POETRY.

SABBATH MORNING.

Holy morn, fit emblem of
Futurity's blissful hour. Heaven's blue arch
Calmly glows, untinctured by a cloud;
Purity's bright spirit breathes,
To every child of God, a holy,
Heavenly peace.
O! Sun of the Sabbath,

Yield thy brightest rays; dispel dark gloom
From every brow; within the human heart
Strew the flowers of Holiness. Ye cooling breezes
That fan the brows of the impious and the good,
Lade ye your pinions now with holy,
Happy thoughts, Peace to instill
Within the hearts of men.
This beauteous morn awakes,

To praise, and pray, and thanksgiving;
Let not deep-dyed sin, nor impure thought,
Invade its sanctity. Here in our land,
Where God is known, let not evil mar
Nature's Heaven-gifted quietude.
Ah! would throughout the Heathen shores,
The blessings of this day were known;
Would all the globe might render
Heart-felt praise unto the Lord,
Upon this consecrated morn.
Yet even now,

Many a goodly ship is sailing for
The Heathen coast; bearing thitherward
The man of God, to speak to their
Untutored minds the words of wisdom,
And the Lamp of God, wherein is written
The inspired words of Life and Light.
O! may a thousand swelling notes,

Thrilling from the Christian's lyre,
Echo and re-echo throughout the regions
Of the Asiatic land; and may Chinese hearts
In gentle submission be taught to bow
Unto the Almighty One. May Religion's sun
Cast its effulgent rays o'er all
The darksome gloom of Heathen hearts.
This tranquil Sabbath morn

Exciteth holy thoughts; unto the heart
Whispering of a morn, a blessed morn,
When the mighty Saviour triumphed.
Lo! many a flower,

Of immortal stamp, has fled our Earth,
And many a bud has come to grace
The parent stem, since that bright
And glorious morn that dawned—
The resurrection day; the glorious day,
By Heaven's decree, that shed

A wondrous light abroad,
Bequeathing purity of soul to each
Repentant rebel, and a home
Beyond the mystic vales of Death,
Of blissful joy eternally. *Pres: Herald*

OUR GIVEN NAMES.

We say *given* names, not *Christian* names, as is more common; for it is not every one having a first name that has a Christian name, as was exemplified in the case of Mr. Levi, who appeared as a witness before the Lord Mayor of London.

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Levi?" said that civic functionary.

"I have not got any, my Lord," was the reply. "I am a Jew, but my first name is Moses."

Various are the tastes in the selection of a name for a child—various are the motives that influence the decision. Sometimes a rich friend or relative is to be conciliated, and therefore some barbarous designation is affixed to a child that is a thorn in his side as long as he lives; and after all, the unfortunate may miss the expected legacy. Sometimes the name of some distinguished man is selected, to which the life of the new wearer adds no new lustre; thus we see George Washington and John Wesley occasionally figuring in the police reports, as the names of people arrested for riot or petty larceny. A classical taste inspires others, who are not always very particular in the name, provided they smack of the ancients, owing to which it happens that there is a boy now living in Philadelphia who has been christened—it we may thus use the word—after Commodus, one of the most infamous of the Roman Emperors.

The late Bishop Chase, of Illnois, had a dislike to having Greek and Roman names imposed upon children, which he displayed very pointedly on one occasion when a child was brought to him to be baptized.

"Name this child," said the Bishop.

"Marcus Tullius Cicero," answered the father.

"What!"

"Marcus Tullius Cicero."

"Tut! tut! with your heathen nonsense!—Peter, I baptize thee," and the child was Peter thenceforth and forever.

Others, again, set much store by Scripture names, many of which, to our ears, are anything but melodious—for instance, Obadiah, Jeremiah, and all the other *iahs*; but this fashish is not near so prevalent as it was a century or two ago. Some of the Bibe names have much sweetness, such as Beulah, Ruhamah and Rhoda, but even these are rarely used.

The story is well known of the man, who, having called four sons after Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, wished to have the fifth christened Acts, because, as he said, he "wanted to compliment the Apostles a bit;" but the sequal, as given by Mr. Lower, in the last edition of his valuable work on "English surnames," is not so familiar to us. It appears that the father had two sons, who were christened Richard and Thomas, and that the story of the name that had been proposed for No. 5, getting wind amongst his schoolmates, he was constantly annoyed with having this distich repeated, of better meter than rhyme—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Acts of 'Postles, Dick and Tom."

