LIBERIA HERALD.

NEW SERIES.

(FOR OUR COUNTRY.)

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LIBERIA HERALD

Published Semi-Monthly.

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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.

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

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Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

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NEW GOODS!

A supply of merchandize just opened and for sale, at the usual rates and terms of the subscribers, at the old stand!!

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EDWARD J. ROYE.

Monrovia, January 28th 1852

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

LIBERIA HERALD

August 1st 1851

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DR. MURRAY IN ROME.

A Correspondent of the New York Observer states that at the meeting of the Irish General Assembly, Rev. Dr. Murray, of New Jersey, thus spoke:

Dr. Murray said he had just come from Rome; and he told them some very striking facts,—partly illustrating the mode in which "model Romanism" is conducted, as to liberty, religion and morality. He told a fact to show how, in the papal states, the property of a man becomes the property of the priests. A man in Rome had married a Spanish lady; he had a large family by her. By his will he left all his property to his wife and children. But, though during life, he had paid little attention to the priests, he sent for one, just before his death, to "fix" him for his journey into the next world. The priest confessed him, anointed him, gave him the wafer, and the man died,—leaving his property settled by his will, as above stated. A few days after the burial, the priest who had "fixed" him went to an ecclesiastical court, said the victim had committed a great sin, and that he wished a distribution of his property different from that he had made by will; and the entire property of that man, on the oath of that priest, was swept from his family into the coffers of the church. This is what they do in the Papal States.

ROMAN LIBERTY.

"During all the time I was in Rome," says Dr. M., "I did not see a single newspaper except those that came from England. The liberty of the press is not known there; and the liberty of speech just as little. I saw there a placard about Pietro Ercoli—a man 35 years of age—a merchant of good character, and with a large family, who had been brought before an Ecclesiastical court and condemned to the galleys for twenty years. For what, do you think, he was condemned? For stepping into a coffee room, and endeavoring to persuade a man who was smoking, not to use cigars. But why punish him so severely for bidding a man not smoke cigars?—Because the church gets a revenue from tobacco. The conduct of this man was represented as an interference with the revenues of the church; and because he had asked a man not to smoke a cigar, he was condemned to the galleys for twenty years. Such is political liberty under priestly rule."

MORALITY AND RELIGION AT THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

It would seem that even attachment to the ceremonial of their religion is gone in Rome. "There is neither morality nor religion in Rome," says Dr. M. "I went into the Pantheon of which you have all heard; and the figure of which must be before all your eyes. It is a building, the foundation of which was laid during the reign of Paganism. It is the temple where all the heathen gods were worshipped, and at the present time it is the temple of Popish idolatry. It is a circular building, and here and there, and all around are altars, at which mass is said probably once a day,—one priest at this altar, another at another. I was at that temple looking round me, when I perceived a dirty looking priest, and a dirty looking lad—whose head seemed as if it had not been combed for a week—waiting upon him at an altar, and giving out the responses. That priest, that lad, myself, and my *valet de place* were the only persons present at the ceremony."

"I was in St. Peter's in the morning when mass was said. St. Peter's which is the most magnificent building of the kind in the world, ought to be dedicated to the arts, not to God. When one sees it, he cannot expect to see anything like it again, just as when one sees Mont Blanc, you do not wish to see any other mountain. In that magnificent building, capable of holding, some 20.000 or 30.000, there were not more than 300 present at mass. I have no doubt one half were strangers, and among all present, I do not believe there were ten Romans. I went among the churches of Rome, gorgeous beyond description. I went in at all hours of the day,—I may say, all hours of the night; as both day and night I went to see what I could see and hear what I could hear; and I am here able to say that I never saw an individual, man or woman, who wore a decent garb attending at the confessionals. I never saw a solitary woman bow the knee at the confessional except a beggar woman. I never saw a solitary man go on his knee to receive the wafer except a pauper. Men and women of character and rank keep away from these churches: and the churches themselves are given up to boys & beggars. It is amazing in the magnificent St Peter's, to see boys in rags playing hide and seek; and beggars standinghere & there saying, 'give me a penny.' Go where you will, you see nothing like devotion; you hear nothing like preaching."

