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Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

Dear to me the constant splashing
Of the rain drops falling fast,
And the dripping leafless branches
Waiving in the autumn blast.
When the withered summer flowers
Dead and cold are strewn around,
When the autumn leaves are lying
Black and wet upon the ground,
Then I wander through the forest,
Then I haunt each dark retreat,
But the leafy carpet never
Starts an echo from my feet.

I have listened to the murmer
Of the quiet autumn rain,
As it fell with ceaseless patter
On the tinkling window pane.
I have stood to hear the music
Of the quiet autumn rain,
As upon the spectral darkness
Floated by the sweet refrain.
And I love the gentle whisper
Of the patter on the pane,
For I felt the spirit near me
When I hear the autumn rain.

SERMON ON PROFANITY.

BY REV. SYLVESTER BURT, BEAVER.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.—

I am about to discourse upon profanity—not that the theme is a pleasing one; not to demonstrate the depravity of man; nor yet to gratify any censorious inclination of self. The prophet Jer. 23: 10, said in his day "because of swearing the land mourneth." His words are still applicable. How prevalent this vice! As a minister, a philanthropist, and a citizen it is my duty, calmly but earnestly, to portray its evils, resist its encroachments and implore and exhort the guilty to repentance. God has not only proclaimed his law against profanity, but it is one of the two commandments accompanied with threatening. Frequent reference is made to it in both Old and New Testament Scriptures. One instance of God's punishment is recorded, and many threatenings occur.

If the language of profanity were confined to the brothel, the bar-room and the gambling table, we might excuse ourselves from the unpleasant task of animadversion. But its language pollutes our business places—resounds on all our thoroughfares—breaks in hurried discord upon our social and private ways, respecting not the gentleness of woman nor the imitative innocence of childhood. Nay, we fear its coarse voice obtrudes the very place and hour of devotion!—Another alarming feature is its terrible increase. War is always demoralizing; and of all vices in the ranks of the soldier, probably none is more prevalent than this. And the boys at home, admiring the heroic deeds of their soldier brothers, have adopted their language, and swear lustily and curse loudly.

But few attempt to justify this sin. Those guilty of the practice generally acknowledge its moral obliquity, its uselessness, and even its foolishness. Many offer no plea in justification.—Some plead in excuse the power of habit, (though this is only confession of wholesale guilt.) Some claim it a privilege to swear when they please, forgetful alike of both right and law. Some indeed regard it as a source of enjoyment—a vent to towering rage—a kind of safety-valve to pent up sinfulness. God's law we have already recited, and our Savior confirms the law thus: Matt. 5: 34, 35—Swear not at all; neither by Heaven nor by the earth.

In order to see with proper force the violation of this law, we notice,

I. *How God requires his name to be regarded.*

1. The Psalmist enjoins, (Ps. 33: 8) "Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him." Again it is said "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom!" This fear arises not from servility nor guilty dread, but from a proper apprehension of His nature begotten by reading His word, and by contemplating His power, wisdom, truth and grace. It is also produced by considering our relation to God.—He is our creator; we are his subjects; we must render an account to him according to his law—gracious yet just and holy. Therefore (Prov. 23: 17,) "Let not thine heart envy sinners; but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

2. Farther, our Savior has taught us to say, "Hallowed be thy name." By this is meant that His name be treated with due reverence as befits the Holy. In the Heavenly vision Isaiah saw the attendant angels responded to each other in sacred rapture, "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts." To his ancient people God proclaimed himself "the holy one of Israel." And the appellation of the third person in the Trinity is not the just spirit, the wise spirit, nor the omnipotent spirit, but the Holy spirit.—"Holiness to the Lord," was the watch word of ancient Israel. Thus we see, God requires us to fear before Him—to regard His name with reverential awe, and as ineffably holy.

II. *Let us now notice the violations of this law.*

1. There is danger even in the profession of godliness of violating this law, in reading the word of God thoughtlessly, and even in prayer of coming before God with mere lip service. The world has so strong a hold upon us that not only are worldly thoughts *suggested* while performing our devotions, but we must be guarded or worldly thoughts will *occupy* our minds, leaving nothing for God but our poor words.

