LIBERIA HERALD.

NEW SERIES.

(FOR OUR COUNTRY.)

VOL. II. MONROVIA, LIBERIA, (WEST AFRICA.) FEBRUARY, 18th 1852 NO. 14.

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 mortuary 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 CATE WALTER BROWN.

COATES & BROWN

Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

No. 139 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 28th 1852.

NOTICE

The undersigned wishes to take this method to give notice of his intention to leave this Country, and requests that all persons having claims against him would present them for settlement before the first of April ensueing, and all persons indebted to him will come forward and make payment before the above named period.

BEVERLY R. WILSON

January 28th, 1852.

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

LIBERIA HERALD

August 1st 1851

LIBERIA HERALD.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

PROCRASTINATION.

Amid the many difficulties that surround our steps when endeavoring to pursue, with serious intention, a distinct purpose or aim, nothing rises with perhaps greater frequency as an obstacle, or is more baffling in its effect, than the consciousness of tardiness in the outset of an undertaking. The first step has often been declared the one of greatest difficulty, and we will usually find, if that step be duly taken at the proper season, the enterprise, of whatever nature it may be, may be considered fairly entered upon with the chances of completion strongly in its favor. It is true the utility and necessity for a strictly systematic course of endeavor, a kind of parcelling out, measure by measure, of thought and deed, squaring mental exertion by compass and rule, as it were, is frequently and forcibly descanted upon, though it may furnish abundant exercise to the controlling powers of man, and give to his mind a machine-like power of appliance, yet must ever differ widely from the force and strength of a direct, cheerful, voluntary inspiration, coming one knows not whence, and inciting to the utmost exertion of present power. For every purpose, for every sugestion of the human mind, there appears to exist a corresponding apportionment of time as the most fitting moment for commencement of an undertaking; for if we allow that period to pass by, we find no other opportunity presents precisely similar adaptation. No purposed step based upon retrogression can be secure, for the mind, like time itself, rolls ever onward, evolving new impulses and ideas, linked, indeed, with those preceding, but of changed or modified character. In vain we may attempt the recall of the past moment of inspiration, we can only recur to its reflected image in the glass of memory—but shadowy and imperfect is the form conveyed—possessing no more the invigorating incentive given to our exertion by the consciousness of the actual present. "*Now* is the *time*," possesses a potent spell, that it were well we should make the maxim of our life. How incalculable are the loss of those moments of vigorous impulse when frittered away in the void of indefiniteness, when the procrastinating spirit seems busy in suggestion, bringing, by the aid of fancy's wing, a golden harvest of wisdom and beauty to the perceptions, while the corporate part of man, its tardy colleague, remains silent, giving no voice or aid to its high impulses, coldly receiving its glowing suggestions only with the whispered promise of future action.

Few can estimate the enervating influence of continued revery upon the mental condition, the vagueness of perception, the want of fibre in the frame of thought, and the listlessness of action ever consequent upon indulgence of this pernicious habit, together with the unavoidable habit of tardiness of undertaking, that places a man in a position of one seeking to overtake his shadow, who finds, in proportion to his increasing efforts, the shade preceeding hastes but faster on.

The unfortunate individual whose habit, either natural or acquired, ever delays to its "more convenient season," is justly an object of our commiseration; for either must he deplore most earnestly his position of perpetual strife, or, callous to all aim, become content to yield a passive assent to the hurrying tides that pass beyond, leaving him as a stranded shell upon the shore, whose ceaseless murmurings only speak existence by its lingering echoes of the past. To such the hours grow entangled, and the active, refreshing, waking period of dawn is lost in noontide's fiercer glare; morning's labors are but half accomplished while soon again exacts in twilight's gentle calm, and nature claims as hours of silence and of rest from toil, by encroaching on the rightful portion of the busy day. The seasons, too, forever in advance, proclaim the harvest time is come ere yet spring's seedlings disappear, and winter's storms will mock at summer's mild defiances, bidding his minion frost deal most ungently with the unprepared.

