ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY
Md.

Maryland Journal.

VOL. I. ROCKVILLE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1845. No. 42.

POETRY.

The Night is Closing Round, Mother.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The night is closing round, mother!
The shadows are thick and deep!
All round me they cling, like an iron ring;
And I cannot—cannot sleep!

Ah, Heaven! thy hand, thy hand, mother!
Let me lie on thy nursing breast!
They have smitten my brain with a piercing
But 'tis gone—and I shall rest. [pain.

I could sleep a long, long sleep, mother!
So, seek me a calm cool bed;
You may lay me low, in the virgin snow,
With a moss bank for my head.

I would lie in the wild woods, mother!
Where nought but the birds are known;
Where nothing is seen but the branches green
And flowers on the greensward strewn.

No lovers there witch the air, mother!
Nor mock at the holy sky;
One may live and be gay, like a summer day,
And at last like the summer—die!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Heir's Choice.

BY MRS. C. C. MORTON.

"Have you heard that Henry Connor is expected home this week?" said Patty Allen, at the sewing circle of our village, looking up from her work as she spoke, as if announcing something of importance.

"No, indeed! You don't say? La, now!" were the various ejaculations that responded to her remark. "Do tell, is he as rich and handsome as they say?"

"I had the news from his aunt," said Patty. "He is to be home on Saturday. Father says he will be the richest man in the country, for he has all his uncle's estate, and Dr. Parker was the first physician here for thirty years."

"Then the old mansion will be opened once more," said Ellen Eden, looking up with enthusiasm in her eyes: it is so dull and gloomy now, in spite of its magnificent belt of trees, and every thing about it seems so neglected, that I shall be glad when its master returns to clear the dead twigs from the walks, and tie up the roses on the trellice work again, as I remember them when a child."

"Pshaw!" said Isabel Warner. "If it were mine I'd cut down all the trees and tear away the old trellice work porch; and in its place there should be a colonade with Corinthian pillars. And I'd have larger windows put in, and the parlors thrown into one; and then I'd give a great ball—oh! such a ball as we've never seen here—and then, girls, you should all be invited."

"I'm afraid," said Ellen, smiling, "that the old place would scarcely know itself."

"That it would'nt; but what of that? Old Dr. Parker was a blue-law Presbyterian, almost as bad as you, Ellen; but I warrant the young heir is not so old fashioned. Nay, I beg pardon," she said, as she saw Ellen's flushed cheek, "I don't intend to hurt your feelings."

"There is no need of an apology," said Ellen, mildly; "but, dear Isabel, I only wish you were a blue-law Presbyterian, as you call it—or a blue-law Episcopalian, or any other class."

"Well—well—time enough yet," said Isabel, half guilty and pettishly. "But, Patty, you have not yet told us if Mr. Conner is handsome," she remarked, turning to the first speaker.

"His aunt says he is, but he was always a pet. He'll be at church, however, on Sunday."

"Then we shall see for ourselves. And now, girls, the best one that gets the first introduction."

"Agreed," said all, and the conversation ended.

Isabel Warner was a spoiled beauty, but with a naturally good heart, as was evinced in her conversation with Ellen, which we have narrated. Between her and Miss Eden there could not be a greater contrast than already existed; for Ellen was a girl of rigid notions of duty, an exemplary, though unobtrusive christian, and one of the mildest and sweetest of characters. While every one admired the gay, high-spirited and brilliant Isabel, all loved the modest and retiring Ellen: the one was a dahlia which flaunts before all eyes, the other was the retiring violet.

In the secret of her heart, Isabel, already the most popular belle of the village, had resolved to make a conquest of the young heir. She loved ostentation quite as much as she loved flattery: and she longed to be mistress of the old mansion. She knew, however, that she had many rivals, for there was scarcely a young lady in the village, having, either by birth, accomplishments or beauty, any pretensions to the alliance, who did not indulge a hope that she might be the favored one. And each resolved to appear to her best advantage the following Sunday.

Accordingly the church, on that day, presented quite an array of new bonnets and flowers. Our young ladies had really outdone themselves. Never had Tiverton shone in such an array of millinery. But Isabel was still the most beautiful girl there; and conscious that this would be so, she delayed her entrance until the services were about to begin.

