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WHOLE NUMBER 203

From Dickens Household Words.

## A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things.—He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers, they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky, they wondered at the depth of the bright water, they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides, are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars, and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that before laying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!" And so the time all came too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before, and when the stars made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star, and dreamed that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling ray by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's neck and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified radiant, and his heart found out his sister's among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched himself form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

"Said his sister's angel to the leader, 'Is my brother come?'"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she returned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessings on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet;" and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child's saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered to one another, "he is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my father, I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who now await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

**Eye Sight.**

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the most eminent American divines having, for some time, been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too free use of the eyesight in reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of those things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye-sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A QUAKER lately posed the question to a fair Quakeress, thus: "Hum—yes, and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully, to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone?" "Hum—truly, Obediah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is not good to be alone, I will sojourn with thee."

Capt. John Travis, the great pistol shot has gone to Huntsville, Ala., to display his skill in the use of that weapon. He proposes, at the place named, among other exploits, to shoot at a half dollar in the hands of a boy who travels with him.

We have heard, in our days one of the first counsel at the bar mention that on one occasion, he had called at the shop of the elder Sugden, when the latter, in the course of some familiar small-talk of which barbers are so fond, remarked, "I've sent my son to be a lawyer, sir, I hope no offense, but I've tried him at my own profession, and he hadn't the genius for it."

## INCIDENTS OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN,

BY A MEMBER OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

**Incidents of the March to Jalapa, AND BATTLE OF THE CERRO GORDO.**

On the morning of the 17th of April, Gen. Quitman's brigade was ordered to march for Jalapa, with a view of concentrating all the available forces of the army in the vicinity of the Cerro Gordo. Our tents were taken down and placed in the transportation wagons together with our camp kettles, provisions, &c.; and I may as well add that this was the last time we ever saw them. It was stated by some that the wagons broke down, and by others that our tents were thrown out to make room for our officer's baggage, which is all I know about the matter.

From the village of Virgaria, the road de-bouched to the left, and passes several streams in succession spanned by bridges of solid masonry. Beyond the water control, the country gradually ascends and the road passes over immense hills of loose sand, covered with a dense foliage. At a distance of seven miles from the Gulf and several hundred feet above Vera Cruz, we entered upon a prairie of varied and beautiful land-capes. At 12 o'clock we brought up at a stock farm entirely deserted; on the premises was a well, sunk through the limestone rock of fabulous depth. Now its apparatus was destroyed, and its shaft partially filled with timber; we were suffering for water at the time which the dust and insupportable heat of the sun greatly served to aggravate. In the afternoon we with joy descried a settlement looming in the distance, where probably we could find a stream or well of water. A native stood by the door of a hut dealing it out to all that came. These people keep supplies of water in their houses in large barrels or jars, that it may become cool and palatable. The (Nopal) or common prickly pear with us, an insignificant plant, in this climate attains the size and beauty of a large tree. I have seen several which would measure three feet around their trunks. The natives call the fruits *Tocoras*; they not only eat the fruit, but also the tender leaves of the young trees. These plants are now in full bearing, and four crops are sent forth annually. The fruit is delicious and nothing could possibly compare with it in flavor. The country now changes its aspect, and on this side, and on that are sunken spots; the dry beds of lakes and ponds. The woods present forests of palm and our own Palmetto; the former now in the season of bearing, and hanging to their lower limbs are bunches of nuts, which if taken off would reach a bushel each.

After a most fatiguing march of 15 miles, we halted at a place called Santa Fe on the banks of the St. John's river. It was late in the evening when the column closed up, and many wagons had broken down which occasioned delay. A little while before we came up, the advanced guard of Tennessee mounted men had a brush with some Guerrillas, who were in ambush at the bridge. The Tennesseans had two men slightly wounded. The Leaders got the worst of it as usual, and were glad of the opportunity of leaving as soon as possible. In the mean time we discovered two dead bodies of our men, belonging to some of the advanced divisions of the army, who had been way-laid, shot and robbed. We buried them, that is we dug up some dry dirt and covered them partially.

