WORK, W RK!

I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously to some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry is the most truly a great man. Aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too. And the man who so far forgets his duty to himself, his fellow creatures and his God—who so far forgets the great business of life as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for, says holy writ, "He that will not work neither shall he eat." An idler is a cumberer of the ground; as weariness and curse to himself, as well as to those around him.

Beneath human beings to work. Way, what but the continued industry that brings forth the improvement that never allows men to be contented with any attainment he may have made, or any work he may have affected—what but this raises man above the brute creation, and under Providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries, refinements, and physical, moral and intellectual blessing? The great orator, the great poet, and the great scholar, are great working men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of any handicraftsman. And the student's life has more anxiety than that of any other man. And without the perseverance, the attention of real industry, he never can succeed. Hence, the number of mere pretenders to scholarship of those who have not the strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half way and are mere smatterers, a shame to the profession.

Beneath human beings to work! Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius works with her uneffaceable signet, and then you will see industry standing by her side.

Beneath human beings to work! Why I had rather a child of mine should labor regularly, at the lowest and meanest employment, than waste its time, its body, mind and soul, in folly, idleness and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year, than to rust out in a century.

Beneath human beings to work! What but work has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? "Work out your own salvation," says the inspired apostle to the Gentiles.—*Southern Baptist.*

For the "Liberia Herald"

MR HERALD:

I had the gratification of being present at the celebration of the 4th anniversary of the Fidelity Division No: 1. of G. U. O. Daughters of Temperance, on Friday 27th, ultimo. They assembled about half past three o'clock, P. M, at the Senate Chamber—where also, were gathered numerous spectators—and listened to addresses on Temperance, by Messrs H. Teage and H. W. Erskine.

The appearance of the ladies on this occasion, was truly captivating, and betrayed, on their part, most exquiste taste. Whatever others may think, they presented to my view, a most imposing spectacle. From the annual report it appears that they have made a decided progress during the past year, both pecuniarily and numerically. We cordially tender to them our best wishes—may they continue to increase until the influence of their noble institution shall be felt throughout Liberia.

From several remarks made by the gentleman who spoke last, I gather the impression that there existed once a temperance society among the males of this community. It appears that once there was a general interest felt in the temperance cause. But owing to some circumstance or other, the society gradually wasted away, until it has degenerated to nonentity. Although the awful effects of intemperance are witnessed, yet the society is apparently buried in oblivion. We see establishments for the dispensation of the "fire-water," increasing. We see in them steel-hearted men, administering with unrelenting feelings, the poisonous draughts to the unweary and inexperienced. We see many promising youths wasting their time, destroying their health in pursuit of the poisonous glass.

Is there time then to lessen our efforts? Is there time then to stay the general diffusion of temperance principles? O no!—to cease to inculcate them orally and practically, to cease to lift up the voice against the use of ardent spirits, to cease to resist the powerful and detrimental influence, which the introduction into this community, of spirituous liquors, must exert on our youth. Is to lay ourselves open to the ravages of intemperance—nay is to open its flood gates, and immerse the "hopes of Liberia" in its poisonous waters.

Should *men* lag behind when *daughters* are coming forward—when *their* tender voices are lifted up in declamation against the poisonous bowl? Shall men relax their efforts when daughters are holding the cold water cup in their pliant hands, and pointing to the crystal stream? O let their example, which to the heart of every man should speak in tones most powerful, arouse the dormant energies of men of influence Let them come forward and exert their talents for the benefit of the rising generation, for the good of Liberia. Let fathers come forward and co-operate with the "daughters;" let them come forward and by that judgment and discretion, with which age and experience qualify them, assist in staying the current of influence which so rapidly bears many a hopeful youth to the port of destruction. Let those in manhood's prime come, and by inflexible and indefatigable exertion, resist the monster of iniquity, until he be entirely driven from these shores. And O may erring and reckless youth come and yield to the influence of example;—may they take heed to the admonition of the wise man: "Look not upon wine when it is red, when it giveth its color to cup, when it moveth itself aright; at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder:" Proverb, xxiii, 31—32.

E. W. B.

Monrovia, March, 1st, 1852.

LIBERIA HERALD.

MONROVIA, MARCH, 3rd: 1852.