The healthful exercise of contemplation, by which the mind is strengthened and improved is sometimes improperly conformed with that of revery; but watchfulness of the effects upon the character, arising from the indulgence of either, will soon convince the observer of their relative difference, one leading the individual to prompt and judicious action, the other to indefinite aim, to listless effort, and to, our most fatal of mental habitudes, *procrastination*.—*Ch. Adv. & Journal*

THE DESTINY OF AFRICA

FROM AN ORATION BY HON. J. W. MILLER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FOR NEW JERSEY.

During the last year, there has been organized and established upon the western coast of Africa a republican Government, modeled after our own Constitution. The free citizens of this new Republic * * * * * * * restored to their native land by the philanthropy of their friends.

Africa! the forsaken and the accursed! the land of gloomy forests and barren deserts; her inhabitants the most degraded of mankind; her commerce with the civilized world confined to a traffic in the flesh and blood of her enslaved children—on this dark continent, and over this degraded people, is now established a Government, whose benignant sway is founded upon *liberty, law, and religion*. The Republic of Liberia is the child of America's philanthropy—begotten, not in the lust of dominion nor in the pride of empire, but in the humble and Christian spirit of charity, which loosens the captive's bonds, rescues the houseless and forsaken, and points out a highway of deliverance to an oppressed nation.

While we glory in the extent of our conquests, and "sing far-sounding pæans" to heroes who, on the land and over the sea, have borne our victorious flag from clime to clime, from ocean to ocean, let us not overlook this more quiet and peaceful, yet grand and more blessed achievement of the Colonization Society. To have been the grand battle-field of the Revolution, and to have suggested the first idea of a national and constitutional union, may seem enough of glory for one small State; but there is yet a wreath of olive to add to the laurel which encircles the brow of New Jersey. Here, within ten miles of the spot on which we are assembled, stands the humble mansion of him to whose pure and penetrating mind the idea first presented itself of erecting upon the African shore a refuge for the slave, a safety-valve for his master.

We should look upon this event, not only in reference to the influence of such a Government over Africa, but also in regard to its effect upon ourselves. Not alone will it shed its blessings upon the continent on which it is established, but it will also reflect light and hope to the only dark spot in our own free institutions. That peculiar institution—to call it by no harsher name—which exists in this country by State authority, and not forbidden by the Constitution, is and has ever been, surrounded by dangers and difficulties, which have filled the hearts of our wisest and best statesmen with forebodings of evil. With the slave, under the legal control of his master, it is neither my duty nor my *right* to interfere; but there is one aspect of slavery to which we may look without exciting the jealousy or disturbing the rights of any one. I refer to that portion of the African race in this country which has been or may be emancipated from bondage. Born upon the soil and subject to our laws yet denied all the privileges of citizenship, degraded without crime, and associated for centuries with servility, his emancipation only advances him to a position where he can more clearly see and more keenly feel his degradation. When and how this unfortunate race was to be raised to the enjoyment of those civil and political rights which we accord to all men, whether by violence or by law, was one of those fearful mysteries which clouded the future peace of this country. That cloud is dissipated; and Liberia, namesake of Freedom, shines over the sea as a beacon of hope to guide her children to the harbor of refuge prepared for them in their own native land. That dark and bloody stream, which for a century has flowed from Africa to America's shore, bringing shame, slavery, and crime, now cleared and purified, flows back again to Africa, bearing upon its bright waters civilization, liberty, and religion.

At the last session of Congress, it was proposed by the friends of African Colonization, that our Government should aid in the establishment of a line of steamers to Liberia, for the joint purpose of increasing the commerce with and immigrating to that country. I trust that another session will not pass without this liberal and noble measure receiving the approbation of the nation.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! bringing good out of evil, liberty out of slavery, religion out of barbarism! Behold the same people who, in years gone by, employed the power and wealth of commerce in crowding the sea with pestilential slave ships, now using their increased commercial advantages and improved means of navigation in sending back to the land of their fathers the descendants of those kidnapped slaves, upon the broad, clear deck of an American steamer and under the protection of our nations flag. What child of America would not feel prouder of his country for a deed such as this? Where is the Christian whose heart would not swell with gratitude to God for such a work of justice and humanity?—*Christian Statesman.*

DISEASE OF THE HEART.

