

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

BY MRS HAWITT.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
My Pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're number'd with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
To deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise,
Most gratefully I raise,
To Him at whose command,
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

THE BOY HEROES.

WHEN Kentucky was an infant State and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of 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, Philip 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 quitted 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 sat 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 propitious 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 a while the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had been 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 cleared off the table, and then they went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather night

had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon two-thirds full shining down upon the forest.

'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 am 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 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 sat 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 follow him, but they did not take their weapons! The old lady was asleep in the chair. 'Now,' whispered Philip, '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 stranger's 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 now sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half 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 scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable end, was the boy's 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 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 boys thought not of sleeping, or if they did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour passed away, and they could hear their father snore. They then 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 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 Philip'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 hands of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boy's 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 consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in 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 the 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 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 Philip 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, 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 many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back to their kennel, and if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repeat 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 Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through

the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He could 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 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, '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 ones first; they may make a noise and start the old man up.'

Philip's heart beat with horror. '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 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 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 would fall into the bedroom as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the board. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and then pulled the trigger. The robber whose hand was upon the latch uttered one sharp, quick cry, and 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 Philip as he hurried down the ladder. 'I've shot one of them? They are murderers! robbers! 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 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 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. Philip told him all that had happened. It seemed sometime before the old hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind; but 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 upon 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, 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 will 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 Owensboro. 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.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

THERE is an atmosphere in a printing office, which, somehow, or other, puts notions into boys' heads, too,—an atmosphere which is very apt to make quick blood run quicker, and impulsive hearts beat higher, and active brains work harder, until those who were only intended to set up type for other people's thoughts, are suddenly found insisting on having other people to set up types for their own thoughts.

It is said that the Tea most in favor among unwarmed ladies is "BEAU-HEU."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PERSONNEL OF RUSSO-EUROPEAN QUESTION.

If Lord Palmerston has played only a silent part in the drama now acting before our eyes, he is none the less important therein; and he had the prologue all to himself. Without entering on disputable political territory, or solving the question whether the removal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office was or was not the proximate cause of the Russian advances against Turkey, it may be fairly affirmed that, in one sense or other, this war is the climax of that statesman's whole career as Foreign Minister. And this appears to be true whether with Lord Palmerston's ancient detractors we affirm that his constant "intermeddling," and his coquetting with democracy, provoked Russia; or whether with his admirers we say that he was president of the coming storm and sought to avert or to combat it by European combinations. It comes to nearly the same result, as far as the personal complicity of Lord Palmerston is concerned.—His anterior diplomacy casts its shadow over the whole of these negotiations and events, and like Lord Aberdeen, he exercises a moral influence upon them. For some fifteen years this influence was demonstrated in the shape of a continual activity; the progress of what we now term the eastern question, it has been by his silence self-negation, apparently exclusive devotion to the duties of domestic government. The adhesion of Lord Palmerston to the government formed by Lord Aberdeen did not bring merely an accession of domestic strength to that government. It also fortified it in its attitude towards Europe. Calming the real or pretended irritation of Austria, and withdrawing therefore a dangerous pretext from the armory of Russia diplomacy, the sacrifice of Lord Palmerston's personal ambition to the wants of his country was calculated to dispel illusions in the mind of the Emperor of Russia. It proved to him that a people subject to the fluctuations of policy invited by the constitutional form of government were nevertheless capable of a sustained unique foreign policy. If Lord Aberdeen, representing in the popular prejudice a policy absolutist and pro-Russia, found under his orders Lord Palmerston, who equally in the popular mind seemed constitutionalist and anti-Russia, there could no longer be a doubt that England possessed men capable of nobler things than to fight intestine quarrels with the enemy at the gates. When it further became manifest that the life-long believer in the necessity of strong measures against Russia was content to defer his convictions to those of an ancient rival, awaiting the moment when events should necessitate vigorous action the homogeneity of the British nation was completed, and the fate of the aggressor in all but the fortune of war was decided in advance. It may be said that by his self-denial, reticence, loyalty, and ostentatious pre-occupation with the business of his department during the last eighteen months, Lord Palmerston has rendered a more vital service to his country than even by his former vigorous administration of its foreign affairs. By his magnanimity under disfavour, he has attained a dignity of character which illuminates and elevates his sometime disputed past career.

Monsieur Drouyn de L'Huys position is less prominent than the rest of these diplomatists but, at the same time, one very honorable.—Like Redshid Pacha, he aims at no more than to be the exponent, not the originator, of a policy; but all the state papers which bear his name are written with so much clearness, dignity, and respect for truth and justice, that it is impossible not to attribute to him a large amount of participation in that policy of firm loyalty to the true interests of Europe which has reflected so much credit on the French nation and their ruler. Of this gentlemen but little was known before his elevation to authority by the Emperor of the French.—With a character unstained even by calumny, respected even by the inventive hatred of the opponents of the government, and possessed of a fortune sufficient to protect him against the insinuations so freely brought against his less favored colleagues, Monsieur Drouyn de L'Huys is that rare anomaly in France—a minister to whom his opponents accord the decent courtesies of public life. The worst they can find to say of him is, that he is not the writer of his own state papers. If, however, he has the good sense to adopt the superior talents of another, the accusation (which by the way, in a ridiculous invention) fall to the ground. Monsieur Drouyn de L'Huys is a man of talent and fortune who has created for himself a position. Happily, the policy he is called upon to advocate is a loyal one; where it otherwise, his probity would not permit his remaining in his present office.

From the civilians, let us turn to the military personages in the drama; from the men of thought and words, to the men of action.—Here we see before us a brilliant array of reputations; some old and time honored; others new and yet palpitating under the first advances of merited eulogy. It is not to strain the idea of an imaginary poetical justice, such as we have seen dimly shadowed forth in the relative positions of the sovereigns and their ministers, that we point to similar contrasts and relations between the opposed armies and fleets, and their commanders. Already Prince Gortschakoff has passed from the scene, and Prince Woronzoff is heard of no more. Already the inevitable