

# THE LICKING VALLEY REGISTER.

VOLUME II.

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## POETICAL.

For the Licking Valley Register.

### Wealth.

BY LITTLETON T. LACY.  
Oh how I hate the world that  
That mortals seek. Oh how unjust  
To God are they, who hope to find  
True life in wealth.  
The wealth of India can't give  
Life to the dead, nor can it live  
When time shall cease. Oh how unjust  
To God are they, who hope to find  
True life in wealth.  
Dust is but dust: why seek ye then  
Earth's Jewels of dimm'd.  
Alas! your hearts from God are far  
For Memphis is your polar star.  
When Christ collects his jewels here,  
Earth's gorgeous treasures disappear.  
In Christ is wealth which never dies,  
But still makes rich beyond the skies.  
Covington, December, 1840.

From the Dutches Observer.

### Christmas Hymn.

From yonder beautiful realm of light,  
Concealed from mortal view,  
A numerous train of cherubs bright,  
To Bethlehem's Valley flew.  
Dark was the night in silence drear,  
The world was hushed around,  
Our earth-born race, devoid of care,  
Lay wrapped in sleep profound.  
All but a few industrious swains  
That glided night and day,  
Their flocks in safety on the plains  
From savage beasts of prey.  
When lo! a brighter moment o'er  
Had blushed o'er Bethlehem's sky,  
Stops midnight in her black career,  
Made sudden darkness fly.  
Around and round an airy throng  
Of angels fair appeared;  
Balanced on golden wings they hung:  
The Shepherds saw and fear'd.  
When soft descending from the sky,  
To soothe the weeping dead,  
The Angel of the Lord came high,  
With speech and vengeful tread.  
"Fear not!—sweet messenger from GOD,  
We come to banish fear,  
For in our hand no venereal rod  
Of wrath divine we bear.  
But call of mercy, tidings true,  
From Mercy's throne we bring:  
Behold! Shepherds, do you village hearts,  
Salute your Infant King.  
To Bethlehem's town, a peaceful place,  
This auspicious night arise,  
Of David's long forgotten race,  
Your Saviour CHRIST is born.  
You'll find him in the manger scene,  
In swaddling bands array'd;  
Opposit to a lowly manger,  
Till man's just debt be paid.  
No kingly rites attend his birth,  
Though kings o'er him kings to rule;  
For God, O king, he came forth,  
And treats affliction's school.  
Thus Gabriel spoke—the angelic crowd  
On golden harps high thronged,  
As ocean's solemn murmurs loud,  
This new Hosanna sang:  
"All glory to God on high,  
To all the earth be peace,  
Good will to man proclaim it high,  
And henceforth never cease."  
From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

### Where is God?

I heard an unbeliever ask,  
A gullible Christian near,  
In tones of bold and cold contempt,  
"Where is the God you fear?"  
The old man's hair was thin and gray,  
Youth long had been effaced;  
And on his wrinkled, wrinkled brow,  
Deep lines of grief were traced.  
An eager state he wildly cried,  
From nature's forest wood,  
All firm in strength, but few in years,  
Upheld him as he stood.  
His eye lit up with holy joy,  
And moved his inward soul;  
"Heaven must be said, dear'st son, this premise,  
To speak at God's court."  
Go, read his mighty name upon  
The howling, windy wild,  
And in the whispering breeze seek  
His soothing care to find.  
His way is in the raging deep—  
His path in waters wild;  
He is the high and holy One,  
But to me he has smiled.  
And while my feeble limbs grow faint,  
And dimly wanes my sight,  
God is my strength, my life, my light,  
Where he is, there is I.  
The old man's brow grew pale still,  
Still fainter came his breath;  
"The gain to die" he murmured low,  
Then calmly sank in death!  
But how, how did the angel,  
Who then Heaven's power deduced!  
An instant in a strange land,  
"He cured his God, and died!" E. M. W.

