LIBERIA HERALD.

NEW SERIES.

(FOR OUR COUNTRY.)

VOL. II. MONROVIA. LIBERIA. (WEST AFRICA.) APRIL. 21st 1852. NO. 16.

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. 130 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 23 h 1852

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

LIBERIA HERALD

August 1st 1851

NOTICE!

The undersigned contemplating to visit the United States of America by the first favorable opportunity, hereby gives notice to all whom it may concern, that in such event, J. B. Philips Clay Ashland, and Dr. J. S. Smith Esqr. Buchanan, are hereby authorized and empowered to transact any and all business for me until my return.

D. T. HARRISS,
Pleasant-View, Clay-Ashland.

April 1st, 1852

LIBERIA HERALD

A LITTLE TOO LATE.

There is a class of persons who appear to be born or brought up under the sad fatality of being always a little too late. This seems to be the rule of their life, for it takes place with surprising regularity. It would almost appear that the clock by which they regulated their actions could not be made to keep pace with the common time-piece, and they were fated to abide by its tardy movement. They are not found to be occasionally late, but are invariably so many minutes behind the proper hour. After careful examination, we have discovered that the space of ten minutes is the common degree of difference between this order of men and the rest of mankind. Among them are some of the most diligent, laborious, and calculating of our species yet they are ten minutes too late for every occupation.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who is subject to this mental affection, if so it may be termed, is one of the most shrewd and active persons of the neighborhood; but nobody who knows him expects him to be in time for any engagement at home or abroad. Ten minutes are always allowed for his appearance. His friends have always rallied him on the subject, and he takes their banters with the utmost good humor, knowing himself to be in fault, although this consciousness does nothing towards curing him of the malady. He has sometimes suffered great inconvenience in his transactions with strangers, and even sustained pecuniary loss through his tardiness; but he seems to have no moral power to step over the little chasm by which he is seperated from the marching hour of the world. He was advised by an acquaintance to rise a little earlier than usual one fine summer morning, that he might overtake Father Time, and keep beside him all the day. With considerable effort he did raise at half past seven instead of twenty minutes to eight, but he was not at his business till ten minutes past nine. His friend did not understand the nature of the disease, but thought it originated from sloth: no such thing—he is a most industrious man. We found however, upon very careful investigation, that there is a tincture of carelessness about his habits; not only a tincture. In all he does, one small flaw may be detected by a minute observer. He forgets to say something, though it is a mere trifle; he omits one of his engagements, but one of no importance; he narrates an incident very nicely, but leaves out one of the circumstances. He dresses in a neat style, but probably goes out without a handkerchief (it is in the pocket of his other coat), or there is a hole in one of his gloves which he has neglected to have repaired; and he sometimes comes home having done *all* his business, but without his umbrella or walking stick.