We had the pleasure a few days ago to spend the best part of four days in making friendly visits to our friends on the St. Paul's. We had not the gratification of remaining from home for a longer time; but the time we were thus employed, was among the most pleasant, we remember, ever to have enjoyed. The hospitality of the gentlemen residing on the river, is truly unbounded, and is extended to visitors as a matter of duty. There is nothing mean in the reception they give you. It appeared to be a pleasure to welcome an acquaintance from "Monrovia's rocky Mount" Our time were not idly employed—we were constantly on the move, going from farm o farm—receiving excellent advice on the mode of agriculture, and imparting such information as our poor mind was capable of affording. Among the places we visited, and at which we spent hours of the most agreeable kind, were that of our old acquaintance, Sion Harris, Esqr., Caldwell—his premises indicate the true and independent farmer—the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the squealing of pigs, & the continual bah, bah, of goats & sheep, spoke more plainly than words, that there was nothing like hunger in his neighborhood. Mr. Harris has commenced agriculture on a more enlarged scale, some distance up the river, on a beautiful site he has lately purchased—he intends erecting on it a large brick house, and the materials are now being collected for the purpose. We have forgotten what his place is named. No doubt need be entertained, but that of complete success in every undertaking by friend Harris. A. Blacklege, Esqr. is well known as the most successful sugar manufacturer in Liberia He has a considerable quantity now on hand, of a very good quality, and it will favorably compare with any imported article of the kind—his molasses and syrup are spoken of as being fine. Mr. B. is about commencing to cut his present large field of cane, and from it, he expects to make several thousand pounds of sugar, and some hundreds of gallons of molasses and syrup. Mr. B. in the strict sense of the word, is in easy and independent circumstances—he lives in a large brick house, surrounded by a happy and interesting family, and from his well known good nature, it is seldom that he has not one or more visitors. We were perfectly at home, at Mr. B's. From Mr. B's. we sped our way to "Iconium," the place and residence of Allen B. Hooper, Esqr. the most systematic in farming, of all our Liberia agriculturists. Here we made our head quarters, as had been agreed on with friend Hooper—& to keep in peace with him, we had to consent to take possession of his neat comfortable house. It would be silly in us to attempt a description of Mr. H's. beautiful place—it is not yet, two years since what is now his farm, was a complete wilderness,—it was the home of the wild animals of the forest—it is now one of the handsomest places we have ever seen—it is beautifully laid off, & on landing, one passes through beds of flowers, from which a rich fragrance is inhaled. In the rear of the house, the staple articles of the country, coffee, & sugar cane are growing; and if we are permitted to judge from their luxuriant appearance, the soil must be of the very best quality. If one wishes to see a very handsome place,—beautiful nurseries of coffee & cocoa, he must visit "Iconium"—if he wishes to see well filled lots of cassada, potatoes plantains and other table vegetables, Mr. Hooper will point them out to him—and besides set him down to a plentiful table. Indeed, one may pass off a day at this beautiful place without experiencing the least weariness—what with walking over the farm, and admiring its neatness, and the quiet manner the laborers perform their seemingly agreeable task—and listening to the fund of rich information which the noble proprietor can give you of the various modes of cultivating the soil,—our readers may well believe that the day imperceptably passes away, before one is aware of it.

We spent some agreeable hours at "Pleasant View" the property of Hon. Desserline T. Harris, this is a lovely location, and it will, under the well informed mind of its enterprising proprietor, become a valuable piece of property. But a few months have passed since Mr. Harris and his estimable lady, left Monrovia to reside there, and in so short a time, much labor has been performed on the place—the residence is a neat and commodious building, by far superior to any thing we expected to find in that neighborhood Our time passed off delightfully.—It would surprise one, on visiting "Pleasant View," to notice the extensive clearing and improvement that have been made there in the course of a few months We left our kind host & amiable hostess with many regrets, that our time would not permit a more lengthened visit, and we are certain that we will not soon forget the kind hospitality of "Pleasant View."

We were obliged to decline many pressing invitations from friends and acquaintances, to call on them, as we were compelled to hasten home. Our visit to Caldwell, Kentuckey and Virginia, was short; but saw enough to authorize us in saying, that greater interest is now taken in the cultivation of the soil, than at any former period. There is an appearance of comfort about the houses, and premises of the people that a visitor will readily perceive. In fact, the people on the St. Paul's are contented and doin well. On returning, we stopped at "Mount Horeb," the property of Col. Yates,—the Colonel and his amiable lady, were there with the family. We went over the place, and viewed with much delight, the manufacture of syrup, and the luxuriant growing of coffee, sugar cane, &c. The Colonel had just commenced a brick building, which will be completed, before the ending of the dry season. it will be a stately edifice, and will present a fine appearance along the river—it is on a commanding hill, and from a few feet above the ground, the eye may scan over the distance of miles. After partaking of refreshments, we left the Colonel & his very delightful family, with much relactance; as with them, we were at home. We returned home in good time to enjoy a cup of tea with our "town house-hold."

We have thought much, since our excursion—and the more we think of what we witnessed, we willingly admit, that those who adopted the farming life, "have chosen the better part." There seems to be a contentment about the farmer, that is not to be witnessed, scarcely, in any one in Monrovia. If wealth is man's object, there is no surer way of finding it, than by cultivating the soil. If health is desired, let his occupation be on a farm.—If he wishes to live in peace with his neighbor, avoid the bustle and vexations of a town. In fine, if he wishes to pass through this life, with less of the troubles and perplexities, which a town or city life is heir to—go and live on a farm.

