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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE]

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1859.

VOLUME VII.—NO. 1.

**THE BLIND BOY.**  
"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long;  
Say, can you see him in his joy,  
"And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes Edward," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree;  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said—  
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers you say are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees;  
And pretty birds are singing there—  
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet, I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade;  
And I can hear the notes that swell,  
From the dear birds that God has made,

"So, sister God to me is kind;  
"Thou'rt right! He has not given;  
But tell me—are there any blind  
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, they all see;  
But, why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God."

"Ever long disease her hand had laid,  
On that dear boy so meek and mild,  
His wretched mother knelt and prayed,  
That God would spare her sightless child."

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said, "Oh! I must weep for me,  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says, I shall see!"

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too—  
But, mother when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, it is you—  
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,  
Until the final blow was given,  
When God took up the poor blind boy,  
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

*From the Weekly Magazine.*  
**YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.**  
BY MARY I. PERINGTON.

"Shameful, and this is the final winding  
up of last summer's romance, eh? He  
loves me, but I'm too wild for his bride;  
and he never could think of introducing me  
into the circles where his stately sister moves.

When! so much for the trial of his constancy!"

As I finished speaking I rose with the  
fatal letter in my hand, and passing to the  
lamp, I lighted the paper, and with stoical  
indifference watched it crumple to ashes.

Ere his letter came I had become wearied  
of his silence, and had written two sheets  
full of sweet adjectives, thickly sprinkled  
with exclamation marks, and interlarded  
with "oh dear's" and "alas's," until I im-

agined that Jules Ellington must think me  
a living jet of fire; but, thank goodness!  
this had not yet been sent for his perusal. I  
took up the offending epistle, and marching  
to the grate, I tossed the helpless thing into  
the coals, and muttered, by way of a consolation,  
"If mine are not thoughts that  
breathe, they are words that burn."

Now, reader, I know you are on tiptoe of  
expectation, and I will give you a bona fide  
explanation of the above proceeding.

I am exceedingly wild; I can't bear to  
have propriety and proper behaviour  
eternally preached at me; yet let me tell  
you, by way of consolation, that I am a  
proper noun; but alas! I'm in the nomi-

native case of independence!

Well, one day last summer, I was brim-  
ful of fun, and I called Jep, and started for  
a race in the woods. I could not go alone  
soberly, but must needs walk a step or two,  
and then practice a gymnastic leap across  
a deep puddle, which mode of proceeding  
pleased my dog greatly. I saw vines loaded  
with flowers; and, forgetting the com-

mand, "Thou shalt not covet, &c.," I  
straightway leaped up after the blossoms,  
and—generally fell headlong to the ground,  
the vines swayed securely above me. As  
there had been a fine storm the night be-

fore, the reader may well imagine that my  
bright pink lawn suffered somewhat in these  
frequent contacts with the soft green turf.

Well, after a while, I saw one particularly  
beautiful vine—the blue-eyed cliff trailers—  
that I did much wish to possess, and forth  
with I commenced climbing a steep rock,  
while my dog, during the ascent barked  
gaily at my heels. At last, after much slid-

ing, and numerous proofs of attachment be-  
tween my dress and the thorn bushes, I  
found myself on the summit. I sat down  
to rest, for my ascent had been toilsome,  
and in a degree dangerous, for many times  
I came near being capsized, thereby endan-

gering the beauty of my figure head.

Once, while furiously fanning myself  
with my log-cabin sun-bonnet, I thought I  
heard a snapping of the twigs in the forest,  
but I wasn't certain of it.

"Now, Jepp," I said, (for I talked to  
him as if he could understand me) "you sit  
still while I leap through space, and secure  
that gloriously beautiful vine."

"Bow, wo-o-w!" Jep replied, cautioning  
me, doubtless.

