POETRY.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1842.

THE SCENE ON MOUNT TABOR,

At the Transfiguration.

'Tis evening upon Tabor's hill;
And, like a sheet of gold beneath,
Reflecting forest, star and rill,
Sleeps, broad and bright, Genesareth,
Yet still four way-worn pilgrims climb,
Tabor, thy precipice sublime.

And now, with fainting steps and slow,
The four reave reached the summit plain
And now their wearied limbs they throw
Amid the harvest's yellow grain—
But one alone is kneeling there
With lip and heart in mighty prayer,

And now has sunk the last red beam;
—Still on the ground the three are drown,
In the deep sleep that knows no dream;
Still one is kneeling there, alone,
Still fix'd beneath the dark'ning sky,
With clasping hands and heavenward eye.

'Tis night, and silence o'er the land;
Hut and palace all is sleep,
From Zion's towers to Syria's sand,
Full a gence glows on Tabor's steep;
And angels in gold and purple wing,
Pay homage to their pilgrim King

And two, on splendor's richest tide,
Are floating over the mountain's brow,
And now they worship at his side.
Are these thy vassals, Man of wo!
Light folds thee like a regal robe,
Light crowns thee, Monarch of the globe!

They speak the living words of heaven,
O death absorbed in victory,
O man reclaimed, and sin forgiven,
O man redeemed, and nature free,
O mercy's starry diadem,
And earth illumined by its beam!

The sleepers wake, their startled gaze
Sees a lamp of more than star or sun,
And, flying to its central blaze,
Pilgrim no more—the Mighty One
Are Israel's chief, and Israel's seer,
Elijah, Moses, bending there.

Are those the forms of holy time,
The wanderers in our vale of tears?
They stand in manhood's fairest prime,
Unnamed by wo, unwarn by years—
The cherub crown, the cherub palm,
Their trophies o'er the mortal tomb

Veiling the glory-dazzling eyes,
Cries Peter's heart in ecstacy,
"Here let three tabernacles rise,
The first and mightiest, Lord, to thee?"
But hark! the thunders awful roll
Bows to the dust his ardent soul.

Down stoops the cloudy canopy,
And all are wrapp'd in light divine!
And shall not faith's exulting eye
Thus see the second advent shine,
And waking in the world alone,
Behold the pomp, the King, the throne!

A SISTER'S LOVE.

The words adopted to the air, "Hours there were".

Absent brother, since we parted,
Thou, to seek some foreign shore,
Many a sigh my heart has started,
For the days I now deplore;
Days in which thy love alighted,
On affection's altar free—
But alas! thy sister slighted
Sighs in vain for them and thee.

Yet, in fancy naught is sweeter,
Than to seek the ocean side,
Then behold thy image greeter,
As it did when by her side;
Those revive and fondly cherish
Every pleasant fraternal scene,
Scenes tho' gone, yet ne'er will perish
While they live in mem'ry green.

When the tempest fiercely was taken,
And the voice was heard no more,
Lull'd into rest, it would waken
Feelings never felt before;
Hope and Love are ever turning,
Their fond looks toward the sea,
While my anxious heart is yearning—
Is it, brother, well with thee?

Is thy bed upon the billows,
Soft and pliant o'er thy breast,
Or, does thou for my home-pillow,
Vainly sigh for its sweet rest?
From the deep does fond emotion
Heave unheard the longing sigh,
As around upon the ocean
Thine eyes find no mother nigh?

Or, when some lone hour,
While they rest upon thy hand,
Felt now was God's own power,
Shielding thee, though far from land;
And when foreign skies were shining,
And home home was far and dim,
Was there then no sweet entwining
Round thy heart, of love to him?

Patient now I wait the turning
Of thy ship unto our shore;
Hasten, brother, hearts are burning
For thy safe return once more;
Come, and claim a household greeting.
Cheer a weary father's sight,
Be thy days—as days are fleeting,
May they seem sweet as sleep at night. W. A.

From the Christian Watchman.

THE OCEAN DEAD.

