POETRY.

LET ME SMILE WHILE I CAN.

Let me smile while I can—there are moments of sadness
Which steal o'er the heart like a cloud o'er the sky;
And dimmed for a while is the sunshine of gladness,
And tears follow fast as the rain from on high.

Let me smile while I can—in life's rosiest bowers,
The flowers are always entwined with the thorns;
And how often it is the same evening sky lowers,
Which dawned on the brightest and loviest of morns.

Let me smile while I can—why should we deplore them,
The dead who are gone to their long silent home;
We know not how soon the eyes that weep o'er them,
May shed the same bitter drops over our tomb.

Let me smile while I can—there are moments of sorrow,
Too numerous by far for our moments of joy—
And none from the past or the present may borrow,
One hour unmixed with grief—bitter alloy

For the New York Observer

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

"Husband," said Mrs. Hunter, as she was seated at the breakfast table with the father of her children. "I wish you could find time to give a little attention to William. He has nothing to do, and, in consequence, passes his time with boys, from whom he will not likely to learn anything good."

"My dear," replied Mr. Hunter, "my time is at present so constantly occupied, that I cannot see to him. As soon as I can find time to make some inquiries about a school, I will do so. He shall have the best advantages for education which the country affords."

"I am afraid he will be ruined before you will get time to find a school. He has got to be so large now, that he needs the restraint of a father's hand."

"If you can satisfy yourself as to what school it is best to send him to, I will rely upon your judgment, and he shall go as soon as you can get him ready."

"I know nothing 'bout schools, you must select a school for him. But, in the meantime, could you not do something with him at the store? He must have something to do, or he cannot be kept out of mischief."

"You may send him down to the store after he has got his breakfast, and I will see what I can do with him." Mr Hunter then went to his store, where several men were waiting for him. The store received but a very small share of his attention. He had a large factory to manage, besides being a director in a railroad, and chairman of the committee for securing the election of the candidate of his party.

William had been up very late the night before, and did not make his appearance at the breakfast table, until nearly an hour after his father had gone to his place of business.

"Your father wishes you to come to the store, as soon as you have taken your breakfast," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Do you know what he wants of me?" said William; with a blush occasioned by the fear that some of his irregularities had come to his father's knowledge.

"He wishes you to assist in the store."

"Very well, I will go down."

Now it happened that William had made an engagement to meet some of his companions, at ten o'clock. It would not suit his purpose to be engaged at the store. He did not fail to go there, however; for he had not yet learned to practise direct disobedience to his parents' commands. He had little fear that his father would notice him or assign to him any employment, unless the matter was brought to his recollections by some question on the part of his son. That question he was careful not to ask. He remained at the store, in the presence of his father, till nearly ten o'clock, when he left, to join his companions at the appointed place.

Mr. Hunter did not come home to dinner. When he came in, at a late hour to his supper, William was not with him. "Where is William?" said Mrs. H.

"I do not know," said Mr. H.

"Has he not been with you at the store?"

"I remember seeing him there some time in the course of the day."

"I sent him down as you requested, in hopes you would give him something to do, to keep him busy."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; but he did not say anything to me about it."

"I told him you wanted his assistance in the store. I presume he waited till he got tired, and then went away. I wish he would come home. He is forming a habit of staying out later and later."

"He must be sent to school. I have no time to attend to him. There is no use in my undertaking it. Just get him ready as soon as you can, and I will send him at once to some good school, where he will be taken care of. Where is the paper?"

The newspaper from the city was handed him, and after having looked over certain portions which have no interest for general readers, he was ready for his supper. After supper he was to meet the committee who had the welfare of their party in charge.

Mr. Hunter was too busy to give any attention to his son! How came he to be so busy! Was there a necessity laid upon him to extend his business so widely as to leave him no time to attend to the education of his son—no time to take care of his own soul? Was it more important that he should be rich, than that his son should escape ruin?

How many fathers are there in this land of enterprise and energy, who must be classed with Mr. Hunter!

Mr. Hunter determined to give his son the best advantages for education which the country afforded. He was, doubtless, willing to be at any expense that should be necessary to secure that object. By that means he thought to atone for his own neglect!

There are duties that cannot be transferred to others. It is to the parent that God, by his providence and word says, "take this child and train it for me." No other person can do the work required of the parents. The best educators can only assist the parent.

Among the ruined of our land how many are the victims of parental neglect—of neglect occasioned by the pressure of business and worldly care!

THE GOOD WIFE.

She commandeth her husband in any lawful matter, by constantly obeying him. It was always observed that what the English gained of the French in battle by valor, the French regained of the English by cunning in treaties. So if the husband should chance by his power, in his passion, to prejudice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth, by compounding and complying, to rectify it again.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him as to acquit herself.

She keeps home if she have not her husband's company or leave for her patent to go abroad. For the house is the woman's centre.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. She is none of our dames, who love to appear in variety of suits every day new, as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge. Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom, and then he hath conned his part so well that he comes off with great applause.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows. Partly that she may dishearten him, and partly because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful, that she may be the more serviceable.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light by orderly and seasonable enjoining it. Wherefore her service is accounted a preferment, and her teaching better than her wages.—*Thomas Fuller (Holy State.)*

For the New York Observer.

