

The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &c., &c.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

"Let it be instilled into the Hearts of your Children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—*Junius.*

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

VOLUME 6--NO. 45.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1859.

WHOLE NUMBER 205

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

INCIDENTS OF THE

MEXICAN CAMPAIGN,

BY A MEMBER OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

The Terra Templada.

(THE TEMPERATE REGION.)

At an elevation ranging from 2000 to 4000 feet above the Gulf of Mexico is situated the little state of Jalapa, which is supposed to derive its name from the well known medicinal shrub (*Convolvulus jalapa*), a plant indigenous to the climate. The climate is perpetual spring, and throughout the year the average temperature is 64° Fahrenheit. A series of mountain heights protect it from the vicissitudes of more northern latitudes; while its corresponding elevation is a surety against the prevailing atmosphere of the *terra caliditas*. The climate, soil and varied productions are perfecting in nature, yet one thing is sadly wanting; viz. the right kind of a population. The greater part of the fine country is a wild waste; and the remainder is devoted to the rearing of live stock. From the Cerro Gordo a pure fountain of water courses parallel with the road, for a distance of five miles, and here we entered a lane of miles in extent enclosing luxuriant pastures. The hedges were composed of loose stones, gathered in at the top from a wide base. Not a particle of mortar being used in their construction; this estate embracing some 30 miles in extent is said to be the property of Mrs. Don Isadora, a rich old lady. We have never been at a loss to ascertain how far we have traveled, and there are no mile posts along the route. I find the distance usually computed by the men to be in accordance with the amount of fatigue endured by the way, whether a long or short journey. The sun was sinking behind the western mountains, when we reached Encero, the summer seat and estate of Gen. Santa Anna. Here we halted and once more pitched our camp on either side of a mountain torrent. Our marches are necessarily measured by the distance between the watering stations.

If it were not for the ledges of rocks, the streams in this country would have found their level with the ocean. In following the course of this little rivulet a short distance below our camp and to where it had cut its way nearly a hundred feet into the earth we had presented a scene of unrivaled beauty. Water falls, cascades, rugged cliffs, caverns, precipices and blooming plants, all mingled together in wild confusion. The trunks and branches of small trees mostly live oak, were nearly covered with creepers and parasitic plants that fixed themselves upon their stems. Upon a single limb, I counted several different species of parasitic plants all in bloom. Among the cactus tribe, I observed *cactus Marimilianii*, which grows up in a single stem 5 feet high. Its top is covered with gray hair, exactly similar to the crown of its venerable namesake. On my return to camp, I observed a blacksmith shop and forge in full blast. Every division in the army is provided with a portable furnace anvil tools &c., which are transported on a wagon, drawn by eight horses.

Morning of the 23d.—I was aroused from a most delicious slumber by the soul inspiring reveille, that re-echoed its enlivening strains over one of nature's most lovely and animated scenes. The cattle were quietly feeding upon the neighboring hills and the intervening valleys were dotted with the snowy coverlets of numerous flocks of sheep, attended in their wanderings by their shepherds who with their faithful dogs, watch them night and day. We left our camp this morning in fine spirits, first at the prospect of a speedy termination of a journey of 68 miles, and secondly the agreeable anticipation of occupying this delightful region of country, if not in garrison, at least for a sufficient length of time to recruit our physical jaded energies which by the way had fallen considerably below par. In travelling this short distance, probably not more than 40 miles by an air line, we find ourselves in a totally different climate, and at an elevation of 3000 feet above Vera Cruz, which in the same latitude accounts for the variation in the temperature, where the climate and vegetable productions are marked by the different degrees of elevation. Plateaus and table lands continue to rise one above the other until their highest points go beyond the clouds. The sudden transition from the burning sands of the *terra caliditas* to the spring like atmosphere of Jalapa rendered it difficult for the moment to realize the fact, but nature was in no jesting mood, and soon we began to feel its cheerful and invigorating influence acting like a charm upon our worn and jaded limbs. From Encero the road passes over a lovely country wild and picturesque, presenting alternately cooling streams, rich meadows and gentle slopes carpeted with luxuriant green, and the hills are capped with groves of live oak and interspersed with beautiful everglades over which the wild deer bounded at our approach. In the vicinity of the city the country began to assume a more cultivated appearance, while the better constructed habitations of the poor, reminded us that we were in a cooler climate. These *Acemilis* presented an air of comfort and cleanliness wholly different from that we had been used to seeing, while the well cultivated gardens and patches of ripening corn and sugarcane, surrounding them induced the conclusion that here was the abode of plenty if not of contentment. From here to the gates of Jalapa is one continued grove of orange, plantain and banana trees, laden with ripening fruit. The atmosphere pure and fresh as Eden, comes to us steeped in the perfume of oriental flowers. In the midst of these lovely scenes, the fair city bursts upon our view, quietly slumbering in the bosom of the native mountains, with its numerous edifices, domes, and spires, rising impressively with their verdant peaks.