2. We violate this law in unnecessarily using the divine name in statement or narration—especially in repeating the oaths of others. Many who will not use profane language on their own credit, frequently do it by giving currency to that of others by repeating it. It is a poor excuse for such conduct to say it is another's language. Who to illustrate murder would think of giving an example by taking the life of his fellow? Or to give an illustration of stealing would himself become a thief? Yet how many are accustomed to re-produce most horrid oaths, and still account themselves innocent! Another caution we will here suggest. The Holy name may be used reverently and quoted—quoted profanely by being quoted irreverently.

3 Still more palpable is the violation in using the Great name on unimportant occasions. Frequently we hear it as mere exclamations of surprise or wonder in the most trivial conversation. Reprove those thus lightly using the Holy name, and they will probably answer that what they say is true, and that they meant it in real earnest. It may be they had all the earnestness the case would admit of, but how trivial the occasion! How light the deportment and the tone! Perhaps a matter of mere merriment! Would one of these same persons permit the name of one of their domestics, much less their dearest friend, to be thus trivially bandied about? How censurable then thus to use the name of the most High God!

4. Profanity is more obvious and obnoxious in its more common form of interlarding common conversation with the names of Deity. Our Savior's command, "Swear not at all," plainly instructs us that perjury is not necessary to the violation of this law. He forbids swearing by any creature. Many suppose themselves innocent because they avoid the name of God, and swear "by heaven," "by my soul," &c. Now these things are God or they are not. If they are, the violation is palpable, if they are not then they swear by that which is not God. They transfer his honor to that which is no God. For in nine different places in scripture (as in Psalms 63: 11,) swearing by His name is esteemed as an act of devotion when done in reverence. But with many, the more trifling or false the assertion, the more terrible the profanity. It would relieve the shamefulness of this guilty practice if the guilty were but the idle loafers, bar room supporters and vagrant ignoramuses. But these characters have the fellowship of many of our educated and wealthy young men, and even men of mature years. They form the public sentiment and school all they influence. And they have many scholars in their school. Besides of boys, yet too cowardly to swear by daylight, meet upon the commons for regular lessons in this, the grammar of hell. Christian parent, is your boy in that school? Is he a night wanderer?

5. Again we notice there are those who may be termed pioneers in profanity! They reduce swearing if not to a science at least to a method.—Coining oaths appear to be their profession. Profanity and blasphemy revel within their hearts till they are teeming with strange, horrid combinations of oaths and cursing. The devoted saint sometimes so prays and speaks, that you feel he has direct communion with God. So these graduates in profanity make you feel that they hold direct communion with the infernal.

6 Then the swearer swears often when he means something by it. He forms a *union of wrath* and profanity. An impotent effort of a poor feeble worm, to give his malice and wrath by calling to his aid, the name of the terrible Jehovah, before whom heaven worships and hell trembles. Is not the murderous principle of hate toward thy fellows, and the foolish emotions of anger toward irrational, and even inanimate creatures sin enough? Must there be the additional moral and intellectual humiliation—the guilt and foolishness of blasphemy? Here the swearer prays—he prays God to "blast your eyes,"—to "damn your souls." He calls for the curse of the three persons of the Godhead, to fall upon soul and body. Would he have God answer his prayers? In his transport of rage it may be his desire. But abandoned, as even a blasphemer's heart may be—it is not his candid desire—he would not have God answer his players. All this is but to vent to his rage! O wretched excuse for shameful guilt! Wrath is cruel but blasphemy is devilish.

7. As cursing is the union of wrath and profanity, so purgery is the *union of profanity* and *lying*. We do not intend now to discuss this sin. But we must at this place notice the tendency of profanity to produce it. When I hear a man swear, I hear the hissing of a slimy viper within his heart—and such an one as is never found alone. It is one of a horrid brood.—And though this is now the only one that is roused to hiss and sting—yet each in his turn is roused to be foul and poison his possessor. Profanity destroys reverence and fear of God; and in direct ratio, reverence and love of truth, and is therefore the precursor of perjury. I never knew a swearer whose veracity or oath I could rely on, as I could, if he took not "the name of God in vain."