Away I went, and luckily, or unluckily,  
I caught the vines firmly in my hands; but  
we—the vine and I—were alike obstinate;  
that would not quit its hold, nor I either;  
so I spoke thus to my dog:

"Jep, did you ever expect to see your  
mistress suspended between the heavens and  
earth, a wretched gallows bird?"

"Ow! o-o-h! o-o-h-h!" growled Jep,  
sympathetically.

"Well, 'tis the same that generally ele-  
vates people to my uneasy position—striv-  
ing for something beyond their reach. But,  
Mr. Sheriff, please cut the victim down or  
wait a moment, and I'll break down my  
own record."

"How? how? ho-o-ow?" inquired Jep  
doubtfully.

"Wait and see," I said.

"Sure enough in a moment I did come  
down, 'all standing,' 'twould have been  
well for my dignity if I had remained  
thus; but as soon as I touched the ground,  
I shook the vine spitefully, saying—"you  
obstinate thing; I'll—"

But my sen-  
tence was cut short, for, on turning my head,  
I espied a young man leaning against a tree,  
and his laughing face told me that he had  
heard my previous conversation.

Gathering my vines in my arms, I precipi-  
tately fled, but alas for my inglorious  
retreat! I didn't get started right, and my  
feet got entangled in the underbrush, and I  
fell striking my face flat into a dingy look-

ing mud puddle. The clayey mud, which  
stuck snuggler than a brother, sort of blind-  
ed me; and, ere I could regain my feet, the  
stranger stood beside me, proffering his as-

sistance. I refused his offer, and sprang to  
my feet with wonderful alacrity.

"Are you hurt, lady?" he inquired,  
kindly.

"My feelings are," I answered, snappishly.  
"I feel so mortified, that I've literally turned  
blue in the face;" and pointed nervously  
at my mud begrimed features, then took,  
to my heels again, and ran for a pond that  
sparkled in the sunlight but a few rods dis-

tant. I heard the stranger laughing, and  
this accelerated my already locomotive  
face.

I sped down the gently sloping bank  
and stopping on the sandy beach, I slipped  
off my gaiters; but I had stained my stock-  
ings so badly with the mud I thought it  
quite useless to remove them; so, tucking  
up my skirts, I waded off where the water  
was deepest and coolest, and I carefully  
washed my face to remove the veil that con-

cealed my beauty. (?)

I splashed round, and splattered Jep with  
water until I was tired, then prepared to  
walk up ashore; but what was my horror  
when I beheld the stranger sitting demurely  
on a log, with my bonnet in his hand,  
which I had left by the rock.

I didn't even blush when I made this  
discovery; I was too provoked and indig-  
nant for that; so I merely glanced at him,  
and walked to my gaiters, which, by much  
patient pulling, I succeeded in coaxing to  
cover my wet, soiled stockings. I called  
my dog, reached my hand for my bonnet,  
and prepared to start for home.

"I saw your bonnet," he said, apologeti-  
cally, "and brought it to you; but your  
cool politeness quite chills me."

"Of course I should be coolly polite, as  
I've just come out of the water," was the  
provoking reply; "but you had no business,  
sir, to sit on the bank and watch me on  
the lake."

"Excuse me; but you appear to be as  
much at home in the water as a fish, hence  
my desire to see your playful sport."

"To which class of the funny tribe do you  
think I belong?"

"Really, I cannot tell," he said, musingly.  
At this retort he laughed so merrily that  
I quite forgot my angry feeling, and sat  
down on the log to weave my wreath. A  
few moments' silence followed, and then  
the stranger said:

"When I started out sketching this morn-  
ing, I had no idea of finding you nightfall,  
a wildflower for a companion."

"Your mind has gone, sir," I said, gaily;  
"a moment ago I was like a fish; now I  
personate a flower; but do me the favor  
to tell me which wild flower typifies me most  
truly."