The post has painted to perfection these delightful scenes in the following lines:

"Know ye land of the cedar and pine,
Where the seasons ever blossom, the beams ever
shine,
Where the night wings of angels oppress
The senses, and the gardens of Gethsemane
bloom."

The individual who "stood on the
responsibility" is
Corydon E. Fuller.

Where the citron and olive are fairest, of fruit
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute!

What a pity that the horrors of war should
desecrate this fair heritage, with its polluting
presence, and that it should throw its mourning
veil over the face of this eternal spring. Many
a fond parent mourns the loss of those who
were dearer than life itself, and widows and
orphans look now upon sad and lone homes
that were wont to be filled by those now no
more.

Gen. Worth held possession of Jalapa, and
his division were quartered in and around the
city. We passed through the streets without
halting. The citizens of all classes looked up
on us with the most profound silence, perhaps
superinduced by their grief; for the Jalapians
viewed externally are a proper people, refined
in their manners and tastes. The women are
the most beautiful in the world. We had the
opportunity of seeing hundreds of them from
the windows, whom we probably would not
have seen on any other occasion. They resem-
bled our own fair ones in regard to intelli-
gence and cast of person, which made me feel
a little ashamed of our squad, as our volunteers
in their ornate costumes, still the worse for
wear and lack of cleanliness, did not make a
very martial appearance before the Jalapa
belle.

Ascending an eminence overlooking the city
we were again presented with fresh scenes from
the land of nature, which were heightened by
their sublime grandeur. Far to the Southwest,
is an apparently transparent cloud, reflecting
back the sun's rays like a mirror, which is
known to be the Gulf of Mexico. Towering
far above the summits of the western moun-
tains is the lofty and sublime peak of Orizava,
a volcano ever burning. Its snow covered
canopy presents a singular contrast, with the
perpetual summer surrounding it. Standing at
an elevation of 11,370 feet above the level of
the sea, and one hundred miles in the interior
from Vera Cruz, it is a familiar landmark to
mariners approaching the harbor. We descend-
ed from this height for three miles, and en-
camped in a green valley enriched by moun-
tain scenes of the most romantic character. I
would not give a quiet home in this little val-
ley spot for the glory and honors of all the
wars, battles, sieges, and campaigns from the
commencement of time down to the present
date. A person pursuing these incidents will
be more than likely to derive ten degrees of
satisfaction to one enjoyed by the actors in
them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Grave of Porter Clay.

The estimate that this world places upon
human character, is often, if not always, in-
fluenced by extraneous circumstances, and
the tribunal of eternity may teach us that
man's judgment is strangely fallible. The
glittering tinsel of fashion hides a multi-
tude of faults, while unadorned and humble
virtue often stands at the head of armies;—
The man who thrives by the head of armies;
who leads the thick hosts, in all the pomp
and circumstance of war, to the red field
of conflict and death, we term a hero, and
weave fame's chaplet for his blood stained
forehead; while he, who faithfully performs his
duties in the humbler walks of life, receives
no plaudits from the multitude, and passes
away to the shadowy land unnoticed, and
soon forgotten.

