Such abundance generally increases the cares and anxieties of life, but seldom if ever adds to its real comfort. All who enter into the marriage state from mercenary motives, though they may enlarge their possessions, and increase their fortunes, live in splendid misery, and find that they bartered happiness for wealth. *The* connection which is truly desirable, is pure and disinterested; it unites hearts and hands in the bonds of mutual love. Human life has few enjoyments so exquisite as that of loving and being beloved. No pleasures are comparable to pleasures which affect the *heart*. Such, in a peculiar manner, are the plasures which are found in the sweeter retirement of domestic life. *They* are simple, they are innocent, they are virtuous —*Stowell.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE grandest of all the tombs in the Chapel or the whole Abbey, is that of Henry the Seventh by whom the Chapel was erected, and Elizabeth his queen, the last of the House of York who wore the English crown. The tomb is in the body of the Chapel, enclosed in a brass chastry ornamented with statutes, of which only those of St. George, James, Bartholomew and Edward (the confessor) now remain. Effigies of the king and queen in their royal robes, lie on the tomb of black marble; the heads supported by a dragon, the ensign of Cadwallader the last king of the Britons, from whom Henry was proud to trace his descent. Several devices are represented on the tomb, one in particular, of a pair of scales in which good and evil are struggling for mastery. The scales are held by a saint; God has the "down weight," while a nice looking devil is reaching toward the scale in which sits Evil, as by his personal force to remove the balance, but it is no go! Another figure is that of "St. Barbara to which this romantic story is appended. St. Barbara was the daughter of a pagan and dwelt with her father in a certain tower. To this tower adjoined a garden in which the father determined to build a bath, with the necessary accommodation of rooms, and therein to make windows for the number of two only. Being to undertake a journey, he left his instructions with the artificers, which his daughter presumed to vary by directing them, instead of two, to make three. Upon her father's return, he inquired into the reason of this deviation from his orders; and being told, that in allusion to three persons of the Holy Trinity, his daughter had directed it, he found that she was become a convert to christianity; and being exasperated thereat, stimulated the emperor to a persecution of the christians, in which she became a martyr to the faith." There is still another figure designed for Mary Magdalen holding the "box of ointment." In this Chapel are the remains of a monument to Edward the Sixth, which the Puritans mutilated because it bore an image they deemed too pagan. Indeed the hand of Cromwell is every where visible, and the broken toes, fingers and noses of the "select company" sleeping in the Abbey, give token at every turn that he cared little for the sculptors art. Whatever of the cherub-wings or other "graven images" the round-heads could beat down and despoil, they did; even to rare and beautiful paintings whose loss was irreparable, they carried their zeal and fury, as intolerant in its excess as that of the classes against whom they rebelled. There might come a "restoration" of government, but never of those exquisite creations of genious which are born at no royal summons and obedient to no imperial edict! Irrecoverable relics, we are gone from the proud Pantheon, and all human might may evoke you in vain.

The north aisle, into which we next pass, is most noted for the magnificent tomb of Queen Elizabeth. The epitaph is vaunting in her own praise; its burthen relates the glory of her rule, in "delivering France from intestine troubles; supporting the Netherlands; defeating the Spanish Armada; recovering Ireland; improving the revenues of the Universities, and in every way enriching England." Here too, is the tomb of Edward the Fifth and his brother, who were murdered by their uncle, Richard the Third. Their bones lay 190 years among rubbish under the White Chapel stairs in the Tower, where they were found and re-buried in their present tomb.

We pass from these memorials of blood and crime to the Chapel of St. Paul. Here rests a hero who fell at Badajos under Wellington, and there is a monument to an old knight which bears this sensible epitaph.

"The public cares and lawes engaged my breast;
To live was toilsome, but to die is rest.
Wealth, maces, guards, crowns titles, things that vate,
The prey of time and sable death are made."

Here also is a grand statute by Chantry, to James Watt, the improver of the steam engine. He is seated on a marble pedestal and his figure is colossal. It reminded me of the Washington of Greenough; and the head strongly resembles *De* Witt Clinton's, one of the few who may justly be compared with Watt. There is not a monument in the Abbey more simply imposing; and every one pauses before it to do homage to the great genieus it represent. The next Chapel is St. Edwards, the last of the Saxon race of Kings. Pope Alexander Third canonized him, and enjoined in a bull, "that his body be honoured here on Earth as a soul is glorified in heaven."

