LIBERIA HERALD.

NEW SERIES

(FOR OUR COUNTRY.)

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LIBERIA HERALD

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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

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No notice will be taken of anonymous communications; nor will rejected communications be returned.

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BENJ'N. COATES 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 23rd 1852.

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

LIBERIA HERALD

August 1st 1851

LIBERIA HERALD

A SERMON THAT DID NOT SUIT.

Mrs. H—— was very religious and perhaps came a little worshiping Mr.——, her favorite minister, as some of our high-togs do Kossuth, the Hungarian; but be that as it may be, she was continually hammering Aaron, a shrewd lad of sixteen years of age, who to pester the old lady, and hear her scold, would occasionally speak rather lightly of Mr.——, her minister.

Happening in at the house of Mrs H.——, one day the old lady began as usual to chastise him, and Aaron thinking she put it on rather too hard, after hearing her through, said—

"I am as good as Mr. N——, and can preach as well,"

"Preach!" said the old lady, "you don't know one single word in the Bible."

"Well, give me a text," said Aaron, "and see if I can't preach."

'You don't know any thing about the Bible,' said Mrs. H——, 'if you do, you may take any text you please.'

'Well,' said Aaron, 'A virtuous woman is without price,' ain't that in your Bible?

'Yes,' said Mrs. H——, 'and shows that women are better than men, for the Bible don't say that a virtuous man is without price'

'Well we'll see about that,' said Aaron, and after dividing his subjects into two or three heads, commenced as follows:—

'The scarcity of an article in all cases governs the price, but when an article cannot be found it cannot be had at any price.' Now, if there were any virtuous women, there would be a price, and a high one, too, by reason of scarcity, but as there are none'—

At this stage of discourse, the old lady seized the broom.

'Aaron,' said she, 'you are an impudent brat, and if you don't clear out, I will pelt you with the broom handle.'

Aaron made tracks into the road, finishing his sentence, "they are without price,' as he went through the door, which the old lady closed after him with considerable force.

Aaron now started for home, saying to himself as he went along—'I guess the old woman will not chastise me again very soon'—and, as it proved, he was not mistaken in his prediction.—*Norfolk Herald.*

UNCONQUERED AND UNCONQUERABLE WILL.

"There is no obstacle to him who wills."—This maxim, through ignorance, or perversity, or both, may become the source of as great evil, as, correctly understood, and legitimately carried out, it is capable of effecting *great good.* Even with some, who are apparently (perhaps in reality) sincere, it is made to "foil its own intent," and instead of leading to improvement, in character, it proves the greatest bar to that improvement, and leads to a confirmed, or in some cases to a *malignant* obstinacy. While nothing is more *durable*, nothing is at the same time more *yielding* than Charity—*it seeketh not its own.*"

RETALIATION.

Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H——, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others. His own family was generally the butt of his sport.

One cold and blustering night, he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time after, she returning, finding the door closed, demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" cried Mr. H——

"You know who I am; let me in, it is very cold."

"Begone, you strolling vagabond; I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

You know my name—it is Mrs ——.

"Begone! Mrs H—— is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as this."

Mrs. H—— replied—"If you do not let me in I will drown myself in the well"

"Do, if you please," he replied.

She then took up a log and plunged it into the well, and returned to the side of the door.

Mr. ——, hearing the noise rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time, slipped in and closed the door after her.—

Mr. H——, almost naked, in turn demanded admittance.

"Who are you" she demanded.

"You know who I am—let me in, or I shall freeze."

"Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in"

"What is your name?"

"You know my name—it is Mr. H——"

"Mr H—— is a very likely man, he don't keep such late hours."

Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.—*Vox Populi.*

Life.

Life is a mystery; like the midnight dream, 'tis sometimes sad and sometimes pleasing. In youth we look forward with bright anticipations, and the future clothed by our fancy in robes of sunshine, and gladness, lures us on to its enjoyment. We dream not that the fabric is unreal, or that the castle is built without foundation, 'till too sadly we have proved that life is indeed not made up entirely of bright days, but that "some are dark and dreary."