Among the unmarked and unadorned
graves in the rural Cemetery at Camden,
Arkansas, is that of a brother of the illustri-
ous Henry Clay; his only monument is an
oak tree with the initials of his name rudely
carved in its rough bark. He is said to
have been an humble and devoted minister
of the Gospel; to have spent the latter part
of his life in this new and remote region,
publishing the glorious tidings of God's won-
drous offer of eternal life to a dying world,
and at last, weary and way-worn, death's
angel beckoned to him from the shore of the
silent land, and laying down the weapons
of his warfare, he closed his eyes peacefully
with an unwavering trust in God, and his
little congregation carried him to his quiet
resting place near the grassy banks of the win-
ding Ouachita, to await that last awakening
of a slumbering Universe.

Far be it from me to detract ought from
the merits of one whom the nation loved to
honor; who was known as "Sage of Ash-
land," "Kentucky's favorite Son." He was
one of America's great men, and his own-
ership is a rich legacy to the youth of our new
favorite land, and though he has his faults,
the world has awarded him posthumous
justice.

Yet as I stood by that humble grave in
Camden, and contrasted the career of these
brothers, the one pouring forth his thoughts
in entrancing listening Sermons as he spoke
of the policy of our great nation, or plead
the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden
of other lands; mingling in the society of
great men and kings unawed, because he
knew he was their peer; the other in some
far school-house in the south-western wild-
erness, telling the hope inspiring story of
the dying love of Jesus to the few gathered
at the simple place of prayer, I thought of
angels listening to them, and of God's all-
seeing eye, and his verdict as to their
several worth.

The world has scarcely remembered that
Henry Clay ever had a brother; the great
Statesman has so overshadowed his kindred
that they are forgotten; yet who shall say
that the pious and toiling minister of Heav-
en's glad tidings may not reap a reward
more glorious, and wear a crown more dis-
tinguished than that reserved for his more
honored and illustrious brother in the king-
dom of him who has said "They that be
wise shall shine as the brightness of the firm-
ament, and they that turn many to right,
as the stars for ever and ever."

Corydon E. Fuller.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

Florida Correspondent.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

LARE CITY, FLORIDA.

MY DEAR LELIA.—Many days have
passed since I saw your happy tranquil face,
upon which, I could never look and remain
sad. No matter how dark a cloud might
have over-shadowed my life's path, your
radiant smiles would chase away the gloom,
reflecting sunshine and brightness upon
my benighted way. Yes! 'tis a long time
my dear, since we met, and mingled our
voices in joy, or in sadness: And now, as I
sit upon the moss-carpeted ground, in the
shadow of a large Magnolia, my thoughts
are with the vanished past, reviewing scenes
of by-gone happy days, when the world
seemed one bright summer day. Yours
with other loved faces, are brought up viv-
idly before my mind's eye; and how sweet
to look into those soft, tell-tale eyes, which
speak a volume in a glance, and have those
arms around me twined, in a fond embrace,
while listening to the sweetest voice, pour-
ing into my ear, its overflowing soul, and
know within that snowy bosom, beats one
true, one devoted heart. But on awaking
to consciousness, and finding 'tis but a dream,
the big tears roll in torrents, down my
cheeks, and the reality of our separation
presents itself, but let us not forget, there is
a time coming not many months hence,
when we may again meet, and together
spend many happy hours, either in our
quiet rooms, enjoying a social chat, or roam-
ing the broad, green fields, or along the
flowering banks of the bright running
brook.

