[Concluded from our Last]

'Surely you are not afraid to go to that beautiful place my sweet Lydia.

'No, dear mother, not afraid, but I shall want you in Heaven with me,' was the reply of the dying child.

"Mrs. Warrender looked towards me with an expression I shall never forget, then imprinting a kiss upon the fair child's brow, and motioning me to take her place by the bed-side, she rose and left us for a few minutes. When she returned she was calm, but a deadly palor had settled upon her face which never again left it. Two hours after the child had uttered those few words so thrilling to a mother's heart her pure spirit had departed.

"Mrs. Warrender's physical strength was unequal to the fearful struggle of feeling. She was conveyed to bed insensible and a succession of fainting-fits seemed to threaten the most alarming results. But towards eveing she recovered sufficiently to rise, and taking her seat beside the body never again left it till the last sad offices were performed. The intense heat of the weather rendered it necessary to bury the dead as early as possible on the following morning. Attired in one of her little night dresses, with a simple cap only half concealing her bright curls, Lydia looked as if she had only lain down to sleep. Never never did death wear a lovelier aspect. But when we assembled on deck just before sunrise, the beautiful child lay in her coarse shroud, and her sweet face no longer visible to our mournful gaze.

"I will not describe to you the solemnity of a funeral at sea. You have heard its details often before now, and this differed from others only in the peculiar interest which had been excited by the little creature who now lay stiff and cold before us. The mother leaned upon me while my husband read the beautiful service for the dead; her gaze was fixed upon the body as if her eyes could pierce the rude envelope which concealed her treasure from her view. But when the sailors, brushing a tear from their rough cheeks, raised the grating, every heart sunk as the subden plash of the water struck upon the ear; and the wretched mother, uttering a piercing cry, sunk upon her knees. We bore her to her berth, and she never again quitted it till we arrived at New-York. A breeze sprang up about an hour after the child's body had been consigned to the pitiless waters, and we were spared the pain of feeling ourselves moored above the grave.

"My whole time was now devoted to the suffering mother. She was evidently sinking fast, and I could not help attributing her resignation to her consciousnes of the approach of death. I once spoke to her of it, and her reply was very impressive:—'When I first learned my child's danger, I prayed that if it were consistent with the will of Providence, she might be spared to me. When I found that God had decreed my darling should be taken from me, I made a solemn contract in my own heart, that if she were saved from the physical bitterness of death, I would never murmur, however I might weep. She died as gently as a rose falls from its stem, and I dare not fail in my promise to my Maker. He has mercifully given me strength, by affording me the hope of soon rejoining her in Heaven. Her last words are never absent from my thoughts, and I cannot help mingling earthly feeling with my aspiration after a better world. I picture to myself her little hands extended to clasp the mother, who so long delays to meet her, and the hour of death will be to me more welcome than the hour that gave her birth.,

"It was a strange, but beautiful fancy, which thus led the mother to feel that she held communion in thought with her lost darling. It may be, that some will censure this blending of earthly affections with heavenly hopes; but she who has ever wept above the bier of a beloved one, will have charity for this weakness. If there be any thing which can make the hope of Heaven dear to the worldly-minded, it is the belief that it is peopled by the heart's lost treasures. The vanity of self-knowledge—the pride of life—the pomps of the world—may all work together to make us indifferent, in the heyday of life, to the vague ideas of a Heaven of bliss, but let the affections be once fastened there, as to the abode of a God of Love, and the home of our dearest objects of tenderness, and it becomes the haven of our every hope.

"When the ship arrived at New York, Mrs. Warrender was too ill to reach her father,s house which was about two miles distant from the city. She was removed to our house, which had been for several weeks prepared for our reception; and there, surrounded by her family who had been summoned to her sick bed, she spent the few remaining days of her life. She expressed a wish to be buried in her native village. 'My mother lies there,' said she, 'and methinks I should like to rest beneath the same sod.' Tears came in her eyes as she spoke, and I knew she was thinking of the moaning waves where her daughter's little form reposed.