April 18th.—We are ordered to remain in camp for the day, for what purpose I should not. This entire country is said to belong to the estate of Gen. Santa Anna, which is known as the *Mango de Clavo*, from a fragrant shrubbery growing spontaneously in the vicinity. I thought it was a species of Verbena. During the day some of the mounted men paid a visit to the General's residence. They described the building as being a very elegant affair, with floors of polished marble. They brought with them on their return a wooden leg of the General, as a memorial of their visit. We enjoyed some rare sport in fishing for cat-fish; we could see them in numbers in the deep clear water, as they were not shy. Those who could not raise the proper kind of a hook, substituted a pin in its stead and all were abundantly rewarded for their enterprise. During the day some very important discoveries were made with regard to certain insects, whether they were bugs, worms or microscopic animals, I could not determine. The first intimation we had of their presence was a woe-ful pain in the heels and toes of our feet. Upon further examination we found the greater part of the flesh gone, and in its stead were deposited scores of minute ovaries. After pressing them out a few times the wounds in my case soon healed up. But how long they would have continued their ravages, but for his timely remedy I am unable to say. NO. 2. said they were worse than any cancer, and would eat up a live man in half the time. Having dispatched a hearty meal of such luxuries as chance so opportunely offered we spread our blankets once more in the shade of the tropics for a short siesta. In the mean time another entertainment was in store for us, not on our bill of fare. The arrival of an express brought the intelligence of Gen. Scott's great victory at the Cerro Gordo; a mountain pass 50 miles from Vera Cruz.

April 19th.—We resumed our march with lighter spirits and renewed vigor. We crossed the river over a beautiful bridge of solid masonry. In proximity to this, water course, are magnificent forests, which cover this country with perpetual foliage. Anon, we pass fertile valleys carpeted with luxuriant Graminae, and sprinkled with horses and herds, and cattle almost wild; and now emerging from scenery, ever wild and beautiful, we approach a country barren and sterile, from the total absence of moisture and long continued droughts. Most conspicuous among the tinted shrubbery, are trees laden with fruit not unlike our common plum. We ate them as a grateful luxury, and found relief from the pangs of protracted thirst. In the afternoon the country began to assume a more fertile appearance, conveying the impression that we were in the vicinity of water, and we were not disappointed, for a two mile drag, brought us to a bold stream,

its course being marked by those noble forests only realized in the tropics. While we were reclining in the shade, the Mexican officers made prisoners at Cerro Gordo, passed by under a strong escort of V. S. D.

From the stream we travelled over a road beautifully macadamised, the country gradually ascending and still barren. We have not seen a human habitation to-day. At 3 o'clock P. M., we came to a village of well constructed houses, situated on the bank of a large stream, *Passo de Obajas*. From the village we ascended 1500 feet in the distance of two miles, when we were landed on an immense plateau. The road was dug in the mountain side and walled in right and left. We saw here another dead body, the victim of Guerrilla warfare. Farther on we passed several more dead bodies. They had nothing on but shirt and pants, with the pockets turned out. These men evidently belonged to the Northern regiment. I saw one that I know had on the uniform of that section; if men lingered behind in the villages and drank Mexican whiskey, they were either killed on the spot, or way-laid afterwards. I don't say that these men did this, but I knew others who did get men and it meant these lives accordingly, who never joined our ranks again. These things occurred on every subsequent march; I have been miles behind on the march and I was invariably treated civilly, because I never gave the natives cause for personal revenge.

Early in the afternoon we terminated our day's march at the Antigua River, Puntas Nacionales. The bridge is a noble structure thrown some three hundred yards across the stream; this road from Vera Cruz to the Capital was constructed 100 years ago, by a company of merchants at a cost of \$3,000,000. At the mouth of this river Ferdinand Cortez first landed and commenced a settlement called "the rich city of the true cross." The river in its descent, passes deep down the cliffs and ledges of the rocks wild and abrupt, which in this season of perpetual summer, are ever adorned with many plants and flowers both rare and beautiful. Here an artist might sit and sketch the beauties of nature in their wildest mood, and harmoniously blend their sterner parts with the music of the waterfalls; and perhaps fall asleep in the mean time as I am now about to do.

**HOW TO TELL A LAWYER.**—A few days since a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, inquired of a pert negro if the road he was travelling led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed curious to know who the stranger was, and his occupation. For the fun of the thing the traveller concluded to humor Cuffee a little, and the following dialogue ensued:

"My name is —, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart, you can guess that from my appearance—can't you tell that I am a timber cutter?"

"No, boss, you no timber cutter."

"An over-seer, then?"

"No, sir, you no look like one."

"What say you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss, hey ride in sulky."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

"I sorte specks you is dat, sir."