Dr. M. gave much striking description of the aspects under which religion shows itself, not only in Rome, but in Naples, and all over Italy,—adding after each, "And such would Ireland be if Protestanism were banished." But he added, "I dare not descrioe the immorality of priests and people."

THE SWEARER AND HIS DYING SON.

During a protracted meeting in Kentucky, a gentleman of some note called upon his minister. He wished to connect himself to the church on the following Sabbath. He had been merciful to him, and he was now, as he hoped, a converted man. The case was this:

He once had a lovely boy, an only son. This child gave evidence of early piety. When perhaps not more than nine years of age, he was laid upon a sick and dying bed. He talked sweetly about Jesus, and much about heaven. On one occasion, when near his end, he called his father to his bedside, and, with great respect and affection, said—

"Papa, I wish to make one request of you before I die."

"What is it my darling?" said the weeping father, bending over his beloved and dying child. "O, my dear son, father is willing to do anything in the world for you. What do you wish me to do?"

"Papa," said the dying child, "dear papa, if you please, don't swear any more."

The father, as he narrated the affecting incident, wept—tears rolling down his cheeks.

"O! sir," said he to his minister, "I never had anything to come with such power to my soul before, as this language of my boy. Papa, dear papa, if you please, don't swear any more.' Sir, it was blessed to my soul."

The next day the man was seated at the table of the Lord; and may we not suppose that when he come to die, his cherub boy will hover over his dying bed, and be the first to welcome his happy spirit to glory and to God.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, hogs that break through enclosures, a dull razor, musquitoes, a frog, and—a subscriber that won't pay for his paper.

☞Rev Dr Cumming of London, in a recent lecture, stated that he was informed by a missionary among the Jews that there was a kind of jewel writing known among them, which could be read by those skilled in its interpretation; and that upon the tiara of jewels, made by a Jew, which is worn by the Pope when in full pontificals, is written the inscription, "The mystery of iniquity."

UNCLE JOB'S ADVICE

"'Tisn't a good plan, I reckon, Sammy, to give money to them sorts of people though it shows your good heart, my son," exclaimed uncle Job, as cousin came back from the cold entry rubbing his hands and expressing his regret that he did not have more than four-pence to give a poor wretched looking man that has just gone from the door.

"But he seemed so forlorn, uncle."

"Dare say, dare say; but since my city visit, I've learned to be careful in the matters: not that I feel any more comfortable though," he continued, with a half sigh—"but Sammy, I guess I know who you've given that money to. Let me see, wasn't he a tall man, only stooping?"

"Yes," answered my cousin.

Dressed in pepper and salt—putty decent, only somewhat ragged?"

Yes."

"With a bell-crowned hat, and a walking stick?"

The very same."

"Then he'll march right down to the groggery, 'bout a mile off, and spend it all for rum. Sammy, would you b'lieve that man has run clear through a bigger fortin than I've got now? Yas—sartian he has. He and I was boys together, Sammy, and he was a bright younker. But I expect he didn't have no red peppers to drink of mornings, but took his cider without 'em—and in consequence he took the critter with moderation. Well, it beat all nater, how that boy prospered. Somehow, he had a farm left him here, and a few thousands there, and when I live in a leetle snug frame house, with your aunt Judy, arter was fust married, he had a most splendious dwelling, large as three of mine, and heap of fine furniture to fill it.

And all the time, mind you, Sammy, he was taking his drink, in small doses, but that's jest as bad. Well, things went on fust rate, and James B. was 'counted the riches man in L. He had a pretty woman for a wife, a pretty woman, though she didn't quite come up to your aunt, there (how sweetly aunt Judy blushed) but she wasn't nothin' but a clever creetur, clever as the days was long. His boy and girl too—about the sweetest little things ever I did see, (alway 'cepting little Minnn,) blue eyed young things, how nice they always did dress, and every thing they wanted they had But bless you, Sammy, 'fore any one thought of it, James B was a drunkard.