"It was sure he couldn't tell which to  
like me to, as there were many beautiful  
blossoms, but perhaps I would give him my  
idea on the subject. His evident intention  
was to quiz me. I nodded assent, and re-

plied:

"Perhaps, when first you saw me, there  
might have been a vision of flowers, called  
hounding Bet, brought before you."

He laughed, but made no reply. I arose  
to go home, and he gave me his name, and  
politely asked mine. I gave it, and then  
Jep and I ran gaily in the direction of the  
house.

The next day, with some trifling errand  
for an excuse, Jules Ellington presented  
himself at Aunt Ellen's and spent an hour  
with us in aunt's pleasant sitting room.

The next day and the next came, until  
we came to look upon him as a regular  
visitor. He—the accomplished city gen-  
tleman—found something novel and pleas-  
ing in the society of his "wild flowers," as

he persisted in calling me, much to the  
horror of my unromantic nature.

One morning we were all together—my  
aunt, Jules and myself—when he, somehow,  
spoke of his first introduction to me, and  
my aunt said, laughingly:

"I never can imagine what Mr. Ellington  
can see about my wild, romping niece, to  
make him wish to cultivate her acquaint-  
ance."

Jules made some gay reply, and Aunt  
Ellen turned to me for my opinion on the  
subject.

"I think," I said, glancing queerly at  
Jules, "that he was pleased with my agility,  
and intends to send me to the Barred family,  
to perfect my gymnastic education."

O! no! he was charmed with my ingenu-  
ousness and simplicity; and he went on  
until I laughed in his face, and told him,  
by way of punishment, that I should leave  
him with Aunt Ellen while I ran down to  
the lake.

I was away out on the pleasant sheet of  
water, leisurely paddling shoreward, when  
Jules Ellington appeared on the bank. My  
seamanship brought things speedily to a  
climax; for, as soon as my light boat round-

ed into a cove along shore, he caught my  
hand, led me to a mossy seat, and told me  
all his love; but I doubted his sincerity,  
and told him so.

"You are unjust," he said, when I told  
him his fancy was pleased, and not his love  
awakened. I had read him thoroughly.

"We shall see," I said emphatically.

And I did see, reader; so also have you;  
for six months after his return to the city I  
received the letter of which I gave you an  
extract at the commencement of this sketch.

Now, to have been fashionable, I should  
have pined away, and never have tried to  
look spruce again. But, unromantic thing  
that I am, after the first shock had passed,  
I don't find my appetite for Aunt Ellen's  
nice cake and pies diminished in the least.

I have a peculiar faculty of throwing  
care and trouble to the wind, as easily as I  
can toss my log-cabin sun-bonnet, in the  
air. I can get over difficulties as readily  
as I can leap a deep ditch, and for this fact  
I ought to be very thankful. When one  
vision is ruthlessly swept away by reality's  
hand, I shut my eyes and—dream again.

Such lessons as the above does not  
strengthen our faith in human nature, but  
opens our eyes to the fallacy of trusting in  
appearances. My heart is still beating its  
"Young Love's March," and I'll bid you  
adieu, reader, to listen to the gay music.

**THRILLING INCIDENT.**—At a temperance  
meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago a  
learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as  
a drink, demonstrating it quite to his own  
satisfaction to be Scriptural, gentlemanly,  
and healthful. When the clergyman sat  
down, a plain elderly man arose, and asked  
the liberty of saying a few words. Permis-

sion being granted, he spoke as follows:

"A young friend of mine," said he, "who  
had long been intemperate, was prevailed  
on, to the joy of his friends to take the  
pledge of entire abstinence from all that  
could intoxicate. He kept his pledge faith-  
fully for some time, though the struggle  
with his habit was fearful till one evening,  
in a social party, glasses of wine were hand-

ed around. They came to a clergyman  
present, who took a glass, saying a few  
words in vindication of the practice. "Well,"  
thought the young man, "if clergyman can  
take wine and justify it so well, why not I?"  
So he took a glass; it instantly rekindled  
his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after  
a rapid and downward course he died of  
delirium tremens—a raving madman!"

