

Bates College

SCARAB

---

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

---

9-2-1857

## The Morning Star - volume 32 number 22 - September 2, 1857

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scarab.bates.edu/morning\\_star](https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star)

---

### Recommended Citation

Freewill Baptist printers, "The Morning Star - volume 32 number 22 - September 2, 1857" (1857). *The Morning Star*. 2037.

[https://scarab.bates.edu/morning\\_star/2037](https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star/2037)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library at SCARAB. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Morning Star by an authorized administrator of SCARAB. For more information, please contact [batesscarab@bates.edu](mailto:batesscarab@bates.edu).











On Wednesday, the second day of Sept. next, under the charge of Mr. MALCOLM MCINTIRE, graduate of Bowdoin College, (a young gentleman of much promise, and who comes highly recommended as a teacher,) assisted by MISS KATHY MCARTHUR, who has, during the time she has been connected with this school, given perfect satisfaction.

MOSES SWEAT, Secretary.

N. Parsonsfield, July 28, 1857.



## Poetry.

## THE DYING RICH MAN.

By J. W. BARBER.

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are mouldy."

The sun was setting o'er the hills,  
And on the mountain old and grey,  
Down which were winding little rills,  
Lingered the fading twilight day.

The night-bird piped a mournful tune,  
The cricket chirped in the wall,  
And o'er the smiling face of June  
A sable curtain seemed to fall.

Pale, haggard, on a velvet couch,  
Hung round with richest tapestry,  
The sick man lay, whose eye to touch  
Spoke freezing words of death to me.

As when the joyous forms of earth  
Are fading from a rapid flight,  
And nature's kind, devoted care  
Is ushered into deepest night.

Thus thro' the depths of that sad soul  
Are stirring thoughts of deepest woe,  
And clouds of black terror roll  
O'er all the dark expanse below.

A tremor agitates his frame,  
Cold sweats are damp upon his brow,  
Life's taper gives a flickering flame,  
"This waning, feeble burning bow."

There is a contest, such as ne'er  
That brave rich man had known before,  
A struggle now is passing here,  
And, ah! 'twill never be o'er.

He thought his happy days were o'er,  
So strong and valiant he had grown,  
But in this dark decisive hour,  
His valor and his strength had flown.

O death, thou mighty conqueror,  
How still and silent is thy tread,  
Thou, with an all-resistless power,  
Canst bow the mightiest, proudest head.

Not gold, nor lands, nor burnished steel,  
The victor's blows can turn aside,  
Nor bribe the monarch's heart can feel,  
Nor human skill the strife subside.

The spirit lingered, for the chain  
Which bound it to its house of clay,  
Was fastened with a golden chain,  
Th' work of many a golden day.

"Bring me a dollar, let me see  
That burnished picture once again—  
Dying—ah! no, it cannot be,  
"Thine vision of my brain."

Few friends around that death-bed scene  
Were lingering—fewer still the tears  
Of sympathetic grief I ween,  
Love softened not their fatal fears!

Low words were whispered, "not of heaven  
Nor angels shining thro' the gloom,  
No flowers of home, no friends are given,  
To cheer or death a sweet perfume."

The lawyer, with his parchment there,  
Eager to note the last behest,  
The disappointed, hopeless heir,  
Still gazed on that beating breast.

The person, with a sullen look,  
Upon a velvet seat reclined,  
Searching in vain God's holy book,  
To find some cheering, hopeful line.

He reads—and o'er the burning line,  
That breathes in every glowing line,  
"Go to, ye rich, for misery now  
Shall ever more your soul enchain."

Your riches now are cumbered o'er,  
Your garments eaten by the moth,  
And cries of wrong have gone before,  
And reached the Lord of Sabaoth."

"Twere easier, thro' a needle's eye,  
Than that huge camel may be driven,  
Than for ye rich men, when ye die,  
To gain admittance into heaven."

O darkness, such as ne'er was known  
In Egypt's night, now awful grown,  
The rich man's soul, that gawdron  
Is mingling with the gloom profound.

The same bright sun o'er golden fields  
Is glowing in the eastern sky,  
And nature, from a sweet repose,  
Unfolds her bright and dewy eye;

But that gorgeous forest home,  
The strife o'er—ah! and cold,  
The captivities, the proud rich man,  
No more his spreading lands behold.

Few are the tears that ever fall  
Above his grave, or at all  
One gush of grief is offered there,  
Some poor, and some in dead despair.

Is sighing that there ever lived  
A man so rich, with such a heart,  
That felt no warmth at sorrow's smite,  
Not placed upon the woe of fate.

The beatings of another life,  
Then death shall nother joys reveal,  
And sweetly end all mortal strife,  
Niagara Falls.

## The Family Circle.

## For the Morning Star.

"Winnie Waters," in her reply to Farmer,

says that her sketch of "Madam Smith's situation"

was taken from life, which I do not doubt;

that she had ample room for her censures, I will

admit; yet that all farmers' wives are so, I still

question. "Winnie" says that her "sketch" was

drawn at a great and prevalent evil, namely, the

overworked mothers and wives of the farming

community. I supposed by her sketch that she

meant the whole collectively; and as it seems

by her reply that she did not, I am satisfied that

she intended to do good, whether her motive

failed of its intention or not. It is a fact, and

one that cannot be too severely censured, that

a portion of our farmers do overwork themselves

and families; yet the sins of this class should

not be placed upon the whole.

I will admit that her sketch is a life-like

picture of too many of our farm-house women; still

when we intend to do the black sheep only, we

should be careful not to aim at the whole flock.

The duties devolving upon the mother, incident

to the well-being of her offspring, are many;

and no person will deprive her of attending

to those duties, unless the Almighty wills.

I know that many of our farmers, and not only farmers

but men in all other professions, are in the habit

of clearing their six hundred a year, than of the

happiness of those around them. This I think to

be a great sin, and any course that will reform

this class of people I justly think it is to be

what it is, a powerful effect in moulding the

temper, and bearing, and character of children.

It tends most inevitably to make them flippant,

and conceited, and arrogant, and self-willed.

And parents who have found great amusement

in these displays of disorder, when it is late,

that they have erred—they find that the chil-

draw take advantage of their acknowledged

they are checked at fourteen or fifteen for what

was thought very interesting when they were

four or five! Many parents know, as I have

it is the misery of man to learn only when

it is too late to profit by it; that the lessons of

experience are really understood only when they

placed her wisdom in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come

into the study, and see what we have been

doing."

The long wished-for hour arrived—some

minutes later in her mother's hands, and

with an anxious heart retired to the other end

of the room. Some minutes elapsed, and then

Mr. Campbell said:

"Are you well, my dear?" said she.

"Yes, mamma, quite well."

"Have you been out today?"

"Not much, mamma; I have been busy all

day. And after you have dined, you will come