POETRY.

For the Liberia Herald.

Lines adopted to the condition of the Surrounding tribes.

My heathen kindred why,
Such dismal clouds brood o'er thy sky.
Such drapery sad, portentous, drear,
Despite of the Apostle's care;
O'er spread the prospect o'er?

Hast not the heralds of our God
Through dangers fierce amongts you trod,
Proclaimed to the of Saviour's power
To bless thee though in later hour?
As thou hast heard prayer so recieve.

O God we pray thee turn their mind,
From folly's way to things divine;
Engraft upon their hearts, thy Love
And grant that light from the above:
Those gloomy clouds, may chase away.

T. G. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the daily Star.

THE HARD NAME.

Concluded

"Yes, without cream. I was very particular in my inquiries, and the information may be relied upon."

"Very singular, indeed! Now I think cream is all the beauty of coffee."

"I should not be at all surprised," said Miss Vinegar, "if he should prove to be the Bank robber, whom we saw advertised."

"But he is a dark man, with black hair," said Miss Willowbough, "and the stranger has a very light complexion."

"Nothing easier than to alter the complexion, as *you* must know Miss Willowbough," retorted Miss Vinegar. Miss Willowbough enjoyed the reputation of improving her complexion with pearl powder, but she blushed through it all, and continued, "but then the robber is a large man, and the stranger is tall and slim."

"Nothing easier than reducing the size of the waist," answered Miss Vinegar sharply, and glancing at Miss Willowbough's hour-glass form.

Really the conversation was becoming quite personal. So at least thought Miss Willowbough, as she answered

"But there is one thing he could not alter.—He is evidently not more than twenty-five years old while the advertisement describes the robber as over forty; and, your own experience Miss Vinegar, must convince you of the impossibility of any one's appearing twenty years younger than he really is."

Miss Vinegar began to mutter about "some people," and "some other people," but was interrupted by an exclamation from *Mrs.* Smith, which drew all eyes to the window.

"There he goes, as I live!"

"See," observed *Mrs.* Jones, as the "mysterious stranger" took a long step to avoid a muddy spot, "see how mysteriously he lifts his foot."

Poor man, he little knew the interest he was exciting in the kind souls who were watching him.

"I wonder if he is married," said *Miss* Willowbough.

"If he is not," said *Miss* Vinegar he will not probably fancy a piece of paint and whalebone."

"Nor a woman old enough to be his grandmother," retorted Miss Willowbough

"There, did you see *Mr.* White? He bowed to the stranger, so he must know him. I will knock on the window, and beckon for him to come in. I will inquire concerning his daughter—she is in delicate health, you know. Indeed, I have some preserves for her A capital excuse, is it not?"

Mr. White was the only person in the village who had ever been known to keep a secret, consequently his popularity with the ladies was below zero. He was a complete anomaly. He could enjoy a cup of tea, although not sweetened with scandal; and really, it never seemed to destroy his appetite for his own dinner, because he could not tell what constituted that of his next neighbor's

"Oh why *did* you bekon to that man? I never could bear him," said *Miss* Vinegar.

"We have no other means of ascertaining anything about the stranger, answered *Mrs.* Smith; "but what objection have you to Mr. White?"

"Because he is so very impertinent. Would ye believe it—no longer ago than last *Monday*, I saw him go home with a covered marketbasket—strange that people will use such things—I sent Betty over to ascertain what he had for dinner—the most natural thing in the world you know, and what do you think he said? He told her he should dine on scandal, and, was is not so very common a dish, he would invite her mistress to dinner. So impertinent!, and to a lady, too! I declare, I can't bear him. Betty found out, though. He had a salmon. It couldn't have cost him less than three or four dollars—say three dollars and fifty cents."

The amiable *Miss* Vinegar was interrupted by the entrance of *Mr.* White himself. *Mrs.* Smith was very kind in inquiries about *Mrs.* White's health. *Miss* Vinegar apologised for the impertinence of her maid, who, she declared, went off without her knowledge, and had grown so inquisitive that she expected to be compelled to dismiss her."

What gentleman were you speaking to just now?" asked *Mrs.* Brown.

"O, he, he—was a stranger."

"Well what is his name?" was the eager question, as pressed around him. But none of them observed the mischievous smile that played upon his lips, as he answered with assumed hesitancy." I really do not know—as I ought to–in fact, I do not exactly recollect his name."

"Oh! but you must tell us; it shall go no farther, I assure you."

"I should like to tell you: but, really, there are some peculiar cirumstances, which—"

"But you certainly would not hesitate to inform us," said Mrs. Smith. "I have not the least *curiosity* in the world, but I merely—wish to know—that's all."

"He has a very hard name," said *Mr.* White.

"Hard name—what is it, Stone?"

"Oh! no, Harder."

"Harder than stone? then it is Iron I suppose."

"No, Harder yet."

"Harder than Iron? impossible—*Adamant*?"

"Harder still."

"Harder than adamant! I cannot imagine what it is."

"I do not feel at liberty to tell; but if you can guess, I shall not be responsible. So good morning, ladies;" and, in spite their entreaties, Mr. White fairly made his escape.

"What can it be," said *Mrs.* Smith, "harder than adamant?"

"I have it," said Mrs. Brown,"heart."

"You do not mean, pray, that the heart is harder than adamant!" said Miss Willowbough, with a sigh.