Some persons appear to have tried how near they could come to the height of absurdity, in giving names to their children. Benjamin Stokely, the first white settler in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, (whose account thereof is in the fourth volume of Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania,) gave most extraordinary names to all his children; at present, but one of them occurs to our memory. Aurora Borealis—by which he thought proper to designate one of his daughters A Mr. Stickney, a distant relative of Dr. Franklin, numbered his children, calling them One Stickney, Two Stickney, &c.

We live venture to add a few rules, which are the results of our reflections upon this subject.

1. The son should not be called after his father, nor the daughter after her mother.

The object of giving first names is to distinguish a person from all others bearing the same last name particularly from those of his immediate family; but this latter is not attained when a child bears the name of a parent.—Confusion must always follow, not always, to be avoided by the additions of senior and junior, or the designations 1st, 2nd, &., which are common in New England.

An eminent lawyer, who adorned the Philadelphia bar, forty or fity years ago, had a son with the same first name as himself, who was studying law in his office. One day a letter arrived without an addition of "junior," but intended for the younger, which the elder gentleman and read. It was from a source not very creditable to any one.

"I am ashamed of you," said the father indignantly, handing it to his son.

"I am ashamed of *you*, sir," replied the son, handing it back, with his finger pointed at the direction.

One of the sons of Benjamin Stokely, of whom we have spoken above, was born during his father's absence from home. On his return, his wife told him that she had called the child Benjamin, after him.

"None of that," cried he, "I have no notion of hearing people talking of old Ben stokely."

This confusion is one objection to the practice which we condemn; another is that if a parent calls a child after himself, he is in danger of becoming partial to that child, at the expense of the others. This is a feeling which makes its way into the minds of even good men and good women; it seem to some that a child bearing their name in full, is more fully their representative than others. As this is all wrong, it is best to prevent the arising of such feelings, by giving no occasion for their existence.

2. The more common the last name is, the more uncommon should the first name be. We can pardon almost any prefix to Smith, Brown and Jones. As one of the learned fathers of the bar lately observed, in a discourse, "Who shall declare the generation of the Smiths, and especially of the John Smith?" The very mention of John Smith in a court house, police-office, or other public place—and it is of frequent mention,—brings a broad grin into every one's face immediately

3. No name should be given to a child that will suggest a ludicrous idea when written in fully, or when the initial letter only is used.

Middle aged persons, in Philadelphia, can recollect a druggist, named Ash, (now deceased) whose friends had selected Caleb for his first name. He was constantly annoyed with inquiries from school boys, and others of the rising generation, as to the residence of Mr. Calebash.

Forty or fifty years ago a very worthy little French tailor, named Frogg, resided in Charleston, S. C., and on the birth of one of his sons some wags persuaded him that it would be a very good thing for the child to call him after they chief magistfate of the State—Governor Bull, which was done accordingly, the unlucky combination of the two names never striking the father until it was too late.

4. Famales should not have but one given name, and when they marry, should retain their maiden name as a middle name. This is the practice among the Society of Friends, and were it generally adopted it would have many advantages. We should know at once, on seeing a lady's name, whether she was married or single, and, if the former, what the name of her family was. And it is further to be considered that the adoption of this rule of but a single first name for girls, would put an end forever to the whole brood of Emma Milvinas and Emphemia Helen Lauras, and a style of nomenclature which is thought by most persons to be ridiculous in the extreme.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

CHILDREN.—It is a mistake to think that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counselors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them though the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please; if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of society, he allow them to stray into holes and precipices that destroy them, to slake their thirst in brooks that poison them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts, or deadly herbs, can he be called a sure guide? And is it the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offense is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct.

If no attention is paid to the rational wishes—if no allowance is made for youthful spirits—if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathizing manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirits be broken. Our stopping to amuse them, our condescending to make ourselves one in their plays ane pleasures at suitable times, will lead them to know that it is not because we will not, but because we cannot attend to them, that at other times we refuse to do so. A pert or improper way of speaking, ought not to be allowed. Clever children are very apt to be pert, and, if too much admired for it, and laughed at, become eccentric and disagreeable. It is often very difficult to check our own amusements, but their future welfare should be regarded more than our present entertainment. It should never be forgotten that they are tender plants committed to our fostering care—that every thoughtless word, or careless neglect may destroy a germ of immortality—"that foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child"—and that we must ever, like watchful husbandmen, be on our guard against it. It is indeed little that we can do in our own strength, but if we are conscientious performers of our part—if we earnestly commend them in faith and prayer to the fostering core of their Father in heaven—to the tender love of Him, the Angel of whose presence goes before them, and who carries these lambs in his bosom—we may then go on our way rejoicing—for he will never leave or forsake those who trust in him."

