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WHOLE No. 617.

Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
Rev. John Wesley, M. A.
PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMBSTONE, IN
EPWORTH CHURCHYARD. By S. O. Fulton.

"Not being permitted to preach in the Epworth Church, I stood near the east end of it, on my father's tombstone."—J. W. KILPATRICK.

It was the holy hush of eve,
And Epworth's domes and spires,
Shone in the mellow sunset glow,
Like Dothan's chariot-wheels;
And eager crowds came from the streets,
Converging at the spot
Where of the heralds of our God,
Had told of mercy sound.

No bell rings out inviting sound—
No chapel-portal ope—
No vaulted dome doth echo back
The words of faith and hope:
For he who that through would preach,
Upon that balmy night,
Must stand without the Epworth Church,
Out in the waning light.

He led to the place of graves—
That silent, surging crowd—
"He sought the living 'mong the dead,"
The sleeper in his shroud;
And standing on his father's tomb,
He raised his hands and cried,
"Ye must be saved by grace, through faith"
In Christ the Crucified.

Soft, rose-tint hues were blushing there,
And many a health and bloom,
And bending eye with silvery locks,
All quivering for the tomb;
They hearkened all—perchance the air
Was speaking through the son—
A voice from out the solemn grave,
It was for every one.

No angel-legions saw they there—
No chorists of fire—
No singing seraph hovering o'er,
All wrapped in pure desire;
Alas! for clouded human sight!
The holiest of that scene,
Was hidden by the mortal veil,
Hung death and life between!

But mercy bathed her pinions in
The crystal sea of love,
And sweetly, swiftly hastened from
The shining world above;
And while the herald cried aloud,
She fluttered by his side,
And those that did unto her look,
She spoke them justified.

That summer's eve was ever dear
To some that stood and heard;
That Epworth labor was not lost,
O Servant of the Lord!
The great Reformer of thy day,
'Twas thine to rise and break
The death-spell of the slumbering Church,
And cry to it, Awake!

A rich reward hath righteousness—
True greatness hath a crown,
That will survive all worldly wealth,
And laurels of renown;
A mighty host on earth can stand,
And bless John Wesley's day,
A mightier host in heaven can rise,
And laud him there for aye.

There are, whose work it is to go
And break the fallow ground,
There are to bring the precious germs
And scatter them around,
There are to move a sinful world
To sleep in moral night,
There are to mold that world anew
And shed abroad the light.

A pebble cast into the sea,
Though it be seen no more,
A segment of the circle made,
Will reach the farthest shore;
So with the surging sea of life—
Good deeds thrown in the flood,
Though they be small, will circle on,
And touch the throne of God!
Webster, April, 1861.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
"The Sunny South."
(Concluded.)

We now had an opportunity of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance with our friend the turpentine operator by becoming a boarder at his house. He gave us a sketch one evening of a scene connected with his brother-in-law's early operations in the same business, whom we shall call Smith. I subsequently received further particulars from Smith's cooper who was present on the occasion.

Smith had commenced business on his own hook, that is to say, without the usual terms of a lease. Believing that it is good for man to be alone until he makes a fortune, which he felt resolved to do in the shortest possible time.

He and his cooper and overseer therefore lived as they termed it quietly and cozily together, having the strictest regard to economy, and a vigilant eye to the negroes, lest they should fall to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

One morning Smith's negroes went forth to their work, and to their labour. In the evening (as was not unusual) they returned with a weary step. Their master had been for several days journalizing his books; calculating his losses and gains. His golden imagination had been pictured a "flood of fleecy" at the end of the year. But he now begins strongly to suspect that his fancy has been realizing too much—his balance sheet at the close of the year will stand "the substance of things hoped for," minus not an inconsiderable item. He has long been believing and throwing out hints to his negroes that they are not doing to the extent of their ability, and he has not a few times used the lash and paddle in order to test the matter. He now resolved to test it more thoroughly; to attain if possible, "the consummation so Jeovity to be wished." It is a cold, frosty night—all things have become quiet about the negro quarters—they have calmly resigned themselves to "fired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" but not so with the master and his sympathizing companions—they are discussing the physical ability of the slave.