The old man paused for utterance, but was  
able to add—"That young man was my  
only son, and the clergyman was the Re-  
verend Doctor who has just addressed the  
assembly."—*American Presbyterian.*

**THE LITTLE ONES AT PRAYER.**—A little  
child knelt near the broken lattice. Cast-  
ing a glance at the sleeping form of her  
father, she clasped her wet hands and mur-  
mured:

"O God, make my father leave his evil  
ways—make him my own dear father once  
again! Make mother's sad looks go away,  
and make her old smiles come back; but  
thy will be done."

Just then the mother entered the room;  
and taking her husband by the hand, she  
said:

"Harken to Minnie; she is praying."  
"O God, make father love me as once he  
did, and make him forsake his bad ways;  
murmured the little one again.

"O, Paul—husband!" cried the mother  
"by our past joys and sorrows, by our  
marriage vows, our wedded love, blight not  
the life of our little one! O, let us all be hap-  
py again!"

The conscience—stricken man bowed  
his head and wept. Then clasping his  
hands, he said: "With the hope of God  
you will never have cause to sorrow on  
my account again! And he kept his word."  
—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The Churches propose a mission to Japan;  
Will it prove a Japan case mission?

*From the San Francisco Golden Era.*  
**A SHORT PATENT SERMON.**  
BY HOW, JR.

I shall to-morrow, give you a season-  
able discourse from these words!

"Sweet spring! I love to sit and hear  
Thy music echoed far and near  
And oh! I love to scent the gale  
That bears sweet odors from the vale."

My Hearers: While winter has spread his  
white mantle upon the new-made graves of  
thousands of our fellow-beings, how lucky  
it is that you and I are mercifully permit-  
ted to remain above ground, scorable  
about, and rejoice at the cheering dawn of  
another spring? O!a Sol has just now en-  
tered the Ram's pasture; and, as two are  
putting their heads together, you may rest  
assured that ways and means are about  
being contrived to provide Dame Nature  
with a new frock, and a bonnet as flowery  
as the field of rhetoric, husbanded by a  
young colporteur affected by a touch of "the  
tenet."

Yes, my brethren, a general renovation  
of the outward world is about to take place.  
All damages done by Boreas and his juncs,  
are soon to be repaired; and in a few days  
will this big pile of dirt, from which we  
draw our sustenance, look as fresh and as  
green and fair as did Eden, when the first  
vernal sun called forth its emerald glories,  
and Zephyr, the first born, sent his young  
pious with newly distilled perfume till  
they smelt stronger than a wounded skunk's  
cabbage on a dewy morning.

Verily, my brethren, as childhood is the  
morning of life—so the rising of the sun is  
the morning of the day—so is Spring the  
morning of the year. Being now awak-  
ened from the dormancy of Winter, we feel a  
renovating, renewing change in our systems,  
without looking to outward aspects, as much  
as we do the happy influences of a bright  
morning after a refreshing night's sleep.

How peculiarly, unaccountably different is  
the influence of the morning's rising beams  
from the evening's declining rays? With  
the first; we have an intuitive knowledge  
that a new day is being born—you may  
readily recognize it even with your eyes  
shut; with the latter, we have a mysterious  
presentiment that a day is about to die. Ev-  
ery heart blossom seems to be closing its  
bright petals—an atmosphere of soberness  
gathers round the soul as the shadows length-  
en along the landscape—and all but obscure  
"night-birds" are admonished, with the in-  
nocent chickens, of a comfortable roost.

The electrical power of a sun in the east  
upon both body and mind is by no means  
the same as that exerted by a sun in the  
west. Isn't that astonishing to you, ye  
listless aligators, who neither know nor care  
anything about the quality of sunshine, so  
long as you can get enough of it and have  
a good log to lie upon? Well, so it is with  
the annual sun. When that interesting and  
important body is in a certain part of the  
heavens; in autumn its power to sustain vege-  
tation, or calling it anew into life, is as  
weak as goose manure! but when it returns  
to the same point in the Spring, on its home-  
ward journey from Capricorn, its revivify-  
ing powers are felt and acknowledged by  
every plant, bug, insect and living creature.