Do you know, Lelia, I am now in the
"land of flowers"—far away from the
loved ones of my childhood, and from those
dear ones, who cluster around the cheerful
fireside at my good old home. How!
what a sweet word to the weary wanderer.
'Tis music in his ear, he loves to think and
sing of home. He thinks it is the prettiest
spot on earth. No matter if 'tis the hum-
blest cottage, 'tis pictured upon the tablet
of his memory, as a thing of beauty;—is
ever longing to behold again those sacred
scenes, around which memory loves to cling,
and often, too, he longs for some good old
friend, whom time with her trials, have
proved to be true; that he might tell to
him the sorrows and cares, as well as the
joys and pleasures, that at times fill his
heaving bosom; but unfortunately, this lux-
ury is denied to a poor stranger in a strange
land. He must brood alone, over his dai-
ly losses; for he finds no willing ear to
listen to his story of grief—no loving, trust-
ing bosom, sympathizes with his troubled
breast; and 'tis the very time he most needs
a friend. His heart is almost breaking,
many times and he turns to his professed
friend—receives a cold look, and a freezing
answer, and he is ready to exclaim what
a selfish world! Then he bethinks himself
of the friendliness of the friendless in the
solitude of his chamber, he pours out his
soul in humble prayer, to a merciful God, and
if he is a true follower of the Savior will
be blessed with the comforting presence of
the holy spirit, which never forsakes the
faithful in heart.

For fear of trying your patience, Lelia
dear, I must not continue such a melan-
cholly strain; perhaps a few stray thoughts
relative to the beauties of this delightful
Peninsula, would not be uninteresting. I
left Carolina in November last, about the
time the beautiful birds deserted their sum-
mer retreats, wandering away in search of
a more genial climate, where they might
bask in perennial sunshine, or nestle in bow-
ers of everlasting green. I am perfectly
delighted with Florida; ever since I was a lit-
tle child, I have had a longing desire to
visit the land, where the gentle spring first
unfolds the tender leaves, and strews over
the plains the fairest, sweetest blossoms, and
where cold winter scarcely mars the bloom-
ing summer. When I first came here,
smiling flowers were scattered all over the
wild wood, in the freshness of spring, but
we have recently had some quite cold weath-
er—frost and some ice, and beneath the
stem from of unrelenting winter, those ten-
der flowers have withered, and no more
their sweet perfume floats upon the breeze.
But though those smiles of nature, no more
greet us in our favorite strolls, there are
other beauties, wooing us out from our
heart's home, when the days are mild, and
the warm bright smiles of the sun, shine
down through the tall pines, and not often
are we warned by the shrill whistle of the
falcon, freezing winds that 'tis too cold to
wander out. Each lovely morning, we have
a rich concert, emanating from the
silver throats of the fairy songsters, as per-
ched upon the boughs of the glossy mag-
nolia, and fragrant orange trees, their pur-
ple four to liquid strains their sweetest song,
and I have had one of the best homes since
I came here, that Florida or any other State
can afford. Col. H. B. Rice, formerly
from Edgefield, S. C., has settled here, and
has been a father and mother to us. I
cannot say more, but I am sending you
some of the flowers of the great tree.

here I met as strangers, but not long did
they remain so, we were soon friends, and
by them an interest was manifested toward
me which I could not overlook, and it
cheered my loneliness. May they hence-
forth never know aught but peace and hap-
piness. Also, Mr. and Mrs. Hogan, from
Abbeville have strewn roses along my lone-
ly pathway, with other kind friends they
shall be numbered among the treasured
gems which shall even be cherished in
lasting remembrance within my heart.
(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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 the Green River, an old hunter by the
name of Slater. His hut was upon the
southern bank of the stream, and save a
small patch of a dozen acres that had been
cleared away by his own axe, he was shut
up by dense forests. Slater had two chil-
dren at home with him—two sons, Phillip
and Daniel—the former fourteen and the
latter twelve years of age. His elder chil-
dren had gone South. His wife was with
him, but she had been several years an al-
most cripple from the effects of severe rheu-
matism.

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 ac-
cumulating money, for civilization was rap-
idly approaching him, and he meant that
his children should start on fair terms with
the world.

One evening, just as the family were sit-
ting 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 approach-
ing.