Childhood is a happy season; its remembrances is ever linked with joyous associations, and the light heart, and smile of the young seldom fail to woo to the memory pleasing reminiscences of days unforgotten, and still cheerished as the cases of our life, the garden spots, of our recollections. The gay laughter of a mirthful spirit, unclouded by care, has ever fallen upon my ear, causing a thrill of joy not unmixed with dread, that soon the gush of happiness was destined to be checked, and those lighter feelings supplanted by stern reality.

There are those whose morning sun has been darkened by the cloud, and methinks 'tis sadder thus than when life's evening sun has set in gloom, for when fullness of years have silvered our locks and robbed our step of its elasticity, our spirits are less bouyant, and calmer joys are a welcome substitute.

What then is life? asks some playful innocent; and he may point to the clear sky above him, whispering that it is bright and beautiful; bedecked with its myrthful starry gems, or some gentle stream rippling near his father's cot may murmur to him that such is life. Look upon him again when boyhood's merry laugh has yielded to manhood's graver tone, and he may tell you 'tis hope, 'tis ambition. But when Time has borne upon his wing unrealized the imaginings, the proud resolves of his soul, he will tell you 'twas nought but a feverish dream, a weary pilgrimage, a troubled ocean, and he an unskilful mariner.—*True Union.*

THE SELFISH GIRL.

"Look out for *yourself*, Julia," said Mrs. Davis to her little girl; "number one is the first law of nature, as my father used to tell us; and if you don't take care of yourself, nobody will care for you."

Admonitions like these were not lost on Julia; and in consequence she became one of the most selfish and disobliging little girls in the world. She had a full knowledge of what she considered her right, and would never yield a particle to any one. The widow Davis occupied the neatest little cottage in all the village of N. Not a weed was suffered to appear in her flower bed; the walks were carefully swept; and her lettuce and peas were always the earliest and her onions the finest of any in the town. She always had an abundance of aromatic herbs, lavender and balm, sage, rue, and camomile; but she said her neighbors had the same privilege of cultivating them as herself, and she had none to spare. Not a child in all N. would have thought of asking Dame Davis for a single flower for they were sure of never getting what they asked, and a single glance of hers was sufficient to make them feel uncomfortable for a whole day. The inside of her cottage was as scrupulously exact as the outside. You would be almost afraid to set your foot on her neatly scrubbed floor, for the least particle of dirt would bring a cloud upon the face of the good dame that no after kindness could wear away; and a book displaced or a chair left in a wrong position, was a fault never to be forgiven. Her heir-loom of pewter plates ornamented her mantel-shelf, and glistened like so many mirrors; and her brass topped andirons quite put to shame the fire behind them, which was never suffered to kindle into a blaze. I have no fault to find with Dame Davis's house-keeping. She might sometimes have carried her notions to excess, but she was none too neat; it is only her selfish, unaccommodating spirit that I condemn. She was a careful; frugal housewife, and always had a good supply of little necessaries on hand; but she was the last person to ever share them with a neighbor. Mrs. Davis contended that there was no need of borrowing, and seemed to be very proud of offering herself as an example, triumphantly demanding who ever knew her to ask a favor! She forgot how kindly she had been treated at her husband's death, and the many little friendly officers preformed for her in time of sickness and calamity, or else she looked upon them as due to her, and never thought of repaying the debt by doing likewise. Take care of self, was her motto; and poor Julia was made its victim.

Julia attended the district school; but I believe no one loved her much, for her mind seemed to be always on herself. She used to hurry to school in the morning for no other reason than to get the best seat before any one else arrived. She was always followed by her little brother and sister, Archie and Bell, tugging the huge dinner basket between them, and crying at every breath, as they flounced through the snow, "Wait, sister Julia, wait!"

