Pointing to the American and Colonial flags at his back, he said; "The Stars and the Cross. The stars announced the birth of Christ, and the Cross the Redemption of mankind." It will be recollected that the Liberia flag bears the cross. The gentlemen arose at 6 o'clock P. M. and at 7 reassembled with the ladies at government house. The party was large but highly agreeable. The inspiration of the presence of ladies, kept as usual the the ball of innocent mirth and gayety constantly moving, and it was eleven o'clock before the party commenced to retire.

AN AFRICAN EDITOR.

To perpetrate an editorial, he seats himself—not in the cushioned *boidoir* of the literate idler—nor in the fashionable bower of the poet, but in a little sooty apartment of six by eight. Beneath his dingy foolscap a portionof deal, lies supinely on an empty barrel. A few odds and ends of books and newspapers lie in hopeless confusion around. At his side an inkstand—not of china—nor of bronze, but the small end of a cow's horn—on his left a quiver of quills rifled from the upper surface of a porcupine.

In one corner stands a billet of camwood, its opposite is occupied by what once contained flour. The walls are duly chalked—not with mechanical designs—nor geometrical diagrams—but with mathematical mementoes of the kroos of potatoes of which he has relieved the farmer. This is his blotter ledger, he keeps none.

But the boy comes for copy. He draws up a well hacked trestle, for which he is indebted to the carelessness of the carpenter, and seats himself in front of the barrel. Seizing the fearful quill, he thus begins.—The press the omnipotent press is the most powerful engine which it has ever been the lot of mortals to possess.—It is the SCOURGE of tyrants—the pillar of religion and the PALLADIUM of civil liberty. From it as from an impregnable rampart the fearless independent, editor—There is no cassado for breakfast sir.—Well go, and get some and don'te bother me. I have no money sir—don't I know that—tell Crako to let you have a kroo. He says he won't. We have not paid him for the other yet, and he wants the money. Plague the fellow what can he mean. Can't you borrow some?—No, sir: I've tried, and they say we owe now more than we'll ever pay. Well go and collect some money. I have carried out the bills sir. Have you collected any money? No, sir: Why? Mr.———says he has no money, and you need not be afraid of the small amount. Mr.———says he don'te like the paper now—you are too polite with the Mr.——says your paper is scurrilous Mr.———says there is too much religion in it, & too little politics Mr. ———says there is too much politics and too little religion, and Mr.———says you have insulted his father's tenth cousin. They say they will not take the paper any longer, and they will pay when they get the money.—That will do, go and call again in an hour for copy.

The editor resumes.—And though there is no class of men to whom the world is under more immense obligation, yet there is none—Jumbo has come to get his pay for the palm oil sir.—Be gone sir, don't you see I am engaged—there is none we repeat that is doomed to a more hopeless. The rats have gnawed the roller sir.—Well cast another. We have no molasses sir.—Well shut up the office, and go to *dinner*.

Clerical Refinement.—A Liberia parson (whom we will not name) was called on to fasten a couple in the cords of wedlock. He attended; and after spelling out the ceremony as a child would the fable of the wolf and the kid, by way ot addition said to the groom, "dare is you wife, now buss her."

A Novel case.—Not long since a hopeless scapegrace applied to the clerk of the court for license to marry. He paid the fee, and had scarcely retired when a matron some thirty years, his senior, called to make some inquiries on the subject. She found the license had been issued, but to her dismay, that not hers, but the name of another had been inscerted. She immediately gave chase after the faithless swain. She found him, and commenced at the top of her lungs a full diapason of reproach for his treacherry. It was long, she rattled away before he could prevail upon her to say 'yes.' And then after courting her so long and borrowing from her the dollar to pay for the license, for him to try to marry another woman, shows, said she that you are the grandest rascal that ever lived. Not a word did the youth reply, but with the utmost nonchalance went on incorporating into his physical man a hugh sour-sop which he had filched from some tree. Delivered of her bile the enraged spinster turned away, when the ungallant lover planted the remainder of the sop full upon the neck of his mistress. This was the signal for another concert which she exceuted to the infinite satisfaction of a rabble of boys, which by this time had collected around.