SHE MAKES HOME HAPPY."—She always made home happy,' was the expressive sentence which a friend recently appended to an obituary notice.

It is woman's highest and most peculiar prerogative, whether mother, daughter, sister, or wife, to make home happy. The husband who is blessed with such a wife, has a prize and a home above all price. The children of such a mother will rise up and call her blessed. The benedictions of the poor and needy are largely bestowed upon her, for her beneficent acts.—Such a woman, whether maiden, or wife and mother, never thinks of the question of 'Woman's Rights,' popularly so called, but with shame and humiliation. Such women are fully persuaded that, if they would make the world happier, they must first make home happy.—And this would be impossible, if they were required to mingle at the polls, in Legislative bodies, to serve as jury-woman, as constables, high-way-serveyors, &c., &c., offices whose duties require much absence from home.

The highest praise that can possible be bestowed on woman is that 'She always makes home happy." Who that visits these occasional oases along life's chequered course, does not regret that the number of such home is not greatly augmented in view of such blessed fruits of domestic joy and peace and happiness on earth—making the family on earth a sweet fortaste of the future condition of the pure in heart.

The mother who has educated and trained her daughters for such a mission, has secured a great name and has done the world a better service, than all the blue stocking pedants and 'Woman's Rights' advocates that have ever lived. Blessed is the woman that has the art and heart to make home happy, and thrice blessed is he who has such a wife for she will do him good all the days of her life.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night? a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meanings;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead,
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That last "good night" along the soul.

"Good night!"—in tones that never die;
It peals along the quickening ear,
And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near,
When stilled the voice, O crush of pain—
That ne'er shall breathe "good night again"

Good night!"—it mocks us from the grave—
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence there flows no backward wave—
It calls from out the ground,
On every side around—above,
"Good night, good night" to life and love

Good night! O wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good night, no day,
Why are our souls so stirred?
O, rather say, dull brain, once more,
'Good night! thy time of toil is o,er!"

Good night:—now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like gentle rain,
Good night, O holy' blest and deep,
The rest that follows pain!
How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no "good night."

Chamber's Journal.

A DISCOVERY—A Mr Walworth, a Roman Catholic clergyman, of New York, recently undertook to demonstrate, from the pulpit, that hell was situated in the inside of the earth, commencing just twenty-one miles from the surface, or at that point where granite begins to melt. Now, as this shrewd and sharp sighted priest has fixed on the locality of hell, will he condescend to gratify us as to the precise locality of purgatory, concerning which Scripture leaves us so sadly in the dark—? *Presbyterian*

HON STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS AND THE LADIES OF STARK COUNTY, OHIO.

Most of our readers are aware of the excitement that prevailed in the United States, in the early part of last year, on account of the introduction into Congress of a bill commonly known as the "Nebraska bill," gotten up by S. A. Douglas of Illinois, providing for the extension of slavery, the abrogation of the Missouri compromise. &c &c The bill was passed in the face of numerous remonstrances from various respectable quarters. It appears that the Ladies of Stark County Ohio adopted the following method of expressing their indignation. The *Salem* (Ohio) *Bugle* thus introduces the subject;—

JUDAS HIS PRICE PAID.

The ladies of our neighbouring village of Alliance, have forwarded to Stephen A. Douglas the following letter accompanied with 30 *pieces of silver—bright new three cent pieces*. He has now only to go out and hang himself, and the parallel between him and his prototype will be complete:

To Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois:

We, the undesigned, wives, mothers, and daughters of Stark County, Ohio feeling grateful that our boasted 'land of the free and home of the brave' is yet so free that WHITE husbands, sons and brothers can yet enjoy their own liberty, are induced to present to you the enclosed *thirty pieces of silver*'.

If Judas was worthy of his reward for betraying *One*, in whose power to extract himself from the hands of his crucifiers he had full confidence, then much more are you worthy of this reward (if no office of emolument be proffered,) for this betrayal of liberty, for this attempt to cast into hands more brutal than Jewish crucifiers *thousands of unoffending, weak and helpless* fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters, accused of no infraction of religious or civil law, and whose blood is called for by no maddened populace, but by cold-blooded avarice and the worst of passions.

Without portraying this horrid picture further, may you receive the enclosed thirty pieces of silver' as a testimony of our regard, and ere you follow the *last* act of Judas, may you repent in deepest sackloth, this most nefarious betrayal of liberty.

Signed by 103 ladies,
Alliance, March 1st 1854

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)

1855

NEW SERIES NO 2