds more than once; but the mention of Red-Bird and a hundred of his painted Shawnee imps, is enough to make a man creep about in his shoes, as if he were fearful of raising the ghosts of the forest trees. I say, then, to cover, in the name of Heaven. I would not give a chipmunck's tail for both our scalps, if we were circumvented by that noted rascal."

"My brother speaks like a brave. When his enemies come like the falling leaves of the forest, which no man can count, he will hide, that in the morning he may watch for the time when he may fight like a man. Come."

And the Indian left the open glade, turned the oak, after obliterating even the faintest sign of a trail, and entering a thick short bush that seemed to grow out of the trunk of a huge tree that had fallen three years ago, stooped down and concealed himself beneath the dense overhanging foliage, in all these acts being faithfully followed by his white companion. They did not speak, they hardly appeared to breathe; and the whole scene sank into the same calm order which had so long prevailed.

Custaloga was a young Indian, who, having on account of his youth been much taken notice of by a white family under peculiar circumstances, had repaid their kindness by a single-hearted devotion which was the admiration of the educated and thoughtful, but the scorn of those rude beings who had learned under terrible and ghastly teaching to treat the Indian as a wild beast. Custaloga had been taken prisoner when twelve years old, having been found skulking round a house during a hot contest with the red men. His captors had kept him some time a regular prisoner, until mutual confidence being gained, he was allowed to roam about on parole; and had with a readiness which was singular in a Wyandot, acceded to the wishes of his friends to stay a certain time with them. His bargain had been that he was to hunt, shoot, and roam the forest at will, on condition of his returning at stated periods to Cane Brake House, as the residence and block-house of Judge William Moss was called.

Strange to say again, Custaloga, called by the Indians Eagle-Eye, had become as obedient as a child in the hands of Amy and Jane Moss, the lovely daughters of the settler—at all events in many things which were strange and new to his race. He had actually been so far persuaded as to learn to read and write—not well as yet, but still sufficiently so to be considerably advanced beyond his brethern—and though he never owned it, took a liking to it, and sometimes when out on the hunt, following up the trail of a deer to its favourite lick, he would become absorbed in his reading, and almost forget the object of his journey.

The people of the district marvelled much, and told the judge he was nursing a serpent that would bite him sorely; but the judge had nothing to say when his good Mary, who had since died, or his dear Amy and Jane, willed a thing. Still he was often uneasy, and became truly alarmed when Custaloga disappeared for a whole year, and was believed to have entirely departed. He shook his head and hoped no harm would come of it, while Amy and Jane sorely grieved for their lost pet—for one they had begun to look upon with warm friendship, and whom they earnestly believed they had plucked whole from the fire.

One evening they were sitting at their last meal, beneath the shadow of their strong block house—presently to be described—talking of the affairs of the colony, and of the war waging with certain tribes of the Indians—a war the rumors and roar of which seemed coming down upon them—when a canoe floated up to a little wharf on the river, a single man came on shore, and up glided Custaloga after twelve months' absence, and took his seat at the table as if nothing had happened. He had been hunting, he had been on the war path with the remnant of his tribe, and now returned, hoping to be useful to his friends, because there was a talk of a great insurrection of the red-skins of the English party.

Mr. William Moss looked sternly at the Indian, and was about to raise his voice in chiding, when Amy rested her hand on his arm, and whispered a word of caution; then she turned, and in the coldest tones she could assume, she scolded Eagle-Eye for his ungrateful desertion of them. The eye of the Indian flashed fire, but he turned away and ate. From that day nothing more was said of the past. Custaloga took up his accustomed log-hut within the blockade, hunted and fished for the family; and nothing fresh being heard of Indian excursions for some months, things appeared to flow in their habitual channel.

Any still was stern and cold with the Indian, in comparison with her previous conduct, and had even refused his escort, when, at a hurried call from a sick relative, who had not been on very familiar terms with the family, she started for a log hut recently erected by them on a small bottom between Big Muskingum and Duck Creek.

And Custaloga showed not the slightest evidence of anger at her petty spite.

Dick Harvey, the hunter of the Wyandot, his companion on the present occasion, was a young man who, to undaunted courage and an ardent love for the life of the wilds, united a keen relish for art—not for art as studied in the towns of the civilised parts of the world, but art fed by the dew drops in the morning, by the genial sun during the day, and cradled at night beneath the vast leafy canopy of nature's woody plains. The young man had now been three years hunting, fishing and painting on the Ohio and its tributaries. Here he met Custaloga, received a service at his hand, was grateful, and friendship thus kindled had become of a very warm character.

Having now briefly told all that need be known at present of the two men who lay in that dreary asylum, we return to our narrative.

For about half an hour after Custaloga and Harvey had retired beneath the thick and bushy shelter of the mossy shirts of that rare old tree, which enabled them to lie also deep within the general gloom of the forest, not a sound was heard save the whispering of the