pent many an hour restling with the new temptation which he felt to be assailing him lest the curse of idolatry should again wither his gourd.

"Mr. Warrender had met with all the success which could reasonably have been expected. The field of his labors required careful and diligent culture, while he too often found the tares springing up to choke the good seed. His wife ministered to the bodily necessities of the suffering and destitute, but her courage failed, and the spirit of self-distrust and doubt took possession of her when she sought to enlighten the benighted minds. She was a kind, tender and loving woman' but she lacked the strong intellect, the moral courage, and the firm faith of the missionary. The consciousness that she had overrated her powers—the thought that she was occupying a place which others might fill far more worthily, and the total want of sympathy or support in her husband, all contributed to depress her spirits and undermine her health. But the tenderness of her nature became centred in her child and when that darling little one began to droop beneath the sultry clime, the mother's terrors overpowered all other feelings. She knew that she had not the faith which supported the high-hearted Mrs. Judson, when, after laying her only child in its solitary grave, she uttered those sublime and thrilling words, 'God grant that the sacrifice may not have been made in vain.' How many a heart has responded to those words when in sorrow and bereavement it ponderd over the remembrance of the lovely and the lost.

"While we were yet in the warm latitudes. we were becalmed for nearly a week. The sky was like burnished copper, and the sea like molten brass. Not a breeze stirred, not a ripple move on the face of the waters, all was one breathless calm. We dared not venture on deck during the day, for the rays of the sun were absolutely scorching, and when night came on, the langor and oppression which we suffered, scarcely allowed us to benefit by its freshness. One day, little Lydia who felt the restraint of confinement to the cabin more than any of us, contrived to slip away from us unperceived. Her mother, who was lying in her berth exhausted with the intense heat, supposed the child was with me and I thought she was asleep beside her mother. She was absent perhaps an hour, when the mate entered the cabin bearing her in his arms. She had stole upon deck, and after vainly endeavoring to rouse Cato, the dog, to a game of romp, had lain down beside him and dropped asleep. She had not been long there when she was discovered; but she had slept beneath that burning sun, and her flushed cheek showed its fearful power.

"From that hour the sweet child never held up her head. She had received what the sailors call a sunstroke. For a long time her mother seemed unable to realize the extent of her danger, though she sat beside her moistening her parched lips and listening to her incoherent murmuring. But I shall never forget the moment when she was first made aware of the threatened blow. I shall never forget the look of wild despair—her cry of agony, and the sudden bending of her knee while she uttered a brief but solemn prayer. From that moment she relinquished all hope, and with a countenance calm but ever stained with tears she bent over the fair creature's couch. 'I will not murmur, but I may surely weep,' she replied, to my attempts at consolation.

"For three days the little girl lay almost insensible; on the evening of the fourth she awoke to perfect consciousness; a prelude' as I knew too well, of coming death. 'Mother why do you cry?' said she, as she looked up into her face.

'Because I fear you are going to leave me darling, said the mother, supressing her emotion.

'I would cry, too, if you were to leave me, mother,' said the child.

'But, dearest,' said Mrs. Warrender, 'if you leave me you will go to Heaven,' and she said this to discover whether she was aware of her situation.

'I know it mother, but I want you to go with me.'

(To be Continued.)

From the New-York Tribune.

MISTRESS OF HERSELF, THOUGH CHINA FALL.

Woman, in general, are indignant that the satirist should have made this the climax to praise of a woman. And yet, we fear, he saw only too truly.—What unexpected failures have we seen, literally, in this respect! How often did the Martha blur the Mary out of the face of a lovely woman at the sound of a crash amid glass and porcelian! What sad littleness in all the department thus represented! Obtrusion of the moo and duster on the tranquil meditations of a husband and brother. Impatience if the carpet be defaced by the feet even of cherished friends!

There is a beautiful side and a good reason here; but why must the beauty degenerate and give place to meanness!

To *Woman* the care of home is confined. It is the sanctuary of which she should be the guardian angel. To all elements that are introduced there she should be the "ordering mind." She represents the spirit of beauty, and her influence should be spring-like, clothing all objects within her sphere with lively, fresh and tender hues. She represents purity, and all that appertains to her should be kept delicately pure. She is modesty, and draperies should soften all rude lineaments, and exclude glare and dust. She is harmony, and all objects should be in their places, ready for and matched to their uses.

