

Poet's Career.

"Once more Old England's Warriors."

Once more, Old England's Warriors
Have girt their good swords on,
And hied them forth to battle
With "the dwellers of the Don."
They go to tread, like true men,
The path their fathers trod;
And their trust is strong and hopeful
In their good swords and their God.
Go boldly forth, ye brave ones,
For many a field prepare;
And those you leave behind you
Shall be your country's care.

No thirst for spoil allures you,
No dazzling glories blind;
You go but forth to battle
In the cause of all mankind
For the nations they are arming
For the trampled Moslemah;
And ten thousand throats are shouting
For vengeance on the Czar,
Then boldly forth, ye brave ones,
And let these north-men feel
The strength of English sinew,
And the shock of English steel.

See, step by step, beside you,
Those eagled hosts advance!
True comrades in the conflict,
The warrior sons of France,
Your time ye've bided calmly,
Till now, your hour is come;
Draw, then, your bright blades boldly,
And when you strike—strike home!
Then, boldly forth, ye brave ones,
Your flags, as one, unfurled;
The doomsday of the despot
The vanguard of the world.

THE BOY HEROES.

A SKETCH OF EARLY WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived, upon a branch of the Green river, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Phillip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age. His elder children had gone south. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effects of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of the winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his hut.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodging for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They represented themselves as travellers bound farther west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a new settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after awhile the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Phillip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was over, the boys quickly slipped off the table, and then they went out of the house. It was dark, or rather night had

same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these 'ere men?"

"I'm afraid they are 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 scarecrows."

"But we can watch 'em."

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

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak with 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 the chair. "Now," whispered Phillip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed; we may want them. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pockets 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 hunter's 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 at present sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the 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 scaffolding, and on it, close up 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 off the kitchen for the three travellers, 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.

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 could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Phillip 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 boy thought that this might be thrown to the dogs only to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Phillip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be 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 dogs' house, Phillip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one; for the least noise would arouse the villains—and the consequences might be fatal. But Phillip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined on the trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Phillip opened the window without moving from the bed, and it swung upon its leathern 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 then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then he slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, and they drew back at their young master's beck, and Phillip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the dog house, and setting this up against the building, Phillip 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 per-

grewled as they went back in to their kennel, and if the strangers heard them they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. An hour passed away, and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men moved again, and the lad Phillip 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 step upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The man came to the top of the ladder, and held his light up so 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 Phillip 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, "and 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 speaker "but the young one first; they may make a noise and start the old man up."

Phillip's heart beat with horror.

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

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Phillip 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 would fall into the bed-room as the door was opened. Phillip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the boards. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The robber whose hand was upon the latch uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

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 assassins, and they had drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter came from his room. "Help us! help us! father," cried Phillip as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are murderers!—Robbers! Hold 'em! held '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 on 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 then 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 in 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. Phillip told him all that had happened. It seemed sometime before the old 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 his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered 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 on his boys in silence; while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Phillip 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 will take notice of a large

some eight miles west of Owensboro'. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there, and he will tell you, "Phillip Slater & Brother, retired flour merchants." They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

VICTORIA AND THE SABBATH.—The following interesting anecdote of Queen Victoria was originally published in the Court Journal. It is probably true, and if so, is highly honorable to her:

A noble lord, not particularly remarkable for his observances of the holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor, not a month ago, late on Saturday night. 'I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection' said he, 'some papers of importance; but as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night, but request your attention to them to-morrow morning.'

'To-morrow morning!' repeated the Queen; 'to-morrow is Sunday, my lord!'

'But business of state, please your Majesty.'

'Must be attended to, I know,' replied the Queen 'and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning.'

To church went the royal party; to church went the noble lord—and much to his surprise, the sermon was on 'the duties of the Sabbath.' 'How did your lordship like the sermon?' inquired the Queen. 'Very much, your Majesty,' replied the nobleman, with the best grace he could. 'I will not conceal from you,' said the Queen, 'that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it.'

The day passed without a single word 'on the subject of the papers of importance,' which must be gone into at length. His lordship was—as he always is—graceful entertaining; and at night when her Majesty was about to withdraw, 'To-morrow morning, my lord,' she said, 'at any hour you please—as early as seven if you like—we shall go into those papers.'

His lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour upon her Majesty—'nine would be quite time enough.'

'As they are of importance,' said the Queen, 'as they are of importance, my lord, I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it.' And at nine her Majesty was seated, ready to receive the nobleman who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is hoped, he will not quickly forget.

FREDERICK of Prussia, had a mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the 'Royal Guards,' and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day a recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life, and a large bounty, so delighted Patrick, that he at once consented.

'But,' said the sergeant, 'unless you can speak German, the king will not give you so much.'

'Och, and be jabbers,' said the Irishman, 'sure it's I that don't know a word of German.'

'But,' said the sergeant, 'three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the Guards, and as quick as he sees you will ride up and ask you three questions; first, his majesty will ask you how old are you. You will say twenty-seven—next how long have you been in the service; you must reply three weeks—finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer both.'

Patrick soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions, in three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him; Paddy stepped forward with 'present arms.'

'How long have you been in the service?' asked his majesty.

'Twenty-seven years.'

'Am I or you a fool?' roared the king.

'Both,' replied Pat, who was instantly taken to the guard-house.

'Rev. W. T.—, writes "J. D. W.,' of Indiana, 'is a large man, of dignified bearing, and when preaching, extremely sensitive to any disturbance being quite sufficient to throw him out of the track. He had some years ago, in connection with his pastorate, a small congregation in the country, to which he preached semi-occasionally, at a private house. The incident here recorded happened at that place, while a small but "select" audience was listening to one of T.—'s really animated and sensible sermons. As the preacher waxed warm, he observed some mysterious movement among the female gender, which attracted his attention away