LIBERIA HERALD.

NEW SERIES.

(FOR OUR COUNTRY.)

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LIBERIA HERALD

Published Semi-Monthly.

The Liberia Herald is published in Monrovia on the First and Third Wednesdays in each month, at One Dollar *per annum*, payable in advance.

The rates of advertising in the Liberia Herald, are,—

For a single square, one insertion, $ " 37 1-2c
For half a square, one insertion, $ " 25c.
For each subsequent insertion, $ " 12 1-2c

Five lines or less, constitute half a square, and ten lines a square. If an advertisement exceeds a square the price will be in exact proportion.

Marriages and obituary notices are charged 25 cents for one insertion. Payments in all cases, in advance.

Voluntary correspondence, containing interesting or important news, solicited from any part of the Republic.

No notice will be taken of anonymous communications; nor will rejected communications be returned.

All communications must be addressed to "Liberia Herald."

BENJ'N. COATES WALTER BROWN

COATES & BROWN,

Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

No 189 1-2 Market street, North side, between Third and Fourth streets PHILADELPHIA

NEW GOODS!

A supply of merchandize just opened and for sale, at the usual rates and terms of the subscriber at his old stand!!

Which stock embraces extensively, the requirements of the Liberian market, whether staple and fancy dry goods, or provisions be regarded.

EDWARD J. ROYE.

Monrovia, January 23rd 1852.

Job Printing neatly and promptly executed at this office, at moderate prices.

LIBERIA HERALD

August 1st 1851.

LIBERIA HERALD

THE VIRTUE OF A GLANCE.

"The might—the majesty of loveliness."

Bride of Abydos.

If Deity be well considered, and question thereupon occur, wherefore space and matter have been formed it shall appear that the universe was created to be the evidence of God. That angel might never lack memory of his existence a memento of his power, the myriad orbs which [illegible] deep [illegible], and flash eternally glad light and life throughout the boundless sphere of existence, were called into being, that the servants of the Most High, as they sped daily on their Lord's behest, might everywhere be reminded of him they worshipped; hell only was left void, that they who doubted might doubt on in dark horror and dumb misery. The tokens of God are everywhere abounding; they are stamped, star-like, on the mountain's brow—they are furrowed in the sea, painted on the sky, and carved in air by the blossoming tree. But no where do they glow more eloquently rich than in the breathing beauty of a woman's face. For while to other objects is assigned one function—the sun raying naught but his glory, the thunder only sounding his terror—to it are given all forms and modes and phases of expression; power, who hath not felt it? purity, who doth not reverence it? peace and love and changeless truth; there lingers the last memory of Paradise—there kindles the first hope of heaven; while beauty lives upon the earth, the days of chivalry are never gone, the heroic times are not passed away, religion never shall be extinct, and faith shall never grow obsolete.

I look upon a beautiful woman with a kind of veneration. The gift of fairness is a God-like gift; and the history of a lovely face would be a record of blessed miracles. How often has the casual glance of beauty from her lattice woke into splendid life the torpid soul of man! how often has its careless smile struck glorious hope into the desponding heart. Long ago had I lapsed into the darkness of materialism but for the intense spirituality which beams in the face, O, daughter of the glowing South! The chain of thy timid softness, O Queen of the Western vallies! drew me forth from the dark chambers of misanthropy: and if I am not wholly vile, it is because thy memory, O meek-eyed dweller by the sounding sea, is upon me like a band of adamant.

I have often wondered what must be the feelings of a beautiful girl in the noon-day of her potent loveliness. I can form no conception of the impulses of a heart which abides alway behind the veil of a rich enchantment, conscious that its presence is a power with which no other upon earth may be paralleled; for strength must be exerted, and wisdom must be exhibited, and eloquence must court occasion, and learning struggle for opportunity, in order to have their influence, and even then may miss the consciousness of triumph; but beauty has but to appear and her empire is conceded; like the ocean to the tempest-ruling brothers of the sky, the enchained eye and the arrested tongue proclaim the apparent deity. Her daily pathway is through gentle victories, springing up around her like roses beneath the tread of Venus: and in the hour of languor, the recollection of the hearts that are then worshipping her in secret, and the tongues that then falter her praises, and the thought that many a harp is strung, many a pen is moved, and many an arm is nerved with double force, only because she lives, make a lute-like music to her spirit. Thus, waking, her course is through a peculiar brightness, and, reposing, she is wrapt in a mantle of glad memories.