Rather a doubtful construction might be put upon the epitaph. In this chapel are the coronation chairs. The oldest was brought with regalia from Scotland by Edward the first, in 1297, after he had beat Baliol King of the Scots, and offered at St. Edward's shrine, There is a stone under the seat, said to be the veritable "Jacob's pillow;" it would be a capital relict for Barnum. The other was made for Queen Mary the 2d, and both are well enough guarded by a circle of dead Kings. The chairs resemble our old Knicker-bockers, and I have had the naughty house of sitting in them both. The tomb of St. Edward was opened in 1774 after the lapse of 700 years, by Dean of Westminister and the body found perfect, having on two robes of gold and silver tissue, and crimson velvet; a sceptre four feet long in each hand and a many jewelled crown on his head, whether he examing antiquarians felt the jewels in the tomb, is not stated; but in his age, when Irreland is famishing, and humanity generally nose too well off to stop and think them doing a far better service in change."—*N. Y. Evang.*

CIVILISATION.—Nothing affords a theme of so much boasting, as the progress of society towards the climax of civilisation—and yet, what proofs, aside from the improvements of science and intellect, arts and freedom, can be adduced in support of the theory? If civilisation was a mere progression towards this intellectual point, we grant that there exists ample cause for gratulation in this matter. But that is not the *test* of civilisation. *Moral* progression, not intellectual advancement, is the great test of civilisation. There can be no other. We live to no purpose, if we do not advance society in the virtue social happiness, as the means of bettering the condition of mankind. One of the most essential elements of civilisation, is that prefect subordination, order and harmony, that induces to public peace and tranquility—and this can scarcely be enjoyed without the general prevalence of temperance habits. Riot and disorder, anarchy and bloodshed, are not the features of social life, that indicate a perfect state of civilisation; and all these are the inseperable consequences of the habitual use of intoxicating liquors, and the legal sanction of their abuse. If we refer to the statute book, for an evidence of the civilisation of the age, this one law, in relation to the use of *poison* would, overthrow all our pretensions to this glorious distinction. No age could put forward such pretensions, that created a law for the commission of all the crimes, that disfigure humanity, by means of temporary madness and lasting misery. Christianity must remain ever imperfect, until it exterminates this blotch from the face of society. Man ceases to be in the image of God, while he sinks prone as the brute, under the fell sway of the king of madness. Who will venture to claim for any people the meed of civilisation, when that people are lost to the control of reason—and insensible to the laws of nature! Whilst hourly reports ring in our ears of the want of order in society—while the young break down all the barriers of society, and the mass of men rival each other in deeds that strike a shudder through humanity, it would appear absurd for any one to claim for the present generation the fame of civilisation: The characteristic of all barbarous ages is the habit of intoxication, for the use of deleterious beverages; and in proportion as we banish these vices, do all the virtues of civilisation advance. The fate of Colton, the author of Lacon, is but an illustration of the doom of society, when addicted to the use of this poisonous beverage. Colton, the great moralist of the age, first became a drunkard—from that he grew to be a gamster—and finally became a suicide. And society can also become a suicide. It is a suicide now. It drinks in the poison that kills the soul, and fills the world with howling fiends

The first element of civilisation is *Temperence.*—*The Sun*

A MODERN TELL.

Many who read romances about the days of the Crusades, and whose hearts beat over the romance of history—the narratives of heroes like William Tell, who waged a holy war against the invaders of their country—are unaware that as great a hero lives in our day, and is conducting as lofty and undeving a struggle. How few care to read of Abd el Kader! yet who will venture to say that William Tell was nobler! The Emir Abd-el-Kader is the indomitable foe of the French, who have conquered Algiers, and colonised, or attempted to colonise, the neighborhood. He is a native, and hates the intruders. He is a prince, and hates the conquerors of his country. He cannot drive them out; but he has done everything short of it. He leaves them no peace or rest. They in fact own no land but what they stand on. Every head that is put out beyond the cordon is cut off. Every straggler from the camp disappears. Time and time cannot till the fields, nor go on commercial expeditions; for Abd-el-Kader comes down upon them whichever way they go. A company cannot pass from camp to camp without its numbers being thinned. If there is a burning sun, Abd-el-Kader pounces upon the troops in their hour of lassitude. If a mighty tempest comes up from the mountains, Abd-el-Kader comes with it, as if he rode upon the blast. If snow blocks up the way, Abd-el-Kader issues from the thickest drift. If there is a drought, he drives the foe far from the water brooks, harassing them, flank and rear. He is always on the eve of being caught; but no man has ever caught him yet, nor touched his white banner. His tribes are dispersed, his stores taken, his supplies cut off, his horses shot under him, his allies bound over to deliver him up; but he was always yet escaped. He is reported dead; but is presently seen and felt again. He has worn out and brought to disgrace French field marshals; and caused, destitute as he himself is, an expenditure of men and money such as no nation can long endure for the sake of so wretched a colony. He has now sent a summons to the tribes of the south to be ready to renew the war against the invaders; and all but those who are within immediate reach of the French, answer with favor to the call. One cannot but look forward wistfully to see the issue—to divine the lot and the death of such a man;—to watch whether his power of hope can sustain itself against such odds; whether he dies on the field, or in a cave of the rocks—as a warrior, or a prisoner, or as one of Nature's princes in one of Nature's palaces. The only thing we know is that the man himself—his soul—will never be conquered. Being well assured of this, it would be reasonable that his country and native tribes should be brought under European sway, if there were a fair probability that it would be ultimately for their real good. But it is for their invaders to show that it would be so; and till they do, our sympathies must inevitably be with the indomitable Abd-el Kader, before whose majesty—the native majesty of the soul—every Mahommedan bows his head and every invader quails.