"Pshaw, Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for—don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?"

"No, sir-ree, Bob, you don't dat."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now you see, boss, I's been ridin' wid you for a mile, and you haint cussed any, and you know lawyers always cusses."

**GOLD.**—We saw on Monday last a beautiful and rich specimen of gold, picked up by a child upon a farm about seven miles from this place. There were three pieces, which had seemingly been cut from each other in order to get the best of gold, and weighed about 27 pennyweights. Being pure gold, without any observable impurities of rock or gravel, they sold for near their value, \$25. This is perhaps the largest nugget of gold ever found in our State. *Laurenville Herald.*

**CELLARS.**—There ought to be no cellar in any family dwelling. The house should be one or two feet above the ground with a trench around it a foot deep, so that the surface of the earth immediately under the floor should be always kept dry to the depth of several inches, and there should be open spaces in the "under pinning," so as to allow a free circulation of air at all times.

A glutton of a fellow who was dining at a hotel, in the course of the battle of knives and forks, accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee opposite, who bawled out—"I say Mister, don't make that hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve."

ROBERT HALL did not lose his power or retort even in madness. A hypocritical confederate with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said, in a winning tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

FAMILY all gathered around a cosy fire. Affectionately little daughter with her robe, in deep reverie, "Mother," says she, "my ears have gone to where I have never been!" "Where to, my child?" asked the fond mother. "To asking" (Aiken) was her reply. Mother looks with profound astonishment at her precocious daughter.

A gentleman passing through one of the public offices, was affronted by one of the clerks, and was advised to complain of it to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some of the rascals of this place, and I come to acquaint you of it, as I am told you are the principal!"

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

## The Home that I left Long Ago.

BY MRS. ADPT.

I dreamed that I passed by a thick, waving wood, And a glen with wild roses o'ergrown, I wandered through green, mossy paths, till I stood By the dwelling that once was my own. Around it the ivy still lovingly twined; The streamlet still murmured below; Again was I welcomed by friends true and kind To the Home that I left long ago.

I need not the soft soothing spell of the night, To bring this loved spot to my eyes; In gray decked mansions, illumined with light I see the fair Phantom arise; And oft, amid beautiful fountains and bowers, In the lands where the orange-trees blow, I sigh for the meadows, the brooks and the flowers Of the Home that I left long ago.

O'er memory's mirror no shadow hath come To dim that dear dwelling of love; Yet how ever points to a glorious Home, Of brightness and gladness above, My thoughts calmed and chastened, depart not in quest Of the gods that the world can bestow; Then blame not my weakness, if sometimes they rest On the Home that I left long ago.

## A Word To Young Men.

We would have a word with some of these young men who are just taking the initiatory degrees in a course of life, which, if well followed, must speedily bring them to disgrace and ruin. We would beg them to stop while it scarcely requires an effort. They may imagine that their precursors are unknown outside of their companions, and that they are suffering nothing from these indulgences. But they are vastly mistaken. "A man is known by the company he keeps." An esteemed contemporary, the *Baltimore Patriot*, and on this subject, remarks that if a lad of twelve and upwards is generally found in the company of his sisters and "cousins," and associating and affliating with the gentler sex accompanying them to lectures and places of rational amusement and instruction, mixing in the social and domestic circle—found at all times participating in the agreeable hearth entertainments, but above all, habitually in the house of worship on the Lord's day, it is proof positive that such an one will grow up to be respected by everybody—will be a useful and valuable citizen in society, and ten to one become a consistent Christian in all his walk and conversation.

On the other hand, let this youth habitually associate with the rowdy class—run with the "measheen"—smoke in the streets—shun female society—trifle at the low grogeries—use profane language—absent himself from the sanctuary, and how long will it be before his name will be in the police annals and appear in the daily journals among the arrested and convicted. Like beggars like, and effects follow causes as certainly as the rising and setting of the sun.

We do not say that every boy who attends the Sabbath School when quite young will, invariably, become a good man and useful citizen; but we do say, that if a boy will continue to walk in the path suggested in the foregoing part of this article, he cannot fail to become a good man. These Sunday-school boys who "turn out bad," have done so because they are not *dutiful*. They frequent the schools under a sort of necessity placed upon them by their parents to get them from their government—not that they are as anxious for their ultimate good so much as to be relieved from the care of them at home—hence, "away to the Sabbath School." Parents of such are often forgetful of their responsibility to their children, and too regardless of the fatal consequences likely to result from this negligence on their part. But this is only the exception to the rule, and we repeat, that if proper attention is paid to youth in the cultivation of their moral and social qualities, which receive the approval, at least of all well thinking persons, the chances are as a thousand to one, that the man will be law abiding and trustworthy in all things.