I've traversed the dark heaving waste of the ocean,
When naught met my gaze save the deep and the skies,
I have seen it in calm, and in fearful commotion,
How variable the image billows assume!
Now deep in the valley, the proud ship's course was wending,
While closely around her the waves were contending,
And high o'er the bulwarks in mad rage descending,
Their dash mingled in, with the sailor's loud cries.

Oh! when the wind-god, through the shrouds has been shrieking,
And the dark clouds flow quickly along the concave;
When the masts in the hurley have kept constant creaking,
I have thought of the dead, 'neath the dark stormy wave;
All lonely,—deserted,—their names are unnumbered;
No coffin or tomb, their clay unincumbered;
How many, alas! in death's cold arms have slumbered—
The dark yawning ocean alone for their grave.

Then I've felt for the sad fate of those fondly cherished,
And oft I have followed them o'er the wide main;
The sunshine,—the storm,—e'en the moment they perished,
Have swept o'er my fancy again and again.
I have seen the lone barque through the mad billows steering,
I saw her hard struggling, the high wave careering,
But ne'er—again, to those wild heights appearing—,
In the bosom of the ocean her wreck is low lain.

Then! ah then! who could paint the deep horror and anguish,
As the angel of death flew exultingly by:
The pencil must falter, and its vigor must languish,
When it strives to depict the dread scene to the eye.
The rush to the deck,—the embrace and deep sighing,—
The still, death appalled,—the wild yell of the flying,
The prayer from the last gurgling breath of the dying,
As struggling he feels that no haven is nigh.

Farewell to each spirit; could friendship in kindness,
Have bent at thy couch o'er thy thin wasted frame,
When death's icy fingers had struck thee with blindness,
Have cheered the deep midnight with love's holy flame;
Could she have poured balm on thy pangs quickly darting,
To thy pillow close pressed thee when wildered and startling,
While tears flowed adieu to think thee departing,
How blest had it been such an exit to claim.

Yet what is no more? Oh! I've wept o'er the dead,
And no friend could entomb my cold clay in the sod,
Holy seraphs were nigh in thy last hour, that saw thee,
To herald thy name to the courts of their God.
And where'er thou wert lain, neath the blue surgy billow,
With the sea flowers around the, the rock for thy pillow,
Or calmly reposing beneath some green willow,
The spirit alive would rise from its clod.

But go not, fond mourner, thy mind wrung with madness,
To sit and to watch on the wave-lashed shore;
Other sails for awhile may relieve thy deep sadness,
But the when thy loved one shall ne'er return more.
Far away in mid ocean, where the petrel is sweeping,
Deep down with the coral that loved one is sleeping,
And the Peris sing o'er him, their fond vigils keeping.
They sing o'er the lost one whose fate you deplore.

L. W. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "ANTI" MAN.

If this designation be a novel one, it will, nevertheless, be readily recognized. There are such men. They are not to be found just now in as great numbers, as a few years since; but enough, too many by far, abide unto this present day. Those who are left are the representatives of those who have disappeared; and combining their own Antiism with that of their predecessors, are even more uneasy and mischevous.

The "Anti" man is of the lineage of Ishmael. His hand is against every man. He holds fellowship with none but Ishmaelites—his own sect. He is never at peace, but when he is at war. Nothing is right, unless every thing is wrong. He is always unhappy, but never *less* so than when in deepest distress. Where others see no occasion for sorrow, he finds the most. His eyes are magnifiers, and little things become great, and great things mountains. His fancy is creative, and troubles are made when they cannot be found, and evils conjured only that they may be laid.

The "Anti" man is not confined to any one profession, or department of society. He is in church or state; in public or private walks; in the quiet village, or the stirring city; wherever any thing can be found with two sides to it, he is on the one where he can be the most alone.