Can you account for this, you mud gravel-  
ing hyppopotomussuses? (how do you  
spell all that?) No, nor I either, unless Old  
Sol, after distributing all his fertilizing  
powders at the North, is resupplied at the  
Antarctic upon his annual visit.

Now, my friends, this mysterious reno-  
vating influence of the vernal sun and all  
this part of creation are beginning to feel.  
As all nature is springing anew into life,  
you experience a rejuvenescence—feel as if  
a new year were actually before you, and  
that still brighter days are yet to come, in  
all their loveliness of bloom and fullness of  
fruitage, so wonderful are the renewing  
powers of spring upon everything that grows.

I don't see why you, my brethren, who have  
become prematurely bald, may not reason-  
ably hope for a luxuriant crop of hair to yet  
start from your caputs. Take off your wigs,  
ye barren-polls—sponge your heads—stand  
for a couple of hours each day in the spring  
sunshine—and if that don't coax the down,  
perhaps, the Brother Bogg's Hair-resto-  
rative may fetch it—with the assistance  
of a large quantity of faith and a few dollars.

Once spilled a little of the article in some  
bushes, and quite a number of hairs  
sprang up, where not even so much as a  
lousy gray rabbit was ever seen before!  
This is no pulp puff, but gospel-truth, you  
wicked unbelievers.

As yet, my brethren, we have spring in  
its incipiency. We observe its symptoms  
and witness its semi-visible manifestations;  
but it will not be till when

"The Ball batters down the barriers of the year,"  
that we shall see Madam Flora march-  
ing in, in full feather, with the whole  
flock of little Floras at her heels, scattering  
wreaths, garlands and chaplets upon every  
side; and with enough violets, pinkie bat-  
ter-cups and honey-suckles in their hair to  
attract all the bumble-bees in the surround-  
ing neighborhood.

What a glorious time; my brethren, is  
this Spring for young animation! Mother

hens are busy as minutes in providing for  
their callow broods—lambkins hop, and  
jump upon the sunny knolls—jubilant calves  
race over the green carpeted pastures, as if  
their untired legs were perfect novelties to  
them—little funny pigs cut their spasmodic  
antics in every corner of the farm yard—  
swarms of pollywogs wiggle their ecstatic  
tails in every pondlet—and a new and joy-  
ful generation of bugs, beetles and butter-  
flies seem to have arisen spontaneously  
from the teeming soil. And then how de-  
lightful to walk abroad on a balmy morning  
and sniff the sweet perfume of lilacs, peach  
blossoms and the mingled odors that come  
borne upon the breeze from the ever fra-  
grant meads! How pleasant, too, it is to  
sit and hear the gay carols of the silver  
tongued minstrels of the grove, as they  
open their ivory beaks and let the demis-  
semiquavers come tinkling out, as if their  
little souls were the fountain melody—the  
grand arena of Nature's unwritten music!

Oh, my friends! the gentle Spring time  
is a lovely season, but it will soon be over.  
The searching summer, sombre autumn and  
chilling winter will rapidly succeed; and  
then you will look forward for the return of  
another glad spring. But ah! when the  
pale autumn of life shall set in, and lower-  
ing clouds and chilly blasts presage the dark  
December of death, you needn't look for a  
return of youth's happy spring time. No,  
you will cast a hopeful eye to vernal joys  
beyond the tomb, and exult in the thought  
that an eternal Spring will yet "visit the  
mouldering urn"—will breathe its warm  
breeze on the frost of the grave. So mote  
it be!

