

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these ere men?"

"I'm afraid they're bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked round?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scare-crows."

"But we can watch them."

"Yes, we will watch 'em, but do not let them know it."

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the dog house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak to their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of doors. To see the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed—we want them. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and as quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their places behind the great stove chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the strangers returned, they had resumed their seats.

The hunters cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building being the old man's sleeping room, and the other the room in which the company now sat.

Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over a large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the little sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it close to the gable end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travelers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room below.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away, and they heard their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through a crack, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window, he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boys thought that this might be thrown to the dogs to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel as he heard that his poor dogs were poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boys' bed there was a dark window, a small square door, and as it was directly over the dog's house, Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one; for the least noise would arouse the villains, and the consequence might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in the heart, and he determined upon the trial. His father's life might be in his hands. This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving from his bed, and it swung upon its leather hinges without noise. Then he threw off the sheet and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, and they drew back at their young masters' beck. Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quietly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the dog-house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it may appear, at

which a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the strangers heard them thought they were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. An hour had passed away, and so did another. It must have been near midnight when the men moved again, and the lad Philip, saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and then lay perfectly still.

The man came to the top of the ladder and held his light up, so as he could look upon the boys. The fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives, and he heard them whispering.

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them, then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there (pointing to the scaffold) wake up, we can easily take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another of the villains.

"Yes," returned the first speaker, "but the young ones first, they might make a noise and start the old man up."

Philip's heart beat with terror.

"Down the ladder outside! quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down and start up the dogs! run for the front door, and throw it open—it isn't fastened! O, do let the dogs into the house, be as quick as you can! I'll look out for father whilst you go."

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor so that its light should fall into the bed room as soon as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back and rested the muzzle on the edge of the boards. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The hero boy uttered a single word of heart-felt prayer and then pulled the trigger. The villain whose hand was upon the latch, uttered one sharp quick cry, and then fell upon the floor.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it however, for at that instant the outer door was flung open, and the hounds—four in number, sprang into the house. With a deep wild yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter came from his room.

"Help us!—help us! father. I've shot one of them!—They are murderers! robbers!—Hold 'em! hold 'em!" the boy continued clapping his hands to the dogs. Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men upon the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed some more restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then turned upon the boys. Philip told him all that had happened. It seemed some time before the hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind; but as he gradually comprehended it all, a soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held out his arms to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he muttered as he clasped them to his bosom. "God bless you for this. O, I dreamed not that you had such hearts."

For a long time the old man gazed upon his boys in silence, while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio river, I beg they would take notice of a

large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owenboro. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there, and he will tell you, "Philip Slater and Brother, retired flour merchants." They are the boy heroes of whom I have been writing.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW PEOPLE ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT.—A correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune* states that during the late trip of the U. S. sloop of war Decatur through the straits of Magellan, Dr. Bainbridge and another officer obtained leave of absence for a few days, during a calm, and were landed at Terra del Fuego. They then ascended to a mountain to the height of 3,500 feet, when they came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty; fertile fields, the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of cultivation and refinement. Their appearance astonished the inhabitants, who, however did not treat them unfriendly. The men all range from 6 to 6 3/4 feet in height, well proportioned, very athletic, straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet black eye. The writer adds:—

Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive priests through half a hundred centuries. They tell us that this island was once attached to the main land, 1900 years ago, by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake which occasioned the rent known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple, which, according to their description, as compared to the one now existing that we saw, must have been 17,200 feet square, and over 1,100 feet high, built of purest granite marble.

HONORABLE CONDUCT.—Mr. David Kinmouth, who was a merchant in Dunelm, (Scotland), about ten years ago, and whose estate was sequestrated, yielding to the creditors only 4s. 2d. in the pound, has remitted from Boston, Mass., where he is now residing, to the trustee of the creditors, Mr. Robert Greig, full payment, with 25 per cent. more in the shape of interest.

English News.

IMPORTANT INDICATIONS.—The *N. Y. Times* has a correspondent in Paris, very Napoleonic in his predilections, who communicates occasionally very startling views on the affairs of the war. Here are his latest:—

Paris, Friday, August 17, 1855.

What I stated in my last letter to be Court rumours become more consistent every hour. The great attack upon Sebastopol is, I have good reason to believe, to take place upon the 20th, and by the time this reaches you it will have fallen, and with less loss than perhaps you imagine. Too much importance has been attached to the forts upon the northern side of the harbour; they do not command the city, as has been stated. It is a distance of two miles in an air line from the Malakoff across the bay to the northern Star fort; but from the Malakoff, the southern side could be laid in ruins in forty eight hours. This post takes the second line of Russian defence in the flank, taking it in its entire length. There is no great excitement about the coming assault, but a quiet conviction that the city will fall.