First thing we knew, 'his fine farms went to ruin, and then under mortgage. Pretty soon his handsome house was sold and all his furniter, under the hammer, and they went into a little tumble down place. Next thing his wife died and was buried; that was the end of her. His little ones grew up in ignorance, his son took to the sea, and was lost there, and his darter is at this minit one of the serving girls in our public house—poor thing, as ignorant and vain as a girl can well be. And the wretched father, old B., goes about begging money to get drunk on; but folks knows him pretty well here, and all he generally gets, is cold vittles.

Well, well, you needn't wonder, Sammy that I don't make cider—no, no; I'd rather give my best apples to the hogs, or sell 'em for nothin', and that's next to givin 'em away you know, eh! Sammy.

"No, no, boy, if you ever want to prosper, touch not, tast not, handle not the critter, and don't you look at it nuther.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE ASSAMESE.

The marrage custom of the Assamese, a people of middle Asia, have many curious points of similarity to those of the patriarch described in the Pentatuch. Jacob served Leban as a servant or boudman many years to obtain in marriage Leah and Rachel, who were sisters; and he was not allowed to marry the younger before the elder. It is not uncommon, when a man is poor, to engage to live for several years as a laborer with the father of his intended wife. He is then called a Chapunea, a kind of boundsman, and is entitled to food and clothing, but no wages; and at the end of his servitude, if the girl likes him, the marrige take place. The man is looked on in the family as a son-in-law, and is treated kindly. If a girl's father be wealthy, and without sons he will sometimes select, from equally respectable family, a husband for his daughter and bring him up in his own house. The youth so selected is likewise called a Chapunea, and inherits the whole of his father-in-law's property. If a woman's husband dies, though she may be only 18 or 20 years of age, she can never marry again.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES

The editress of the Literary Gazette, Mrs. L. Jane Pearson, in an article addressed to young ladies, upon the subject of marriage discourses as follows:

"Do not, as you value life and its comforts marry a man who is naturally cruel. If he will wantonly torture a poor dumb dog or cat, or even a snake fly from him as you would from the cholera. We would sooner see our daughter dying of the cholera, than married to a cruel hearted man. If his nature delights to torture, he will not spare his wife, or his helpless children. When we see a man practising cruelty on any poor, helpless creature, or beating a fractious horse unmercifully, we write over against his name—devil, and shun him accordingly.

"We once knew a man, a gentleman, who during a ride for pleasure became so demonically enraged at his horse, which refused to go, that he sprang from his carriage, drew his knife, and cut out an eye of the poor brute. The lady who accompanied him fainted, suffered a long nervous illness, and never will recover from the horror the outrage gave her. And we knew the young lady who, knowing this of him, was foolhardy enough to become his wife. And we know how he tortured her. How he outraged all her feelings; how he delighted to destroy whatever she prized, or took pleasure in. How in his fits of passion he broke up her furniture, seized her by the shoulder and shook her till she could not crawl to bed; how he beat her; how he kept her poor babe black and blue with blows and pinches, untill the parents took her home, and sheltered her from his cruelty.

"If you have a suitor whom you feel inclined to favor, look narrowly into the temper and disposition of the man. Love may soften it for a while, or restrain, it or disguise it but, be assured the natural temper will remain, and the time will come when your presence will be no restraint upon him we have heard wives complain, 'I was so deceived in my husband, men are so deceitful,' &c. But we believe in nine cases out of ten these woman deceived themselves. They suffer the romance of their own heart to adorn their lover with all the excellencies which their fancy attributed to a perfect manly character, and to draw a veil over all his vices and defects, which if it did not conceal them, greatly softened or disguised their features.

Men are not perfect—woman are not perfect. In all cases, there must exist a necessity to bear and forbear, but it does not therefore follow that

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