III. We might here close our discussion and rest the reasonableness of the law upon the fact that it is *God's* law. Assured that He who calls to account every idle word and thought will not fail to punish every oath and curse. And to the pious and reverential, the strongest reason that can be adduced to deter profanity is—God forbids it—he will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."—To him who will take into the account the eternal world there need be no further inquiry. God's sovereignty, justice and holiness give potency to the command like the thunderings of Sinai. But in this, as in most of the Divine law, there are reasons obvious and cogent for its careful observance in connection with this life. Let us enquire then,

1. What is the effect of profane swearing upon the *intellectual character* and *reputation*? The truly great man reverences the truly great. This is exemplified in the lives of all great men. We assimilate in mind and heart, unto that which engages or employs mind or heart. Cultivate the beautiful, and we become conscious of intellectual refinement.—Know intimately great men, and there results intellectual expansion.—But all human greatness is derived from God, directly or indirectly. But profanity blinds the perception of his infinite excellence, obliterates reverence for his eternal greatness, and associates his name with things mean and trivial. Therefore, profanity strikes at the very foundation of all true greatness. And is intellectual reputation enhanced by it? Can that mind be great that fails to perceive the greatness of its creator? Neither can it be considered bold, because it is foolhardy enough to dare the wrath of omnipotence; nor witty by filling discourse with unexpected oaths. Profane expletives are like the famed wooden guns of Manassas—they make a show; but to the knowing, they only evidence a want of thought. Proper expression of thought is good enough without oaths; and faulty expression is never mended by them.

2. Still more obvious are the injurious effects of profanity upon the *moral character*. True morality is founded upon the observance of the law of God. But let any one of God's laws be violated, [illegible] there cannot be proper reverence for the others. But profanity above any other violation, destroys regard for God; and, therefore, is fatal to the very foundations of morality. If the lawgiver is not respected, neither are the laws. If a man profane the Great Name to embellish his speech, his story or his song, what assurance can you have that he will have a proper regard for truth or justice—for the weal or woe of his neighbor? He that vauntingly violates the third command, cannot properly respect the fourth or fifth, or any other. And hence God holds him guilty, that violates any one of his commands. *One* sin destroys the moral contour, and brings the displeasure of God upon the guilty.

3. But the evils of profanity extend beyond the guilty. If you have no concern for personal, intellectual and moral character and reputation, consider the great injury you inflict upon society. Jeremiah 23: 10, as already quoted, exclaimed, "Because of swearing the land mourneth." And when the Lord proclaimed his judgments against the people by the prophet Hosea, he said: "By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultry, they break out; and blood toucheth blood." Here first the foundations of morality are taken away by removing reverence for God. And lying follows as a sequence; for it is often to your immediate self interest to lie. And where there is no regard for God, there can be none for truth. Falsehood begets hate and malice and these result in murder. In the French revolution the word *God* was made synonymous with *dotting superstition*, and the word *reason* was deified. And thus the way was opened to complete Hosea's picture. And in the late rebellion, human slavery was deified in defiance of God's word and the universal instincts of humanity; and this formed a back ground sufficiently dark to finish again Hosea's picture with terrible effect—"blood toucheth blood." But to accomplish universal demoralization I would know no surer or swifter way, than to form schools of profanity. Familiarize the popular ear to cursing and profanity—school the young in it. Let it become as music to the ear of woman—and if there remain a righteous man, that he will in dimsay, exclaim, (Ps. 11: 3.) "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

Look again at that passage in Hosea. How dark is that catalogue of crimes, headed by profanity. There are some sins, which in their nature, exclude others. But profanity prepares for others, and hastens their commission. And the *darker* and the *lower* in the catalogue of degrading crime you go, the surer are you to find profanity prominent. The conservators of public well knew its vile efforts long ago, and attached penalty accordingly. They punish it, not as a *moral wrong*, but as a *public wrong*. It is so classified in all our legal works. What becomes of public justice when God is no longer regarded, and perjury no longer feared. Patriotism forbids profanity. Good citizenship forbids it. Thos. Paine infidel as he was, so saw its demoralizing effects that he said, "A man that will swear will also lie."

