The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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LOVE AT THE WOOD-PILE;
OR,
"BORN FOR BETTER THINGS."

BY E. A. W. H.

A tall boy of fifteen, with a pale, high forehead, large hazle eyes and lustrous brown hair, may be seen in the kitchen yard of a respectable farm house, his slight figure swaying to and fro with the motion of a wood saw. His scarce more than baby hand looked sadly out of place encircling that huge brown handle, and the knee that rested upon the tough hickory stick trembled in its attempt to steady it properly as he toiled bravely on.

But a pleased expression rested upon his fine countenance; for directly opposite, upon another log, sat a fair, young girl, who smiled upon him sweetly as he worked, and at every pause of the saw cheered him with pleasant words.

The white muslin swept the ground, her straw gipsey lay rocking to and fro upon a pile of newly hewn chips, while her light brown curls floated gracefully over polished temple and ivory neck. Just now her large, liquid, blue eyes swam in tears, which tallied not with the sweet smile upon her lips, and her clear, musical voice assumed a soft, low undertone, as it continuously addressed the young laborer at each succession of the everlasting, discordant saw.

"I say, Eddy," she said soothingly, as his slight chest rose and fell with the quickened respiration occasioned by over action, "you were not always what you seem to others, not me, to be now. There is a something in your face and form that tells of genteel birth, of early intellectual training. Look here, Eddy, I am two years your senior: the world calls *me* 'a young lady;' I am what she is pleased to call educated and accomplished; the daughter of a New York aristocrat, Paul McClure, Esq., with sundry other titles stitched upon his coat. I am here visiting my aunt Sophia, his respected country sister, who is not a whit the less aristocratic for being accidentally settled upon the finest farm in the country; but I profess to have common sense; to know nature's noblemen when I meet them; to appreciate moral worth under the brown frock, and to detect the fire of genius under the ashes of poverty. But, now saw on, since it must be so for the present, for I see my most 'proper' aunty is peering over her spectacles through the window, wondering no doubt, that her lady neice should prefer the woodpile to the clean, cool parlor, and Godey's last.

And the young lady rested her head upon her hand, and waited for another cessation of exhausted strength, then proceeded—

"And I, Eddy, have been sent to this said Collins farm, by the Ruler of all destinies, to see and feel for you; to speak restward in [illegible] to your young, tried heart; to consider your condition, and devise some plan for your escape from the burthens which should be borne by stouter backs. Eddy, this evening I shall take my usual stroll alone, away down by the brook, where the willows meet over the water, and the one plank forms a frail foot bridge, when I see you coming as usual for the cows, I will meet you and walk with you, and who knows the result. Your consent, my brave boy?"

He answered with a low, "I thank you," and a gush of tears, and lifting her gipsey from the chips at her feet, she arose and walked slowly to the garden.

A new light kindled in the eye of Edwin Hale, glimmering like sunshine through the rain drops, the light of hope settling in rainbow tints upon the clouds of sorrow which had long hung darkly over his young life, unbroken by a single golden thread.

"She is very beautiful," he said musingly to himself, "but what can she mean by 'considering my condition,' and 'devising some way of escape for me;' ah! probably she expects to be married, and have a great house soon, and she will give me a home in it as a kind of genteel servant, and make my work light, and give me books to read. Ah, me! it would be pleasant to serve her only; but her husband, I fear I should hate him, and my heart would swell almost to bursting when I met his proud scornful looks. Would to God that I had died long, long ago, that I were quietly sleeping besides my dear mother, for no matter how kind the master, or how beautiful and good the mistress, it is still hard to be a slave. What did she say about 'the fire of genius under the ashes of poverty?' Yes, yes, I know that I am talented; some unseen power continually whispers in my ear, 'you were born for better things; those who rule over you now, making your life bitterness are not your equals; courage, courage; none but the craven soul despairs. Edwin Hale, your name shall live after you.'

"My father laid his white hand upon my head, hot with that last fatal fever, and blessed his poet child; and my own beatiful mother prayed with her dying lips 'that God would preserve her darling boy from the shafts of malicious envy; that his highly intellectual gifts might be the especial care of Him who loves the orphan.' Yes, I know that I am talented, but what avails this knowledge?