Millsburg.—This settlement is progressing. We paid it a visit a few days ago, and were pleased to note the evident favourable improvement in the manner and means of living. Allowing for the extra effort which had been most probably made to meet the occasion (it being quarterly meeting) there was certainly a greater profusion of the necessaries and comforts of life, than we ever witnessed before on a similar occasion. The people are better contented and more elated with hopes of the future, than in any past time. As far as their means will allow, they have gone into the sugar business and from the success of their inexperienced efforts the past year, they seem confident of hereafter doing the thing handsomely. Rev. Mr. Wilson at the manual labour farm of the M. E. Mission at White Plains will make 4000 pounds, and Mr. Williss has made 1000 pounds. All this has been done with an inefficient temporary affair of a mill which they borrowed from Mr. Moore. Other persons have made enough for their own use during the coming year, and they have all reserved enough cane for the next planting. The sugar is of good quality, well granulated and heavy body. This much will be saved to the colony.

TIGHT LACING.

It is said that the French fashionables have discarded tight lacing; and that the Grecian models which are only the fair and beautiful proportions of nature, are henceforth to be standards of fashions for ladies' waists, instead of the wasp, hour-glass &c.

Round the loud timbrel o'er hill, valley and sea,
The tape strings are broken, and the women are free.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

From the tone of President Tyler's message we learn that a demand will probably be made on the British government, for reparation or for satisfation for insults offered by English cruisers in searching and detaining suspected American vessels on this coast.

A CARAVAN.

A caravan of Kondahs and Mandingoes has lately paid us a visit. It brought a fair quantity of wood ivory and cloths. The Kondahs, especially, complain loudly of the impediment, thrown in the way of the slave trade at Cape Mount and Gallinas. They say a koffle of some 20 or 30 slaves sent from Boporah has been waiting at Cape Mount more than a month, but has been uable to find a market. They assign that as the reason why they have come in with wood and ivory to *look little tobacco for smoke and powder for kill meat.*

MURDER AND ROBBERRY.

Two Americans, resident at Sinoe, had been engaged by Rev. Mr. Canfield to saw timber for his contemplated mission house at Settra Kroo. While on their way by land, they passed through an intermediate native hamlet, and rather incautiously exposed a parcel of tobacco, which they had taken to defray the expenses of their journey. Three natives, large herculean fellows, left the town in company with them, professing to be journeying to the same place. They kept together for about six miles, when the natives suddenly halted and demanded their tobacco, axes &c. The Americans remonstrated. The natives leveled their pieces and fired. One of the Americans, Shuman, fell, and Williams dropped his baggage and took to the bush. Shuman was killed dead. Williams, though seriously wounded, made his way home through the woods, and arrived in a state of complete exhaustion.

An alarm was given by the Americans, and the natives of Sinoe joined them in pursuit of the murderers. They were found to be Neffoos, and were arrested by the Bloo-Ballees, (Doin, the native dialect) and delivered over to the Americans. His Excellency, Governor Roberts, happened to be there at the time.

To redeem them from death, which the Americans were strongly inclined to inflict upon them, their tribe has agreed to pay in twelve months, the sum of One Thousand Dollars, and to defray the expenses of the prisoners' confinement, until that time. In default of payment, they are to be disposed of according to the pleasure of the Governr.

AFRICAN COFFEE.

It is stated, we believe, by our friend Doct. Johnson of Basa Cove, in a letter to Honorable S. Wilkeson, that the average production of the African tree is five pounds. This may be the average production of one species of the African tree. There is another apd the best kind, which yields triple quantity. Our friend Mars, has a tree standing near his house, from which he gathered in one season, two and a half bushels in the husk, which weighed when cleansed and dried, seventeen pounds and two ounces. Can any one inform us what is the average produce of a tree in the West Indies?

Not Quite.—In an American paper of late date, we find "Mr. Teage died at Sierra Leone, on the 13th of August last." We admit that we are sometimes fond of notoriety; but we are not dead yet, although much exhausted from *depletion*. It rests with our subscribers to revive us by timely application of their *arrearages*.