We all feel that there is a substantial reason for the offence we feel at defect in any of these ways. A woman who wants purity, modesty, and harmony in her dress and manners is insufferable—one who wants them in the arrangements of her house disagreeable, to every one. She neglects the most obvious ways of expressing what we desire to see in her, and the inference is ready that the inward sense is wanting.

It is with no merely gross and selfish feeling that all men commend the good housekeeper, the good nurse. Neither is it slight praise to say of a woman that she does well the honors of her house in the way of hospitality. The wisdom that can maintain serenity, cheerfulness and order in a little world of ten or twelve persons, and keep ready the resources that are needed for their sustenance and recovery in sickness and sorrow, is the same that holds the stars in their places and patiently prepares the precious metals in the most secret chambers of the earth. The art of exercising a refined hospitality is the fine art, and the music thus produced only differs from that of the orchestra in this, that in the former case, the overture or sonata can be played twice in the same manner. It requires that the hostess shall combine true self-respect and repose,

"The simple art of not too much,"

with refined perception of individual traits and moods in character, with variety and vivacity, an ease grace and gentleness that diffuse their sweetness insensibly through every nook of an assembly, and call out reciprocal sweetness wherever there is any to be found.

The only danger in all this is the same that besets us in every walk of life, to-wit: that of preferring the outward sign to the inward spirit, whenever there is cause to hesitate between the two.

"I admire," says Goethe, "the Chinese novels; they express so happily ease, peace, and a finish unknown to other nations in the interior arrangements of their homes. In one of them I came upon this line: 'I heard the lonely maidens laughing, and found my way to the garden-house, where they were seated in their light cane chairs.' To me this brings an immediate animation, by the images it suggests of lightness, brightness and elegance."

This is most true, but it is also true that the garden-house would not seem thus charming unless its "light cane chairs" had "lovely laughing maidens" seated in them. And the lady who values her porcelain, that most exquisite product of the peace and thorough breeding of China, so highly, should take the hint, and remember, that, unless the fragrant herb of wit, sweetened by kindness, and softened by the cream of affability also crown her board the prettiest teacups in the world might as well be in fragments in the gutter, as adorn her social show. The show loses its beauty when it ceases to represent a substance.

Here, as elsewhere, it is only vanity, narrowness and self-seeking that spoil a good thing. Women would never be too good housekeepers for their own peace or that of others, if they considered housekeeping only as a means to an end. If their object was really the peace and joy of all concerned they could bear to have their cups and saucers broken easier than their tempers, and to have curtains and carpets soiled rather than their hearts by mean and small feelings. But they are brought up to think "it is a disgrace to be a bad housekeeper," not because they must by such defect, be a cause of suffering and loss of time to all within their sphere, but because other women will laugh at them if they are so. Here is the voice—for want of a high motive, there can be no truly good action.

We have seen a woman otherwise noble and magnanimous in a high degree, so insane on this point as to weep bitterly because she found a little dust on her picture frames, and torment her guests all dinner time, with excusses for the way in which the dinner was cooked We have known others join with their servants to backbite the best and noblest friends for trifling derelictions against the accustomed order of the house. The broom swept out the memory of much sweet counsel and loving kindness and spots on the table cloth were more regarded than those they made on their own loyalty and honor in the most intimate relations.

"The worst of furies is a woman scorned,"

and the sex so lively, mobile, and impassioned when passion is aroused at all, are in danger of frightful error under great temptation. The angel can give place to a mere subtle and treacherous demon, though one, generally, of less tantalizing influence than in the breast of man. In great crises woman needs the highest reason to restrain her, but her besetting danger is that of littleness. Just because nature and society unite to call on her for such fineness and finish, she can be so petty, so fretful, so vain, so envious and base! O women! see your danger. See how much you need a great object in all your little actions. You cannot be fair, nor can your homes be fair, unless you are holy and noble. Will you sweep and garnish the house only that it may be ready for a legion of evil spirits to enter in? For imps and demons of gossip, frivolity, detraction and a restless fever about small ills? What is the house good for, if good spirits cannot peacefully abide there? Lo! they are asking for the bill in more than one well garnished mansion. They sought a home, and found a work-house. Martha! it was thy fault!

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE LIBERIA HERALD.

LIBERIA.