This theory, then, being true would it not be well for parents and pastors, teachers and taught to more direct attention to this subject than they have ever before done? We have lectures on music and science, philosophy and physic, ill of which are right and proper, but how seldom is it that the moral education and training of youth is discussed? In the literary institutions every regard is paid to the cultivation of the head, and every endeavor strained to see who will receive the highest medal at commencement day; while the heart culture is almost if not altogether neglected. The boy from the graduating class with a shining medal hanging from his button hole, to go forth into the world of temptation and deceit, unprepared to meet and successfully resist allurement. Indeed, his education has been more to fit his mind, to obtain the rewards, than to prepare himself for the faithful discharge of duty in the use of the means to insure the reward. He forgets that a boy gradually grows to be the man, and the man to be great and good—that the really admirable is not in the tinsel and trappings, but in the mind and heart, gradually and judiciously educate to show forth the external that which is good in the internal. It is well and truly said that,

Worth makes the man, The want of it the fellow.

Sarcasm was once asked by a young aspirant for literary fame, what he should do to make him think. The joker recommended a red pepper, which the aspirant swallowed, and immediately thought—of water.

Mr. Spurgeon—His Sermons. Perhaps no divine, and certainly none so young, has occupied so much of the public mind within the past year or two on both sides of the Atlantic, as has Mr. Spurgeon, a Baptist minister of London. For some time past he has been expected on a visit to the United States, and our readers will no doubt be interested in the following by one who heard him preach and visited him at home. It is from the Foreign correspondence of the North Carolina Presbyterian:

Since my arrival in London I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Spurgeon twice, and have also had the privilege of a private interview with him. I first heard him in Music Hall, in Surry Garden, on which occasion the congregation probably numbered nine thousand, and though the services lasted about an hour and a half, I saw not a single individual leave the house until they closed, though there were probably two thousand or more standing the whole time. Every eye seemed to be fixed upon the speaker, and the vast congregation seemed fully to realize that they had met for a holy purpose.

The sermon was not what would generally be called eloquent. It was not very logical, nor did it abound in figurative language; and there was nothing like vehemence in its delivery. But I have rarely heard a more impressive discourse. It contained the very marrow of the Gospel, conveyed in language that a child could perfectly comprehend, and what seemed to me of the most importance, the speaker seemed determined that his hearers should understand that he was addressing them individually. There is a point of manner and a quiet earnestness in his delivery, combined with some originality of expression, which arrests and holds the attention of every hearer. In his prayers one cannot but feel that he is addressing a present God. His tone is subdued and conversational, as if addressing the Holy One, face to face, yet full of lowly reverence and deep humanity.

In the first sermon I heard from him, there was nothing to create a smile; but in the second, which was preached to his own people, a large portion of whom are of the lower classes, there were some expressions which would be distasteful to a more cultivated audience. For instance, speaking of Christians becoming vain, he remarked that a number of his people had manifested a good deal of solicitude on his account, and assured him that they prayed that the attention he received would not make him vain, though they were, at the same time so stiff that they could not bend their knees without taking out their back bones.

I could not but feel thankful after hearing that God had raised up such a man.—For three years he has continued to collect a larger congregation than, perhaps, could be drawn together by any one individual in the world; and yet it is generally conceded that he is not a man of very extraordinary ability. Hundreds of preachers of the Gospel have equal powers, and yet no one can draw such a congregation from every class of society. Is there not much reason to fear that too much attention is given to the preparation of pulpit essays, that too great effort is made to preach fine sermons, elaborate discourses, and that there is much too little of simple clear and straight-forward Gospel teaching?

I felt after hearing Mr. Spurgeon as perhaps many others have felt. What is to hinder hundreds of clergymen from preaching as great sermons as he? Let them lay aside their manuscripts, and use as he does, the simplest Anglo-Saxon words, and deliver them in the same earnest and pointed manner and I doubt not they will produce something of the same impression.

A PRIVATE INTERVIEW.