BY T. J. NICHOLS M. D.

THERE are fashions in diseases as well as in medicines. When doctors are at a loss to account to their patients for their bad feelings, they resort to some mysterious, hidden, inward cause, to remove which they give some equally hidden, mysterious, and inward medicine. The nervous system answered for a time, and everybody was nervous.

"Doctor, what is it ails me?" the lady would ask.

"Madam, it's the nerves—your nervous system is out of order," was the grave reply.

"Well, there! I *thought* something was the matter with my nerves; but, Doctor can you cure them?"

The doctor smiles gravely, as doctors do; as if they had a profound pity for the ignorance that could ask such a question: and, without giving any other answer, he calls for a piece of white paper, deals out a few powders of morphine, and goes his way rejoicing, leaving behind him a greatful impression of super-human wisdom.

The nerves, in time, were worn out—then came the spine. It was wonderful to see the number of persons that had affections of the spine. Doctors who had not thought of a diseased spine for years, found curvatures, softenings, inflammations, and ulcerations, in every one they examined; and when the question came, "Doctor, what *does* ail me?" the ready answer was, "Madam, I'm *afraid* your spine is affected." Then came leechings, cuppings, dry cuppings, setons, blisters, moxa, and the cautery, potential and actual.

Spines have had their day. There are some old-fashioned doctors who still adhere to them as old men continue to wear the costumes of their younger days; and some indulge in a spinal disease occasionally, just for variety.

The organ now in vogue is the heart. Its diseases are obscure, mysterious, terrible. Whoever dies suddenly, of the wrong medicine, or an overdose, or from any unknown cause, dies of disease of the heart. The heart is the anchor to the windward. "He will get well, madam," the doctor says to the mother who hangs over her darling child, "unless there is disease of the heart," and he shakes his head dubiously. If the patient dies, the doctor says, "You know I told you what I apprehended. Where there is disease of so vital an organ as the heart, our medicines are of little avail." All over this city nervous people are frightened into fidgets about disease of the heart. The sudden deaths in the papers are by disease of the heart. People are feeling their pulses, watching every palpitation, and doing all they can to derange the circulation, because the doctors have chosen to make the heart the present scape goat.

The heart may be diseased; but there is no organ of the body better protected, or less liable to any organic affection. It is a mass of muscle and cartilage, simple in its construction and action. It is not exposed, like the stomach, to have a hundred improper things stuffed into it. Nature has given it every possible protection, and it is generally the purest and healthiest organ in the body.

The heart is subject, in certain conditions of general disease, to hybertrophy, or thickening, of its muscular tissue, entire or partial; to dilatation, or enlargement without thickening or to both combined. In rare cases, the valves may be altered in form or structure. In old age there is sometimes ossification, or the deposition of bony matter, and rarely there is softening of the walls of the heart, and even bursting or breaking. A broken heart is a real thing, but it is also a very rare one. Probably there are not more than five or six cases of broken heart on record; but if you were to believe the novelists, every third woman dies of a broken heart, and if you were to believe the doctors just now, all the cases of death they cannot otherwise account for, are caused by the disease of this organ.

Organic diseases of the heart is the result of long continued abuse and general disorder. Functional disturbance is common in almost every state of disease, and long continued functional disorder may lead in time to organic disease; and where this exists, it is as a result and not as the cause of general disease.

In nine cases in ten, the flutterings, palpitations, intermittent pulse, difficulty of breathing, feeling of suffocation, &c., often attributed to disease of the heart, are mere nervous derangements, sympathetic with a dyspeptic stomach, disordered bowels, or diseases of the uterine system. Cure the stomach, regulate the bowels, and the heart is found in the right place, beating like a trip hammer, and pulsating with all the regularity of an eight day clock. The heart must sympathize, by its system of organic nerves, with every disorder of the body, as it does with every emotion of the mind. Joy, grief, love, jealousy, all affect the action of the heart, and an excess of these emotions may produce fatal convulsions of the organ, or suspend its action for a time, or for ever—but this is not what the doctors mean by the disease of the heart, now their fashionable bugbear.

Maryland Historical Society

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