The young heir sat in the old family pew, nearly opposite to that of the Warners, and more than once during the sermon his eyes wandered to the beautiful being opposite. Isabel's heart beat high with gratified pride, and her triumph was complete when, at the close of the services, the young heir advanced to shake hands with her father, whom he recognized, and so designedly put himself in the way of an introduction to Isabel, of which he availed himself immediately by walking home with her.

In a short time the young heir became acquainted with the other young ladies of the village, but he still showed a decided preference for Isabel. Probably he paid less attention to Ellen than any of them; and certainly she was the only marriageable lady in the village, who did not seek every decorous opportunity to throw herself in his way. But Ellen neither courted his society nor flattered his tastes; she treated him frankly and conversed with ease and animation when they met; but she rather shrank from than sought opportunities of meeting him. Yet Ellen felt that Harry Connor was one that she could love; for constant flattery had failed to corrupt the original nobleness of his heart.

Whether it was this conduct on the part of Ellen, or a gradual increasing appreciation of her qualities, that induced the young heir to seek her society more frequently than at first, we know not, but so he did, and eventually to such a degree that Isabel grew jealous.

One day a pic-nic party was projected, to be held on a picturesque island not far from our village. The party was to be given by gentlemen, and great pains were taken to conceal from the ladies the nature of the preparations.—All, therefore, that was known, was, that every thing was to be arranged in the most elegant manner; Harry Conner, himself, had superintended the arrangements, and his taste was proverbial. Every one promised themselves a day of enjoyment; even Ellen entered into the feeling of enjoyment; and on the eventful morning, many arose an hour before their usual time, impatient, as in earlier days, for the hour of setting forth.

The party was to meet at the house of Miss Warner, preparatory to embarking. All had now assembled; they were waiting only for Miss Eden. At last she came, but not attired for the excursion.

She had heard that a poor old woman, whom she was in the habit of assisting now and then, with alms, was dying, and requested to see her.

"Are you not going," said a dozen voices; "what is the matter?"

Ellen blushed, but said she could not go. Something quite unexpected had occurred to prevent her. "I have run down, therefore, to make an excuse." She could not tell the reason, for she knew there were those present who would attribute it to ostentatious benevolence.

"Pshaw, how ridiculous!" said Isabel Warner, who was vexed, aside to Harry Connor; "she's only afraid to go: how I hate such strict Puritanical notions—as if a little harmless amusement was wrong."

"If Miss Eden will not go because she thinks it wrong, she is certainly narrow-minded; and what makes the matter worse, is the hypocrisy which conceals the reasons. Still, I cannot believe that she is so bigoted."

"There is no other cause, you may depend upon it. And we shall be quite as well without her. I hate such long, sanctimonious faces, when others are disposed to be merry."

Ellen happened to be nearer than Isabel thought, and heard these words; her eyes filled with tears, which she with difficulty concealed by turning away. She longed, yet she dreaded, to hear Henry Connor's answer.

"You are too harsh," was the reply. "But surely she ought to be able to give a reason for remaining, if she is not really afraid to go."

At these words Ellen was on the point of revealing all, but she reflected that her motive would be misrepresented; and besides, her modesty shrunk from speaking of her own good deeds. She felt, therefore, that she must allow herself to be misunderstood by Henry Conner; but it was with a pang that she came to this conclusion, for this led her now, for the first time, to suspect the true state of the heart. She loved the young heir.

Henry Connor was more disappointed at Ellen's absence than he had believed he could be. He felt a little piqued at her refusal, for he had invited her in person, and, to tell the truth, some of the arrangements had been made to please her. Indeed, Harry, without falling in love, had been growing more interested in Ellen ever since his return. That very indifference which she exhibited, so much in contrast with the marked attention which all the others paid him, had the effect to pique him; and pique often leads to warmer sentiments. Considerably mortified at her refusal, he resolved to revenge himself by flirting with Isabel Warner.