**VALUE OF OBSERVATION.**—In education  
it is the same as in business. Whenever  
you undertake, let it be a fixed principal  
with you to keep on till you have accom-  
plished your wishes. And here a habit of  
observation will also be of great assistance.  
By observation is meant the paying atten-  
tion to what is going on around us—making  
proper use of our eyes. There are thou-  
sands of persons who never see anything—  
that is, they shut their eyes to everything  
but the mere mechanism of life—the  
three meals a day, dressing and undressing.  
But observation will show us a thousand  
facts that will add to our knowledge and  
experience. Note well the characters of  
the people you work with, of those you  
meet in your daily business, and by and by  
you will find out they are not all alike, and  
learn to value the best. Pay attention to  
handkerchiefs; how many hints you may  
pick up which otherwise you would never  
have known! Are you for a country walk?  
you will find in the trees and hedge-rows,  
in weeds and stones, many things to make  
you thoughtful and increase your pleasure.  
It is not all barren; there is a multitude  
of delights for those who will take the trouble  
to look for them. Observation leads a  
man to form correct judgments. If he has  
any notions in his head, he can always test  
their value by observation—by comparison  
with others. And what is not least, by ob-  
servation at home, you will learn to under-  
stand differences in the character of your  
children, and to train them so as to bring  
out the good that is in their nature, and  
thus avoid the error of governing them all  
by one limited, uncompliant rule.

**FLOQUENT EXTRACT.**—The best thing yet  
written by Edward Everett, in his "Mount  
Vernon Papers," is an article on the late  
corvet. After describing its approach to  
the earth and the beautiful picture it pre-  
sented, he says:

Return, then, mysterious traveler, to the  
depths of the heavens, never again to be  
seen by the eyes of men now living! Thou  
hast run thy race with glory! millions of  
eyes have gazed upon thee with wonder—  
but they shall never look upon thee again.  
Since thy last appearance in the skies, em-  
pires, languages and races of men have died  
away—the Macedonian, the Alexandrian,  
the Augustan, the Parthian, the Byzantine,  
the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties have  
sunk or are sinking into the gulf of ages.  
Since thy last appearance, old continents  
have relapsed into ignorance, and new worlds  
have come out from behind the veil of wa-  
ters. The Magian fires are quenched on the  
hill-tops of Asia; the Chaldean is blind;  
the Egyptian hieroglyphic has lost his  
cunning, the oracles are dumb. Wisdom  
now dwells in the farthest Thule, or in new-  
ly discovered worlds beyond the sea. Hap-  
pily, when wheeling up again from the celest-  
ial abysses, thou art once more seen by the  
dwellers of earth, the language we speak  
shall be forgotten, and science shall have  
fled to the uttermost corners of the earth.  
But even there, His hand, now marks out  
thy wandrous circuit, shall still guide thy  
course; and then, now, Hesper will smile  
at thy approach, and Aurora with hisons  
rejoice at thy coming.

An exchange informs us that a man in  
the Detroit jail wishes he had the snail-  
pox, so that he could break out.

"Mother, I heard easy swear." "Why,  
she said she was going to wear her 'dressed'  
stockings to bed."

