LIBERIA HERALD.

NEW SERIES.

(FOR OUR COUNTRY.

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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 COATE 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

REWARD OFFERED.

The Journal of the Liberia Mission Annual Conference, between two and three years ago, was mislaid. This as every intelligent man knows, is a serious loss to the body of ministers whose property it is, and of whose doings, for the last nineteen years, it preserves a faithful account. We have looked and required in different directions, but without success hitherto.

By the authority of the above named Conference, through the columns of your paper, Mr. Herald, we would try to awaken a more general interest in our favor, by saying that, *Five dollars will be awarded to any one who shall find this Journal and restore it to the subscriber.*

The book is of no use to any ordinary comprising house journal, and bound in a similar manner.

Monrovia 4th, May 1852.

F. BURTS.

LIBERIA HERALD

THE TRAGEDY OF HELEN ABERCROMBIE.

[Concluded.]

After expressing his doubts whether Mr Wainwright were cognizant of the dreadful crime, the writer says:

And now the curtain begins to rise, the tragedy to unfold its plot. The villian hero is expelled from his unpaid home and its contents by bailiffs. Yet we find him in good lodgings at the West-end, (Combait street) frequenting the theatre during all his troubles, and poor Helen, following his and her sister's fortunes, still under the same roof. At this (to him) critical time, a slight illness affected her. Medical aid was rather officiously called in—even a physician was sent for. Dr. Locock saw nothing at all serious, far less any death symptoms, but prescribed of course. Mr and Mrs. Wainwright, it was proved, administered to her a medicine in powder, apparently to his order, and directly went on a very long walk (in London streets). Very quickly Helen fell into convulsions. The doctor coming in haste pronounced her laboring under affection of the brain. He did not remember to have prescribed any medicine under the form of powder. In an interval of the fits she recovered sense enough to say, "Oh, doctor, these are the pains of death." On the return of her two protectors, from their long walk, Helen was a corpse. The doctor, however—hardly conceiving the possibility of foul play (they were all strangers to him) to a harmless young creature, seemingly cherished in the bosom of her family, even her medicines passing through no other hands but those of her only friends—imputed the death to natural causes. It is important here to observe that any progressive "pressure on the brain," reaching the stage of convulsions, could not have allowed an interval of reason; coma would have followed as the harbinger of death; but such struggle between reason and its invading destroyer, admitting even partial recovery of speech and intellect, is quite compatible with "affection of the brain" produced artificially—that is, by exhibition of a deadly narcotic, or such drugs as act on the sensorium entirely through the nervous system, the brain itself remaining without physical alteration. Now, such insidious destroyer is strychnine, an intense extract of the drug coccinus indicus. To connect the links of this terrible tale, we must here anticipate a little, in the course of events, to record that, some three years after, Wainwright, who had been long skulking abroad, was seized and carried (under circumstances to be presently told) before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris; secreted on his person was found (as very no sort of fearfully secret activity—strychnine! To return to poor Helen Abercrombie—"her cold grave," Wainwright claimed the enormous aggregate of all the sums due. Every one of the offices resisted his claim nominally, indeed, waving the darker ground of defence, and relying on the well proved fact of false representations having been made to effect the insurances. Wainwright, thus baffled, became a wanderer on the continent, during three or four years, all the while prosecuting his suit against the assurance companies in the law courts. At last, after one trial unfinished, and one jury discharged, because they could not accede to Lord Abinger's direction, (to throw out of their consideration the darker insinuation," a final trial ultimately blasted the hopes of the audacious claimant, who happily never touched a farthing of the long expected "price of blood." It was merely *pro forma*, as a legal technicality, that the judge excluded the criminal charge from a *Nisi Prius* cause, the defence being deemed perfect without it; yet so strong was the feeling of the first jury against even the appearance of acquitting him of the "darker" charge, that they separated without a verdict, as has just been related. Following the "felon at large," we find him living under the roof of some half-pay English officer at Boulogne. This gentleman, at his instigation, insured his life at some London office, but survived to pay only one half year's policy. The sum insured was paid at his death; Mr. "James Fearnecrick" and something to do in the case, but the circumstances have not reached the public. Suspicion, of course, had ample scope. Those who put faith in "particular providences" inferred the interest of a solemn reckoning in the sequel. Shortly after we find Wainwright in Paris, on the charge of bearing a false name, and being without a passport. This he could easily have got over, but there was found in his possession a vial of poison, (that already mentioned,) which arraigned him within the category of "persons armed with the means of destroying human life," subjected him by the law of France to six months' imprisonment. The English gentleman who recognized him in Paris as concealing his real name, was Forrester, the Bow-street officer, who happened to be in Paris and recognized him in the team of Duranceau passed, the long-expatriated vagabond ventured to step a English ground, he even dared to appear in a London street, where the first "old familiar face" he met was one of Forrester's agents. And [illegible] the officer, "You are my prisoner," secreted in his ears. He was now seized on a more serious accusation (though short of what he justly deserved)—forgery. It was not of the deepest dye, consisting in affixing the names of some trustees to a trifling property accruing from his uncle's death, when his conscience-stricken flight and prudential exile prevented him from obtaining. "Transportation for life" was now his doom. Thus the fact of his merely carrying about the very poison which in all human probability destroyed the young unfortunate beauty, Helen Abercrombie, became the means of changing a slight trouble into a six months' misery—that again (through the strange ubiquity of Forrester) led to perpetual exile, chains, and the "death of the wicked," in fury, squalor, and despair. With the vanity, effrontery, and overweening self-love inherent in this "Celebrated Character," while yet awaiting in Newgate his dismal voyage, he petitioned the home secretary for certain relaxations of rules in his favor, and the inquiries made forced on the recollection of the government the whole history of the insurances, (that virtual conviction for murder by deduction,) and the only reply to his insolent complaint and claim of personal exemptions from penal rules, appeared in the shape of heavy irons; and, in convict dress, to the music of their clinking, the *ci-devant* "Sentimentalist on the Fine Arts," the dandy and he murderer, made his last appearance on English ground.—*Littel's Living Age.*