The woodland meal had been partaken of, and Harry, tired of the noise of the party, and still out of humor with himself and Ellen, strolled off from the party, and entering a skiff, began idly to float down the stream toward our village. Unconsciously he went farther than he intended; but before taking up the oars to row, he resolved to land, and pluck some flowers which he saw growing luxuriantly upon the bank. While thus engaged, he noticed a low log hut hard by, from which arose a voice which he thought not unfamiliar. Curiosity prompted him to approach it. The door was open, and he saw an aged woman, apparently in the last stage of disease, while Ellen Eden was supporting the dying person with pillows.

"God will bless you for this," said the sufferer feebly. "I sent for Miss Isabel Warner, whom I nursed when a child; but she said she could not come; and then I knew there was no one who would sacrifice their day's pleasure for me except you, Miss Ellen. But Heaven will reward you for it."

"Say nothing of it, but compose yourself," replied the sweet girl. "I only did my duty."

"Ah! duty, duty—but that is it.—Who do their duty? Few, Miss Ellen, few indeed."

The young heir listened to no more, for he did not wish to be seen. He noiselessly glided away, and entering his skiff, began to row up the lake. After a while, he stopped and looked at the humble log-cabin he had left behind.

"And it was to seclude herself in that miserable hut," he said, "to watch over the couch of a poor and dying woman, that she gave up the anticipated pleasures of the day. And I have been calling her Puritanical for it!"

When Henry Connor rejoined the pic-nic party, he was no longer in a mood to reply to the gay sallies of Isabel Warner—his heart was by the bedside of that dying woman, where Ellen Eden watched in silence and alone. As he looked at the pretty Isabel, and thought of her heartless refusal to visit her old nurse when dying, he wondered how he could have been deluded into believing her amiable, as he had been. She seemed to him now a lovely Medusa, while Ellen rose up before him a ministering angel.

From that day Henry Connor loved Ellen Eden. He made no allusion, when they next met, to her refusal to attend the pic-nic, but he strove by the gentle kindness of his manner, to repay her for any regret that she might have felt.—Ellen scarcely knew what to make of his altered demeanor. There was something so kind in his tone, so respectful in his looks, something so different from any thing she had seen before, that her heart trembled at its strange happiness. She had resolved to treat Harry so coldly that he would abandon her society; for she knew absence from the beloved object to be the only cure for unrequited affection. But now she hesitated. A sweet hope began to draw to her. Could he really mean to give up the beautiful and brilliant Isabel for her? His intentions were not long a secret. The more Harry saw of Ellen the more he congratulated himself on the escape from Isabel. The very piety of our heroine, on which at first he looked with disapproval, now became a new attraction, for however men, in the giddy maze of gaiety, may affect contempt for the Christian, they always, in their more serious moments, wish for a wife who shall be truly pious. Harry now found, moreover, that there was a vast difference between a false, ostentatious Christianity, and the pure religion which Ellen practised so unobtrusively.

"And are you really going to marry Ellen Eden?" said one of his friends to him. "I hear she is a canting religionist?"

"I am about to marry her," he replied—"What you mean by a canting religionist I do not exactly know; but Ellen, however pious she may be, has nothing of cant."

"She teaches Sunday School."

"But is not that a merit rather than otherwise? Surely to devote three hours, every Sabbath, to gratuitous mental and moral instruction of others is a self-denying task worthy of all praise; and you will agree with me that the time thus occupied is spent more beneficially than dressing for a ball room."

"I am a stranger here and know nothing of Miss Eden," said his friend, with some embarrassment. "Excuse me for what I said. I am sure I would rather have a pious wife than an infidel one."

"There you are right, and it is that conclusion that made me seek Ellen for a companion. I am only happy that she loves me. I am unworthy of one so pure and good. Believe me, my dear Frank, the best thing a man can do is to choose a woman with strong religious feelings. Recollect the wife is to be the mother of your children—your own consoler in days of trouble—the guide, who, ever by your side with sweet smiles and angelic words, is to win you up to heaven.—What would man be without woman? And how dreadful to see an irreligious female, one without any hope or affections except for the world, who is thinking continually of gaiety and vain show, and who, perhaps, goes off to a ball when a child or husband is lying almost on the point of death, with no one to turn the thoughts to a better world."

"I never considered the subject seriously before," said his friend, grasping his hand. "But I feel that you are right."

