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HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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## SUBMISSION.

Whatever I need in the way of trial  
I am willing to meet; for the hand  
of pain  
Holds the human heart like an unstrung  
viol  
And tightens it up for a finer strain.

Whatever is best for my soul's shaping  
I want should come, I am not afraid!  
I make no petition for ways of escaping  
But only for courage and spirit aid.

Tho' the quivering depths of pain are  
sounded

The storm may teach me the worth  
of calm,  
And I want my life to be full and  
rounded

As if it were molded in God's great  
palm.

I would grasp the best of this brief ex-  
istence

And I have lived long enough now,  
to know  
That it must be earned by the soul's  
resistance,

By loss, temptation and blinding woe.

So I welcome pain as my friend and  
master,

And I walk with him thro' sorrowing  
nights.

And in the dawn after each disaster  
I find I am nearer the shining heights.

## A BRAVE DEED.

"Somebody ought to let the settlers  
at Armstrong's know about the danger  
they're in; but I don't see how we're  
going to do it."

The speaker was a man dressed as a  
farmer; he was speaking to his neigh-  
bors, and they were all gathered in a  
large barn, built of logs, in one of the  
newly settled portions of Minnesota. It  
was in the time of the Indian outbreak,  
and they had sought safety here, men,  
women, and children, inspired by a  
feeling of terror only understood by  
those who have lived on the frontier,  
and know from actual experience the  
danger of such a life in places where  
the Indians are unfriendly and murder-  
ous.

Stories had come to them of horrible  
massacres at New Ulm and other settle-  
ments not far away, and they were  
expecting an attack at any time. Ev-  
ery hour passed slowly in fear and  
suspense.

The remark with which I have

began this story was called out by the  
tidings which a scout had just brought  
in. He had learned that the Indians  
intended to attack a settlement some  
ten miles down the river. "Arm-  
strongs," it was called, because the  
name of the leading man there was  
Armstrong. It was a lonely place,  
quite by itself, and as it had been but  
recently settled, the only communication  
it had with the outside world was by  
way of the river, and a rough trail  
along the bluffs.

"It's just like this," said the man.  
"The Indians are scattered along the  
river, on either side of it, for four or  
five miles below here, clear back to the  
swamps, thus cutting off all chance of  
escape for the folks at Armstrong's, if  
they knew of the danger, for there  
are Indians on the other side of them.  
The only chance for them to save them-  
selves is in getting together as we've  
done, and holding out against the red-  
skins until help comes, and that will  
be soon, I'm sure. But they don't  
know anything about what's been done  
or what is going to be done; therefore  
they'll be taken by surprise, and they'll  
be butchered, every man, woman, and  
child of them, as the whites were at  
New Ulm. It's terrible, but I don't  
see how we can help it. It's sure death  
to attempt to get from here to Arm-  
strong's. The woods are full of Indians,  
and they'd discover a fellow before he'd  
made two miles of the distance."

Robert Woods listened to what was  
being said with a sad heart. He was  
a poor boy, with but one relative in  
the world, as far as he knew. That  
relative was a sister living at Arm-  
strong's.

"Must I stay here and let her be  
killed?" he said to himself—"let her  
be killed, without making an attempt  
to save her? No; I'll try to get to  
Armstrong's in some way, if I die for  
it."

"See here," he said, going up to the  
man who seemed to be the one in  
charge of affairs, "I have a sister at  
Armstrong's. I can't stay here and  
do nothing while she's in such danger  
I'll undertake to get there and give  
them a warning."

Why, boy, you'd be shot before you'd  
got out of hearing almost" was the re-  
ply. "I know it seems cruel for us to  
stay here while they're exposed to such

danger; but we've got our families to  
protect, and we know that there isn't  
one chance in a thousand of getting  
to them. It would be like running a  
gauntlet."

"I'll take that chance, then," said  
Robert. I must go. Don't try to  
keep me back. I have a plan that  
may work. I'll try it, any way."