4. The guilt of profanity is aggravated by the fact that it has absolutely no excuse. The thief may plead his poverty or the wants of his children. The murderer aggravated provocation. The debauchee, the gratification of his senses. And the bloody path of the chieftain ends at a throne. But what can the swearer plead?—Does it enhance pleasure, character, reputation, wealth or glory? Nothing of the kind. It is a gratuitous insult to God. It is a pure compliment to the Devil." Herbert has well said:

"Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain,
It gets thee nothing and hath no excuse;
Pride and lust plead pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice,
Lets his soul run for naught, and nothing fearing,
Were I an infidel, I would hate swearing."

5. Finally—say not in your impiety, "how doth God know?" "Neither doth the God of Israel regard it"—Remember "God is not mocked."—"He will yet reprove you for your sins and set them in order before you." We will not now recite the many well authenticated instances of summary vengeance upon the profane; wherein God has answered impious prayers; smiting down while the oath or curse was trembling on their lips. Probably more instances of vengeance upon sinners in the very act of sinning, have been wreaked upon the profane, than any other. He may so smite you! Why tempt ye God? Why learn the vocabulary of devils while on earth? Why court the thunderbolts of Divine wrath? Why harden your heart by such sin, and debase your intellect, and shock the pure and good? Abandon a habit so vile—so debasing—so bootless in its results.

"You would not swear upon a bed of death;
Reflect! your maker now can stop your breath."

A few thoughts to those who with me deplore the evils and prevalence of profanity. Have we not all a duty to perform in reference to this subject?

Let the christian minister declare the whole counsel of God on the subject. Sin does not die by being let alone. Let the truth be urged from every sacred portal, [illegible] and the results of its violation; the law of the land; and the penalty attached to its violation, the duty of parents, magistrates and teachers.—*Citizens*, as you value public justice and public virtue, you should oppose the tide of profanity with steadfast fidelity. Let it be known at our public meetings, our business places, and upon our rail-roads and rivers, that there is tax upon profanity, and a tax that must be paid. Let public sentiment be directed against it, and magistrates take cognizance of the violation of this law with as much conscientiousness as any other.

Parents and *teachers*, instruct with all diligence in the reverence and fear with which God's name should be regarded. Set before the young the magnitude of the evil and vileness of its results, and resist its encroachments with all your moral, parental or delegated authority.

Chicken in His Hat.

A country friend sends us the following:

"Nat, a friend of ours, is very poor, rather light-fingered, and, it is said, not so bright as his parents could wish.

"The other day, while passing a neighbor's, Nat saw a brood of chickens, and immediately caught a fine one to carry home. He had not gone far, however, before he saw the owner coming up the road, and not knowing what to do with the chicken, to conceal it, at last succeeded in crowding it into his hat, which he again placed upon his head. But the chicken having a longing for liberty, and being pressed for air, managed to thrust his head through an opening in Nat's old straw hat. Nat was presently accosted with—

"What have you got in your hat?"

"Nothing but my head," said Nat.

"But I see a chicken's head sticking through the top of it, Nat."

"Nat, taking off his hat, and looking at it in feigned astonishment, exclaimed:

"Wal, how d'ye s'pose that critter come in there? I sware! he must have crawled up my trowser's leg!"—*Norristown, Pa. Herald.*

☞ General Lee, it is said, has arranged with Richardson, the New York publisher, for the publication of his history of the rebellion. The book is now in preparation, and will not be complete for several months to come. In the articles of agreement it is stipulated that no alterations shall be made by the publisher after the manuscript comes into his hands.—Lee is positive on this point, and will brook no change to suit the Northern palate. This is what we prefer. It is better that the statements in the book should be all those of Gen. Lee, looking through his confederate eyes, rather than those of some Northern editor who will attempt to gloss over treason and apologize for an attempt at the Northern life.