You observe that all the past actions on the part of the Allies seemed to be undertaken with a view to making success a kind of basis upon which to treat for peace. This is not so now. France, that is, the Emperor, has resolved upon a war which will reduce Russia to a second-rate power, and the mediation of Austria will no longer serve, although she offers the most abject terms on Russia's part.

The army of the Danube is now concentrating on Marseilles and Toulon, at the rate of 3,000 to 4,000 men a day. This army, headed by Napoleon in person, is destined for a campaign in Bessarabia next October. While marching upon Odessa, which city will be again attacked by sea by the Allied fleets, he hopes to attack and engage whatever Russian force may be detailed to stop the advance of the Allies in the Crimea. The two armies—that of the Danube, and that in the Crimea—will winter on the ground, but not before Sebastopol.

The English are recalling all the generals of division, it is said, to allow the younger men a chance of winning their way up.

I suppose that you will receive with a smile of incredulity the announcement that Sebastopol is

taken! Be sure that nothing short of a miracle can save it. During the embarkation of the troops at Varna, the Emperor designs to show himself in the Crimea. Omar Pacha was recalled to Constantinople to advise upon the state of affairs at Kara; he declined the command of the Turkish army in Asia Minor, and pointed out Sir Stephen Lakeman, an English officer in the Sultan's service, as the most efficient commander. Lakeman is now in London. He has had an interview with Lord Panmure, but there is some hitch. We hear that he stipulates for an English and French contingent.

Portugal is about to volunteer her share of troops for the war.

Austria begins to feel that she is in a false position, and her people begin to suspect that she is in a contemptible one.

You may be amused at the reliance I seem to place in the resolves of Napoleon, but you do not know the man. Ten years ago he was an adventurer, three years ago he was an Emperor, now he is the Destiny of Europe. England watches his nod; Spain Portugal, Sardinia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, and Denmark wait in his ante-chamber; Austria crouches, and Prussia hides away from him.

A story is going the rounds which marks the man. While conversing with the English Ambassador upon the unsuccessful attack upon the Malakoff, his Excellency observed that the English could not have held the Redan except at a loss of 10,000 men; Napoleon smiled, and replied, "Your Excellency's calculation is rather that of a surgeon than that of a general."

I presume you are aware that the communication of the newspaper correspondents with the camps is entirely cut off. Even the intelligence which reaches the *Times* is mere conjecture, and very much which is conveyed to them of proposed attacks and movements is purposely falsified, that their reports may mislead the Russians. Matters published in London reached Sebastopol within 20 hours, through Prussian telegraphs to St. Petersburg, and thence by telegraph to Sebastopol. The fall of Sweaborg has not created any excitement, and the visit of Victoria will raise the funds more than the best news from the Crimea.

ENCAMPMENT IN ENGLAND.

The nucleus of what is intended to be a large encampment has been formed at Aldershot, in Hampshire. A brigade of the Guards and seven militia regiments, numbering altogether about 5000 men, are already on the ground. They were visited and reviewed by the Queen on the 11th July. Her Majesty was accompanied by the King of the Belgians, the Count of Flanders, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the duke of Cambridge.

At the close of the review the troops formed in close column round the Royal Pavillion, and witnessed the presentation by her Majesty of Crimean medals to three wounded non-commissioned officers, who have been appointed barrack masters at the camp. Wooden huts are being erected for the troops.

THE QUEEN AND SIR EDMUND LYONS.—The *Morning Herald* has published the following autograph letter, sent by the Queen to Sir Edmund Lyons, on the death of his son—

Buckingham Palace, June 29, 1855.

The Queen cannot let any one but herself express to Sir Edmund Lyons the Prince's and her feelings of deep and heartfelt sympathy on the most melancholy occasion of the loss of his beloved and gallant son, Captain Lyons. We grieve deeply to think of the heavy affliction into which Sir E. Lyons is plunged at this anxious moment, and we mourn over the loss of an officer who proved himself so worthy of his father, and was so bright an ornament to the service he belonged to. To lose him, just when he returned triumphant, having accomplished so admirably all that was desired and wished, must be an additional pang to his father. If sympathy can afford consolation, he possesses that of the whole nation.

The *N. Y. Times* has news from a private source to the effect that Russia, having failed to obtain a loan in Europe, she has it in contemplation to raise one in the United States, on a plan similar to the recent loans in France. This rumor, it is said, had reached the English and French Governments. On the other hand, the *Times* learns from an American lady direct from St. Petersburg, (Mrs. Bodisco,) that there was no financial or commercial distress in Russia; that money is abundant, and business as brisk as ever. No fears were entertained of the capture of Sebastopol. A large reserved force was awaiting orders at St. Petersburg, and there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits or supplies of provisions and money.