### Song—From Goethe.

BY WILLIAM J. PARSONS.  
"Glocke! du dirst die Welt zu sein etc.  
Let before the night-wind driven,  
Clouds of beauty sweep the sky,  
While I sit from love and heaven,  
I am left alone to sigh.  
Fleeting clouds, so wildly flitting,  
Hasten not thus swiftly on—  
Dear to my true-love's greeting,  
Leave me not to weep alone.  
Beset, on wings of gladness,  
Swiftly they sweep the air,  
Flying past a lover's window,  
Needless of my lone despair.  
Here alas! I still must wander,  
From my true love far away—  
Still his image aching ponder,  
Valley sweep the long day.

## SELECT TABLES.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

### FALSE APPEARANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look very much fatigued, Jane," said Mr. Holman to his wife, as the two sat for a brief period at the table, after having finished their evening meal. "It seems to me, that you grow thinner and thinner every day. I am really afraid that such incessant toil will undermine your health."  
"I do feel a good deal worn down," the wife replied, with a faint smile, in which there was an effort to appear cheerful.  
"How much you need relaxation, Jane," the husband remarked in a tone of concern. "I am afraid that we are both applying our selves far too closely. Sometimes I think it wrong for us to injure our constitutions in the intense struggles we are making to be just to all men. Perhaps if we were to relax a little, the end we desire would be as quickly attained."

"Perhaps it would, William. But when one is pressed as you are for the payment of debts, there is little time for relaxation. Still, I believe you are right. I am sure that I am not near so well as I was a year ago, and you are not so well as you were a year ago. I have failed a good deal."

"There is to be a rich concert to night," Mr. Holman said, after a few moments' thoughtful silence. "Although we are both of us exceedingly fond of music, and were once in the habit of attending all the best concerts, yet it is now more than two years since we have permitted ourselves to indulge in this delightful recreation of mind. I have been thinking about the one advertised to-night, all through the day, and have felt a very strong desire to attend it. Suppose we go this evening, Jane. It may put new life into both of us, and thus enable us to go on our toilsome way with lighter and more buoyant feelings."

"I should like to go, very much, William," the wife replied, a smile far more cheerful than the one that had flitted over her face a short time since, lighting up her still youthful countenance. "What will it cost?"

"Half a dollar a piece. Do you think that we can afford to spend a dollar in this way?"

"We certainly can't afford it, for we owe many more dollars than we are able to pay. Still, may not the relaxation of mind, and the pleasant emotions that must be awakened under the influence of rich music, be of great use to us?"

"In what way?"

"By lightening and cheering our minds and in consequence, and refreshing and invigorating our bodies."

"I have no doubt that it would. I have felt spiritless for many months, and have been doing nothing. It is a well-known fact, that I have argued with myself over and over again the wickedness and foolishness of such feelings. The almost instant subsidence of my spirits after their temporary elevation, and the force of such arguments, has mocked all my vain reasonings against nature."

"Get ready, Jane; we will go to the concert to-night," was the husband's response to this. "It will be a dollar well spent."

"If you think it will be right, William, I shall go with great pleasure."

"I am sure it will be right. So get ready at once, for there is no time to lose."

"I will not keep you waiting long." And Mrs. Holman glided off with a light step, and a cheerful feeling, and a heart full of hope.

Both Mr. Holman and his wife were persons of refined tastes and cultivated minds. They had been well educated, and had at one time been in moderately prosperous circumstances. But about two years ago before their introduction to the reader, through the failure of a friend whom Mr. Holman had imprudently loaned his notes for an amount beyond what he was worth, he suddenly found himself broke up in his business and involved in debt.

A man of strictly honorable principles, and rigid in his ideas of honesty, he resolved to devote himself assiduously to whatever he could find to do, in order to pay off the debts standing against him. First, he gave up his library, richly stocked with rare and standard works, and also his handsome furniture, all of which were put under the hammer, and the proceeds, about half what they cost him, paid over to the creditors. Then, with his wife and two young children, he removed to an obscure part of the town for the sake of getting cheap rent.