"In the little churchyard of N——, is a modest tomb of white marble bearing the name of 'Ellen Warrender, aged 21 years;' and the moss-pinks, which her own hands planted on her mother' grave are fast spreading themselves over her own."

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

From the Presbyterian.

## CHAPTER OF YOUNG MEN.

ALEXANDER, of Macedon, extended his powers over Greece, conquered Egypt, rebuilt Alexandria, overturn all Asia, and died at thirty-three years of age.

*Hannibal* was but twenty-six, when, after the fall of his father Hamilcar, and Asdrubal, his successor, he was chosen commander in chief of the Carthaginian army. At twenty-seven, he captured Saguntum from the Romans. Before he was thirty-four, he carried his arms from Africa into Italy, conquered Publius Scipio on the banks of the Licinus, routed Sempronius near the Trebia, defeated Flaminius on his approach to the Apenniness, laid waste the whole country, defeated Fabius Maximus and Varro, marched into Capua, and at the age of thirty-six was thundering at the gates of Rome.

*Scipio Africanus* was scarcely sixteen when he took an active part in the battle of Cannæ, and saved the life of his father. The wreck of the Roman cavalry chose him then for their leader, and he conducted them back to the capital. Soon after he was twenty, he was appointed proconsul of Spain, where he took New Carthage by storm. He soon after defeated, successively, Asdrubal (Hannibal's brother,) Mago, and Hanno; crossed into Africa, negotiating with Syphax, the Massaysylian king, returned to Spain, quelled the insurrection there, drove the Carthaginians wholly from the peninsula, returned to Rome, devised the diversion against the Carthaginians by carrying the war into Africa, crossed thither, destroyed the army of Syphax, compelled the return of Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal a second time.

*Charlemagne* was crowned king of the Franks before he was twenty-six. At the age of twenty-eight he had conquered Aquitania and at the age of twenty-nine he made himself master of the whole German and French empires.

*Charles XII*, of Sweden, was declared of age by the States, and succeeded his father at the age of fifteen. At eighteen he headed the expedition against the Danes, whom he checked; and with a fourth of their numbers he cut to pieces the Russian army, commanded by the Czar Peter, at Narva—crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over Saxony, and carried his army into Poland. At twenty-one, he had conquered Poland, and dictated to her a new sovereign. At twenty-four, he had subdued Saxony, and at twenty-seven he was conducting his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, when a severe wound prevented his taking command in person, and resulted in his overthrow and subsequent tedious captivity in Turkey.

*Lafayette* was a major general in the American army at the age of eighteen; was but twenty when he was wounded at Brandywine; but twenty-two when he raised supplies for his army, on his own credit, at Baltimore; and but thirty-three when raised to the office of commander in chief of the National Guards of France.

*Napoleon Bonaparte* commenced his military career as an officer of artillery, at the age of seventeen. At twenty-four, he successfully commanded the artillery at Toulon. His splendid and victorious campaign in Italy was performed at the age of twenty-seven. During the next year, when he was about twenty-eight, he gained battle after battle over the Austrians in Italy, conquered Mantua, carried the war into Austria, ravaged the Tyrol, concluded an advantageous peace, took possession of Milan and the Venetian republic, revolutionized Genoa, and formed the Cisalpine Republic. At the age of twenty-nine, he received the command of the army against Egypt; scattered the clouds of Mameluke cavalry, mastered Alexandria, Aboukir and Cairo, and wrested the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies from the proud descendants of the prophet. At the age of thirty he fell among the Parisians like a thunderbolt, overthrew the dictatorial government; dispersed the council of five hundred, and was proclaimed first consul. At the age of thirty-one he crossed the Alps with an army, and destroyed the Austrians by a blow at Marango. At the age of thirty-two, he established the Code of Napoleon; in the same year he was elected consul for life by the people; and at the age of thirty three he was crowned emperor of the French people.