We have not had any arrivals from the United States for nearly three months. We are anxious to learn if Congress will take up the subject of Steam Packets for Liberia. That body commenced its session on the first Monday in December, and by this time must be fairly at work. We learn from letters received in November, that the friends of Liberia, had great reason to believe that a majority in Congress would favor a line of steamers, to ply regularly to Liberia; and unless other, and more pressing matters demanded the attention of the government, very little doubt was entertained, but that a bill would pass this session, authorizing the building of three steamers of large size. Should the law pass the present session, the company will purchase a steamer and send her out immediately with immigrants, frieght &c. &c.

Melancholy.—It is our painful duty to record the death of one of Liberia's most favored sons. It is seldom that we are called upon to notice the departure of one, upon whom so many expectations had been made—one who were the only surviving son of a fondfather and an affectionate mother—one who we thought, would in a few years take a prominent position in the management of the affairs of his country:—but our reflections now are of a more sad and contemplative character. Instead of being called to hear Liberia defended by a son, we are called to record his melancholy and fearful death James R. A. Wilson, of the age of 22, was the only son of Rev: Beverly R. Wilson and Mrs Affish Wilson—he came to this country with his parents when, a small lad; he had seldom been from home; and from them received a christian education. He was taught early to read God's Holy word;—and when opportunity offered, he was placed in the best schools the country afforded. The deceased had commenced the business of life—was industrious and enterprising and bid fair to be a valuable citizen. A few weeks ago, this young gentleman left home for Grand Bassa in the English brig "Arab" and it was in crossing the bar at that place that he met his death. The boat in which he was, capsized—the bar was rough, & he was drowned. His body has not been recovered. A fearful death was his, and truly heartrending was it to his parents,—a son upon whom they had lavished every kindness and affection—one whom they hoped would be their stay and comfort when they became burdened with age, a son they had just reason to look upon with pride, this son upon whom they had made great calculations; has been suddently called from their embrace to join the spirits of another world—not only has his parents and relatives lost an affectionate son and a kind relative, but the State has lost a valuable citizen—and society one of its interesting ornaments. But a few days had elapsed since he left the home of his parents with buoyant spirits, in the enjoyment of excellent health, when the unexpected and sad intelligence reached them, that their son was no more. We are unable to describe the deep grief which took possession of this interesting and distinguished family—and indeed, the sad news, seemed to draw a silent tear from all composing the large circle of his acquaintances.—He was respected by all—and deeply is his death deplored. We feel, and deeply feel and sympathize with our afflicted friends—we have ourselves drank deeply of the cup of affliction; and while we pen these hasty lines to the memory of our young friend our heart bleeds at what we have been called to pass through. Fourteen months ago, and we were blessed with an affectionate son—in his fourteenth year he left us for another world—we had high expectations of him—but we forbear to say more.

Prince Boyer at Trade Town, has not, we learn, commenced to build his town. More than a month ago, he selected a spot for the purpose, but some of his Headmen disagreeing with him as to the location—Boyer determined on consulting a "great Devil Man" or "Doctor." For this purpose he despatched messengers to Rock Cess to get the opinion of the great Doctor. The messengers, at our last advices had not returned; nor will the building of the town commence till they do. The great Man may find it convenient for his purpose, to delay giving his opinion for months. He will not be hurried—and all who seek him for information, must have more than an ordinary share of patience,—to say nothing about the large sums of money necessary; to propitiate the favor of the oracle, and obtain for the petitioners a favourable hearing. Boyer ought to remember that he was told by the oracle, that he would succeed in driving the Liberians before him; and he knows how greatly to the reverse was the result.

The Palm Nut, and the Kernal of the Palm nut are becoming important articles in our trade. The French Merchants are eager for them, especially the latter. Last year a German Merchant, contracted with persons here and at Grand Bassa, for some hundred thousand bushels of nuts, and kernels; and now, the French are buying them in any quantity. There is a Frenchman at Cape Mount, who offers very fair prices for these articles, and no doubt he will succeed in procuring them to any amount. The French are also eager for palm oil; hitherto, the trade in oil has been confined principally to the English and Germans. Unless we are very much mistaken, these old traders will find the French their rivals.

NAVAL.

ARRIVED

February 20, H. B. M. Brig Spy, Commander Beresford from Sierra Leone. She sailed on the 23rd for the windward.

¶. " 22, U. S. Brig Porpoise, Commander Thomas, from Porto Praya, via Sierra Leone. She sailed on the 25 for the windward.

¶. " 27, Liberia Government schooner "Lark" Lieutenant R. Cooper, commanding from Grand Bassa; with His Excellency President J. J. Roberts

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XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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