Entirely broke up in a business that was yielding him a comfortable income he was compelled to enter a store as a clerk at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. With a debt of two thousand dollars hanging over him, this presented but a cheerless prospect. But neither Holman nor his wife, a woman in every way worthy of her husband, gave way to feelings of despondency. They not only restricted their wants in every hour, not given to sleep, to labor. She, stooping every moment she could from her household duties, to ply her needle, and thus earn every month a few dollars, and he by posting books when the day's regular duties were over, in order to increase his income. In this way, they had managed to pay in all during the two years that passed since the change in their circumstances, about five hundred dollars per annum; leaving nearly one thousand dollars still due, and for which they were often pressed, and too frequently threatened with suit.

Previous to their misfortunes, they had taken great delight in music, and were in frequent attendance on the concerts of the best performers of the day. They also spent much time in literary pursuits. But these were all suddenly cut off, and both were given up to severe labor without any relaxation. No wonder that the wife's spirits failed, and that her health gave way. No wonder that both pined, some times, for the pure and el-

evating delights once so much enjoyed as the wanderer far from his household treasures, pines for his much loved home.

At last, Mr. Holman began to feel that it was wrong thus to wear out the energies of body and mind in the effort to pay off the claims that were against him more rapidly than could be done without breaking down the health of both himself and wife; especially, as there was not one of his creditors who really stood in need of immediate payment. For his wife he first became concerned, and positively required of her an intermission of the duties that were on her part willingly self-imposed. But in either case, the degree of ease from labor obtained was very small.

Every kind of recreation which involved an outlay of money, no matter how small, they denied themselves. The only day of rest for them was the blessed Sabbath; and had it not been for the walks out into the pure air of the city environs, which were regularly taken on every afternoon of that day, their health would certainly have been broken down.

More recently, however, Mr. Holman had felt that he was somewhat in error, and that it was wrong thus to wear out the energies of body and mind in the effort to pay off the claims that were against him more rapidly than could be done without breaking down the health of both himself and wife; especially, as there was not one of his creditors who really stood in need of immediate payment. For his wife he first became concerned, and positively required of her an intermission of the duties that were on her part willingly self-imposed. But in either case, the degree of ease from labor obtained was very small.

On the evening of their introduction to the reader, they attended one of the best concerts of the season, and entered into its delights with a sense of most exquisite pleasure.

"O, how much I have enjoyed this evening!" Mrs. Holman said with feeling, as she leaned upon the arm of her husband, on their way homeward. "Like bread to the hungry, that music was sweet to me, and it has come upon my spirit with a renovating influence. O, was it not indeed a feast of the soul!"

"Truly did I feel it to be so, Jane. And yet one thing marred my pleasure," he replied, while his tones fell into a gloomy cadence.

"What could have marred your pleasure at such a place, William?" his wife asked tenderly.

"Doubt, Janet—Doubt! O, what a curse is doubt—doubt!"

"But why let it trouble you there? Why did you not leave that idea at home? We are not in debt by our own imprudence, nor are we lying in debt dishonorably."

"Then why have you suffered your mind to be so disturbed?"

"You know that I owe one hundred dollars to old Mr. Marsh."

"Yes."

"And, that although the least in need of the money he has been most urgent for payment."

"Yes."

"Well. He was at the concert to-night, with his wife and three daughters. You know, that himself and family are all fond of music, and that on these better times when we could partake of these now forbidden delights, they were always in attendance?"

"He saw us there to-night. And not only saw us there, but was evidently disturbed at our presence. He sat very near to us, and several times looking at me with a fixed reproving look. I am sure, that our being present destroyed all of his enjoyment."

Evidently he was thinking that the dollar which it cost us, belonged of right to him, and ought to have been paid over."

"O, no, William; he could not have thought so. Your sensitiveness causes you to distress yourself often, without cause."

"Perhaps so, Jane. But I fear that my conjectures are true. Before dinner time to-morrow, or I am very much mistaken, old Marsh's collector will be at the store with a peremptory demand for his debt."

Mrs. Holman did not reply to her husband's last remark. But it made her feel sad, very and indeed, she regretted that they had gone to the Concert, if the consequences were to be such as she dreaded.

The rest of the way home was passed in silence. When they retired for the night the pleasure derived from the Concert was so mixed with alloy, that it ceased to be pleasant.