*William Pitt*, the first earl of Chatham, was but twenty-seven years of age when, as a member of Parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruptions of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger *Pitt* was scarcely twenty years of age when with masterly power he grappled with the veterans of Parliament, in favour of America. At twenty-two he was called to the high and responsible trust of chancellor of the exchequer. It was at that age when he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At twenty-nine during the first insanity of George III. he rallied around the Prince of Wales.

*Edmund Burke*, at the age of nineteen, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkley and Hume. At twenty he was in the Temple, the admiration of its inmates for brilliancy of his genius and the variety of his acquisitions. At twenty-six he published his celebrated satire, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society." The same year he published his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful—so much admired for its spirit of philosophical investigation and the elegance of its language. At twenty-five he was first lord of the treasury.

*George Washington* was only twenty-seven years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat; and the same year he was appointed commander in chief of all the Virginian forces.

General *Joseph Warren* was only twenty-nine years of age, when, in defiance of the British soldiers stationed at the door of the church, he pronounced the celebrated oration which aroused the spirit of liberty and patriotism that terminated in the achievement of independence. At thirty-four he gloriously fell, gallantly fighting in the cause of freedom, on Bunker Hill.

*Alexander Hamilton* was a lieutenant colonel in the army of the American revolution, and aid-de camp to Washington at the age of twenty. At twenty-five he was a member of Congress from New York; at thirty he was one of the ablest members of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. At thirty-one he was a member of the New York Convention, and joint author of the great work entitled the "Federalist." At thirty-two he was Secretary of the treasury of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of the government upon so perfect a plan, that no great improvement has ever been made upon it by his successors.

*Thomas Haywood*, of South Carolina, was but thirty years of age, when he signed the glorious record of the nation's birth, the Declaration of Independence; *Elbridge Herry* of Massachusetts, *Benjamin Rush* and *James Wilson* of Pennsylvania, were but thirty-one years of age; *Matthew Thornton* of New Hamshire, *Thomas Jefferson*, of Virginia, *Auther Middleton* of North Carolina, and *Thomas Stone* of Maryland, thirty-three; and *William Hooper* of North Carolina, but thirty-four.

*John Jay*, at twenty-nine years old, was a member of the Revolutionary Congress, and being associated with *Lee* and *Livingston*, on the committee for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain, drew up that paper himself, which was considered one of the most eloquent productions of the time. At thirty-two he penned the old constitution New York, and in the same year was appointed chief justice of that State. At thirty-four he was appointed minister to Spain.

At the age of twenty-six *Thomas Jefferson* was a leading member of the Colonial Legislature in Virginia. At thirty he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at thirty-two, a member of Congress and at thirty-three, he drafted the Declaration of Independence.

*Milton*, at the age of 20, had written his finest miscellaneous poems, including his L'Allegro, Penseroso, Comus, and the most beautiful of Monodies.

*Lord Byron*, at the age of twenty, published his celebrated satire upon the English bards and Scotch reviewers; at twenty-four, the two first cantons of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Indeed, all the vast poetic treasures of his genious were poured forth in their richest profusion, before he was thirty-four years old; and he died at thirty-seven.

*Mazart* the great German musician, completed all his noble compositions before he was thirty-four years old, and died at thirty-five.

*Pope* wrote many of his published poems by the time he was sixteen years old; at twenty his Essay on Criticism; at twenty-one the Rape of the lock; and at twenty-five his great work, the translation of the *Iliad*.

*Sir Isaac Newton* had mastered the highest elements of the mathematics, and the anaytical method of Des Caries before he was twenty; had discovered the new method of infinite series, of fluxions, and his new theory of light and colours. At twenty-five he had discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation, and the planetary system. At thirty he occupied the mathematical chair at Cambridge.

*Dr. Dwight's* Conquest of Canaan was commenced at the age of sixteen, and finished at twenty-two. At the latter age, he composed his celebrated dissertation on the history, eloquence, and poetry of the Bible, which was immediately published and republished in Europe.