We hoped that the punctuality of railways might possibly cure our neighbor, as he frequently had occasion to travel on a particular road. He used seldom to take a place in the stage coach lest he might be too late, but trusted to there being a vacant seat inside or outside, with which he was content. But when the business was important, and he had previously secured a place in the vehicle, the guard knew his haunts, and for the expected douceur compounded the score of starting by finding some cause for five minutes' delay; and if this did not suffice, the coach never drove wildly through the streets till the passenger overtook them in a "Hanson's patent" at full gallop. But the "fast railway" was knocked up on the railway. Many were the warnings he now received that the steam-trains, like time and tide, wait for no man, and he buckled up his courage for the next occasion. Being advised that he should be at London Bridge ten minutes before the time of starting, he made a desperate effort to be punctual. He rose before half past seven, but was not ready for breakfast till five minutes past eight. He lost the other five minutes in opening his portmanteau to put in a small article which he had forgotten. Still he was ready to enter the cab at ten minutes to nine, and it was not a full mile to the station. He congratulated himself upon the ease with which the distance would be cleared, and already he began to bless the railway for curing him of his inveterate lateness. Mr. Cab drove lustily and reached the north end of London Bridge at precisely five minutes to nine. Two or three minutes were amply sufficient to lead him to the booking office. He had never moved so rapidly in his life, for he would have two minutes to spare! some cart-wagons blocked up the way, caused a stoppage in the traffic, and vehicles on each hand extricated his vehicle and dashed furiously into the station, only to hear the guard's whistle while paying for his ticket. He was told to run; and he gained the platform to see the train move off majestically before him, like a ship in full sail. "Stop, stop!" The cry had often stopped for him; but steam engines have no ears, and the engineer is deaf to every sound but that of the whistle. So he had to wait two hours for another train. When he reached his destination, his friends who were to wait at the station with a carriage had gone home, not expecting him to come that day; so he hired a coach and drove to their residence, entering the parlor just as the servant was clearing away the dinner things. Though much mortified, he laid the whole blame of his disaster upon the thoughtless wagoners who obstructed the bridge; and next time, instead of being ten minutes earlier in starting, he went round by a different way. We have consulted several physicians, physiologists, and natural philosophers on the subject, asking them to explain the phenomena of this habitual lateness; but we cannot learn the cause of the complaint, nor obtain a remedy for our very worthy friend; so that we fear he must continue to the end of his life "a little too late."

A Hasty Pudding Combat,

BY GILMORE IMMIS.

Lieut. PORGY, was a man of some educatoin, not deficient in conduct and courage befitting a soldier, but—as his name implies—overmuch given to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Porgy and his companion during the war of 1812, had been out on an excursion, and being surprised by the enemy at a friend's house, made their escape, and taking with them several cooking utensils and their comrades, made preparations to give the bold dragoons a warm reception. They separated. Porgy, with the *pot-hooks* with pot depending still in one hand, and the hominy stick in the other, looked up only to discover a dragoon lustily marching down upon him, and but a few steps off. He cast his eyes about him for his sword, but it lay where he had been sitting, to the windward of the fire, fully ten paces off. Here was a quandary. The dragoon was in the act of gritting his teeth when he first saw him; he had now deliberately drawn out his sabre. Porgy's glanced at his sword, and a slight slip backward, moved the Scotchman to suspection of flight; to prevent which the latter rushed directly upon him, his weapon now flourishing in the air.—The bulk of Porgy, the nearness of the enemy, and the distance at which his sword lay, forbade the hope of recovering it in season for his defence, and as the dragoon dashed on him, obeying a fresh impulse, our epicure raised the pot by the hangers with the left hand, caught one of its still burning feet in the right, and with a desperate whirl sent the entire contents of the vessel, scalding hot, directly into the face of his assailant. The effect was equally awful and instantaneous. The dragoon droped the unlified sabre, and set up the wildest yell of agony, while he danced about as if under direct spells of Saint Vitus. The hominy stuck on his face and neck like a plaster, and the efforts to remove it with his hand only tore away the skin with it. Porgy was disposed to follow up his success; and knocking the fellow on the head with the empty vessel, was a performance which was totally unresisted. In the agony of the dragoon, his approach for this purpose was totally unseen. Down he rolled, under the wild stroke of the iron kettle; and our hero, congratulating himself with his narrow escape, seized upon the frying-pan, not disposed to lose his bacon as well as his bread, and was wheeling to make off to the woods, when another dragoon made his appearance on the brow of the hill, making swift tracks in pursuit.

"Hang that fellow, Lance," muttered Porgy to himself "he has left me to be butchered."

He gathered up his sword as a point of honor, but still held a fond gripe upon the frying pan.

There was but one dragoon in the chase, and if he could draw him yet further into the woods, the noise of the strife would probably alarm no other—that is, if the howlings of the first had not given the alarm already. Our epicure, as we know, had sword and frying-pan in his hands, he made very awkward headway.

The Porgy was already preparing to wheel about for the purpose of defence, when his feet tripped in some root that was along the surface, and over he went, headlong, the contents of the frying-pan flying forward in all directions. In another moment, and when only half recovering—on his knees still, and painfully rising to his feet—the dragoon stood above him.

