

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 Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and a small patch of a dozen acres that had been cleared away by his own ax, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two sons 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 cripple from the effects of a 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 his 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 rapidly 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 the 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.

He quickly quieted the dogs and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not a man to refuse a request of this 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 travelers bound farther west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a 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 give 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 free and, after a little while, the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the older of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room and he watched them narrowly. His fear 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 supper was over, the boys quickly cleared off the table and then went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather, the night had fairly set in, for there was a 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'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 around?"

"Yes."

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

"But we can watch 'em."

"Yes, we will watch 'em, but don't 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 rose 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 may want them. We are as good as men with the rifles."

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 room in which the company at present sat. Overhead there was a sort of a scaffolding, reaching only half way over the 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 close up to the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of the scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

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

The boys thought not of sleep, or, if they did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away and then they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through and saw one of the men open his pack 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 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 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 was a dark window, a small, square door, and it was directly over the dog 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 heart and he determined upon the trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength to him. Philip opened the window without moving from his bed and swung on its 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, but they drew back at their young master's beck and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes and then quickly tied the meat 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 into 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 stopped 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 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 they lay perfectly still. The fellow seemed 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 for 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 old ones first."

Philip's heart beat with horror.

"Down the ladder outside, quickly!" he whispered to his brother. "Down! and start up the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened. Oh, 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 bed-room 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 on the latch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heart felt prayer, and then pulled the trigger.

The villain whose hand was on 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 and wild yell the animals leaped upon the villains and they had drawn them on 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! 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 then the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of hunting them, for they needed some more restorative agents, 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 transpired. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole teaming 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!—Oh, 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 a 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 bend with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some ten miles west of Owensboro. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there, and he will tell you "Phillip Slater & Brothers, retired flour merchants." They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

A True Business Man.

You might often have seen driving into Bristol a man under the middle size, verging towards sixty, wrapped up in a coat of deep olive, with gray hair, an open countenance, a quick, brown eye, and an airless expressive of polish than of push. He drives a phaeton, with a first-rate horse, at full speed. He looks as if he had work to do, and had the art of doing it. On the way he overtakes a woman carrying a bundle. In an instant the horse is reined up by her side, and a voice of contagious promptitude tells her to put up her bundle and mount. The voice communicates to the astonished pedestrian its own energy. She is forthwith seated, and away dashes the phaeton.

In a few minutes the stranger is deposited in Bristol, with the present of some pretty little box, and the phaeton hastens on to Nelson street. There it turns into the archway of an immense warehouse. "Here, boy, take my horse! take my horse!" It is the voice of the head of the firm. The boy flies. The master passes through the offices as if he had three days' work to do. Yet his eye notes every thing. He reaches his private office. He takes from his pocket a memorandum-book, on which he has set down, in order, the duties of the day. A boy waits at the door. He glances at his book, and orders the boy to call a clerk. The clerk is there promptly, and receives his instructions in a moment.

"Now, what is the next thing?" asks the master, glancing at his memorandum. Again the boy is on the wing, and another clerk appears. He is soon dismissed. "Now, what is the next thing?" again looking at the memorandum. At the call of the messenger, a young man now approaches the office door. He is a "traveler," but notwithstanding the habitual push and self-possession of his class, he evidently is approaching his employer with reluctance and embarrassment. He almost pauses at the entrance. And now that he is face to face with the strict man of business, he feels much confused.

"Well, what's the matter? I understand you can't make your cash quite right?"

"No, sir."

"How much are you short?"

"Eight pounds, sir."

"Never mind; I am quite sure you have done what is right and honorable. It is some mistake; and you won't let it happen again. Take this and make your account straight."

The young man takes the proffered paper. He sees an order for ten pounds; and retires as full of admiration as he had approached full of anxiety.

"Now, what is the next thing?" This time a porter is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected rebuke. "O! I have got such a complaint reported against you. You know that will never do. You must not let that occur again."

Thus, with incredible dispatch, matter after matter is settled, and all who leave that office go to their work as if some one had oiled all their joints.

At another time you find the master passing through the warehouse. Here his quick glance decries a man who is moving drowsily, and he says a sharp word that makes him, in a moment, nimble. There, he sees another blundering at his work. He had no idea that the master's eye was upon him, till he finds himself suddenly supplanted at the job. In a trice, it is done; and his master leaves him to digest the stimulant. Now, a man comes up to tell him of some plan he has in his mind for improving something in his own department of the business. "Yes, thank you, that's a good idea," and putting half-a-crown into his hand, he passes on.

In another place he finds a man idling. You can soon see, that of all spectacles this is the one least to his mind. "If you waste five minutes, that is not much; but probably if you waste five minutes yourself, you lead some one else to waste five minutes, and that makes ten. If a third follow your example, that makes a quarter of an hour. Now, there are about a hundred and eighty of us here; and if every one wasted five minutes in a day, what would it come to? Let me see. Why, it would be fifteen hours; and fifteen hours a day would be ninety hours, about eight days' working time, in a week; and in a year, would be four hundred days. Do you think we could ever stand waste like that?" The poor loiterer is utterly confounded. He had no idea of eating up fifteen hours, much less four hundred days, of his good employer's time, and he never saw before how fast five minutes could be multiplied.—[How to do Business.