Send him to Congress. His eye speedily discovers that every thing is wrong, and must be reformed. His own friends are as far from being right as his foes; and forgetful of the better part of valor, *discretion*, he declares war on every thing, or any thing that comes up first. Are appropriations asked to put the country in a state of defence, he opposes the extravagance of the Administration. Are none desired, he is shocked at the improvidence that takes no thought for the future. He must be in the opposition come what will. He is an "Anti" man, and might with the Roman, at the opening of every speech, cry out, "My voice is *still for war.*" He never sleeps in a majority. If the adjournment leaves him in one over night, he embraces the first opportunity to "define his position," and satisfy the world that he was opposed to the measure for which he was compelled to vote.

Send him to an ecclesiastical court. He finds a field broad and abundant. Evils in the church are so numerous and great that he is amazed at the indifference which has slept over them until he waked up. He finds trouble where nobody ever saw it before; and dangers stand thick where all was first as calm as summer sunset. An apostle could not be more zealous for reform. The "church," says he, "is an Anti-Sin Society," and therefore must make war on every thing wrong. Resolutions are the patent modern means of putting down sin; and therefore, instead of trusting to the gospel preached in love, as the remedy, he would *resolve* it out of the church, and out of the world.

In the pulpit, the "Anti" man is at home. He can there fight and always be sure of victory. No one opposes, and he can raise a Hydra and stamp his heads one by one to the dust, until his people are amazed at his fervor; and think their minister is of a truth a Boanerges. He can form societies, with an "Anti" as their prefix; and these he can multiply to his heart's content. If he is opposed, so much the better. The more opposition, the more evidence that he is right. Even if he is overthrown, he can lie on his back and cry persecution, till the tables turn.

Make him an Editor. From the height on which he stands, the world is spread out before him, and to his distorted vision it is all wrong. He must write it right. He goes to work valiantly and selects his objects of attack. These are rapidly multiplied around him, as his boldness and eye-sight increase. He first makes war on the common enemy; but finding that in this he is not peculiar, he turns his arms against his friends. It is not enough for him to put down acknowedged evils; to overthrow the infidel, Socinian, or Universalist. Others have won such victories as well as he. His organ of combativeness indicates the destiny for which he was born. He must be a reformer and overturn old things, and introduce new schemes that shall call him *father*. True, the wise and good are satisfied with things as they are; the cause of truth and righteousness is on the advance, and souls are daily added unto the church. But the good might be done better, if it were done in his way. And so he fights. His friends and Christ's friends remonstrate; they tell him that the gospel is peace on earth; that the Spirit flies from the realm of noise and strife; that the wicked triumph when the pious quarrel; but what is that to him. How can he see any thing as it ought to be seen, with such a beam in his eye. He hopes to ride on the waves of discord to influence and power, and perhaps a more sordid motive than this may be in his heart. But whatever be the motive, the "Anti" man must make mischief wherever he is.

As a private member of a church he is a source of continual trouble, embroiling the congregation incessantly; as an officer he makes more, because he has more power; as a minister he is even worse, as his calling and consequence offer wider fields; and as an Editor his power for evil is bounded only by the extent of his intellect, and the number of his readers.

We have had no one in particular to sit for his portrait; but unless we are greatly mistaken it is not altogether a fancy sketch. —*New York Observer*

From the Religious Herald.

ANCIENT MONEY.

Before the invasion of Julius Cæsar, the natives of England had tin plates, iron plates and bars, which were money, and their only money. On the authority of Seneca, a curious account is given of a period when leather, appropriately stamped to give it a certain legal character, was the only current money. At a comparatively recent date in Scandinavia Europe. Frederick the second, who died in 1250, at the siege of Milan, actually paid his troops with leather money.—Nearly the same circumstance occurred in England during the great wars of the barons. In the course of 1350, King John, for the ransom of his royal person, promised to pay Edward the Third of England 3,000,000 of gold crowns. In order to fulfill the obligation, he was reduced to the mortifying necessity of paying the expenses of the palace in leather money, in the centre of each piece there being a little bright spot of silver. In that reign is found the origin of the travestied honor of boyhood, called—conferring a leather medal. The Imposing ceremonies accompanying a presentation, gave full force, dignity, and value to a leather jewel which noblemen were probably proud and gratified to receive at the hand of majesty.