A NOBLE STORY.—"I will shew you a man worn-spent; the body outline of a human thing, with toil and what cut, as with an iron tool, upon him; a man to whom the common pleasures of this our mortal hermitage are unknown as the joys of paradise This man toils and starves, starves and toils, even as the markets vary. Well, he keeps a heart sound as oak, in his bosom. In the sanctity of his soul he bestows the kiss of peace upon a grudging world—he compels the homage of respect, and champions himself against the hardness of fortune. In his wretched homestead he is throned in the majesty of the affections. His suffering patient, loving wife his pale faced, ill-clad children, are his queen and subjects. He is a king in his heart, subduing and ruling the iron hours; unseen spirits of love and goodness anoint him; and, 'sir,' said the hermit in a solemn voice, 'as sure as the kingdom of God is more than a fairy tale, so surely do God's angels sing that poor man's jubilate.'"

NEW MODE OF EXTINGUISHING FIRES

They have recently made in Germany a discovery which has made a great sensation. It is extinguishing fires by means of cut straw. At first sight this seems so extraordinary that we would be justified in doubting it, were it not that experiments made before a great number of persons, and which any one can repeat themselves, remove all objections. The following are some of the experiments: They threw several handfuls of cut straw upon a bright fire in a fire-place and it was immediately extinguished. Several boxes of straw itself were set fire and then covered with cut straw, the fire was again put out and without burning the cut straw. A bar of red-hot iron was plunged into a heap of cut straw; this did not take fire, while the iron grew rapidly cold, from which it seems to follow that cut straw is an excellent conductor of caloric

FORGIVE.—Speak forgiveness to the offender Will you hold back, when he sees and acknowledges his error? Brute your are, if you can be unmoved. Hear his language and let your heart melt: "I bitterly regret the course I have pursued. In the dust have I repented. Receive me and forgive the past. Forgive me:

——'in pity speak, and ease
This breaking heart,"

Can you be indifferent to an appeal like this? Extend the hand—bury the past, and you will stand high in the estimation of God, angels and men. It is glorious to conquer a world, but more glorious to overcome hate and prejudice, and to forgive cheerfully and heartily, the wrong that has been done upon us. Let this victory be yours.—*Portland Bulletin.*

ANGLING.—Plutarch tells a very amusing story of Marc Antony, who was a keen angler. One day while Cleopatra and he were indulging in this sport, he was unusually unsucessful. Hurt at this disappointment in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to some of his fishermen, to drive under water, and to fasten, unseen, to his hook, some of the finest, and largest fishes, still alive, and which they had taken in their nets. With prompt execution they obeyed his orders. Every time he drew up his line, he succeeded. The cunning Cleopatra in rapturous language, extolled his art, his address, and his fortune. Acquainted however with the artifice he was using, she had recourse to the ingenious countermine of desiring one of her own attendents to dive secretly, and attach to his hook a large dried Pontic fish. At last, when pulling up the line, at the sight of the heavy salted fish, spectators expressed their surprise by a hard laugh. Antony did not relish the joke, and seemed highly displeased. The queen observing him in his mood, immediately took him in her arms, and fondly exclaimed: "*Leave dear general, angling to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus! your game is cities kingdoms, and provinces.*

MAKE PROGRESS

Let us strive every day for some superiority to the preceding day, something that shall distinctly mark the passing events with progress; something that shall assume an humble hope that we are rather less unfit for heaven to-day that we were yesterday. The celebrated artist who has recorded that he passed no day without drawing a line, drew it not for repetition but for progress; not to practise a given number, but to forward his work, to complete his design. The Christian, like the painter, does not draw his lines at random, he has a model to imitate, as well as an outline to fill.—Every touch conforms him more and more to the great original. He who has transfused most of the love of God into his soul, has copied it the most successfully.—*H. Mose.*

UNEXPECTED AND LAMENTED DEATH.