"I speak in a spiritual sense," said Mrs. Brown; "the heart is, by nature, totally depraved, and until—"

"I wonder if it is not Pharaoh," interrupted Miss Vinegar? Many other names were proposed and rejected. *At* last they arrived at the conclusion that his name must be Diamond; and, with this opinion, the ladies separated.

Again the ladies were in conclave, at the house of Mrs. Smith. *Again* Mr. Diamond, so they had named the stranger, passed the window; and, again, all eyes were directed toward him.

"There! he has dropped a letter in the street," said Miss Vinegar. "Send some one for it, while I keep watch."

Mrs. Smith's maid was immediately despatched for the important document, while Miss Vinegar stood sentinel at the door, lest some more fortunate individual should secure the prize. But her caution was needless; the maid picked up the letter Mrs. Smith received it at the street door and, without looking at it, so great was her haste, bore it in triumph to her anxious guests.

"Now, we shall know his name," said Miss Vinegar. *Mrs.* Smith held up the letter, and read the superscription:

"WILLIAM HARDER, Esquire."

From the Liberia Advocate.

AN UNKNOWN WORLD.

English in Eastern Africa—Its Climate.

Quite recently, the English have made a settlement at Aden near the Red Sea Having once obtained a foot hold they, English like, began to bush about them and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked upon a chart, and upon this they steamed three hundred miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed round this continent let us look up in the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasures in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegitation. There are hundreds of woods invaluable for dying and architectural purposes not found in other portions of the world Through it; for thousands of miles, sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water and of unsurpassed depth flowing on at a rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal or snag to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pours into this tributary waters of such volumes, as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting perhaps of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep and navigable for steamboats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is a nation in an advancing state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublime country, this scope of rich fertility and romantic beauty, is apparently shut out forever from the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there, for over this whole lovely country moves one dread malady, and to the white man it is "valley of the shadow of death."

In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports on the Island of *Ascension*, not one man in ten has returned alive; all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful country. It seems impossible for an Englishman to breathe the air. So dreadful is it—so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from fabled Upas. This country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, do so at the sacrifice of their lives.—*Simon's Colonial Magazine.*

From the Liberia Advocate.

The Interior of Africa is more civilized than the coast. for the reason that it is further removed from the ravages of the slave trade; the people have made greater advances in agriculture and the mechanic arts, because property is more secure from the effects of that cruel traffic. But the day is now approaching when this state of things will be reversed; for the slave trade will be abolished by the establishment of free republican colonies, by the foundation of regular colonial governments, schools and institutions of learning and under the influence of a free press. The establishment of civil and religious liberty in Africa will give a new impulse to the prosperity of that continent and will extend the sphere of civilization and legitimate commerce.—Despotism and priestcraft will give way before the influence of civil liberty and freedom of conscience. The African coast, when lined with civilized republican settlements, will send education and civilization over that continent which has heretofore been the scene of the most horrible traffic that ever disgraced the human family.—*Organ.*

The Fate of Nations.—According to Macaulay, chance has had more to do than superiority of race, in advancing the position of the English nation. In his history of England he says:

Had the Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the artizans and tillers of the earth. The revenues of her proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine—the noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rude dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to use of boors. No man of English extraction would have arisen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman.

England owes her escape from such calamities to an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. —*I bedem*

From the Examiner

The Model Magistrate.

He is a barrister, with a subdued practice, and but little known above the usher of his court. He soon learns, however, that the scales of justice have two sides —one for the rich, one for the poor. The balance as he holds it, is rarely equal. For the one there is a fine, "which is immediately paid," for the other there is a House of Correction, with hard labor. The gentleman is invited to a seat on the bench; the pauper is kindly informed that "he better mind what he is about." He knows the intrinsic value of every assault, and has fixed a market price for every limb. An eye costs very little more than a case of drunkenness. A broken head he puts down at couple of sovereigns, or a donation to the poor-box. He is sorry to see young gentlemen "who have been dining out" forget themselves so, and will only fine them. He is sure he has seen every applewoman before. He will have no trading on the kerbstones. He has great faith in the words of the police, and calls them by their real names. He has a just hatred of a cabman, only to be equalled by his profound aversion to an omnibus-conductor. He sees a poacher in every smockfrock. All beggars he sends to the mill. *He* addressed a pickpocket as "Sir," and is sarcastic upon boys calling them "young gentlemen." *He* delights in summoning overseers and beadles enjoys a good collision with the workhouse. *He* regrets exceedingly to commit a nobleman. *He* has a private room for a lady shop-lifter, and is glad to inform her that she "leaves this court with her character quite unimpugned," though the matter has been compromised within his hearing. *He* has the most sublime contempt for the opinion of the press. *He* does not care what they say of him, though he does inveigh sometimes rather strangely against them. *He* does not like his law to be questioned, but of two evils prefers a lawyer to a barrister. *He* jokes sometimes, and the whole court, excepting the poor prisoner, at whose expense the lugubrious joke is cut, laugh tremendously. The model magistrate arrives at the police office at ten, but does not mind keeping the court waiting *He* leaves as soon as he can, though he is not very partial to visit at his own residence. But what he likes least are remonstrances from the *Home*-office, for, strangely enough, a magistrate has been dismissed before now. This may have some little influence in keeping the race of model magistrates rather restricted. May it soon become extinct! It is most painful to hear of a magistrate committing himself instead of others.—*Punch*

HOMER.—What wisdon there is in the father of poetry! With a few omissions it is the very book for children. I know of no story except Robinson Crusoe, which fascinates a child so much as Homer. It is all natural, simple, capable of being understood by a child.

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