"Yes!" said Harry, "and even infidels, strange as it may seem, prefer a conscientious wife before one who mocks at religion."

"I now see," replied his friend; "how it is that true love and religion are so intimately connected. Reverence is a prominent part in both. I, too, will seek a wife like Miss Eden." With these words they parted.

Henry Connor and our sweet Ellen were married within a month after this conversation, and a happier couple no where lives. The husband, like his uncle, has become a considerable Christian, and chiefly through the gentle persuasion of his wife. The house is always open to innocent gaiety, cheerfulness has her abode there, and all in our village, low and high alike, love him.

A word on Isabel before we close.—From the day of the pic-nic, she saw that her influence over the young heir was departing. She made several abortive struggles to retain him, but finding all in vain and unwilling to have it thought that any rival had supplanted her, she hastily accepted an offer from a transient admirer, and was married about three weeks before Ellen. But the ill-assorted match turned out unhappy, as might have been expected; and for several years the once admired Isabel has been living in seclusion with her parents, a deserted wife. Misfortune has not improved her character, for she makes all who approach her unhappy by her peevish repinings, attributing to a hard fate what was really the result of her own misconduct.

How to get a Tight Ring off a Finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the end of the needle with care under the ring, and pull through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly around the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread, and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

"My lad," said a young lady to a boy carrying an empty mail bag, "are you a mail boy?"

"You duzen't think I'ze a female boy, duz ye?"

"Halloa, boy!"

"Halloa, yourself!"

"Can't I get a breakfast here?"

"I don't reckon as how ye can."

"Why not?"

"Cause father's away, mother's drunk the baby's got the measles, and I don't care a d—n."

A Pair of Pants.—"Oh, I pant for renown!" said a ragged son of genius to his friend.

"Well, if you've got a pair of pants you'd better put them on," was the cool and relentless reply.

They say it is a novelty to see two women pass each other in the street without each turning round to see what the other had on.

The tongue of a wicked woman makes more mischief than a dozen lawyers can satisfactorily settle.

EDUCATION.

We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion, that there is to be an education for the poor man as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerily upon the poor man's home, as upon the rich man's palace? Have not the cotter's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody, and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it on the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, so that the poor man's child knows, with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not climb?

It is not so. God has not done it.—Men cannot do it. Mind is immortal. Mind is imperial. It bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It heeds no bounds of time or place, of rank or circumstance. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and aspires to heaven. Weakness does not unfit it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor.—And the poor tallow-chandler's son, who sits up all the night to read the book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings, shall add new provinces to the domain of science, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies. The common school is *common*, not as inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air are common. It ought to to be the best school, because it is the first school: and in all good works the beginning is one half. Who does not know the value to a community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water? And infinitely more than this is the instruction of the common school: for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory.—*Bishop Doane.*

GETTING READY FOR WINTER.

Haul tanbark and bank up around the house to insure a warm cellar. Cellar windows should be kept open through the day, and closed after the nights begin to freeze, as late in the season as possible. See that dry walks are prepared from the house to all the out-houses. Do not be stingy of your materials; make the paths high and rounding, so as to ensure dryness, especially about the barn. See that stones, gravel, or timber are laid so as to be out of the way of cattle's feet, and just in the way of your own. We have seen swamp barn-yards, before going into which a prudent man would choose to make his will. Mud on the shoes from roads and fields is all well enough; but mud from one's own yards, shows that the owner has not fixed up as he ought to have done.

If your stables are old, examine the floor; or some night may let a horse through to come out lame for life. If you have a dirt floor, see that it is carefully laid, and remember that if it be inclined either way, it should be *from* the rack and not *toward* it. Let your wagons, carts, plows, &c., be repaired during the fall and winter, and not be left till spring. See that your shingles are all sound on the house, barn, and shed. That leak which you have allowed to drop, drop, drop all summer has at last taken off a yard or two of plaster, and it is time now to put on a shingle or two. There is another leak or two that *must* be stopped. That pocket of yours which has let out dime after dime for liquor, the hole getting bigger and bigger every year, now is the time to sew *it* up, or it will rip *you* up. A pocket is a small place to be sure, but we have seen barns, cattle, and acre after acre slip through a hole in it which, at first, was only large enough to let a sixpence through.—*Indiana Farmer and Gardener.*