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 travel-
lers 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 circum-
stances, 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 at 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 into occasion-
al questions. Phillip, the older of the two,
noticed that the men cast uneasy glances
about the room, and he watched them nar-
rowly.—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 Phillip, in a low whisper,
at the same time casting a look over his
shoulder, "what do you think of these
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 only 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 then held some further consul-
tation, 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 suspicion, they had
no chance, for the strangers set close by him
all the evening.

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

"Now," whispered Phillip, "lets 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 holsters, and hid them under their
pillows.

ney, and then hastened back and emptied
the priming from the stranger's rifles; and
when the 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.
Over head there was a sort of scaffold
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 scaf-
fold 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.

Slater bedding was spread upon the floor
of the kitchen for the travellers, and after
everything had been arranged for their com-
fort, 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. Phillip
crawled silently to where he could peep
down through 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 sack back and threw the pieces of flesh
to the dogs.—Then he went to his bed and
laid down.

At first, the boy thought this might be
thrown to the dogs to attract 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 boy's bed, was a dark
window, a small square door and as it was
directly over the dog's house, Phillip resolv-
ed to go down and save the dogs. The
undertaking was a dangerous one; for the
consequence might be fatal. But Phillip
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.

Phillip opened the window without mov-
ing from his bed, and it 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 up-
on 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 Phillip 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 against the build-
ing, 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 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 growing 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 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
man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick
whisper to his brother, and they lay per-
fectly still. The fellow seemed to be per-
fectly 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 whis-
pering:

"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 (point-
ing 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."

Phillip'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 open—it is 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 Phillip seized a rifle and
except to the head of the scaffold. Two of
the villains were just approaching the door
of his father's room. They had set the
scaffold 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 board. One of the men had
his hand on the latch. The boy hero ut-
tered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and
then he 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 compre-
hended 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 upon the floor just as the
old hunter came from his room.

"Help us! help us! father!" cried Phil-
lip, 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 binding
them, for they needed some more restora-
tive 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 trans-
pired. It seemed some time before the old
hunter could crowd the whole meaning
truth through his mind; but as he gradu-
ally 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 the most
joyous holy pride.

Long before daylight, Phillip mounted
the horse and started for the nearest settle-
ment, and early in the forenoon the officers
of justice had the two wounded men in
charge, while the body of the third was re-
moved. 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 stop-
ped 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 ten
miles west of Owensboro. Ask your steam
boat 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.

The "Tom Boy."

Some persons seem still to entertain the
notion that young girls need no training ex-
cept that of the mental faculties; that their
forms are of less consequence than their
dresses; and that a development of phys-
ical strength would impair their delicacy,
and tend to make them masculine. By
restricting their physical education and lim-
iting their sphere of activity, they are con-
demned for life to enfeebled health and an
aimless, idle existence. Let such parents
ponder the truth embodied in the following
remarks, which we cut from the *Home*
Journal:

"The 'tom boy' is an eager, earnest, im-
pulsive, bright-eyed, glad-hearted, kind-souled
specimen of the *genus femina*. If her
laugh is a little too frequent, and her tone
a trifle emphatic, we are willing to overlook
these for the sake of the true life and exult-
ing vitality to which they are the 'escape
valves'; and indeed we rather like the high-
pressure nature which must close off its
steam in such obstructions. The glancing
eye, the glowing cheek, the fresh, balmy
breath, the lithe and graceful play of the
limbs, tell a tale of healthy and vigorous
physical development which is by nature's
best beauty. The soul and the mind will
be developed also in due time, and we shall
have before us a woman in the highest
sense of the term."

"When the 'tom boy' has sprung up to a
healthful and vigorous womanhood, she
will be ready to take hold of the duties of
life, to become a worker in the great sys-
tem of humanity. She will not sit down to
sigh over the work given her to do, to sit
per noseless, languish in ennui, or fall sick
at heart; but she will ever be able to take
up her burden of duty. In her track there
will be sound philosophy, in her thoughts
boldness and originality, in her heart
heaven's own purity, and the world will be
better that she has lived in it. To her
allotted task she will bring health, vigor,
energy and spirit, and these will give her
both the power and the endurance with
which her life must be, in some respects,
a failure."

