POETRY

From the Christian Repository.

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. G. A. RAYBOLD.

Say, what is beautiful on earth;
By moonlight seen, or midday splendour,
Are all the scenes that time gives birth
Good gifts which God to man doth render?

Nay, nought is beautiful to man,
If his own heart is sad, and sore;
All the bright things his eye doth scan,
Give to the grief worn, joy no more.

But all things are beautiful when seen,
By joy's clear eye, and the happy heart;
The passions of the breast serene,
To all things doth their bliss impart.

Then, to behold a world of joy,
Unmarked by misery's iron hand,
To feel a bliss without alloy,
The heart, that power must command.

What mortal can this power attain,
Where, is the talisman of bliss,
Who can the priceless secret gain,
And tell the world, what that gem is;

'Tis this, 'tis this, a heart by grace,
Made free from sin, where love doth reign;
This sheds a light, o'er every place,
And beautifies the world again.

HYMN.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, O God, be done,

If thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine,
Thy will, O God, be done.

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me;
Ere long we both shall be with thee;
Thy will, O God, be done.

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My father, still I strive to say,
Thy will, O God be done.

If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest;
My God to thee I'll leave the rest;
Thy will, O God, be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will, O God, be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before;
I'll sing upon a happier shore
Thy will, O God, be done.

MISCELLANEOUS

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EX-DEY OF ALGIERS.

The Ex-Dey of Algiers, on being dispossessed of his dominions by the French, took refuge at Naples, and established himself under M. Zill's hospitable roof. The third floor was entirely occupied by his suite and attendants, the fourth was for himself and his treasures, the fifth, or the garret, he converted into his harem. The curious arms, costumes, and jewels which Hassien Pacha had brought with him were a godsend to the virtuoso tavern keeper, who was never weary of examining and admiring them; and before the African had been a week in the house, he and his host were sworn friends. Unfortunately this harmony was not destined to last long.

One morning Hassien Pacha's cook (a Nubian, as black as ink, and as shining as if he had been polished with a shoe brush) entered the kitchen of the hotel, and asked for the largest knife they had. The head cook gave him a sort of carving knife, some eighteen inches long, sharp as a razor, and pliant as a foil. The negro looked at it, shook his head as if in doubt whether it would do, but nevertheless took it up stairs with him.

Presently he brought it down again, and asked for a larger one. The cook opened all his drawers, and at last found a sort of cutlass, which he hardly ever used on account of its enormous size. With this the Nubian appeared more satisfied, and again went up stairs. Five minutes afterwards he came down for a third time, and returned the knife asking for a bigger one still. The cook's curiosity was excited, and he inquired who wanted the knife, and for what purpose.

The African told him very coolly that the Dey, having left his dominions rather in a hurry, had forgotten to bring an executioner with him, and had consequently ordered his cook to get a large knife and cut off the head of Osmin, chief of the eunuchs, who was convicted of having kept such negligent watch over his highness' seraglio, that some presumptuous Giaour had made a hole in the wall, and established a communication with Zaida, the Dey's favorite odalisque. Accordingly Osmin was to decapidated; and as to the offending lady, the next time the Dey took an airing in the bay of Naples, she would be put into the boat in a sack, and consigned to the keeping of the kelpies.

Thunderstruck at such summary proceedings, the cook desired his Nubian brother to wait while he went for a large knife; then hastening to M. Martin Zill, he told him what he had just heard.

M. Martin Zill ran to the minister of police, and laid the matter before him. His Excellency got into his carriage and went to call upon the dey

He found his highness reclining upon a divap, his back supported by cushions, smoking latakia in a chiboque, while an icoglan scratched the soles of his feet, and two slaves fanned him. The minister made his three salaams; the dey nodded his head.

"Your highness," said his excellency, "I am the minister of the police."

"I know you are," answered the dey.

"Then your highness probably conjectures the motive of my visit."

"No. But you are welcome all the same."

"I come to prevent your highness from committing a crime."

"A crime! and what crime? said the dey, taking the pipe from his mouth, and gazing at his interlocutor in the most profound astonishment.

"I wonder that your highness should ask the question," replied the minister. "Is it not your intention to cut off Osmin's head?"

"That is no crime,"

"Does not your highness propose throwing Zadia into the sea?"

"That is no crime," repeated the dey, "I bought Osmin for five hundred piatres, and Zaida for a thousand sequims, just as I bought this pipe for a hundred ducats."

"Well, what does your higeness deduce from that?"

"That as this pipe belongs to me, as I have bought it and paid for it, I may break it to atoms if I choose, and no nobody has a right to object." So saying, the Pacha broke his pipe and threw the fragments into the middle of the room.

"All very well as far as the pipe goes, said the minister, but Osmin, but Zaida?"

"Less than a pipe," said the dey gravely.

"How! less than a pipe! A man less than a pipe! A woman less than a pipe!"

"Osmin is not a man, and Zaida is not a woman; they are my slaves. I will cut off Osmin's head and throw Zaida into the sea."

"No," said the magistrate. "Not at Naples, at least."

"Dog of a Christian!" shouted the dey, "do you know who I am?"