When she got there, she would lay her books and satchel on the particular seat which she wished to occupy, and then take her station by the fire to warm lest they should be removed. Sweet little Bell never thought of asking her sister to unfasten her bonnet, or unpin her shawl; for all the girls loved her for her kindness and gentleness, and were ready to do it for her without being requested. If no one had arrived, Archie would try to assist her; and when, after pricking his fingers and half choking the little favorite, his task was accomplished, he would dart a very cross look at Julia, and seat himself in silence. As the children came in, Julia would maintain her station by the fire, and instead of the kind offer, "Take my place," she would complain of them bitterly for crowding or touching her with their cold hands. When at last she was obliged to go to her seat, she would put her hand on the bench beside her, and tell every girl that came near, that was "Cary Elmore's place." Julia did not do this because she loved Caroline Elmore, for selfish people seldom love any but themselves; but Squire Elmore lived in the big white house on the hill, and she thought that she was somehow to acquire respect and consequence by associating with people that were called wealthy.

Julia never thought of obliging those who sat near her by handing them a book or slate that happened to be out of their reach; and as for lending them any thing—oh, she was the first one to do that. When noon came, she would take the dinner-basket, and, selecting the best of every thing for herself, divide the remainder between her brother and sister. Little Bell usually took this very quietly; but Archie, who was a fiery tempered little fellow, often threw his share into his sister's face, and went home for more.

Fine times have the children in district schools with their sliding, snow balling, and other active exercises, which, if they make the manners rough, invigorate and strengthen the body, and prepare the mind for study. The children of N. were not at all behind hand with their neighbors in this respect, and the boys used to boast of their victory in a snowballing contest with the next district, with about as much pride as the Spartans felt when they defeated Troy. Sometimes, when the snow had a fine crust, they used to lend the girls their sleds while they were building their snow-forts and breastworks; and it was fine fun to draw them up the high hill back of the school house for the purpose of sliding down again. Julia Davis, with her usual selfishness always appropriated the handsomest and best sled, while the other girls used the remainder by turns; and so accustomed were they to this, that none ever thought of disputing her claim. One afternoon all were well for a frolic, as little girls are apt to be when just let out of school, they went as usual to ask for the sleds.—"You're welcome to them, all of you but Julia Davis," said James Lee, a proud spirited [illegible] with his rights uncorrected, lazy and imperious [illegible] in his sober sense despising any thing like [illegible] tion. "You're welcome, all but Julia Davis," repeated he, angrily, "but she'd better look out now she touches my sled."

"And mine!" "And mine!" "And mine!" echoed from all sides. The school boys are very much like sheep, following their leader, right or wrong.

Julia was very angry, but resistance was useless; so she took her station at the top of the hill to watch the sport, and spoil it if she could. Here she said a great many ill-natured things, and amused herself by giving each sled a turn as it was about starting, which made it take a kind of half-circular direction, and often left its occupant scrambling on the snow.—Then she would laugh very heartily, and dodge behind some of the best tempered girls, for fear of a blow.

"You'd better stop that!" shouted James Lee, at the top of his voice, as his little sister Sally was upset in the snow. Julia only laughed, and repeated the experiment on another girl. Instantly all the boys were at the top of the hill, and Julia Davis was screaming and scrambling at the bottom.

"James Lee did that!" cried a dozen frightened boys.

"For shame, James!" added one who dared thus much, because nearly as equal in strength and courage; "for shame, James! to knock down a girl."

But the sentence was scarcely uttered ere he too lay at the bottom of the hill; for James knew that he had performed a very mean action, and so was exasperated. It is strange how angry children will sometimes be, when any one tells them of a fault of which even they are very much ashamed.

Their teacher was a "straightforward" sort of a man, who never troubled himself to ask questions; so he made no inquiries in order to get at the root of the evil, but flogged James Lee, gave the rest a long lecture, not a word of which they remembered five minutes, and dismissed them with an order "not to slide any more."

To be forbidden this their favorite amusement, was a great deprivation; and poor Julia Davis was more disliked than ever. Oh, what little girl would be selfish? I never saw one

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XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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