Died on the evening of the 27th, ult, at his residence in Monrovia, Hon. J. B. GRIPON almost instantly. He had been rather feeble for several weeks, but had continued to perform his duties as principal of the Liberia Conference Seminary without interruption up to the day in his death.

He was visiting at the neighbor's until late in the day, on which he died; nothing unusual apparent until a few moments before he fell from his chair a *corpse*, when he seemed unusually restless, and anxious to be left alone; and at his request his wife s oned into an adjoining room and almost immediately heard him fall.

He had recently been elected Sanator, under the new Constitution which he assisted in framing—was associate judge of Montserado County. He has been an exemplary member and steward in the M. E. Church for many years; and has been more or less intimately connected with the Liberia Mission since its first organisation; as teacher at New Georgia, teacher at White Plains Manual Labor School, and since June, has been connected with the Seminary as its principal; and with our paper as one of its joint publishers.

On the 28th, *ult.*, his remains were conveyed to the M. E. Church, where upon us, and his intimate friend and neighbor, Rev. A. D. Williams, devolved the responsible duty of improving upon this very unexpected and lamented death. Other congregations to the place, with one consent, met on the occasion and gave evidence of unusual solemnity, respect and sympathy. Twenty-four hours from the time he was familiarly conversing with intimate friends, he was buried out of our sight. Reader "as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between thee and death;" Another of our teachers in the Seminary is gone. Where shall we find a successor! He has left a deeply afflicted wife and one child; who should receive the sympathy and prayers of all.

This very brief and imperfect notice, is written just on the eve of our departure to one of our Quarterly Meetings. We are expecting that some one of his many intimate friends will furnish us his obituary for publication, if not in the present, at least in the next number.—*Luminary.*

LIBERIA HERALD

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, DECEMBER 3 1847.

The Liberia Packet.

This splendid vessel, after a lonely and tedious passage of 81 days from Baltimore, anchored in our harbor on the 23rd, ultimo, and altho' the passage was extraordinary long, the passengers speak of it, upon the whole, as being far from disagreeable, as Captain Goodmanson exerted himself to make them comfortable. They were obliged to call in at Sierra Leone, to add to their stock of water.

We greeted with indescribable pleasure the safe return of Mrs. Governor Roberts, and daughter, and Dr. S. F. Mc Gill.

The Packet after landing for this place a part of her freight and the 43 emigrants, sent out by the American Colonization Society, sailed on the 1st inst. for Cape Palmas, with the Bassas and Sinoe, to land the emigrants sent out by the Maryland State Colonization Society, 40 in number, and a quantity of freight, and then, on her return to this place, touch at the intermediate settlements to take out freight.

We are much pleased with the general appearance of the emigrants.

The U. S. Sloop Jamestown, Captain Dallas, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore M. C. Perry, arrived in our port on the 25th, ultimo. Officers and crew all well.

On the 25th, the Commodore with a number of officers visited the shore, and at the Government House. A salute from Central Hill announced the visit of the Commodore and his suite.

Com. Belton succeeds Com. Read in the command of the U. S. squadron on this coast.

Election Returns

We have received the returns of the election from the County of Sinoe, and the successful candidates are as follows.

Senators
JAMES BROWN,
EDWARD MORRIS.
Representative.
DANIEL C. Mc FARLAND.

His Excellency the Governor, with a party of gentlemen, visited the "Jamestown" on the 28th, ultimo, and was received with the honors becoming his rank.

A Mr. Tills, of the county of Sinoe, a few days ago, while hunting in the neighborhood of Greenville, accidently shot a Sinoe man. Mr. T. without the least expectation of there being other hunters near him, fired at a deer, and in doing so, wounded this African. We are informed, that tho' the wound is not dangerous, his friends speak boldly of "making a big palaver about it" so soon as the wounded man is well enough to walk to the settlement to have it taken. The Africans act upon the principle, that if a man injures another, no matter under what circumstances, his friends must make reparation. A circumstance similar to this happened at Marshall a few years ago.—One of our citizens and a Bassa man frequently tried their strength at wrestling with each other—they were considered well matched; the last time they were thus engaged, the Bassa man was thrown—he fell on his head, and his neck was broken. The chiefs of his country immediately sent messengers to the Governor, informing him of the circumstance, and demanding, that a large sum be paid to the family of the deceased. Every argument was used to convince them of the unreasonableness of the demand—but to no purpose—at last they were told that if they did not cease with their unjust and vexa-

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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