"What avails it?" he repeated aloud, "everything! It shall! shall avail!" and he flung away the saw indignantly, his task now finished, and strode away with the air of a prince.

A few hours later found him in a happier mood, with the clear light of hope in his eye, and a sweet smile upon his lips, wending his way towards the meadow where the willows interlaced each other over the brook, and the one plank formed a rude foot bridge, and while yet many a rod away, he caught a glimpse of her white muslin moving about under the trees, and her straw gipsey swinging upon a branch.

With a bounding pulse and a quickened pace he went forward, and in another minute she met him with both hands extended, reassuring him by her sweet sisterly welcome.

"And now Eddy, sit down," she said, "right here upon the turf beside me, for I have much to say, and but little time to say it in; and if I should be long away, that model aunty of mine might imagine me guilty of an impropriety, the thousand forms of which she understands so well, and send Katy, the maid, after me in hot haste.

"Well, Eddy, I have begun in earnest now; you will excuse me if I talk too fast for dignity. You are misplaced, ill treated, crushed by your position, and you shall be removed into a more congenial sphere. I, Mary McClure, say it, and now how shall this be done? What say you, Eddy? has your boy intellect any suggestion to offer? If not will you hear and obey your affectionate sister?"

"Dear lady, you are kind and good, I will do whatsoever you command. Now I am but a poor weak lad, and no one cares for me, no one loves me, but if ever I grow up to be a man, and you in turn should need a friend, I will go to the ends of the earth to serve you; only write me, that's all."

"Spoken like a true knight, and noble man as you are now, for such as you know no childhood save in physical dimensions. I will remember, dear brother, for doubtless my life-path will lose its sunshine, sorrows come to all.

"But hear me. To-morrow I shall leave the farm."

"So soon?"

"Yes, darling, but you are to go with me."

"Me!

"Yes, sir, you."

"How can that be, without money or clothes, and am I not bound to Mr. Collins?"

"Never mind that. Just fifty miles from this farm upon another quite as good, though occupied by a less aristocratic family, I shall set my city foot at three o'clock tomorrow.

"I shall say to my aunt Sophia at breakfast, that I have decided to curtail my visit with her and go to my uncle Tim's, lest he may think hard of me for not hastening to see him, as well as herself, and now that I am become an accomplished young lady, with my college diploma in my pocket—hem! and she knows that I am fitful and unsteady, and always take my own way when I cannot get it otherwise; and she will not object.

"Well the depot is three miles off, and old James, the overseer, will have to drive me out; and you cannot go in the same carriage, of course. But you know old black Ben, who drives the little brown mule to the truck wagon, and brings fish, fruit, and all kinds of summer commodities to our country folks; I flatter myself I have succeeded in getting the right side of Ben, so that he would not refuse me a favor, if anywhere in the bounds of reason, and I will step over to his house to-night to inquire after his sick mother; poor old Hannah, I have watched with her many an hour—and then I will call Ben to the door and tell him the whole story, and ask him to take you there twenty minutes in advance, and stow you away safely, until James shall have politely seen me on board the cars, and then, let them whistle at the farm.

"Uncle Tim loves me. He is an old bachelor, living all alone with a housekeeper and one servant; I will go in a few steps in advance this evening and tell him my story. I [illegible] street, New York, [illegible] he is, he will bid you welcome, and take such steps in your behalf as will greatly ameliorate your condition.

"Now, Eddy, you start with the cows at the usual time, and, if you do not see old black Ben before you reach the meadow, you may set me down in your dictionary as no plotter.

"There, now run for the cows, and tomorrow Uncle Collins will whistle for his cows and boy too, I opine; if I change my arrangements I will notify you after I see old Ben."

And home she went; that city heiress, with her heart full of love and good will towards the poor orphan boy.

"What—out so late, dear! the dew is falling, and besides it is hardly proper for a young lady to walk out so often alone—remarks might be made."

"Dear me, Aunty, I would not outrage your views of propriety for the world, but such a thing as a beau proper doesn't vegetate on Collin's farm, and I hardly think Uncle, with his gouty foot would be willing to gallant me; but—will you pardon the whole truth—I had an escort a part of the way in the person of Master Eddy, who was on his way to the cow pasture."