**TO PARENTS.**  
A sound mind in a sound body—a great  
blessing this, and one which all parents  
should try to secure their children. Ex-  
cessive mental exertions is bad for any  
child. The physical system should be the  
first object. If the order of nature be re-  
versed, the mind as well as the body will  
suffer. It would often be easy for a skill-  
ful parent to make a child a prodigy, but a  
judicious parent will never attempt it.  
Premature growth of mind will seldom, if  
ever, be found to spring from a vigorous  
root. We do not doubt that many have sunk  
into an early grave through the unnatural  
development of their faculties, and the ex-  
cessive excitement of mental and physical  
sensibility, which is usually the effect of it.  
Let it be, then, the care of the parent to  
guide and direct, rather than to force, into  
a right channel the immature mental facul-  
ties of the child. But, by all means, would  
we earnestly recommend, to go hand in  
hand with moral training, a health preserv-  
ing and vigor-imparting education of the  
body. To be more explicit, we would say,  
in the first place, if circumstances give the  
freedom of choice, do not send children of  
an early age to school. The many hours'  
confinement, the frequent close atmosphere,  
and the constrained posture connected with  
most schools for young children, can but be  
injurious to their health. Their time would  
be far better employed in acquiring, by al-  
most constant exercise, the bones and mus-  
cle which they will want in future life.  
The above objection, however, does not al-  
together apply to schools, which, when prop-  
erly conducted, especially provide for the  
physical training of the scholars, combining  
healthful play with learning and are gener-  
ally well ventilated. It is a source of re-  
joicing that parents whose time and energies  
are so occupied that they cannot attend to  
the well-training of their children at home,  
are enabled so advantageously to secure it  
abroad. Were all schools for older chil-  
dren conducted on the same principal (as  
they might be), so as to carry out a system  
of thorough physical as well as mental in-  
struction, and to encourage, rather than re-  
press, bodily activity, the moral and intellec-  
tual, as well as the physical results, would  
be most blessed.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

**THE EDITOR SIGNED HIS NAME TO IT.**  
There are persons who seem to think  
that editors regard it one of the greatest in-  
tellectual luxuries to "pitch into" somebody  
and they suppose themselves to have con-  
ferred a great favor by furnishing illigient  
contributions, in which some persons, cor-  
porations, or society are soundly abused.—  
Such people may take a hint from the fol-  
lowing:—A noted chap once stopped into  
the sanctum of a venerable and highly re-  
spectable editor, and indulged in a tirade  
against a citizen with whom he was on bad  
terms. "I wish," said he, addressing the  
man with the pen, "that you would write a  
very severe article against B—, and  
put it in your paper." "Very well,"  
was the reply. The next morning he came  
into the office, in a violent state of excite-  
ment. "What did you put in your paper,  
I have had my nose pulled, and been kicked  
twice." "I wrote a severe article, as you  
desired," calmly replied the editor, "and  
signed your name to it."

**HAPPINESS.**—Now let me tell you a se-  
cret—a secret worth hearing. This looking  
forward for enjoyment don't pay. From  
what I know of it, I would as soon chase  
butterflies for a living, or bottle up moon-  
shine for cloudy nights. The only true  
way to happiness is to take the drops of  
happiness as God gives them to us every  
day of our lives, the boy must learn to be  
happy when he is plodding over his lesson;  
the apprentice while he is learning his  
trade; the merchant while he is making  
his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he  
will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he  
gains that he wishes for.

**CAN A MOTHER'S LOVE BE SUPPLIED?**  
—No! a thousand times, no! By the deep,  
earnest yearning of my spirit for a mother's  
love; by the weary, aching void in my  
heart; by the restless, unsatisfied wander-  
ing of my affections ever seeking an ob-  
ject to rest on; by my instinctive discern-  
ment of the true material love from the  
false—as I would discern between a lifeless  
statue and a breathing man; by the hallow-  
ed emotions with which I cherish in the  
depths of my heart the vision of a grass  
grown mound in a quiet grave yard among  
the mountains, by the reverence, the holy  
love, the feeling akin to idolatry with which  
my thoughts hover about an angel form  
among the seraphs of Heaven—by all these,  
I answer, no!

Dear reader, have you a mother! Then  
on your knees remember the Giver of this  
greatest earthly good, and as your offer to  
Him the incense of a grateful heart, obli-  
vion to the oblation a prayer for those  
to whose quivering lips is pressed the or-  
phan's bitter chalice.—*Ruth Glenning.*

**SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL!**  
The poet said when he kicked his wife and chil-  
dren out of doors:

**JO SUGGS AT THE CANDY STEW.**  
Boys, did I ever tell you about Jo's ad-  
venture at Molly Dobs' candy stew down on  
Huggins creek?