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POETRY.

☞ Mr. Webster, at more than one period of his life, dallied with the muses. In 1825, he had the misfortune to lose a son, three years of age, named Charles, represented to have possessed singular attractiveness of mind and character, even at that early age. On that occasion, Mr. Webster enclosed the following effusion to his wife:

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,
And kiss'd thee laughing, kiss'd thee weeping;
But oh! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with my angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should leap
Is broken o'er those years come o'er me
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen.
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent't grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine,
Thou hast thy predecessor past;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, sprig'st to the skies,
And 'eav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss!
And oh! to that world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel, thou art safe in Heaven;
No prayer for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayer for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My Father! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
Soon! my Father! guide me there.

POPULAR TALE

A River Adventure;

—OR—

THE WABASH ROBBER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the summer of 1832 I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, locating land-lots along the Wabash in Indiana. I had gone out partly for health, and partly to accommodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me, and who had purchased a great deal of Government land. At Loganport, Kemp was taken sick, and watching with him a week in hopes that he would soon recover I found that he had a settled fever and as the physician said he would not probably be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone.—

I obtained a good nurse, and having given 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 six men bound on the very route I was going, and I 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 that I had lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Josephs, where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber during the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Loganport we reached Walton's settlement upon the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day It was well towards the evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for we had fairly got under cover the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and fast.

And more still had I to be thankful for. My horse began to show lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle I found that his foot pained him much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I offered the hostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper and comfortable quarters for the night,—yes, comfortable for that section and time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a beautiful drowse, I was startled by the tramp of men and the barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise increased I arose and threw on my clothes and went down.

"What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry-way.

"—don't ye know, stranger?" the man returned. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

"No, I in the West at that time had not heard of him?—the most reckless, daring and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host I had heard of him often.

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

"And you've come back bootless," I said.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of the head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either have to leave these huntin's, 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's small, not a bit over five-foot-six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and 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 most generally like a common hunter. He's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided was all drank up the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to my bed; and this time I slept on without interruption till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining nearly 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 would see me as soon as possible!

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now 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 soon as possible. He eat some breakfast and then resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawatomie border.

I settled up my bill and then went for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so that he could hardly step on 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 either lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot the night before 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 led my horse out, 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 ye 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 ye along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it's worth, and ye can sell it at Loganport for full as much."

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

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

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dug-out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his 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 this was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with huge trees, and I saw game in plenty; and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at some of the boldest of the "varmints;" but I had no time to waste, 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 just 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 a broad basin where the current formed a perfect whirl-pool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and I found myself going 'round and 'round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the rotary current; but in doing so I ran myself upon the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little and as I found my bark thus surely moored I resolved to rest for 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, leggings of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way ye bound, stranger?" he asked, in a very pleasing tone.

"Down the river, to Loganport," I replied.

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

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

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn-out legs thro' the deep forest."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bows, he took one of 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 in Columbus.—He was out now on a mere hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions who had gone on to Loganport by horse, he having got separated from them in the night, and lost his horse into the bargain. He said 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 quiet and unpresuming course of remark he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midships, and facing me. He was not a large man nor was he tall. 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 grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I set 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 led 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 'twas too late then 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 outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more calmly 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 of the game.—They were in the breast pockets of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant

Another hour had passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said it would be convenient that we were both together for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss of meeting my friend for worlds."

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

Ah—he spoke that with too much meaning. I understood it well. I knew 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 first I 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 unpractised physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain 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 me when he spoke, and that he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, nor even intentional: but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus.

At length night came on. We eat 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 moments' reflection told me that I had better behave as though I were with an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further 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 beneath the cover of a cough, cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping the weapon firmly, with my finger upon 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 trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell full upon Karl, and I could thus see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash; having entered it about three o'clock.

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

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams.—I'll have you farther on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

Perhaps so, thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to compose 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 long regularly drawn breath, and on the instant the villian started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the wood.

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,—

"Oho, 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 I'll take your traps to pay for your passage to heaven!"

I think these were the very words. At any rate that was their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and then arose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought his hand back he had a huge bowie knife in it! I could see the blade gleam in the pale 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 approached me—oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly—and I could hear the greating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke!

The villain was by my side, and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick kerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with! Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart stood 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 a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quck 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 the weapon might miss fire but it did not. There was a sharp report and as I sprang up and back I heard a fierce yell, and at the same moment the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down!

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

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I held the second pistol ready for I knew not surely the wretch was dead He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly, 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 turned to its aim, for it had struck very near the spot over which 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 the dying madness about the handle!

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun sank again to rest I had reached Loganport. 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 the simple reward from the generous citizens while the remainder, I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations

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

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

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

SHOOTING STARS.

There was a man who when the stars were out above, and the municipal stars were complacent below, used to rig up a telescope, wherewith to study astronomy, at sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way I saw two Irish "gentlemen" taking an observation of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jemmy," said one, what in the wurruld is your fellow after with his machinery?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen!" whispered the other, sure and can't ye see that its an air gun cannon that he's got? He's afther shooting stars he is!"

"Had'nt we better be getting out iv the way?"