"Eddy—the cow pasture, ha! ha! ha! well, niece, I cannot scold you now for laughing. A young lady, just graduated at one of the first Institutions in America, taking a romantic stroll to the cow pasture, ha! ha! ha! allow me to take your hat, madame!" And aunty Sophia enjoyed the thing immensely.

At four o'clock next day all was confusion and consternation at the farm. Eddy Hale, the bound boy had not been seen since early in the morning. The family had arisen somewhat earlier than usual, that Miss McClure might breakfast and arrive at the depot in time. And James had driven her out in no very gracious mood, "for," as he said, "it was just the busiest season of the whole year, and he couldn't spare the time, no how."

Eddy had partaken of his second table repast and started away with the cows, and that was the last of him for that day. He had certainly met with some accident, or some mischievous person had decoyed him away.

"A nice handy boy, and no harm at all in him," said Uncle Collins to a neighbor who offered to aid in the search. "I did think at times, that he was a little uneasy and flighty in his notions, and once or twice Mrs. Collins found some silly poetry in his rooms, composed by himself, (he went to school steadily so long as his mother lived) and then he was'nt very strong, but he was quick at his chores, and honest, and could buy an assortment of groceries and settle for them like a man.—Upon the whole I believe I would rather have lost one of my best horses than that same Eddy Hale."

"It's wonderful strange where he's gone to," said old black Ben, elevating his eyebrows till his forehead was but a narrow belt of wrinkles, "very curious indeed Massa Collins, I'm sure I see'd him goin' away early with the cows, and he hollered out as he allers does, so pleasant like, 'good mornin' Benjamin.' Well it's 'markable sartain. He was a purty lad, and everybody liked him, 'specially them that know'd his father and mother afore him. His father was a good man, a turney at law by trade, but he was kind to the poor and guv away so much that he soon run through with all he had. And his mother, well she seemed more like an angel than a mortal woman. And he died of fever and she of the long consumption, and the child was left without a cent, and so he had to be put out to work. But he allers had perspirin notions like, and read all the criterions and 'lectricity books that come in his way. Well Massa Collins, if you want the brook dragged or the well dove down into, I can do it for you, for a consideration, but I guess as how it's of no use, for Eddy could swim like a duck, and as for the well, he was'nt no fool to jump right down into it heels over head; guess it's better to be easy, Massa Collins.—I'll send my Bill to fetch your critters night and mornin', and saw wood, for a consideration."

And Ben touched the flanks of his brown mule, and walked on beside his fish wagon.

"It's no use to look after him any more," said neighbors one, two and three, "he's run away likely, and just at this busy season; pity neighbor Collins," and so they returned to their homes, and the half-a-day's wonder was over.

"Frog Pond," sang out the conductor at a little wayside depot, and Miss Mary McClure and Eddy Hale stepped out upon an unsheltered platform. A stage was there which passed the house of "Uncle Tim," and a ride of three miles landed them safely at his door.

A hale, brown skinned man, in a clean blue trowsers, nankeen vest, and cotton shirt, without plait or stitching on the bosom came forth from the low, old fashioned building, folded the young girl to his heart and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"Mary dear, you have come just in time to help Uncle Tim make hay, and run after berries; and who is this, your companion? you are welcome my boy, walk right in—glad to see you both," and Uncle Tim chattered away while the trunk was duly deposited upon the low vine wreathed portico.

Eddy looked at his simple brown frock and coarse shoes, and then at the plainly dressed farmer before him, and felt he was now in the presence of a true man who would not underrate him on account of his poverty.

Mary whispered to Eddy, and he sat down upon the porch, while she followed Uncle Tim into the parlor.

Shouts of merry laughter rang out upon the still air, and every now and then heavy footsteps went tramping over the floor. Tears rolled over the cheek of the sensitive listener upon the porch, for he felt that he was in some way connected with those unusual sounds. Uncle Tim was in ecstasies, and Mary, almost provoked at his levity, was nevertheless at intervals constrained to add her treble to his astounding bass.