African Memorial Against Slavery.

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

[JAMES PATTERSON, Esq., of Patterson, sends us the following Memorial, with a request to give it a place in our columns, which we cheerfully do.]

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Whoever may undervalue efforts for the abolition of slavery in any country where it yet exists, we may be sure the descendants of Africa will not. The Spanish Abolition Society has been greeted, in the outset of its operations, by a remarkable address from the men of African descent in Madrid. Their number is very considerable, many of them in good circumstances, and their address shows a very high degree of intellectual power and cultivation among them. We have been so much interested in it, that we desire our readers to share the satisfaction, and have therefore procured a translation of some of the most striking portions, hoping that the whole may be allowed to come before the American public through some medium less straightened for room than a daily journal must be at this busy season of the year.

"To Messieurs the Spanish Abolitionists:

"Illustrious and noble Cavaliers: The descendants of the African race residing at Madrid salute the white men, their brethren, in the gospel and religious veneration.

"Worthy sons of Spain! Generous protectors of the negroes! Founders of a new charity of love to the slave! Prophets to Africa now despised!—We love you, admire you, and joyfully bless you. Blessed be God! Blessed be Spain! The red and yellow colors of the Spanish national flag no longer signify to us what they signified to the mulatto Placido and the negro Munzano, poets of the Isle of Cuba: 'Two streams of blood to conquer one of gold!' No! The banner of Spain now shows to us the brilliant colors and smiling hopes of the rainbow, and like the iris arches over the whole sky of Africa, protects our continent under its shade, and seals a covenant of eternal friendship and religious brotherhood with the wretched children of Ham.

"We protest most energetically, with all the freedom that Spain now grants us—Spain, the native country of those unforgotten religious redeemers of captives—we protest with our might against the slavery of our brothers in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico.

"Let not be sold any more the blood which still courses through the veins of men!

"Let not the hearts be sold which still beat in the bosoms of men!

"Let not a price be set upon a head that thinks; neither let be bought or sold a soul that loves!

"Alas! there still live in the heart of America men without hearts, who oppress and deform the sacred image of God in the unprotected negroes, who, in return, cultivate the fields and increase the riches, and make soft and luxurious the lives of the whites.

"Alas! to this day the accursed lash, converted into a poisonous serpent, in the hand of a man charged into a demon, resounds in both islands upon the shoulders of the laborer! The lash is the only token of the white man that is seen with our eyes, or heard with our ears, the only thing that touches our naked limbs! There is a German story told by Grimm, of a sword brandished by the tencer in such a masterly way above his father's head, and with such marvelous swiftness, that it kept the drops of a heavy rain from falling on the old man's head. In like manner, the American overseer's lash, perpetually whisking and winding serpent-like and with astonishing swiftness over the heads and shoulders of the unhappy slaves, prevents even one drop of the divine pity from falling on them, and at the same time intercepts the sighs of suffering which the victims send up towards heaven. The lash is then our punishment and our pay; it calls us to work and to rest: it is that which bids us eat, and it is that which bids us pray. It is our lot, our only hope, our cruel burden, our daily bread.

"Alas! to this day in the villages of the colonies the sun each morning, in greeting the beauty of the fields, surprises in the moral world a terrible spectacle, the constant reproduction of the sorrows of the mother in the Street of Bitterness. A woman of color, young and heart broken, goes about the streets and squares, knocking at every door and kneeling at the feet of every white man. She carries an infant hanging upon her bosom, of which she takes leave at every moment, because she is looking for her innocent child. The present owner of that little Jesus and that Mater Dolorosa wants a slave woman with no holy ties, without a mother's heart, and ready only for servile labors or carnal uses. And for this he has given the horrible order, the abominable absurdity, which the pen can hardly repeat: 'Woman, get a master for thy child, get rid of that encumbrance.' Alas! thrice alas!