No. 1,

Mr. Editor:—We have heard it remarked, that "beside the editorials there were but little original matter in the Herald." Yours has been, is now and will continue to be, a useful sheet to Liberia, and may be rendered more so. So small a paper edited on this great continent, in a colony as interesting as Liberia is said to be, should wear more of home appearance, by being filled with matters relative to Liberia, and Africa. The Editors do their part it is true, but they are not the only men who should be interested. News papers were not designed to be filled with editorial matters only. The Liberia Herald, is to proclaim the truth about the colony, and calls upon every man to speak of her, who loves her. *By* this means persons abroad would become not only more acquainted, but more interested in our welfare. And did different politicians, respectfully and in friendly words, show their different opinions, with the reasons of them; two sides would be seen, and judged of. If it be true, the Herald has become the property of the Liberia Lyceum. Certainly the intelligent members composing that body, Farmers, Mechanicks, Merchants, Ministers, Doctors, and Lawyers, can find enough matter in their various practical persuits, and observations to both enlighten and engage. As we have had recently the extreme honor of being made a member of that body, and desire to be one that will at least do it no harm, and as we are deprived of the high privilege of meeting with them, and must loose those feasts of intellect, enjoyed so often by its members that can, we would employ a few moments from time to time in dropping you a letter, as our opportunities of sending are few, should any of them be thought long. we may be excused on that ground, especially as we venture only with the hope of prompting others more skilled in writing, and acquainted with subjects of general interest to the colony to contribute things useful to us in this way. believing as it has done, it will still *prove beneficial.*

We will make our last trip into the interior, a kind of Journal like text, to what ever general remarks, and observations we may make, promising as we proceed to give a kind of discription of things or try to. We cannot promise you that our reflections will be interesting, we may make some that will call for explainations that may be so. We will promise to speak what we think the truth, leaving others to think of it what they chose.

Liberia in our opinion, is the best home for the colored man of the United States, and the Herald as it has done, may teach them more of this happy land. Its soil, timber, minerals, its productions generally, offer subjects of interest. The best modes of cultivation, after the manner we commonly till. The most useful productions to us at present. Those that will bring the most present, and future wealth to Liberia. The kind of soil in different plants thrive best, would be surely useful fields, in which to employ the pen. How often have we thought of the practicability, of circulating the Herald, as such numbers of it, as may have, useful articles upon the cultivation of the soil, especially such as relate to the Torrid Zone. The prices which may be realized for different articles especially all offers from a broad for such articles as our farmers might cultivate. Are there not men in America, who would make offers to farmers in this country, on conditions, honorable to both, to encourage enterprise and show what can be done? What quantities of Arrow-root, (especially the root unprepared, we are deficient in the means of grinding, and the raw root prepared in America would be a sure way to avoid the cheats so often made by cassada starch) Kian Pepper, Lemmon an Lime juice, Powders, and Indigo might we not make profit by them? Men who never think of raising any thing beside cassadas, potatoes, plantains and bannanas, may by such encouragement that they can rely on, be lead to the cultivation of plants and trees, that in a few years may bring considerable wealth. Reward sweetens labor, and now certain amounts for certain things may become at, may excite hundreds, whose eyes are glued like a "muskrake" to the present, "the bird in my own hand now only" to raise something beside cassada, to look forward a little, and work some by anticipation. Just such subjects and designs are what we want. Such should employ the pens, and hands, as well as mouths of "Independant men" more than they do, as an empty name, it it ever sold for much may not bring much to realy help a needy people. Those then who urge so strongly at the *present* a Declaration of Independance &c., should more than all other patriots in our view, urge and encourage, the means of bringing about our *real and positive* Independance. We doubt very much the true glory of all empty artificial imaginary, incautious, mere point carrying things. We hope that we have no men to crush us for empty opinion sake. There are men in the world though whose they carry a point cares not where that point leads to. We profess to be in favor of such Declaration when we can declare the truth if it be to-day. And if the time is come necessarily; or otherwise, we say success to *Liberia.* The good citizen may say sink or swim "donot give up the ship? Papers put in circulation among persons who do not "take papers" or cannot read after the manner that some good folks do "religious tracts," pointing out what might be of practical good, beg them to "read or have read and give to thy neighbour requesting the same of him."—Especially articles on agriculture, the great use and propriety, of raising different fruits, vegitables &c. &c. We propose being one of ten men, to pay for six numbers of the Herald for the above purpose, for the public good of New Georgia, Caldwell, Virginia, Kentuckey, New Orleans, and Millsburg. Monrovia, Edina, and Bassa Cove, seem to be awake to self improvement in some way at least, especially of interesting themselves in the improvement of the mind, and other useful persuits, while in some of the above things, especially the improvement of the mind, of adults and young men, and reading and discussing subjects of general good, to us as a colony Caldwell, New Georgia, Millsburg &c., seem to be asleep. Are there no independance men in those towns? Loving their fellow men enough to do so small a thing as set on foot, energetic enough to keep in operation a Lyceum! what sources of information and general good! On the floor of those Lyceums such articles could be read, carried home though over. and our men in action who otherwise might never have thought of them. Where are our *Patriots*? We are no Mineralogist, Bottanist or very great agriculturist, though we do as much at the latter, as our transitory mode of life will admit, and often reap our reward.