"You are right, Mary," he said at last, demurely, "the first glance I had of that boy's face I knew that he was not born to be the slave of Hiram Collins, and my august sister Sophia; he is a child of genius, poor boy! poor boy. And an orphan! oh what a world of suffering that word calls up; come, let us call him in—I love him already. You were my only child and heiress, dear Mary, but since it is your will, I will take this little Treasurer's redbird of genius to my bosom, and [illegible] me as my own son."

Mary [illegible] his neck and wept for joy, and then they summoned Eddy.

"I knew it Eddy. I told you he was kind and good, my own blessed Uncle Tim," said Mary, clasping both hands of his in her own, and then transferring his to her uncle's.

"And I will be your uncle, too, my dear boy, from this day forth forever, so help me God," and good Uncle Tim clasped the poor orphan to his bosom.

Edwin Hale had found a second father.—Various emotions, joy, hope, gratitude, and a strange subdued sorrow swelled his heart almost to bursting now, and he wept.

That feeling was contagious, Uncle Tim, Mary and the housekeeper who had entered unobserved, her errand to summon them to tea, all sobbed like children; and poor Eddy smothered his emotions as soon as he could, for the sake of the dear friends around him.

One week from that date Edwin Hale, with a large handsome trunk full of new, well fitting clothes, was set down at the door of a respectable Institute for boys, and "the new scholar" soon became the pride of the teachers and the favorite of the students.

Ten years later there was a social party at Uncle Tim's farm house. A beautiful and stately bride was there, and a tall, noble man with dark lustrous eyes and sombre locks, gazed down lovingly into her upturned eyes, saying, "Mary, all that I am, all that I hope for, has been the result of your own unselfish kindness. Next to your own sweet self, I honor and admire dear, generous Uncle Tim."

"And I, oh successful attorney, brilliant orator, and famous poet, am fully repaid for all my early solicitude in your behalf by the priceless treasure of your love."

"Sister Sophia McClure Collins, please to walk this way," said Uncle Tim in a loud voice, for he was a privileged character, having been settled permanently in his chair for the last year, in consequence of an obstinate attack of rheumatism.

"And you too, brother Paul McClure, and sister Sarah," and they obeyed.

"Now, sister Sophia and brother Paul, you are both as aristocratic as if you had been born with royal blood in your veins, and you are both as proud of the new accession to your family as if you had become related to all the foreign sovereigns of the world.

"Know then, that yonder tall, intellectual personage, who is just now gazing down so fondly into the eyes of the very sweetest woman who ever wore white bridal slippers, was ten years ago the little overworked, bound boy of one Hiram Collins, of Collins farm, and that sweet angel at his side ran away with him, and brought him out here to her Uncle McClure, the plain old bachelor, who happened to hide a heart under a rough jacket.—And now, brother Paul and sister Sophia, I have invited you to meet here, that we may have a pleasant merry making at the old homestead upon the occasion of the late marriage of my niece. You will be happy to hear, no doubt, that Edwin P. Hale, Esq., has been educated and maintained, until recently, by plain old Tim; and if he continues to walk uprightly until Tim lies down to rest in that curtained chamber which will only be opened to let in the light of the morning of the resurrection, he will find himself heir to the round sum of fifty thousand dollars. Ho! Eddy, my boy, come up to Uncle Tim's old arm chair, and tell us how it happened that you did'nt turn the cows into the pasture of a certain Mr. Collins, of Collins farm, on the morning of the third of August, ten years ago?"

Mrs. Collins blushed, and Mr. Collins "aliemed," Mr. Hale smiled, his bride covered her mischievous face with her fan, and then there was an embarrassing silence of several moments, for Edwin was more puzzled to know what to say than if he had been suddenly called out to address an audience composed of thousands.

Just in time to relieve him of the dilemma, Uncle Tim burst forth into one of his great, grand, house-raking laughs, that rattled the very china in the pantry, and rocked the four tall sperm candles on the mantle-piece; at least it so seemed to the guests, who caught the contagion instanter, and if the china and candles only apeared to rattle and rock, the illusion was the result of their own personal vibrations.

"Uncle Tim's rheumatism was greatly mollified by the enjoyment of that old fashioned "home hoging," and in a few weeks he was running about the farm again.