"What is it?" they asked him.  
"How are you going?"

"By river," answered Robert.

"They're camped all along the bank  
a few miles below here, and no boat or  
canoe could possibly get past them  
unseen," they told him.

"But I am not going in a boat or  
canoe," he said. I'm going to float  
down in a tree-top."

Just at dusk that night a tree-top  
drifted out slowly into the river from  
the little bend below the settlement.  
Hidden away among the branches was  
the boy who had determined to risk  
his life for the sake of other lives.

The current bore the tree-top along  
past the shores where, for all the young  
voyager knew, an Indian might be lurk-  
ing, hoping for a victim. Sometimes  
it almost touched the bank as the river  
made a curve, and the current ran  
close by the edge of the stream; then it  
would drift out into the middle of the  
stream again.

The moon rose by-and-by, and made  
the scene almost as light as day.  
Robert was sorry about that, for it  
made his voyage seem more perilous, if  
it really was not so. A very dark night  
would have suited him best.

It seemed to him that he had been  
adrift for three or four hours before he  
saw or heard any indications of life.  
Suddenly a figure rose up on the bank,  
and stood there watching the river. It  
was an Indian. He was not twenty feet  
away from Robert, and the boy hardly  
dared breathe for fear of being heard.  
It seemed to him as if the Indian's  
sharp eyes must see through the branch-  
es and discover him.

But the Indian probably never  
thought of such a thing as a person's  
being hidden in the tree-top, and soon  
Robert had left him behind. But there  
were others skulking up and down the  
river, and he saw several of them be-  
fore he had gone much farther. But  
they, like the first one, did not seem to  
think there was anything unusual or

suspicious in the floating of a tree-top  
down the river, and Robert passed  
them safely.

Presently he heard the sound of a  
paddle, and peering through the branch-  
es, he saw a canoe coming towards him.  
There was three Indians in it.

The canoe was being steered straight  
for the tree-top. He believed that his  
presence there had been discovered. It  
was barely possible that it had not, how-  
ever; but if the Indians ran into the  
tree-top, as it looked as if they intended  
to, it certainly would be, if he remained  
crouching on the tree. He lowered him-  
self noiselessly into the water until only  
his head remained above the surface.

The Indians ran the front of the  
canoe upon the trunk of the floating top,  
and one of them got out and stood upon  
it, steadying himself by holding to the  
branches, while his comrades made some  
changes in the blankets and other ar-  
ticles in the bottom of the canoe. The  
Indian's feet were not a foot from Rob-  
ert's head. The extra weight caused  
the tree-top to sink lower in the water,  
and once or twice, while the Indian stood  
there, Robert came near strangling, for  
the water rose to his mouth. But he  
managed to lift himself a little higher  
and keep above the threatened danger.  
It was with such intense relief as only  
they can imagine who have been in a  
similar position that he saw the Indian  
get back into the canoe.

After that Robert saw no more In-  
dians, though he heard several whoops  
and their answers a little distance back  
from the banks.

By-and-by he knew from the trees  
and some of the bluffs along the stream  
that he was nearing the settlement  
where his sister lived.

Half an hour later he paddled his  
leafy boat ashore, and climbed the bluff  
bank. Before him, peaceful and un-  
suspicious of danger, lay the little settle-  
ment of "Armstrong's."

He hurried to the house where his  
sister lived, and roused the owner of it.  
To him he told his story in a few brief  
words. The place was in danger. The  
settlers must be got together, and that  
at once. The Indians might come at  
any time.

The man started in one direction,  
and Robert in another. It did not take  
long to visit all the houses, and rouse  
their inmates. Armstrong's house was  
the largest one in the settlement,  
and most substantially built, and here  
the settlers gathered, bringing guns,  
pitchforks, scythes, and whatever seem-  
ed likely to be of any possible use as a  
weapon. The house had a large cellar  
under it, and in it the women and chil-

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