"Surrender you miserable ribil, or I shortin you by the shoulders!

Furious at the loss of both meat and bread, Porgy roared out his defence:

"Surrender be hanged! Do I look like the man to cry *peccavi* to such a savvey as you! Do your best, bowlegs, and see what you'll make of it!"

With unexpected agility, unable to rise, he rolled over at these words, and now lay upon his back, his sword thrust upwards, and prepared to parry that of the assailant, after a new fashion of defence. In this situation no defence could well be made. The exhibition was, in fact rather ridiculous than otherwise. The abdomen of Porgy rose up like a mountain, seeming to invite the attack. The dragoon, however, did not appear to see anything amusing in the spectacle. He showed himself in sober earnest. His brother soldier groaned hideously at this moment, and he had no reason to doubt that his hurt was mortal. He straddled the prostrate Porgy, and in reply to his defiance, prepared to strike with his broad claymore, the head of the epicure. His sabre was thrown up, that of Porgy was thrown out to receive it, when suddenly the dragoon drooped lifeless upon our partisan, and the next instant the report of a rifle was heard from the neighboring woods.

"Ah!" cried Porgy, throwing off the incumbent body of his assailant, "that dog, Lance; he has not abandoned me, and I should have known that he never would. The rascal, how I do love him!"

Deacon Smith's Bull—or Mike Fink in a Tight Place.

Mike Fink, a notorious Buckeye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crockett, and his equal in all things appertaining to human prowess. It is even said that the animals in his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet, strange though it true, he was but little known beyond his immediate "settlement."

When we knew him, he was an old man—the blasts of seventy winters had silvered o'er his head, and taken the elasticity from his limbs; yet in the whole of his life, Mike never worsted except on one occasion. To use his own language he never "gin in, usad up, to sew that traveled on two legs or four," but once.

"That once, we want," said Bill Slasher as some dozen of us sat in the bar-room of the old tavern in the settlement.

"Gin it to us, now, Mike—you've promised long enough, and you're old now, and needn't care," continued Bill.

"Right, right! Bill," said Mike, "but we'll open with a licker all round, fust, it'll kind o, save my feelin's I reckon"——

"Thar, that's good. Better than t'other barrel, if anything!"

"Well boys," commenced Mike, "you may talk o' your scrimages, tight places, and sich like, and subject them altogether in one 'longty big'n and they ain't no more to be compared to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she-bar. I've fought all kinds o' varmints, from an Injun down to a rattlesnake! and never was will'n to quet fust, but this one—and I was with a Bull!

"You see, boys, it was an awful hot day in August, and I war mighty runnin' off into purtile, when I war thinkin' thar a dip in the creek mout save me. Well, there was a mighty nice place in old Deacon Smith's meddler for that partic'lar pizzness. So I went down amongst the bushes to unharness. I just hilled the old red shirt over my head, and was thinkin' how scumptious a feller of my size would fill a wallerin' round in that air water, and was jest 'bout goin' in, when I seed the old Deacon's bull a makin a B-line to whar I stood.

"I know'd the old cuss, for he'n shar'd more people than all the persons o' the 'settlement,' and come mighty near killin' a few. Thinks I, Mike, you're in rather a tight place—get your fixins on, or he'll be a drivin' them big horns o' his in yer bowels afore that time! Well, you'll hev to try the old varmint naked' I reck'n.

"The Bull were on one side o' the creek and I on t'other, and the way he made the sile fly for a while, as if he war a diggin' my grave, war distress'.

"Come on, ye bellerin old heathen, said I, and don't be shandin' thar; for as the old Deacon says of the devil, yer not comely to look on.

"This kind o' reached his understanding,' and made him more wishious; for he hoofed a little like; and made a drive. And as I don't like to stand in anybody's way, I gin him plenty o' searoom! So he kind o' passed by me and come out on t'other side; and, as the captain o' th

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)

1852

NEW SERIES NO 2