So late as 1574, there was an immence issue of money in Holland stamped on small sheets of paste board. But further back in the vista of years, Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome, who reigned 672 years before the Christian era, made money out of wood as well as leather; a knowledge of which might have influenced King John in the bold project of substituting the tanned hide of an animal for gold and silver, well known to his subjects to be exceedingly precious.

Both gold and silver appear to have been in extensive circulation in Egypt, soon after their currency was understood in Asia. From thence they were introduced into Carthage and Greece; and finally travelling further and further in a westerly direction, the city of Rome discovered the importance of legalising their circulation.

Weight having always been of the first importance in early times, the shape of money appears to have been regarded with perfect indifference for a series of ages.

When the bits and portions of metal received as precious, were extensively circulated, it is quite probable that each possessor shaped them to suit his own conception as practised to some extent at this time in remote places in the East Indies:—the payer away cuts off parts with shears, till he obtains, by exact weight, the stipulated amount. It was thus that men travelled on the evidence of their possessions in a sack. But great inconvenience must have resulted from this often tedious process; and as nations advanced in civilization and the economic arts, a certain mark or impression on certain sized pieces was acknowledged to be the sign of a certain weight. This facilitated negotiations, and led onward to further improvements, both in the shape, weight, and beauty of the external devices.

By and by the profile of the king, the date of his image, and the record of important events, gave still more completeness and character to the circulating article of exchange.

ANECDOTE OF MEHEMET ALI.

A short time since a young man, had been sent over to obtain a knowledge of engineering. On arrival resident here his mind became enlightened, and he was led to embrace the Christian faith. On his return to Alexandria, he made no scruple of avowing his new sentiments, although he was surrounded by a host of persecutions;—those persons, however, one day brought him before Mehemet Ali, saying, 'We beg to bring a case before your highness in which you will be called to act as supreme judge; this man was a Mahommedan by birth and faith; he was sent to England, where he abandoned his own religion, and embraced that of the christians; and, therefore, by our law he ought to die; all that is necessary is to enter into a judicial course of inquiry, to bring forward facts, and to establish and authenticate them; and then, if the case be proved, it remains with your highness to enforce the penalties of the law.' Well, the case was gone through, the facts were all proved, till at length, the young man was asked by Mehemet Ali, 'Have you embraced Christianity?' The young man got up, and with an intrepidity, which a consciousness of being right inspired, & with the grace of God, which, when it finds its way to the heart, always enables a man to face his greatest enemies, and, 'I am a Christian.' The next question by Mehemet Ali was, 'Why did you embrace Christianity?'—When he made this noble reply: Do you ask me why I embraced Christianity? my reason is this; I embraced it, because I believed it to be true. His enemies around him then said, 'What need have we of further argument: he has acknowledged his guilt; nothing remains now but that your highness should pronounce the sentence." Mehemet Ali said, all the circumstances that have been brought forward have been clearly established; but, with respect to this young man, I beg leave to state that I know him well; he was sent to England to learn engineering; he learnt that science; he came back again, has been employed in that service, and has proved himself a valuable member of society; I find him still in that place where I employed him. It appears that he has changed his religion, but I do not find that in doing so, he has acted from any unworthy motive; he continues to perform his duties satisfactorially, and with reference to his change in religion—I shall leave him to settle that matter between God and his own conscience." The young man is now going about the streets of Alexandria, a noble monument of the liberality of Mehemet Ali.—*London East India Register.*

ORIENTAL DESPOTISM.—There is a quiet bearing in the Persians nobility which I have never seen in any other, a sort of respectful terror, if I may so say, at the approch of majesty. They have a religious respect for their sovereigns, whom they call "Kepleh Alum," or asylum of the world. They are thus taught by Sadi, who says of him, "Even if all should be vice in thy slave, any vice approved of by the prince becomes a virtue; he who does not think with the sovereign, washes his hand in his own blood." "If the king should say, in broad day it is night, it is necessary to exclaim immediately, behold the moon & stars."—*Fowler's Three Years in Persia.*

Pre maturity of understanding is a bad sing a man-boy is very apt to be a boy-man.

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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