I was very much pleased with what I saw of Mr. S. in private. I was particularly impressed by his simple hearted earnest piety, and much gratified to find him disposed to acknowledge that there was much more zeal among other bodies of Christians his own, especially in the Established Church, of which I had been inclined to think he had a low opinion. He told me that most of his sermons were prepared in fifteen minutes, and that he rarely ever spends as much as an hour on one discourse. He says he makes great use of the old divines, and can sometimes make a half dozen sermons out of as many of their pages.

He has a very agreeable manner in his social circle and a bright boyish face, and seems to be blessed with a splendid physical constitution. Ordinarily he feels strong enough to preach thirteen sermons a week one of which is always published, being taken down at the time it is preached by a stenographer. He seems anxious to make a visit to America, but is unwilling to leave London till his large new church is erected. Some evenings since he had a tea-drinking in his chapel, on which occasion about four thousand dollars were subscribed for the new building.

There is a Yankee who was sharp; that after using a pocket handkerchief for a week, it is full of holes.

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We would have a word with some of these young men who are just taking the initiatory degrees in a course of life, which, if well followed, must speedily bring them to disgrace and ruin. We would beg them to stop while it scarcely requires an effort. They may imagine that their precursors are unknown outside of their companions, and that they are suffering nothing from these indulgences. But they are vastly mistaken. "A man is known by the company he keeps." An esteemed contemporary, the *Baltimore Patriot*, and on this subject, remarks that if a lad of twelve and upwards is generally found in the company of his sisters and "cousins," and associating and affliating with the gentler sex accompanying them to lectures and places of rational amusement and instruction, mixing in the social and domestic circle—found at all times participating in the agreeable hearth entertainments, but above all, habitually in the house of worship on the Lord's day, it is proof positive that such an one will grow up to be respected by everybody—will be a useful and valuable citizen in society, and ten to one become a consistent Christian in all his walk and conversation.

On the other hand, let this youth habitually associate with the rowdy class—run with the "measheen"—smoke in the streets—shun female society—trifle at the low grogeries—use profane language—absent himself from the sanctuary, and how long will it be before his name will be in the police annals and appear in the daily journals among the arrested and convicted. Like beggars like, and effects follow causes as certainly as the rising and setting of the sun.

We do not say that every boy who attends the Sabbath School when quite young will, invariably, become a good man and useful citizen; but we do say, that if a boy will continue to walk in the path suggested in the foregoing part of this article, he cannot fail to become a good man. These Sunday-school boys who "turn out bad," have done so because they are not *dutiful*. They frequent the schools under a sort of necessity placed upon them by their parents to get them from their government—not that they are as anxious for their ultimate good so much as to be relieved from the care of them at home—hence, "away to the Sabbath School." Parents of such are often forgetful of their responsibility to their children, and too regardless of the fatal consequences likely to result from this negligence on their part. But this is only the exception to the rule, and we repeat, that if proper attention is paid to youth in the cultivation of their moral and social qualities, which receive the approval, at least of all well thinking persons, the chances are as a thousand to one, that the man will be law abiding and trustworthy in all things.

This theory, then, being true would it not be well for parents and pastors, teachers and taught to more direct attention to this subject than they have ever before done? We have lectures on music and science, philosophy and physic, ill of which are right and proper, but how seldom is it that the moral education and training of youth is discussed? In the literary institutions every regard is paid to the cultivation of the head, and every endeavor strained to see who will receive the highest medal at commencement day; while the heart culture is almost if not altogether neglected. The boy from the graduating class with a shining medal hanging from his button hole, to go forth into the world of temptation and deceit, unprepared to meet and successfully resist allurement. Indeed, his education has been more to fit his mind, to obtain the rewards, than to prepare himself for the faithful discharge of duty in the use of the means to insure the reward. He forgets that a boy gradually grows to be the man, and the man to be great and good—that the really admirable is not in the tinsel and trappings, but in the mind and heart, gradually and judiciously educate to show forth the external that which is good in the internal. It is well and truly said that,

Worth makes the man, The want of it the fellow.

Sarcasm was once asked by a young aspirant for literary fame, what he should do to make him think. The joker recommended a red pepper, which the aspirant swallowed, and immediately thought—of water.

Mr. Spurgeon—His Sermons. Perhaps no divine, and certainly none so young, has occupied so much of the public mind within the past year or two on both sides of the Atlantic, as has Mr. Spurgeon, a Baptist minister of London. For some time past he has been expected on a visit to the United States, and our readers will no doubt be interested