"Sure an' it's not us," was the answer. "Did'nt ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted thro' it up at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it! He's fetched it down!" cried the Hibernians in a breath. "Sure and that's the greatest shooting I iver saw in my life!"

But a sense of duty at once prevailed, and one of them rudely accosted the man of the telescope:

"Ye'll jist stop that now, mister, av ye please. The night is dark enough now plinty, an' you go on shooting stars at that rate, sorra the man'll find his way about the strate."

And the man of the telescope had to pick up and be off.

TIT FOR TAT.

The peculiar disadvantages of farming near a populous town may be illustrated by an anecdote, related by a near neighbor of Mr. Rigden's:—"One day," he said, "just before harvest, I met a fashionable gentleman with a large handful of ears of wheat, taken from my fields.—I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat 'Yes,' said he, 'it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it.' I acknowledge the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me he always liked to take a good sample home, as it amused the ladies. Upon this, noticing with admiration the beauty of his dress coat, asked him to let me look at the skirt. He readily did so, and I quietly took out my pen-knife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman bounced and swore, but I told him I always took samples of cloth, as I found they greatly interested my wife. I added, that he had no more right to take my wheat than I had to take his coat, and that I wished the public to be impressed with this truth, for when thousands of people visited one's fields, and each took away some ears, the losses annually were very great." The same is true of people who visit printing offices, and take *just one paper* to look at.

A BIT OF ADVICE.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and don't mind them.—If they get in your way, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man that has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everybody has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air—they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow, will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform but your duty and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Useful Receipts.

A CURE FOR SCROFULA.—Nicholas Longworth, the famous millionaire and wine-grower of Cincinnati, publishes the following cure for scrofula:

Put 2 oz. of aquafortis on a plate, on which you have 2 copper cents. Let it remain from 14 to 24 hours. Then add 4 oz. of clear, strong vinegar. Put cents and all in a large mouthed bottle, and keep it corked Begin by putting 4 drops in a teaspoonful of rain water, and apply it to the sore. Make the application 3 times a day with a soft hair pencil, or made of soft rags. If *very painful* put more water. As the sore heals apply it weaker.

I request editors, in all parts of the Union, and abroad, to copy this, and to republish it quarterly, it may save many lives. N. LONGWORTH.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

P. S. Captain Harkness, of our city, the first person cured by this remedy, applied it without water, and he informed us that he thought it would burn his leg off; but the next day it was cured. His was a small sore, and had been attended to for months by one of the best physicians, without any benefit.—*Cin. Times.*

A CURE FOR SCARLET FEVER.—As you have published some excellent articles on that scourge of youthful and infantile life, scarlet fever, permit me to give to the public, through your columns, a very simple and efficacious remedy for the terrible soreness and ulceration of the mouth and throat in aggravated cases. Take equal quantities of honey and sweet oil—both should be pure—say one table spoonful of each, or one tea spoonful; heat it on a sheet of glazed letter-paper over a spirit or fluid lamp, and give the patient, at frequent intervals a small quantity, as cold as it can be taken. It can do no *harm*, and has in some cases, when the collection of mucus in the throat and mouth almost produced suffocation, saved the patient's life.—*N. Y. Post.*

WOLF TEETH IN HORSES.—Wolf teeth are quite common, and many good horses are made blind by them. I had two horses which had them last season. The cure is simple easy. Take a piece of iron with a square end, one-fourth of an inch in size. Let one hold the horse and open the lip so to enable the one with the iron to place it against the tooth, and with a small mallet knock the tooth out—There is no root to the wolf teeth The best way is to take the horse to a blacksmith shop, and the smith with his punch will knock them out in two minutes.—When you see the horse's eyes begin to run and look glassy, look for the wolf teeth. It is a small sharp tooth, just forward of the grinders of the upper jaw. *Cor. Country Gentleman.*

FROSTED FEET.—Heat a brick very hot end hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it over the foot. The juice of the union will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time.—If this is done for a few times it is almost certain of curing your feet entirely.—*Exchange.*

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.—It has been proved, by recent experiments, that the best mode of prolonging the duration of wood is to char it, and then paint it over with three or four coats of pitch. But simple charring the wood was of very little utility, as were also saturations with various salts, acids, &c.

Hard Traveling.—A man once traveling by a stage coach in Michigan was unfortunate enough to be on a poor road where he was obliged to go on foot and carry a rail to help pay the stage out of mud holes—becoming exhausted and impatient, he addressed the driver; "Look a'here old fellow, I've no objections to paying ten cents a mile for my fare, and no objections to going on foot, but I'll be hanged if I carry this rail another rod.'

Absence of Mind.—The latest case is that of a loafer who went into a husband's house, and intending to kiss the child, fell to kissing its mother. He did not discover his mistake until the young woman's husband entered the house and caused him to see stars!

LORD CLARENDON'S DEFENCE.—In the first place, JOHNATHAN, we didn't steal the soldiers; in the second, if we did, we didn't mean to; in the third, if we did steal them intentionally, being such good friends as we are, you oughtn't to mind it.

☞ "Ah, me!" said a pious lady, 'our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles!"

Never waste animal or vegetable refuse. The very soap suds from the laundry are rich manure.

TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.—Drop a small piece of lime in a basin of water, and wash the mohogany with it.