On the third of August, leaving what is considered the sterrile rocky, gravly ground of Monrovia, and the sandy soil of the beach, (which in most instances amply reward the labore.) We proceeded up the Stocton River, towards New Georgia. The banks of the Stocton are low and marshy for several miles up, and so thickly set with swamp mangrove (the roots of which seem determined to keep the body of the trees out of the mud and water,) (no bad hint to Liberians) as to be almost impenatrable, a strong national fort these may prove in days to come to Liberians, a good army secreted in them, would give an enemy no little trouble in passing from Monrovia to New Georgia &c. The effluvia arising from these marshes (which are chiefly confined to the sea board) is disagreeable and we should think unhealthy. We have often thought that the beautiful town of New Georgia, lost on the side of health, by being placed so near the head of these low lands. Higher up the Stocton, or on the St. Pauls, higher, healthier, and we think more fertile lands offer *sites.* The New Georgians generally are an industrious people.

Passing the public Farm, on the North of the Stocton, this spot is an exception to the low lands on the river, it is elevated good soil, one of the houses, seem to say "a stitch in time would have saved nine."

As we only passed by the Farm, we were soon in the St. Pauls River, one of the most good, if not the longest river in Liberia. The little new settlement Virginia, opposite Caldwell, on the North of the St. Pauls, exhibits marks of industry, showing what labor can do, that the men, are men of the stamp, and not a sleepy headed set, having as much to boast of to-day as farmers, as many who have been pretending to farm for years.

We like to visit "New Comers." it is a privilege we hardly ever let slip if near them, and which we often repeat, especially as there are hordes who are ever ready to discourage. We very often find many of them possessed of wrong notions, both of Liberia, and liberty. Having been misled or wrongly impressed some times we fear among others, by the addresses of Colonization Agents. Hearing that Gold and goldduist, were found "in the sand of Africa" and that it was washed out in great quantities and sold for much, that "money (camwood we suppose) growed upon trees as well as (mangrove) "oysters" (very unwholesome food.) Of the value and abundance of ivory. The spontaneous growth of coffee, sugar cane, &c. in great abundance. The abundance of fish fowl, and deer They have hastened to Liberia, expecting to see a country like that they left, and these things as it were growing in natural farms abundantly, the whole earth a fold, a park, a coop, or pen, like farming pens and folds &c. in America, (expecting to gaze upon "the Queen of Africa" and the good man only knows what all) Expecting that they had only to gather, kill, and eat, wash gold from the sand immass wealth without end with little or no exertion.

We can truly sympathise with such people, as we too when a little boy, a candidate for Liberia, was simple enough to possess the same mistaken views Associating all the above sources of African wealth together, and throwing them in our mind in the streets of colonial settlements, as lead to do by teachers. Why we were to wash out a few tons of gold in double quick time, gather from the dollar trees money enough to soon make us "von berry pig fellow," that need never work again. Tame and ride my elephants and "Arabian horses which we were told ran in droves wild in the woods," and for aught we knowed build an "ivory house." Catch as much venison from the streets as we wished. Dip fish from the river with our bucket. As for fowls they were in our thoughts in danger of being crushed under foot, while the eggs become as trash. We were to drink fresh coffee from the bush every day, for the Agent said "all you have to do is to send your children to the groves and gather as much as you wish and when you pleased."

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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