Debate of the Faculties
On the Pursuit of Life.

The members being assembled in the Rotundo, called Cranium, Order took the chair, by general consent, when Casuality introduced the following resolution:—

"Resolved,—That it is time to make a selection of a pursuit for life, and that this question be now discussed."

"In deciding upon the merits of this resolution," said Casuality, "I think it the part of wisdom to select something which will be useful to mankind, and which can always be relied upon for a support. Anything will satisfy me which will not fail with the change of fashion. Agriculture is good and can never fail to be needed, nor will it ever be over done. Besides, the king and clown alike need bread, so that the vibrations of fashion and fluctuation of opinions, religious or political, can never set it aside. The same is true of blacksmithing, carpentry, ship building, masonry and manufacturing cloth, leather, iron and lumber, and many other substantial trades. Legitimate commerce, and general trade, are likewise necessary, but very liable to be overdone;"

Ideality arose, and said, "I trust that great care will be taken in this selection; for really I can hardly perceive it possible for me to be contented with any of these common pursuits named by our venerable friend. I most earnestly implore that we may have something ornamental, like sculpture, painting, daguerreotype, selling fancy goods, or if we must manufacture, let it be watches, jewelry, or that which is decorative and beautiful."

Approbativeness addressed the chair: "I agree, in the main with the last member up, but some of the occupations he has named would not suit me. The idea of working in plaster and marble, and looking dusty like a miller, is horrible. True we might excel so as to obtain fame, like a Canova or a Powers, when we would be courted by the great, and our name sent down to posterity on the enduring statue and scroll of honor. But should we fail of achieving the highest honors of the art, I would by far prefer to be a genteel tradesman in an elegant store, with aristocratic customers, where we could dress finely, and live in style. This is the life and the business for me. I go for a business of the highest respectability, and one in which our efforts will not be regarded as *labor*."