"How does Holman's account stand, Smith?" asked Mr. Marsh, of his collector, some time during the next morning.

"He owes about a hundred dollars yet."

"How long since he paid you any thing on it?"

"About two months."

"How much he has pay you then?"

"Ten dollars, I believe."

"Ten dollars in two months! Too bad! Too bad!"

"He mightily love pay, Mr. Marsh."

"No wonder! Where do you think I saw him and his wife last night?"

"I don't know."

"Why I saw them at Madame's concert."

"Indeed?"

"It's a fact."

"Holman must pay that money, Smith."

"If he can afford to attend concerts, he can afford to pay his debts."

"I think. And a bird that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing."

"Do you call on him, this very morning, Smith?"

"I will."

"And tell him for me, that he must settle that bill immediately."

"I suppose he won't do it?"

"Then put the screws to him. No man who throws his money away at concerts, theatres, and any such places, deserves any mercy."

"Indeed he does not."

"Let me now, resumed Mr. Marsh, in his efforts to justify himself and his collector the last proposed, the reason why he is so hard on him. I thought, when I saw him and his wife and children over at Camden a few weeks ago, that he had a great deal better be at home attending to his business."

"Over at Camden his?" chimed in Mr. Smith.

"Upon my word! I never think of going to Camden with my wife and children. No indeed! We've all got something else to attend to. Camden, Fairmount, Gray's, and every place but home! No wonder he is in debt!"

"I shan't wait any longer for my money, Smith."

"Indeed then, and I would not. Let me manage him for you. I'll make it come."

"Very well, Smith. I turn him over to your tender mercies, merely saying, that I want the money, and don't care how you get it, so that it comes."

"Very well, Sir—very well. I'll attend to it, for you."

Mr. Marsh was not a bad hearted man. He would not, in utter regardlessness of a debtor's necessities, oppress him, and drive him to extremities, under the influence of a selfish desire to get his own, when he knew that his debtor was doing every thing in his power to pay him. But he often took very narrow views of things and acted from prejudices easily excited. He was, likewise, too ready to judge from appearances. And if these appearances to his mind indicated that a man was over his head, he was inclined to believe that he was.

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with the children. Two or three times a press of business had detained him at the store, and she also accounted for his absence now—still a vague feeling of uneasiness pressed upon her mind, and took away all appetite for food.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon that a note was left for her at the door. She recognized the writing of her husband in the direction, and instantly broke the seal with a trembling hand.

"Dear Jane—What I dreamed has come to pass. Old Marsh ordered an execution to be taken out yesterday, and to-day, I have been lodged in Moyamensing prison. How long I shall be kept here, heavenly only know! But what shall I say to you? What comfort, assurances can I urge? For four or five hours I have delayed writing, in hope that something would suggest itself to mind that I might offer you to rest upon. But there is nothing—nothing I am in prison and who shall care for you and the dear children?"

The note fell from Mrs. Holman's hand, and she sat for a few moments paralyzed.

Then quickly rising, she dashed herself to go out, with hurried hands. In ten minutes she was on the steps of a beautiful dwelling in Walnut street.

"Is Mr. Marsh in?" she asked of the servant who opened the door.

"Yes, ma'am, but is engaged at present."

"Tell him that I wish to see him," was Mrs. Holman's reply.

The servant returned in a few moments and said that Mr. Marsh begged to be excused, as he was very much engaged, but that if madam would call in the morning, he would be at leisure.

"Tell Mr. Marsh, that my business with him is urgent, and cannot be delayed."

The servant hesitated to return with the message.

"I must and will see him now!" Mrs. Holman said in a firm tone, as she saw the servant's unwillingness to go again to Mr. Marsh.

"The women says that she will not go until she sees you," the servant said, re-entering the room where Mr. Marsh sat with three other gentlemen.

"Won't you, John?"

"No, sir—she says she won't go, until she has seen you."

"Then show her up here, John. It will be the easiest way to get rid of her, whoever she is, to see her at once."

"May I speak a word with you alone, Sir?" Mrs. Holman said, in a hesitating voice, and with a timid air, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of several









and in between.

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