JOHN KNOX'S DAUGHTER.

The spirit that animated Scotland's great reformer descended to his children, one of whom, Elizabeth, married a minister by the name of Welch. He was banished from the country, for his opposition to the attempt of the king to introduce prelacy, and took up his residence in France. After many years of laborious service in the gospel, he was seized with consumption. Wishing to breathe his last in Scotland, application was made to the king to permit him to return. The king refused. At length Mrs. Welch, through the influence of some of her mother's relations at court, was enabled to obtain access to the presence of the king, and to urge, in person, her petition that her husband might be allowed to come home to die. "Who was your father, woman?" said the king.

"Mr. Knox," was the reply.

"Knox and Welch! The devil never made such a match as that."

"It is right likely Sir, for we never asked his advice."

"How many children has your father left?

"Three Sir."

"Are they lads or lasses?

"They are all lasses."

"I am thankful for that for had they been three lads, I had never held my three kingdoms in peace."

"May it please you to give my husband his native air again?"

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"If you will persuade your husband to submit to the Bishops, I will permit him to return to Scotland."

Lifting her apron, and holding it towards the king, she replied, "Please your majesty, I would rather have his head in this apron."

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—The following anecdote of the funeral of a British Alderman is told by Southey:—As soon as he knew his case was desperate, he called together all the persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am going to die, and my death will be an inconvenience to you, because it will be some time before you, can get your accounts settled with my executors; now, if you will allow me a handsome discount I will settle them myself at once." They agreed to the proposal, and the old Alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

LAND WARRANTS—A SINGULAR CASE.—An old soldier living at Harper's Ferry Va., being entitled to 160 acres of land under the new Bounty Act obtained from the Pension Office the necessary authority for locating his land. He selected it on a tract of unoccupied Government land at Harper's Ferry, being more convenient in his estimation than travelling over the wilds of Oregon, Minnesota or California. The old soldier has consulted able legal gentlemen who have given it as their opinion that he can hold the land; as the Bounty Act allows the location upon any unoccupied Government land. The property thus selected is said to be worth at least $150.000.

A FEMALE MISER.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

An old beggar woman, by the name of Elizabeth Morelock, lately died in the city of Cincinnati, as every body supposed in a state of extreme destitution. On the night of her death, a lighted candle was placed upon a stand beside her bed, her idiot daughter, a frightful hunchback, being the only attendant—though a part of the time the physician was present. The old woman opend her eyes, and perceiving the burning candle, ordered it to be blown out, saying she could not afford it. When she was taken sick, she ordered the chest, which was, after death, found to contain nearly four thousand dollars in gold, to be placed near her bed, and she kept it within reach of her arms during the whole of her sickness. When the death-struggle came on, and she was told she must die, she flung herself upon the chest, and clawed at it, in frenzy of avarice, until she tore the very nails from her fingers; and while thus embracing her treasure, her spirit took its flight.

An old stove in the room was found, after her death, to contain a considerable amount of silver and copper coin, carefully stowed away. The money and effects have been placed in the hands of an executor appointed by the court. In 1840, when small change was scarce, this woman made a handsome speculation by selling the small coins accumulated by the beggary of herself and her idiot daughter. The latter was generally flogged upon her return at night, when she did not make a good day's work, and always whipped before she was sent out in the morning. The cries of the poor creature while under the lash of her mother, have frequently excited the indignation of the neighborhood. The poor idiot herself was afterwards attacked by the cholera, and is now probably numbered with the dead.—*N Y Observer*

PUNCTUALITY—ANECDOTE.

The importance of punctuality will not be denied, especially by those who have suffered through lack of it in themselves and in others. Due regard is seldom paid to the formation of this habit in the training of the young. Those men who have accomplished great things, have usually been scrupulously methodical in their general habits, and strictly punctual in keeping all their engagements. No man was more methodical and punctual than Washington. No man was more so than John Quincy Adams. The masterly genius of Chalmers did not lead him to the neglect of method and of punctuality. He not only practised those virtues himself, but was rigid in exacting them from others, occasionally somewhat to their annoyance. The following amusing incident was the result of this habit.

The peculiarity which reigned over all the domestic regulations was sometimes not a little inconvenient to Mr Chalmers' guests. His aunt, while living in the house, appearing one morning too late at breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she exposed herself defenceless to the storm, thus managed to divert it. "Oh! Mr. Chalmers," she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I had such a strange dream last night; I dreamt that you were dead." "Indeed," said Mr. Chalmers, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly upon his own future history. "And dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral day was named, and the funeral hour was fixed, and the funeral cards were written; and the day came, and the folks came, and the hour came, but what do you think happened?—why, the clock had scarce done chapping (striking) twelve, which had been the hour named in the cards when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice, very peremptory, and ill-pleased like, came out of it, saying, 'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no liftin'." Mr. Chalmers was himself too great a humorist not to relish a joke so quickly and cleverly contrived, and in the hearty laugh which followed, the ingenious culprit felt that she had accomplished more than an escape.

On Wednesday last, two women were standing on the Railway bridge of the Rouse's Point and Ogdensburgh Railroad, when a passenger train ran over and killed both.

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)

1851

NEW SERIES NO 2