SELECTED EXTRACTS.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

In looking over my returns, I was struck with the remark of a man of much practical wisdom, and one of the best farmers in the Commonwealth. He says "that a farmer should produce upon his farm all those supplies for his family which the farm can be made to yield." In this case, this is done within doors and without; for there the spinning wheel has not forgotten to turn round, nor the shuttle to speed its flight. In this cottage, whose neat and beautiful arrangements cannot be suppassed, the clothing, the bedding, and the carpeting were all the product of their own fields and flocks. I shall not soon forget the unpretending and hearty hospitality of these enviable dwellings. I have slept many a time under a silken canopy, and trodden many a carpet as soft as the pride of eastern luxury could make it; but never with anything like the sentiment of honest pride and independence with which I saw here the floors spread with carpets made from their own flocks, which for fineness and beauty the foot of a princess need not disdain; and on a cold night slept in woollen sheets from their own looms, as soft as the shawls of Cashmere; and wiped my face with towels spun with their own hands from their own flax, of a whiteness as transparent and delicate as the drifted snow. In such beautiful examples of domestic management, it is delightful to see with how limited means the best comforts and luxuries of life may be purchased. Nor were these instances few. The country of Berkshire abounds with examples of this domestic comfort and independence. Much to be regretted will be the change which has already invaded many parts of the State, when under the pretence of superior cheapness, these household fabrics shall give place to the more showy but flimsy products of foreign industry; and the healthy exercise of domestic labor and household cares shall be deemed degrading in our wives and daughters, and exchanged for the idleness and frivolities of pride and luxury.

I agree entirely in the sentiment above expressed, that every farmer should, as far as possible, supply the wants of his family from his own farm. He shou'd supply himself with bread, meat, vegetables, milk, butter, cheese and clothing, as far as his farm can be made to do it. He can almost always do it at a less expense than he can purchase these supplies. The labor requisite for this purpose may often be given at times when it would not otherwise be occupied; and by hands for which there might otherwise be no employment. The sentiment of self respect and self-dependence inspired by such a course, is a great gain. The satisfaction of eating bread raised by one's own labor is not small; and various and important moral influences, which I shall not now discuss, render it altogether desirable; though in some cases the same amount of labor consumed in their production, if applied in other ways, would purchase a larger amount of the same supplies. Though the supply of our own great wants from our own farms might seem, however, in some cases, to be a *pecuniary loss*, it is always in the end a *moral gain* with which the pecuniary loss is not to be put in competition.—*Colman,s Survey.*

Mrs. Jones the Female Impostor.—All our readers without doubt remember the performances of one Mrs. Jones, in Rochester some months ago, who by large stories of high connections in England induced a young man named Hunter to become her husband, whom she plundered of what little money he had, involved him largely in debt, and then decamped. A communication in the Rochester Evening post states that she has been performing similar impositions in Toronto. She there represented herself as a head cook in the late Sir Astley Cooper's establishment, who she said had left her an aunuity of £100. This soon increased to £300, and a man named Lanesboro, believed her story and married her. A letter from Toronto to the Post gives the following summary of her exploits, and adds that she has since been heard of at Albany.

"After having deceived her husband by stories about £100,000 being left her, and that Lord Liverpool had sent over his steward to bring her home; after having got a number of others to credit her story and trust her with money; after having, in the midst of sickness, given assurance to the attending minister, of her Christain resignation and pious trust in her Redeemer; after having enjoyed herself by driving in a carriage, under a contract to buy it; after having prepared her husband with the necessaries to go to London, to attend to her business; after having borrowed a pair of boots of the wife of the tailor that made her husband's fine clothes; after having gulled every body, she decamped quietly by the Transit one morning in the first of this week, just before her husband was to have started for England. I suppose she has carried off about £300, and has gone to play off the same game of cheating on the gullables of some other place."

A Brilliant Stucco Whitewash.—Many have probably often heard of the brilliant and lasting whitewash upon the east end of the President's House at Washington city. The following is a correct receipt for making it.

Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, (say five or six quarts,) slack the same with hot water in a tub,—covered, to keep in the steam—pass it in the fluid from through a fine sieve; add one fourth of a pound of whiting or burnt alum, pulverized; one pound of good sugar; three pints of rice flour, made into a thin and well boiled paste, and one pound of clean glue, dissolved by first soaking it well, and then putting it into a small kettie, which should again be put into a larger one filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture.