"You are the ex-dey of Algiers, and I am the Neapolitan minister of police; and, if your deyship is impertinent, I shall send you to prison"' added the minister, very coolly.

"To prison," repeated the dey, falling back upon his divan.

"To prison," replied the minister.

"Very well," said Hussien. "I leave Naples to-night."

"Your highness is as free as air to go and to come. Nevertheless, I must make one condition. Before your departure, you will swear by the prophet, that no harm shall be done to Osmin and Zaida."

"Osmin and Zaida belong to me, and I shall do what I please with them."

"Then your highness will be pleased to deliver them over to me, to be punished according to the laws of the country, and until you do so, you will not be allowed to leave Naples."

"Who will present me?"

"I will."

The pacha laid his hand on his dagger.—The minister stepped to the window and made a sign. The next moment the tramp of heavy boots and jingle of spurs were heard upon the stairs; the door opened, and a gigantic corporal of gendarms made his appearance, his right hand raised to his cocked hat, his left upon the seam of his trowers.

"Gennaro," said the minister of police, "if I gave you an order to arrest this gentleman, would you see any difficulty in executing it?"

"None, your excellency."

"You are aware that this gentlemen's name is Hussein Pacha."

"I was not, your excellency."

"And that he is Dey of Algiers?"

"May it please your excellency; I don't know what that is."

"You see," said the minister, turning to the dey

"The devil," exclaimed the Hussein.

"Shall I?" said Gennaro, taking a pair of hand-cuffs from his pocket, and advancing a pace towards the dey, who, on his part, took a step backward.

"No," replied the minister, "it will not be necessary. His highness will do as he is bid. Go and search the hotel for a man named Osmin, and a woman named Zaida, and take them both to the profecture."

"What!" cried the dey, 'is this man to enter my haram?"

"He is not a man," replied the minister, "he is the corporal of gendarms. But if you do not wish him to go, send for Osmin and Zaida yourself."

"Will you promise to have them punished?" inquired the dey.

"Certainly; according to the utmost rigor of the law."

"Hussein Pacha clapped his hand. A door concealed behind the tapestry was opened, and a slave entered the room.

"Bring down Osmin and Zaida," said the dey.

The slave crossed his hands on his breast, bowed his head and disappeared, without uttering a word. The next instant he came back with the two culprits.

The eunuch was a litte round fat fellow, with beardless face, and small hands and feet. Zaida was a beautiful circassian, her eyelids painted with kool, her teeth blackened with betel, her nails with henna. On perceiving Hussien Pacha, the eunuch fell upon his knees; Zaida raised her head. The dey's eyes flashed and he clutched the hilt of his kangier. Osmin grew pale; Zaida smiled.—The minister of police made a sign to the gendarme, who stepped up to the two captives, handcuffed them, and led them out of the room. As the door closed behind them, the dey uttered a sound between a sigh and roar.

The magistrate looked out of the window, till he saw the prisoners and their escort disappear at the corner of the Strada Chitamone. Then turning to the dey—

"Your highness is now at liberty to leave Naples, if he wishes to do so," said the imperturable functionary, with a low bow

"This very instant!" cried Hussein "I will not remain another moment in such a barborous country as yours."

"A pleasant journey to your highness," said the minister.

"Go to the devil!" retorted Hussein.

Before an hour had elapsed, the dey had chartered a small vessel, on board of which he embarked the same evening with his suite, his wives and his treasures; and at midnight he set sail, cursing the tyranny that prevented a man from drowning his wife and cutting off the heads of his slaves. The next day the minister of the police had the prisoners bro't before him and examined. Osmin was found guilty of having slept when he ought to have watched, and Zaida of having watched when she ought to have slept. But, by some strange omission, the Neapolitan code allots no punishment to such offences; and, consequently, Osmin and Zaida, to their infinite astonishment, were immediately set at liberty. Osmin took to selling pastilles for a livelihood, and the lady got employment as *dame de comptoir* in a coffee house. As to the dey, he had left Naples with the intention of going to England, in which country, as he had been informed, a man is at liberty to sell his wife, if he may not drown her. He was taken ill, however, on the road, and obliged to stop at Leghorn, where he died.