Such would be the charmed life of a beautiful woman, could she take home to herself the sense of her own exceeding blessedness: but modesty which makes the charm, oft mars the charmer's joy. For though none may behold a maid apparelled in her purity without a holy influence, even as none might touch the garments of the blessed Nazarene, (with reverence be the illustration used!) but he was straightway healed yet in the former case there lacks the further perception that virtue hath proceeded. It is the knowledge of these unconscious miracles which loveliness hath wrought that gives in my eyes such sanctity to a fair woman; and it is to exhibit some of the incidental blessings of a virgin's being, that this tale, not all unreal, is now written.

Ismali ascended the throne of Sassanides in the tenth year of his age. The reign of his predecessor was a period in the history of Persia when wars were not fought by the country, and the rumours of wars were unheard of at the court. The palace was a scene of calm voluptuousness, and in this condition was the young king educated. When he was called upon to assume the sceptre, he exhibited no disposition to change the tastes which he had imbibed, and the first years of his public life indicated that his sway would be dark and inglorious to his country. He passed most of his time among the women of his palace, whose ready submission and soulless sensuality might well have extinguished even a generous spirit. Possessed of no royal virtue, Ismali was destitute of all manly ardour, he was always dull and gloomy, averse from all enterprise and rarely even entering into conversation. He gave evidence of no sort of talent, and his mind seemed deeply corporealised, and fatally enfettered in the chains of sensuality.

It was in the sixth year of his reign and the sixteenth year of his age, that the Arabs suddenly invaded Persia. A stranger, it appeared, of whom none knew anything, but of whom all told strange wonders, had united various tribes of the desert in a scheme of conquest, and unresisted by the surprised Persians had entered the eastern provinces, and were gradually occupying that part of the empire. When the intelligence reached the capital, the officers made some feeble provisions for resisting the foe, but knowing well the character of the king they concealed from him all suspicion of the affair: and in a few days the monarch was probably the only person in the kingdom who did not know that his country was at war.

It was at this period that the king one day at the close of a delightful afternoon, when the freshness of the evening breeze was beginning to be felt, issued from a private door of his palace, unattended, and in the dress of a private man, to stroll about the environs of the capital. The course of his walk presently brought him to the gate of a well-appointed park, of which the neatness and the novelty so much pleased him that he entered it, and walked forward along the path. This lawn, appertained to the residence of an English gentleman, of great wealth, who had married many years before a Persian lady, and resided with her some time in England; but her constant longing for her native land, and his own fondness for its exquisite climate, had recently induced him to return, and fix his dweling in the neighbourhood of Tehraun. He had one fair daughter and no more:" a marvel even in that land of beauty, and of a spirit as lovely as her form—partaking at once the sense of England, and the sensibility of Persia. She was now walking in the garden, and the king in the progress of his rambles was very near her before he was aware of it. He heard her voice ere she was yet concealed from him by a clump of scrubbery, and he paused for a moment in surprise.

"How exquisite," said Emily as she gazed upon a small bunch of flowers in her hand. "These odours are their thoughts; or are they rather my memories? For I remember that the first time I saw this rose was in a certain small garden in England, and I, till this moment, had forgotten that place. But the memory which I had lost has garnered in the flower, and that it is which makes the rose so fragrant."

At that moment Ismali caught a glimpse of her countenance through the open bushes, and it struck upon his soul like a flash from Heaven. It roused a new and wonderous feeling; it created in him a new life. The darkness which had rested upon his being passed away like a cloud before the northern wind. One thought had been given him, but that ran along the circle of his slumbering sympathies, with an electric and life-giving fire. He started at the new perceptions that burst upon him, and the new prospects that were opened to him. The past fell from his mind like a loose garment, and he rose into another sphere of consciousness. All this was the result of a moment.

Meanwhile the girl passed on, and the King remained motionless till she was out of sight. Looking forth then from his concealment he perceived that she had dropped her glove, and delighted with the opportunity of seeing her more closely, and yet fairly trembling at the prospect of speaking to her, he took it up and walked forward to overtake her.

As he approached her she was standing towards him, looking at something on the ground, with he head bent down. Her small and exquisitely rounded shape of virgin gentleness rather than womanly development—the simplicity of her short black hair divided by a silver line,

Which served to show how delicate a soil
The harvest grew in

and not so profuse as to conceal the form of her beautiful head—all formed, as she stood, "a sight to touch a sinner."

"Madam," said Ismali, faltering with agitation—it was a droll sight that, a King trembling before a girl. "Madam, you have dropped a glove I believe; I have the pleasure of restoring it to you."