DECIDEDLY PERSONAL.—President Buchanan uses no tobacco. General Cass drinks no "Bourbon," Senator Douglas uses no pepper, N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard, Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee. E. R. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, though he begins business at eight; Edward Everett writes his extemporaneous addresses, Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's, but rarely takes wine; William Cullen Bryant finds inspiration in two or three cups of green tea, and Longfellow smokes a meerschaum. The smallest-sized poet in America is Holmes, the best looking one Fields, and the biggest one Pike, of Arkansas.—[Gleason's.

[For the Deseret News.

INTEMPERANCE.

The sorrows of Intemperance I sing
And all the miseries which from drunkenness spring;
An humble subject suits an unknown muse
Who humbly trusts she'll not the task abuse.

Oh! thou sweet, heavenly and celestial dove!
Look down propitious and my task approve;
Aid me in this, my useful, just design,
The good to seek, the evil to decline,
That evil, which to man a curse is given,
Since they abuse the righteous gifts of Heaven;
That evil which destroys the sweets of life;
That bitter cause of every jarring strife;
That crime which brings them quickly to their end,
Lost to the world, deprived of every friend,
Should but ONE poor, ONE lost, unhappy man
Reclaim his ways and quit his sinful plan,
Should but ONE wretched, vile, degraded knave—
To drink a victim, and to vice a slave—
Should he view this and THEN reform his ways,
I'd bow the knee and humbly give God praise.

Behold yon pale and ragged artisan—
His eyeballs sunk—his cheek dejected, wan,
Behold him tottering—sleepy—stupid—sick,
Careless and negligent, exhausted, weak,
Behold his children and his wretched wife
In misery struggling for the means of life;
Behold the children crying out for bread,
Half-starved, behold them in their wretched shed,
And Christian! ask'st thou why it is they're so?
Behold that wretch! sad source of all their woe!

Now turn your eyes, and turn them sure you can,
And contrast to him, that contented man;
Virtuous HE lives, in peace with man and God,
No fears torment him, nor no threatening rod!
Behold his family, behold his wife,
The faithful partner of his mortal life,
Behold his rosy, clean-clad cherubs bright,
Behold them all in transport and delight,
And Christian! say which happiest seems to be,
And which from sin and wretchedness most free!

Unhappy man! self-cause of all thy woe,
And all thy misery in this world below.
Free thou art born!—to choose 'twixt good or ill
Is merely left unto thy own free will!
How came'st it, then, that through this changing life
Thou ever tak'st the side of woe and strife?
Why dost thou choose the bitter, thorny ways
Which lead to misery, and cut short thy days?
Can nothing tempt you, that you should give o'er
Your wicked ways, and sin commit no more?
Say, how will you be able to appear
Before your God, in majesty severe?
Say, can no thought of the last dreadful day
Teach you no more in wicked ways to stray?
Oh! man! repent, thy God is just, and will
Forgive thy faults, if thou His ways fulfill.
Now let us view the drunkard o'er his wine
And all those pleasures which he deems divine;
Here let us view his short lived, fleeting joys,
His days of sorrow and his nights of noise:
His painful, burning, parch'd and aching brow;
His ruffled temper and his broken vow;
His sick'ning stomach and his bilious cheeks;
His end approaching, which his frame bespeaks
His life ill-spent, his God in frowns austere,
And all his woes afflictively severe.

Behold the beasts; low, grov'ling tow'rd the earth;
So fixed by nature, and so fixed by birth;
No sense of reason and no sense of shame
Is given to them, or to their thoughtless frame;
Yet how much better, how superior far
The harmless beasts above the drunkards are!
Man's born with reason, and man's born with sense,
The poor's dependence and the weak's defence;
Man's born to enjoy the blessings freely given
And share the bounteous gifts of righteous heaven!
Man's born to pass a few short, fleeting years,
Amid this vale of sorrows, and of tears,
And then to pass to endless bliss, or woe,
In joy in heaven, or sunk in hell below!
While the dumb beast (such is the will of fate)
All pass their present for a better state.

When once the drunkard takes the road to vice,
All crimes attract him and all snares entice,
Though few at first, his crimes proceed and slow,
Yet daily by degrees they greater grow,
Until at length, a scorn, a scoff, a hiss,
Lost to all shame, regardless and remiss,
He madly rushes on some dreadful deed,
Some crime to which his brutal vices lead.

His BANQUET left, now homeward let us trace
The beastly drunkard with his staggering pace.
See how he reels, his senses all quite cloyed,
Of shame, of reason and of feelings void!
And then perhaps encounters in his way
Some midnight quarrel or some ruffian fray,
Where he, unhappy man, deprived of life,
His being ends in sad and mournful strife!
E'en so the ship, the sport of wind and waves,
Her rudder gone, no more the storm she braves,
But in her wand'ring, meets some fatal rock
And sinks in one overwhelming, awful shock.

Then quit! oh! quit those ways of sin and vice
And take this friendly, and this best advice:
Forsake those paths that lead to grief and woe
And every misery of this world below—
Those vile, those wicked and deceitful ways,
That cause but grief and sorrow all thy days,
But seek the paths that lead to life and fame
And all the honors of a spotless name,
Where you may meet with riches and applause,
The guardian of your country, and its laws;
And when the day of death at length must come
To summon to the dark and dismal tomb;
When from this vale of misery and of grief
Arrives the messenger of quick relief;
Then without fear, resign in humble trust,
Thy hopes in him, the God of all the just.