The Union makes haste to say, that Mr. Turney, the newly elected Senator from Tennessee, "is a sound democrat and will so approve himself." Doubtless. But he was not *the man*, nevertheless. Will the Union say that Gen. Cameron, the new Senator from Pennsylvania, "is a sound democrat and will so approve himself?" We are anxious to get the Union to say *that*. For when it does, we will save the endorsement, and clap it on the back of Gen. Cameron's *votes*, this winter, when the Tariff comes to be acted on in the Senate.—*Alex. Gaz.*

J. C. Pickett, Esq., has presented to the National Institute at Washington, a fragment of the flag of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and a lock of hair of Gen. Bolivar, the great champion of S. American Independence. Pizarro's flag was a piece of plain white silk, and the fragment now in possession of the Institute, is more than three hundred years old.

NO TIME TO READ.

The United States Journal thus discourses to those who say they have "no time to read:"—How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or a periodical, by saying they have "no time to read." When we hear a man thus excusing himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage, either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself, is truly humiliating; and we can form no other opinion, than that such a man is of little importance to society. Such men generally have time to attend to public barbecues, meetings, sales, and other places, but they have "no time to read."

They frequently spend whole days in gossipping, tippling, swapping horses, but they have "no time to read." They sometimes lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors—or in hunting after news the prices current and the exchanges—but these men never have "any time to read." They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to do nothing, but "no time to read;" such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms, and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live "unknowing and unknown," and often die unwept and unregretted.

FROM TEXAS.—Galveston papers of the 1st instant contain no news. As far as heard from, the vote on Annexation, the State Constitution, &c. was small, no serious opposition being made any where to the consummation of the measuers contemplated.

Nearly all, if not all the papers of Eastern Texas are out in favor of the election of Generals Houston and Rusk to the United States Senate. One or two advocate the claim of Gen. Lamar.

A late arrival from Aransas Bay brings information that our troops in that quarter are all in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. A lieutenant of infantry, who had just arrived from New Orleans, was accidentally killed on the 28th ultimo, by the breaking of a mast of a vessel, which fell upon him. His name is not stated.

FROM MEXICO.—Last night's mail put us in possession of the Norfolk Herald of Tuesday, by which we are informed of the arrival at the mouth of the Mississippi, on the 30th ultimo, of the steam-frigate Princeton, in seven days from Vera Cruz, having on board a bearer of despatches for this Government, who was sent up to New Orleans, to proceed from thence to Washington.—The Princeton was delayed on account of strong head winds, and the exhaustion of her fuel when she was but four days out.

The subjoined extract of a letter from an Officer on board the Princeton to the Editor of the Herald confirms what we have stated in a preceding column in regard to the amicable turn which has been given to our relations with Mexico. The letter is dated off the Balize on the 30th October;—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

"We have arrived off this place to land a bearer of despatches, who proceeds to Washington via New Orleans. He left the city of Mexico on the 19th instant. From him I glean the important intelligence *that our difficulties with that country may be considered at an end:* at least, the Mexican Government have now signified a willingness to receive a Minister on the part of our Government, and one will be sent on the part of the Mexican Government."

Extensive Connections.—An individual, possessing more brass than silver, called on a celebrated nobleman, with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance.

"My Lord," said he, 'I am rather badly off for money, and have taken the liberty to call on you, and think I have some claim on you, as we are related; for as far as I have been able to trace our genealogy, Adam was the founder of our family; I hope your Lordship will not think of denying our common descent, or the claim arising from it."

"By no means," replied his Lordship, good humoredly; "there is a penny—and if all your relations will give you as much, you will be a richer man than I am."

The Senate.—The following is a list of the Senators, whose term of service expires at the end of the approcahing session of our State Legislature, viz:

Whigs.—John Palmer, Queen Anne's Co.; T. Townsend, Worcester county; J. Newcomer, Washington county; Jno. Beall, Allegany county.

Democrats.—Hugh Ely, Baltimore; H. Mc Culloh, Cecil county; William Frick, Baltimore.

143