## THE WOMAN OF THREECOWS.

'O WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh! don't let
your tongue thus rattle!
'O don't be saucy, don't be stiff because you
may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, *I* only
say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so
proud as you.
Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't
be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats
the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from
haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud good Woman of Three Cows!
See where Momonia,s heroes lie, proud Owen
More's descendants,
'T is they that won the glorious name, and had
the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal
bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of
Three Cows!
The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the
land to mourning;
*Movrone!* for they were banished, with no hope of
their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths
were driven to house!
Yet you can give yourself these' airs, O, Woman
of Three Cows!
O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom
nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled,
unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder
cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should you be proud good
Woman of Three Cows!
O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose
names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made
Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds
and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman
of Three Cows!
Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only
for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and
oldest:
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or
carouse!
Just think of that, and hide your head, goood Woman of Three Cows!
Your neighbor's poor and you, it seems, are big
with vain ideas,
Because, inagh! you've got three cows, one more,
I see, than she had;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than
Charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman
of Three Cows!

### THE SUMMING UP

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up
your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak
I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself even though you
were my spouse'
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

*Duffy's Irish Ballads.*

## COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE LIBERIA HERALD.

### LIBERIA.

### No. 2,

MESSRS EDITORS:—In a former letter, we tried to say something of our colony. How often too do we find emigrants, who think because they "*are free*," they should *work no more*, and when convinced by pinching want, that God does not rain bread upon the idle, in Africa, more than in America, long for the chain of the slave, or had as live have it as though they could only thrive at that point, where the temperature of industry, has its degrees told by the "Cowskin." Too ignorant and degraded though raised in a land of bibles, to know the difference between working for one's self, and laboring for a white master. Seeming to drown every sense of honor, "*in them are big pones or corn bred and fat meal old mars or mis use to ge us.* Thank God, those who are too idle to work, and too stupid to change these opinions soon become nuisance, and go the way of all trash. The well bred man of good sense, though he may not know the first letter in the alphabet, soon sees (no matter what his opinions might have been) that his labour is his own, and resolves to maintain himself, and enjoy liberty too. Others though illiterate [as most of us are] take wide views, looks upon his neighbour as well as himself, and thence upon the country at large, as though nature had stamped his heart with public spirit, as well as self love. They not only see that all their labour is their own, every improvement belongs to themselves and children, good sound sense and industry tells them to go forward, and they obey looking upon Liberia as theirs, and the home of their children. Its strength their safety. Its wealth their property, and its prosperity their glory, and the salvation from degradation of their children. Such men as these though they cannot read a word and perhaps never thought of writing, and perhaps spent much of their time in slavery, are an honor to any country, that would allow them equality. There are some of this stamp in Liberia, men "worth their weights in gold." They are industrious men who look forward, who love their children. Such men are not only good citizens, but, patriotic colonists. One thousand of them would make the soil, and the ship declare Liberia independent *without a human declaration.* As the hope of Liberia's glory, present as well as future glory rising before such men it beckons them onward. They enjoy "freedom" in every true sense of that word. They love our laws, because they are wholesome, they are ours made by legislators of our choice. They love liberty for what it is in and of itself.

Free from that oppression worse if possible than that of Israel in Egypt under which he once groaned, the industrious public spirited man seizes and holds fast the hope of elevating not only his own, but the name and character of his country. With life, Liberty and the persuit of happiness with and before him, with a right view of these things, what can hinder this colony from prospering? Or such men from being freemen. It is a startling truth unless it has become "a new thing under the sun," that there is not a free blackman from Georgia to Maine. No nor in the whole United States! Nor will there be very soon, if we must judge from "the signs of the times." "The Gospel was to free the slave of the United States," but we are told that "slavery is becoming a baptised child of holy scripture" "strengthening, and tightning her chains," listening not for one moment to the Abolitionists

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

February 1842(XI,4)--February 18,1857(n.s. VII,4)

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