This wash is applied where particular neatness is required, with a painter's brush. It must be put on while warm, if upon the outside of the building—if within doors, cold. It will retain its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it. About one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same propotions must be observed in preparing. Colouring matter may be added to give it any required shade.—*Genessee Farmer.*

RETORT.

Madame D. had a magnificient cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by shooting it for want of something else to shoot. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends all sorts of mouse traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C. at her county house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes, the mice jumped out and presently filled the house; while at the bottom of the box was found a note addressed to Madame C.—"Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice.

Which is Nobler?—It is easier to be a *martyr* than a *Christian.* Men can suffer death for conscience sake, when they are fully persuaded that the momentary pangs they must endure are but the precursors of unsullied and endless happiness. And some, there is reason to believe, have gone to the stake with firm and exulting heart, when the true spirit of the gospel was not in them: for they were sustained by the thought of the glory of martyrdom. But to bear the cross daily; to endure the pangs of insult and scora and self-denial; to resist the temptations of sin in its thousand alluring forms; to keep the heart with all diligence; to love our enemies and bless them that curse us; to show forth at all times meekness and gentleness and temperance and patience;—this is not easy although it is a nobler achievement. Yet men sing the praises of the martyr; and the Christian having trod a lowly path, where the thorns pierced his feet and the storms beat on his head, yet turned him not aside, goes down to the grave unsung. There is one, however, who records his name, and at the great day it will be found written in the Book of Life.—*Ohio Observer.*

"Use moderation in your manner of living, and in this way seek relief from the increasing expense of the times in which we live, rather than by engaging in more extensive and often hazardous schemes of trade. By these latter means the mind becomes encumbered, and unfitted for religious service, yea often for religious thought, and for breathing daily after spiritual riches, which are to be enjoyed in close communion with God. Consider how distant that state which would give up all to Him, if required, is from that which indulges itself in ease to the full extent of its power, or is endeavouring by multiplied adventures in trade to acquire that power which it covets for the purpose of worldly enjoyment."

"An humble mind seldon exercises itself in great matters; its attention is to real requiring; and these relate, for the most part, to the day of small things"

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Richard Sanders deceased, are hereby requested to present them for settlement properly authenticated, on or before the 2nd, day of May next. And all those indebted to the said estate are also requested to come forward on or before the day above mentioned, and make payment, otherwise they will be proceeded against according to law.

J. J. ROBERTS,
D. MOORE.
Executors.

Monrovia 14th,
March 1842.

MARRIED,

In this town on the 3d. inst. by the Rev. J. W. Roberts, Mr Neptune Bradley of Caldwell, to Mrs. Sabry Trueblood.

On the same evening, by the Rev. A. W. Anderson, Mr. John Madison, to Mrs. Catharine Brown; both of this town.

MARINE LIST.

PORT OF MONROVIA.

ARRIVALS.

Feb. 25. American ship———Britan master, from Providence.
" 28. Colonial sloop Hope, T. G. Barbour master, from the winward.
" " Colonial schooner Providence, E. Carroll master, from the leeward.
" " American schooner Regulus, Preston master from the leeward.
March 9. Colonial sloop Nathan Bangs J. Howard master, from the winward.
" 13. French schooner La Rece, Dolphon master. from Go-Ree.
" " French barque——,——master, from the winward.
" 15. American brig Grecian, Lawlin master, from Philadelphia, via. Sierra Leone, having on board the passengers, whose names are mentioned another article in this paper.

DEPARTURES.

Feb. 34. American ship———Britan master, for the leeward.
" 25. Dutch sloop Deby, T. Leewrick master, for the leeward: passenger, to Sinoe Mr. James Byrd, to Elmena, Mr. F. T. Weesendorp.
March 7. Colonial sloop Hope, H. Boston master, for the leeward.
" " American schooner Regulus Preston master, for the leeward.
" 8. Colonial schooner Providence, E. Carroll master, for the leeward: passenger, to Grand Bassa W. H. Payne.

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)

1842