"Alas! that there are yet in many sugar works and coffee plantations of the Spanish colonies shocking crowds to be met of men destitute of women, men without mothers, without sisters, without daughters, without wives, without female companions, without living love, without the feminine ideal, without connubial beds, without a duplicated life; single men, with no God, with no country, with no woman; single men with all the horror, with all the degrading and disgusting selfishness of the one exclusive solitary. And from this violation of the primary law of Genesis, and from hatred to the man who by his arbitrary will has abolished the Divine command, we see these rational beings, debasing themselves and self-abandoned, sink to the level of the beasts; and, as their only solace or their only revenge, profane nature and extinguish human conscience in monstrous and disgusting vices, in seas of crimes, numberless and nameless, such as are scarcely known in the most barbarous ages.

"And will the children of men believe that the life giving star of liberty can shine upon the whites, leaving the negroes in the darkness of an eternal night? Ah, no, no! Liberty is not like the luminary of the natural day, that hides itself to one hemisphere. Liberty produces no blank constellations. Liberty [illegible] souls, as the sun does in the children of Adam. It shines as the luminary of eternity; as the Divine Jesus; as the white man nailed on the black and disfigured tree of the cross, which spreads its rays of love and justice with equal intensity of heat and light; as on the heights and in the depths; as on the well-known and the mysterious; on the negro as on the white; as in life so in death. There will be no liberty enjoyed upon the earth, if men do not long for the day when all—all, that live—all—all—all—shall be free, and brothers, as sons of the same heavenly father.

"The great injustice which is still perpetuated against our poor race, has its influence, perhaps, on the sweet designs of Providence, so that in punishment divine liberty may still be more bitter than sweet; a weakness, rather than an exuberance of life; a myth, a Utopia, a stumbling block, a punishment of Sodom in the countries of Europe, placed in the forefront of civilization. For this long while, liberty will be for the decaying nations of Europe what the Holy Code of Jesus Christ, expounded by Pharisees, has long been for the hated African tribes, a shadow of justice, a sacrilegious lie, a pretence, a snare, the most shocking hypocrisy, a baptism at the cost of freedom and of country, the slavery of men instead of the slavery of sin, a horrid sinning transformed, erected into a legalized system of commerce.

* * * "Oh whites! be at last our brothers. Only thus shall liberty that is divine become human, according to the idea of God, the primary truth of the world. If you would gain that so coveted end, begin by granting us clothing for our nakedness, mothers for our orphanage, modesty for our women. Let us not hear any more the sound of the owner's lash, which lacerates our skin, and even strips the naked, tearing off from the victim that seamless robe with which the heavenly father covers our flesh and bones. Let it no longer be lawful to strip naked a miserable woman of color, in the presence of men, that she may be whipped, amid threats of death or shouts of savage merriment. Let us not see, in Christian towns, Christian mothers selling off their children like Judas the innocent Christ. Let no more the negroes die blaspheming! No more murders! No more suicides! No more brutalities, to produce sugar, and cigars and coffee! Let us end that cursed taunt, which forces the victim to doubt whether to bless God or the devil! O, cease! cease! enough! enough!

"Oh whites! Truth must no longer be subjected to the differences of meridians, as in the time of Pascal!—What is truth here, must be truth there, because it is eternal truth. Be at last the brothers of the children of Africa! So also shall divine liberty become the right of the human race, heaven, and night and day on the earth, as in Liberia so in the cornfields of Cuba, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa and in America, those first white men in Spain, who have protested against the horrid murder of body and soul to which have been condemned for many centuries the youngest, brothers of Jesus the eternal Joseph of humanity!

* * * "We join our prayers to yours, our sharp and piercing cries to your pitying and comforting supplications, to protest before God and men against the crime, which is clamoring to the God of Abel and Cain for justice.

"Your voice, your choice phrases, your wisely-meditated discourse and writings, represent the sweet and tender melody, the expressive language of this chorus of captive negroes.—And our prolonged lamentations, the shrieks of terror to which the most oppressive slavery has accustomed us, shall be the accompaniment of that melody, shall adapt itself to that pious song as the rough harmony for all the outraged honor, the negro grief, the boundless sorrow, the anticipated hell, which we have suffered only for being ignorant and for being the last.