Uncle Tim was never induced to visit New York, for he has a horror of all cities, but his niece spent may weeks at his house every summer, and her husband rode out often during her stay. He seemed to yearn for their society the more as his steps faltered on the extreme westo slope of life; and although he never lost his cheerfulness, he smiled more pensively at the parting moments.

One cold March morning a letter arrived at their city home, subscribed by the old house keeper at the farm. It contained the painful intelligence that her employer was sick unto death.

They set out for his residence immediately and only arrived to receive his last look of love and see the light of intelligence fade out from that benignant countenance.

"I have loved him even more than a father," cried Mary, in wild burst of grief, bowing her head upon the bosom whose heat of life was gone.

"And I, whoad no other earthly parent, have loved him oh, how intensely. I never knew the depth of my attachment to him until this sad momt."

And the stroupman kissed the pale lips of his silent benefactor, and wept—a very child again.

"Wha world were this,
How unendurable weight, if they
Whom death hatlundered did not meet again."

The Robber of the Wabash.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp in locating landots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health and partly to accomodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me, who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Davenport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, I hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever; and, as the physican said he would not be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of men bound on the very route that I was going, and waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack-horses to carry our luggage, and I soon found I lost nothing by waiting for my companions were agreeable and entaining. They were going to St. Joseph where they had lands already located, and here they had mills upon the river intending to get out lumber the remainder of the sean.

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's Settlement, on Little River—having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached that little log built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for, ere we were fairly under the cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly, too. And more still I had to be thankful, for my horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I lighted from the saddle, I found that his footbained him very much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, were we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable quarters for that country at that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men and barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose, threw on my cloths and went down. "What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry way.

"Ah! don you know, stranger?" said the host, returning. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

"Who, in the west, at that time, had not heard of him!—the most reckless, daring and murderous rober that ever cursed the country. I told the host that I had heard of him often.

"Well," he recounted; "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just on the river. We've been out after him, but he's gin us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you've come back horseless?" I said.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these huntins or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, but not very stout. But Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it.—He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oho! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided, was all drank, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed; and this time I slept uninterrupted till morning.

"I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and fond relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land." I told the man I would set out on my return as quick as possible. He ate some breakfast and resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawattomie border.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step upon it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and let out my horse, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look'e," said mine host, as I began to despond, "can't you manage a canoe."

"Yes—very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast a horse could walk through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it again at Logansport for as much."

I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw it was a good one.

"If you daren't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe, and back it around. Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dugout," large enough to bear four men with ease, and at once paid the owner the price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at the boldest of the "varmints," but I had no time, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion, but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a footfall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at the side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two-and-thirty, and seemed to be a hunter.—He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the other paddle and keeping you company."

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," said the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than those worn out legs through the deep forest."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke, he leaped into the canoe, and having disposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and that his father lived at Columbus. He was out on a hunting and exploring expedition with some companions, who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, and had lost his horse into the bargain. He said that he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank, I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business, and by a most unpresuming course of remark, he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrunity. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midships, and facing me.—His hair was of a light, flaxen hue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome; and his complexion, very light. But the color of his face was not what one would call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were gray in color, and had the brilliancy of glazing ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I sat him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber. For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had let me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon, when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in the breast pocket of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Ay," I added, with a smile, "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable.—I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"Oh, you'll meet him never fear," said my companion.

Ah! he spoke that with a meaning. I understood it well. I know what that sly tone, and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villian at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon mine as he spoke, and then he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few minutes reflection told me that I had better behave as though he were an honest men; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved farther forward and having removed the thwart, upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and under the cover of a cough, I cocked it.—Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger on the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams.— I'll have you further on your way than you think

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself—and lowered my head, and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long, regularly-drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter:

"O-ho, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn.—If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and take your traps to pay your passage to heaven."

I think these were the very words. At any rate, they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle and rose to his feet. I saw him reach over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand, he had a huge bowie-knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the gale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch proceeded to approach me. Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long, gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side, and measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart still as death. Of course my snoring ceased, and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within one foot of the robbers heart:—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was past. I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed, I heard a fierce yell, and at the same time the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went off and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right, I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and then I saw it quiver—only a slight spasmodic movement—and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that Gustus Karl was dead! He had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it struck very near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I had told them my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took simply the reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredation.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water—water! In God's name, give me water!" he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows, sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke, the skin was moist, and the fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle by my side, and started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

From the New York Mercury.