LAKE ERIE BUSINESS.—1844

On the last up trip of a certain Steamer, eight passengers came on board at Cleveland, and engaged a passage to Malden, in Canada. They were hale, hearty looking young fellows, and that they had journeyed from the far South, only improved their condition, and increased their spirits. True, their skins were black! True, they had left the land of their nativity! True, they had severed the ties; to them precarious; of kith and kin; of wife and child!—But, what of that? They sought liberty; they fled from those who had robbed them of their earnings, and converted God's gift of soul and intellect into merchandize. And here they were, at last, after days and nights of toil, on Erie's clear waters, with nought but its waves between them and freedom. It was evening when they embarked, and they chatted gaily o'er dangers past; they sympathized with the bereaved slaveholder, and anticipated freedom's unknown joys. With light hearts they pressed their pillow, and at last, slept secure from pursuit. But, alas, for human foresight! During the night, the boat stopped at sandusky, and took on board the ruthless pursuers of these eight men. Both parties woke up in the morning ignorant of the presence of the other, and both were equally astounded, though with emotions far different, when they stood face to face. The slaveholders rojoiced that their long and expensive journey was thus happily rewarded; they anticipated their returning triumphant, and the appalling example their eight victims would afford. How fortunate, exclaimed they! just at the nick of time! on the threshhold of Canada! a single day; nay, a single boat, before or after, and we had missed these runaways! On the other hand the poor fugitives were sunk in the abyss of despair; they knew too well the horrid fate that awaited their return to slavery's lawless domain. A hint, however, was given them not to fear. The boat stood on her way; she neared the detroit river; she entered it; soon Malden was in sight; it was reached; the boat made a rapid turn and stood in for it. The Slaveholders were aghast; they rushed to the Captain; was he going to land? "Yes!" "What to do?" "To land his passengers!" "Didn't he know these persons were their slaves?" "No; he knew nothing of the kind!" Well, they wished the Captain to know that such was the fact; the persons were their property; they would loose it by his act; would hold him responsible. "Go take care of your property, then," replied the Captain, "who, hinders you? Pretty fellows, forsooth, can't take care of their own property; are not fit to have any!"

By this time the boat was along side the Malden wharf. The "eight properties" very quietly walked ashore with their goods and chattels, making their very best bows to half a dozen despair struck individuals on the hurricane deck, and politely hoping that their trip to the north would benefit their health. They also sent many kind remembrances to Southern friends, and desired speedily to see them in Canada, assuring them how pleasant a journey it was, and that it twas, very kind in the white friends to come so far to bid them good bye.—*Signal of Liberty.*

THE STORY OF A LEG.

The following funny story of a broken leg may be found in Horrace Walpole's letters to S. H. Mann:

I must add a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons as much as it amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had broken his leg, was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that having fallen from the top of the mast, and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared incroditable, as no such efficacious qualities were known, to be credited on his own bare assertion of wonderful cure. The society very reasonably demanded a relation, and I suppose a corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other application than tar and oakum; and how they should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the society and the patient, who persevered in the assertions of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks the truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear that there are surgeons who might not like the abbreviation of attendance and expense. But on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor; in a postscript to his last letter he added these words —'I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was a wooden one.' What would one have given to have been present, and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly?

SWALLOWING THE EVIDENCE.

Sailors are proverbially grumblers, and even when well treated are very apt to find fault. Their provisions, good or bad, and sometimes they are bad enough in all conscience, furnish an everlasting subject of complaint; they are never so good as they were 'last voyge." We lately met with an anecdote of Judge Peters, of Philadelphia, having a hearing on this subject, which is too good to be lost.

Complaint was made to the Judge in behalf of the crew of a vessel who had made a voyage to some port in Russia, that they had been furnished with bad provisions. While the counsel for the seamen was arguing the cause, one of them stepped forward, and drawing from his pocket a piece of bread, the color of brown soap, presented it to his honor as a specimen of their fare. To persons accustomed to fine wheaten loaves, it appeared disgusting indeed, and the bystanders, one and all, cried 'shame' to fill men's stomachs with such unwholesome aliment. The Judge applied the bread to his nose, and finding nothing in it offensive to his olfactory nerves, was tempted to taste it; he nibbled a little piece, it tasted well, and he took a large bite. The counsel proceeded at much length, though the dinner was fast approaching, and, as he rounded the periods, the Judge nibble around the black biscuit until no more remained.

At this moment the sailor stepped up, and with a countenance in which was depicted real distress, said, 'why you have eaten my best witness.'"

'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'I have been remarking that the Judge was swallowing the evidence as well as the law.'

'Never mind,' replied his honor, as if awakened from a dream, 'I am the the better able to digest your cause.'

So saying he rose, and ordering the bill to be charged, went home to his dinner.—*Boston Journal.*

Raising Turkeys.—Heretofore I have had so much difficulty in raising turkeys as to be almost discouraged, but of late I have been very successful, in consequence of pursuing the following mode recommended to me by a female, who said that she had no trouble with them

When first hatched, give no feed for twenty-four hours, then give a little curd, made from buttermilk, increasing the quantity as they grow older, at the same time feeding the hen with whole corn. They should be secured from the wet and by no means have Indian meal; but with the curd they may have in moderate quantities, wheat bread soaked in buttermilk, or crumbs of the same. I believe Indian meal is fatal to the greater part of the young turkeys which die in the attempt to raise them. To allow them to wander too much, is attended usually with considerable loss. I have found it a very good plan to make an enclosure of boards six feet square or so, and twelve to eighteen inches high and set this in a grass field during fine weather, in which to confine the young turkeys. This is removed occasinally from place to place; the chickens thus get all the fresh green food they may need besides an abundace of insects.

CHARLES STARR, JR.

Fashion a Tyrant.—"She makes people sit up at nigt when they ought to be in bed and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing.

"She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry and drink when they are not thirsty.

"She invades their pleasures and interrupt their business

"She compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property or that of others."

She makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in the hour of dissolutin on a bed of thorns.

"Though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money, is still poorer."

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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