She raised her dark and fawn-like eyes, and fixed them upon him for a moment with a mild doubt, and then with a gentle smile and nod, graciously thanked the stranger for his kindness.

"You are fond of flowers, I perceive," remarked Ismali, somewhat at a loss to know what to say; "I happen to have some of the rarer sorts, I believe, in my garden—perhaps you will allow me to offer some of them to you to-morrow afternoon?"

The lady professed her gratitude for the intended service, and the happiness she would feel in accepting the present.

Ismali gazed for a few instants longer on her bewitching countenance, and then being unable to devise any other topic of conversation, hastily took his leave. The whole soul of the youth was absorbed in the interview which he had had. He walked along rapidly, and with disordered manner, scarcely knowing which way he was going. He leaped the gate with a bound, and went on, sometimes breaking into a run, sometimes skipping, and employing violent gestures the whole way. He went over a hundred times in his own mind every smile and nod; framed felicitous compliments, and denounced himself as a dolt and a fool for not having made use of them; and looked forward to the coming day when he should see her again with a world of delight.

To be Continued.

An Oration delivered on the 26th of July, 1852, At Buchanan, Grand Bassa, at the 5th Celebration of the Independence Of the Republic of Liberia,

BY

JAMES S. SMITH, M. D.

And published by request of the citizens of the County of Grand Bassa

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I know that your bosoms swell with emotions of delight, as you hail the return of auspicious anniversary twenty sixth of July—that auspicious, that momentous day, when our infant State launched boldly upon the tempestuous waters of nationality, and although five years have rolled over her she still rides gallantly over the waves, with stunsail set, to a propitious breeze, and having stemmed the current of experiment, is now upon the broad main of nationality.

Thanks to a kind Providence, the success of Liberia is no longer a problem, but she stands in "virgin glory" among the nations of the earth, and kings and potentates have paid her honor.

Lift up your heads ye sons of Liberia and exult in your high estate; say to the earth be glad, and yield us your sweetness, your stores of gold, and rich profusion of the choicest fruits; say to the mountains yield us your gems, and let us partake of your wholesome breezes: aye, say to the lightnings, bear on thy wings our message, and to the waters yield us thy light, and bestow upon us thy strength, that we may reveal the wonders of Central Africa, and load the earth with our blessings.

To leave the figure, I believe that Liberia is destined to be the mistress of Africa, and that christianity and science will be her pillars, that her sons will be fired with a noble zeal, and that soon will be [illegible] the arcana of science and as the [illegible]

Is this too much to [illegible]? Shall Africa regain her for her glory? Aye and a more glorious career awaits her, than she has ever seen, for erring inspiration assures us, that Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God, and then will she be glorious, as revealed religion is the light of the world.

This being the case, having [illegible] that our labor is not in vain, let us be [illegible] with a noble emulation, and see who can do most to advance the cause of civilization and christianity in this our father-land.

To do this, we must commence at our own doors, build up our own houses, improve our premises and city, and set examples of industry, enterprise and sobriety. No man can contribute to a great cause without being more interested in his own welfare: "Charity always begins at home."

It is not at all necessary that all should be engaged in offices, this would not work well, but let each follow eagerly his proper business, and walk uprightly, and he will serve his country honorably; as honor from any condition lies, act well *your* part, there all the honor lies.

Fellow citizen, I feel sanguine that the march of Liberia will be onward, and though she must—as all other institutions, governments and individuals have—encounter difficulties in her steep ascent to eminence, that no weapons formed against her will prosper: for I firmly believe that she is guided by the unerring hand of Omnipotence.

I feel confident that while Liberia follows her high destiny, so long as *we* [illegible] the path of rectitude, that we have nothing to [illegible]

Had no Heaven interposed, we had perished, long ago.

God is our helper, and the combined efforts of earth would be directed against [illegible] in vain.

If we are right, though clouds overshadow us, and irretrievable ruin threaten us, stand firm, rely on Jehovah, and fear no evil.

I believe that the American Colonization on the western coast of Africa, is emphatically of God, that He commenced the work and will conduct it to perfection; that we are servants in this vineyard, to make ourselves happy and redeem Africa; should we mistake our calling, he may cut us off, and give the vineyard to others of the sons of Ham, whose fathers have not toiled to lay this foundation.

This, fellow citizens, is all I fear, in a word, our neglect. It is with us to say wether we shall be prosperous and happy—wether we shall accomplish the work assigned us and live, or refuse and perish.

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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