THE TERRIBLE SACRIFICE;
OR A DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION.

BY LIEUT. LITTLE.

In a neat, tasteful dwelling on the banks of the Hudson, lived the Widow Gray, with her only daughter—a young lady of seventeen—and her son, a small boy about six years of age.

In the year 1830, about five years prior to the date at which our story opens, the dead body of Mrs. Gray's husband had been found lying a short distance from the house, with the marks of violence upon it. The murder of Mr. Gray, who was a well known merchant of the city, produced a great deal of excitement, and several persons in the neighborhood were arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed. They were however, soon discharged, when an old gipsey woman living in that vicinity appeared and made the following statement, to this effect:

That while sitting under the shade of an old tree, on the night of the murder, she observed a man leave the house of Dr. B——, whom she recognized as the deceased. After leaving the house she observed him leisurely approach the spot where she sat. On casting her eyes towards the house at the same moment, she saw another figure stealthily leave the premises, and swiftly and quietly follow the footsteps of Mr. Gray; and, when within a few yards of him, crouch down behind some bushes skirting the path. All at once she saw the glare and heard the report of a pistol, and saw Mr. B—— the next moment a man rushed by her with a pistol in his hand—that man she could take her oath was Dr. B. This was the gipsey woman's statement, and it appeared the more plausible, as Dr. B—— had disappeared from the premises in a mysterious manner, and had not as yet been heard of. The servants were questioned, but they could give no account of their master's whereabouts. A vigorous search was made by the authorities, which, however, proved fruitless; no trace of the murderer could be found.

Dr. B——, at the time of his disappearance, was a young man of twenty-five, and single. He had already obtained considerable celebrity in his profession, and was known to be remarkably skillful in the cure of fevers. It was known that he had led a very extravagant life, and had borrowed large sums of money from Mr. Gray, which the latter, a few weeks before his decease, had often called upon him to pay. It was, therefore, generally conjectured that the young physician had murdered him, in order to get rid of a troublesome creditor.

The death of her husband had been a severe blow to Mrs. Gray, and it was thought at that time that she would become insane; but she finally recovered from the dreadful delirium which had at first threatened her life. Her whole affections were then centered in the offspring of the unfortunate man; and as he had left her comparatively wealthy, she spared no means in the bringing up of her two children.

As I previously remarked, Ellen was now seventeen; and little Willie, her brother, six years of age. Ellen was kind and affectionate in manners, and as beautiful as she was good. It is not to be supposed that so fair a flower could long escape the prying eyes of those brainless fops who go about in search of treasures of this description. But Ellen looked upon all these miserable specimens of men with the utmost contempt, and had attained the age of sixteen without experiencing, in the slightest degree, the heavenly inspiration of love.

This state of things, however, was destined not to last much longer. There at length came one whom Ellen loved with all the affection of her young and trustful heart. This individual was a young physician named Charles Reynolds, who was rapidly attaining celebrity in his profession. In personal appearance, he was very prepossessing, at least to Ellen. Not above the medium height, his figure was graceful and firm; his limbs well rounded, and his frame compact; his forehead was broad and high, and his large grey eyes continually gleaming with the restless fire of a powerful intellect. To Ellen he confided all the inspirations and hopes of the honorable ambition which fired his soul; and she listened to him with pleasure and interest. One day, as they were both slowly walking towards the house, they met a tall, dark looking stranger, who, as they passed him, looked keenly at Ellen.

"Did you ever see that gentleman before?" inquired Reynolds, after they had passed him.

"No, I don't recollect that I ever did," answered Ellen. "There is something evil looking in his eye."

"Depend upon it, he is hanging about these premises for no good!" answered Reynolds.

When Ellen and Reynolds entered the house they found that little Willie had been taken suddenly sick with a high fever. Reynolds instantly prescribed such remedies as he thought would be most likely to check its course, and then bidding them adieu, took his departure. Little Willie, however, grew worse and worse, each day his breathing be-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)