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"Alas! to this day in the villages of the colonies the sun each morning, in greeting the beauty of the fields, surprises in the moral world a terrible spectacle, the constant reproduction of the sorrows of the mother in the Street of Bitterness. A woman of color, young and heart broken, goes about the streets and squares, knocking at every door and kneeling at the feet of every white man. She carries an infant hanging upon her bosom, of which she takes leave at every moment, because she is looking for her innocent child. The present owner of that little Jesus and that Mater Dolorosa wants a slave woman with no holy ties, without a mother's heart, and ready only for servile labors or carnal uses. And for this he has given the horrible order, the abominable absurdity, which the pen can hardly repeat: 'Woman, get a master for thy child, get rid of that encumbrance.' Alas! thrice alas!

"Alas! that there are yet in many sugar works and coffee plantations of the Spanish colonies shocking crowds to be met of men destitute of women, men without mothers, without sisters, without daughters, without wives, without female companions, without living love, without the feminine ideal, without connubial beds, without a duplicated life; single men, with no God, with no country, with no woman; single men with all the horror, with all the degrading and disgusting selfishness of the one exclusive solitary. And from this violation of the primary law of Genesis, and from hatred to the man who by his arbitrary will has abolished the Divine command, we see these rational beings, debasing themselves and self-abandoned, sink to the level of the beasts; and, as their only solace or their only revenge, profane nature and extinguish human conscience in monstrous and disgusting vices, in seas of crimes, numberless and nameless, such as are scarcely known in the most barbarous ages.

"And will the children of men believe that the life giving star of liberty can shine upon the whites, leaving the negroes in the darkness of an eternal night? Ah, no, no! Liberty is not like the luminary of the natural day, that hides itself to one hemisphere. Liberty produces no blank constellations. Liberty [illegible] souls, as the sun does in the children of Adam. It shines as the luminary of eternity; as the Divine Jesus; as the white man nailed on the black and disfigured tree of the cross, which spreads its rays of love and justice with equal intensity of heat and light; as on the heights and in the depths; as on the well-known and the mysterious; on the negro as on the white; as in life so in death. There will be no liberty enjoyed upon the earth, if men do not long for the day when all—all, that live—all—all—all—shall be free, and brothers, as sons of the same heavenly father.

"The great injustice which is still perpetuated against our poor race, has its influence, perhaps, on the sweet designs of Providence, so that in punishment divine liberty may still be more bitter than sweet; a weakness, rather than an exuberance of life; a myth, a Utopia, a stumbling block, a punishment of Sodom in the countries of Europe, placed in the forefront of civilization. For this long while, liberty will be for the decaying nations of Europe what the Holy Code of Jesus Christ, expounded by Pharisees, has long been for the hated African tribes, a shadow of justice, a sacrilegious lie, a pretence, a snare, the most shocking hypocrisy, a baptism at the cost of freedom and of country, the slavery of men instead of the slavery of sin, a horrid sinning transformed, erected into a legalized system of commerce.

* * * "Oh whites! be at last our brothers. Only thus shall liberty that is divine become human, according to the idea of God, the primary truth of the world. If you would gain that so coveted end, begin by granting us clothing for our nakedness, mothers for our orphanage, modesty for our women. Let us not hear any more the sound of the owner's lash, which lacerates our skin, and even strips the naked, tearing off from the victim that seamless robe with which the heavenly father covers our flesh and bones. Let it no longer be lawful to strip naked a miserable woman of color, in the presence of men, that she may be whipped, amid threats of death or shouts of savage merriment. Let us not see, in Christian towns, Christian mothers selling off their children like Judas the innocent Christ. Let no more the negroes die blaspheming! No more murders! No more suicides! No more brutalities, to produce sugar, and cigars and coffee! Let us end that cursed taunt, which forces the victim to doubt whether to bless God or the devil! O, cease! cease! enough! enough!

"Oh whites! Truth must no longer be subjected to the differences of meridians, as in the time of Pascal!—What is truth here, must be truth there, because it is eternal truth. Be at last the brothers of the children of Africa! So also shall divine liberty become the right of the human race, according to the design of God, according to the primary truth of the world."