Causality whispered a word to Calculation who rose, and said, "Our friend who has just resumed his seat is perhaps not aware of the anxious cares, the searching plans and harassing duties which will devolve on us to keep such a mercantile business in successful operation. Financiering and calculating profit and loss, contriving to meet payments, posting books and making bills, running after bad debts, and managing a store full of clerks and selfish customers all day and half the night, is no trifle, but is so much like labor that it takes a world of vanity to twist it into any other name. One may bow and smile over a counter to fashionable customers, and be arrayed in mere attire, with hair perfumed, and lily white hands, loaded with sparkling rings, and perhaps reap a few bargains; but this is the poetry of the business. There are ten thousand annoyances and cares that the unexperienced little dream of, until they become sober realities. Look at the grey locks, careworn features, and anxious, agitated manner of merchants—old before their time—and it takes off some of the finest of the commercial pursuit."

"I am informed," said Cautiousness, "that ninety out of every hundred who engage in the mercantile pursuits fail in business and die poor; and I shall take time to consider before I engage in so hazardous an enterprise, with the assurance, too, that he must work—yes, *work*—as hard as any mechanic, and that kind of work too which wears out the health, nerves, patience, and sometimes the honesty of the man. I had rather have the dust of the miller, or the soot of the forge, or the chance & labor of the lumber mill, with the certainty of substantial competence, than to shine in gay colors a few years among fashionables, and run the risk of being kicked at last into the hovel of pinching poverty by the very cliques, for the gratification of whose pride and vanity we have lived and laboured, and to which we had finally been sacrificed."

"But," responded Approbativeness, "I am informed by Hope, and believe it true, that we shall be of the fortunate class who get rich; and Self Esteem says, we can, without doubt, succeed, as he is quite confident that few possess the talent which we can bring into business. I don't care if we do have balance sheets to make, and bank notes to pay, for every one knows it is respectable to be seen and known *on' change*? and as to the night watchings and drudgery of the business, so much feared by Cautiousness and magnified by Calculation, who cares so much for that, if one can be called a splendid merchant, and ride in his carriage, and live fashionably? But it should be remembered that a *merchant* does very little *work*: that is done by clerks and porters. It should not be forgotten that we are to be a *merchant*, the owner and proprietor. Then we can wear fine cloth, elegant ornaments, polished boots, and live in ease and respectability."

"Nonsense," said Combativeness, "give us a business that is manly in its character. I am utterly disgusted with the soft twaddle of Approbativeness about elegance, gentility, and effeminacy. For a white hand, standing dandy, flashy chains and rings, and fashionable dress, he would run the risk of protested notes, bankruptcy, a hungry stomach, and a hovel. I would a thousand fold prefer to grapple resolutely in stern effort, and force from the grasp of relentless fortune an honorable competence, than to smile and bow to win the good graces of the fickle fame. He may rub his white hands, and whisper soft persuasive blarney for success; but I prefer to seize the prize with my mighty hand and stalwart arm, and shout triumphantly forth with the lion's voice.—I am ready, with Firmness, Destructiveness and Constructiveness, to plunge into the rugged wilds of the West, and redeem it from sterility; or to build ships, or in them ride the stormy ocean; or in the mine, forge or factory, force matter into useful forms anything of an industrial character, that will enable us to drive our way to prosperity, will suit me better than selling shirt buttons, needles, pins and tape. It is not in my nature to wait for a business to come to me. I desire to rush out into active life; and by main strength of muscle or machinery, force prosperity to yield her treasures."

"Well said" responded Firmness, give us a business whatever it may be, that requires and will repay manly energy and perseverance. I cannot endure fickleness and irregularity. 'Sure and steady wins the day.' Our friend Combativeness may rely upon my constancy in aiding his proposition."

Self Esteem rose, with unbending dignity, and having surveyed each member very coolly, proceeded to say, "I have listened to the several suggestions of members, hoping that the choice of a pursuit might be made without any counsel from my [illegible] have the work to do with [illegible] as to the kind of business to be [illegible] to me merely the general direction and attendence of the business when established. Let it be understood, however, that I would much prefer a dignified calling—one large, heavy business, I care not what is its character, whether tilling the soil, navigating the ocean, wielding the sledge, rearing the edifice, felling the forest, or substantial merchandise. Give me as aids, Conscientiousness, Firmness, Causality, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Constructiveness, as right hand men, and I will engage to make honorable any business which a man ought to engage in. Inglorious idleness, and consequent dependence, I cannot tolerate. To pursue a course requiring us to cringe to public

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B. Liberia Herald

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