Private Character of Prescott.

We find in our exchanges a multitude of
paragraphs concerning this distinguished
Historian, his habits, manner of writing, and
the events of his life. It is well; for his
genius and labors rendered him one of the
proudest ornaments which our country
could boast. We find in the *Home Jour-
nal* the following eulogy upon his private
life, by one who knew him intimately:

"Mr. Prescott was as rich in the love of
his friends as in the admiration of the liter-
ary world. His friend, Mr. Ticknor, in his
preface to his history of Spanish Literature,
said of him, with perfect truth, that his 'hon-
ors will always be dearest to those who
have best known the discouragements un-
der which they have been won, and the
modesty and gentleness with which they
are won.' His manners were most frank,
simple and engaging; his social nature
was strong and active, and his sympathies
were ever ready and easily moved. His
countenance was extremely fine and prepos-
sessing, and retained to the last a youthful
glow and animation which were the faith-
ful expression of a sunny temper and ever
young heart. No man was ever more warm-
ly beloved; no man could show a better title
to the affections of his friends. His hon-
ors and distinctions never impaired the sim-
plicity and sweetness of his nature, or chan-
ged his countenance towards any one whom
he had ever known and loved. No man so
eminent was ever pursued with less of en-
vy, detraction or ill-will. No man's hon-
ors were ever a subject of more hearty de-
light to his friends. Long will he be mourn-
ed; faithfully and affectionately will he
be remembered, and many are there who
will feel that something is taken away from
the daily sunshine of their lives, now that
he is gone."

But what can more feelingly portray his
cheerfulness under affliction, and the kind-
liness of his heart, than the following from
his mother? She once showed his room to
the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, and said to him:
"This is the room where William was shut
up for so many months in utter darkness,
in all that trying season, when so much had
to be endured, and our hearts were ready to
fail us for fear, I never, in a single instance,
groped my way across the apartment to
take my place at his bed-side; that he did
not salute me with some hearty expression
of good cheer. Not in a single instance.
As if we were the patients and it was his
place to comfort us." No word of com-
plaint throughout that dismal period; no
sigh of impatience or regret. He was not
content even with the perfect silence of an
unrepealing will; but he must sing in that
imprisonment and night. Was this not a
representative example?

STUDIES AND BOOKS.—Studies serve for
delight, for ornament and for ability.—
Their chief use for delight is in privateness
and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse;
and for ability, is in the judgement and
disposition of business, for expert men can
execute and perhaps judge of business one
by one; but the general counsel, and the
plots and marshalling of affairs, come best
from those that are learned. To spend too
much time in studios is sloth; to use them
too much for ornament is affectation; to make
judgment wholly by their rule is the
humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and
are perfected by experience—for natural
abilities are like natural plants, that need
pruning by study; and studies themselves
do give forth directions, too much at large,
except they be bounded by experience.—
Crafty wits men content studies; simple
men admire them, and wise men use them;
for they teach not their own use; but that
is a wisdom without them, and above them
won by observation. Read not to contradi-
ct and confute, not to believe and take
for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,
but to weigh and consider. Some books are
to be tested, others to be swallowed, and
some few to be chewed and digested; &c.,
some books are to be read only in part, oth-
ers to be read "but curiously and some
few to be read wholly, and with diligence
and attention. Reading maketh an exact
man; and, therefore, if a man write little,
he had need to have a great memory; if he
confer little, he had need have a present wit;
and if he read little, he had need have much
cunning to seem to know that he doth not.
—*Lord Bacon.*

A RAT-SKIN SUIT.—An ingenious indi-
vidual of Liskeard, Cornwall, has for some
time past been exhibiting himself in a dress
composed from top to toe of rat-skins, which
he has been collecting for three years and a
half. The dress was made entirely by himself,
it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat,
tr