(Signed.)

"GERONIMO SIERRA, native of Africa.
"JOSE ANASTASIO, emigrant from Cuba.
"MATEO MONTOYA, of Porto Rico.
"MANUEL PORTUGUEZ, African.
"MANUEL MUNEZ, African.
"MARIA CAVIDAD, African woman.
"MANUEL ESTEVANI, of Fernando Po.
"S. GRATO, of Brazil.
"JOSE SOLIS, of Porto Rico.
"GABINO RUIZ, of Porto Rico.
"ADOLPHO, native of England.
"ELANA S., of Porto Rico.
"MANUEL MARTINEZ, native of Africa.
"AUGUSTIN PACHECO, native of Africa.
"JUANA RODRIGUEZ, native of Cuba.
"EPIPHANIA MONTALOO, native of Cuba.
"ADELA MONTALOO, native of Cuba.
"S. ATHANASIO, freedman of Porto Rico.
"PIO SALINAS, native of Porto Rico.
"JUAN NAPOLEON, native of Africa.
"DOMINGO VASALLO, freedman of Cuba.
"NEMESIO VARGAS, freedman of Cuba.
"NICHOLAS SERGADO, native of Porto Rico.
"FRANCISCO ALVARIN, native of Africa.
Etc., etc., etc.

Farm, House, &c.

BREAKING COLTS.—Young colts, when their dams are used in harness, are often troublesome about following, especialy when travelling on the highway where they are liable to meet other horses. It is common to see a young colt run directly away from its dam, when on the road, and, becoming bewildered, no little trouble is required to bring it back. To avoid all annoyance from this source, make a soft halter, suitable for the colt's head, and hitch it to a strong fence, or some other place, where it cannot run around a post and wind the rope up. It may pull, for several hours, but will soon learn to stand.

As soon as accustomed to the halter, the colt may be taught to be led, by placing the dam a few rods distant from where it is hitched, and leading it towards her. It will be impossible to lead a colt away from its dam until it has become well accustomed to the halter. By spending a little time with a colt, and treating it with the greatest gentleness, it may be taught to travel by the side of its dam wherever she goes. Tie the colt's halter to the backband of the dam's harness, so that it can just reach her udder. This length of halter will prevent the colt running forward of the mare when she is travelling. In a few days it will become so gentle that any one can put on the halter and handle it.

When colts are not accustomed to the halter until they are two or more years old, they are frequently very difficult to manage. But if taught to often be changed from one [illegible] to another, with little difficulty, and will be much more manageable.

CALVE'S HEAD SOUP.—Boil the head until quite tender in salt and water. Take the meat from the bone and cut it in small pieces. Strain the water, and then put in the meat with a teaspoonful of cloves, two pounded nutmegs, a little black pepper, and as will lay on a five-cent piece. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and one pint of browned flour, rubbed up in cold water. Boil all together for half an hour, then add two chopped eggs. A whole head, liver and lights make about three gallons of soup. The liver should only boil half an hour. A skinned head, with the bones of a leg of veal will make about as much. This soup, if well made, cannot be surpassed; but any soup poorly made, of which there is much, is the least palatable of all dishes.

MINCE PIES.—The following recipe for mince pies is recommended after using it for many years:

Boil a fresh beef tongue tender, let it get cold, then chop it fine, with one pound of suet, one half peck of apples, two pounds of currants, picked and washed carefully; one pound of citron sliced; half an ounce each of powdered cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and ginger; three pints of sweet cider, one one pint of Madeira wine, half a pint of brandy, with enough sugar to sweeten to your taste. This will make a large jar full.

☞ Mr. Green sued a lady for breach of promise. Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars.

"What!" cried Mr. Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart!—Two hundred dollars, for all this!—Never! never! never! *Make it three hundred and it's a bargain.*"

☞ Two centuries ago, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night.—Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement in this age.

☞ A married man who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home, was urged to stay a little longer.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well—my wife probably is already as mad as she can be."

☞ Three things only are essential to happiness, namely: Something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

☞ Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.