The overseer declares it his opinion that they are all able to do more than they do, and especially certain ones he designates.—It is finally decided to make an example of the one they deem most tardy and delinquent.

They steal forth with hand-cuffs in hand—they silently approach the door of his cabin and enter. He is suddenly aroused from his slumbers, and e'er the images of his dreams have vanished, he is loaded with chains. He is carried to the place of correction, where his clothing is removed—his hands, which are tied together, are slipped over his knees, and a cane is passed under the knees and over the wrists: thus bound and fettered so as to be unable to move, he is left lying upon the cold frosty earth, while they proceed to kindle a fire, and the resinous pine, for the purpose of light to facilitate their purpose of cruelty, and their own personal comfort. They then with a light wood paddle, prepared as previously described, commence their barbarous work. The usual mode of procedure being, both in paddling and whipping, to inflict twenty blows at a time, resting some little time between each, usually filling up the interval with some light taunting remarks, such as "This is the wages of idleness. It's pleasant to receive them, is it not? Never give yourself any trouble, you will always get your pay. I hope you will sleep the better for this to-night; it will keep you warm; you will not be under the necessity of getting up to replenish your fire," &c.

On the present occasion they resolved to proceed slowly—to give him ample time to breathe and recruit strength between each infliction. They would therefore sit down during each interval, and smoke their long reed stemmed pipes, and engage in friendly chat—sometimes continuing for half an hour. In the mean time the negro, stripped of his clothing, with his hands and feet drawn together, lay shivering upon the cold frosty earth, pleading in such pitiful tones as would almost melt the rocks for his release. But a continuous over and over to hear his master say, as he resumed his paddle, "Well, Jack, you keep up such a murmuring, I think you can't be very comfortable; it's rather a cold night, Jack, and you are rather thinly clad; I think you must be cold; it will do you good to have a little warming up, Jack." This was about the usual preface to each twenty paddles.

Jack's first pleadings were, "O, massa, please don't paddle me any more; I will do my work well, I will work as hard as I can every day; O, please don't massa! please let me go, O, do massa!" But as the evening advanced and he grew weaker, his pleas became, "O, massa do not take away my life; spare my life, O, massa do not kill me. I'll be good, don't whip me any more; O, massa don't kill me." Two hours have passed away, and Jack is still lying on the cold, pleading for his poor flickering life, and brained and mangled body. His strength is fast falling, the lamp is burning dim in the socket. He breathes a prayer to his crucified suffering Lord. "Blessed Jesus, receive my poor soul; O, take me to the New Jerusalem, where dare I rest for do poor turpentine nigger."

But he is again feeling the paddle—his brain swims and throbs for a moment, and his senses are gone, he has sunk into a swoon; another stroke, when his master perceives he is beating a senseless lump of clay. The stroke of the paddle ceases, and he says to his companions, "I believe he is dying." His shackles are soon removed, and they bear him apparently lifeless to the house; they bathe his feverish brow, and employ all the means at their command for his restoration. All night long they continue to administer restoratives—his senses have partially recovered—pulse by pulse life resumes its lingering hold. His blood is retreating, though thick and chill; his ear sings with uncouth noises; his sight is returning though thickened as it were with glass. But the spirit is grieved and outraged, and seems resolved to separate from the bruised and mangled body, till the corruptible shall put on incorruption. But the brittle distended thread of life still remains unsevered. He is placed the next day under the Doctor's care; but many long weeks passed away before Jack was seen again with his chipper in hand among the dark waving pines.

"Ah!" said his brother-in-law as he closed the sketch, Smith knew very little at that time of what a nigger could be.

A few nights after Jack had been given into the hands of the doctor, his companions became so enraged and desperate, that they assaulted the house at the hour of midnight. But Smith was absent from home, or, said my informant, "I have no doubt they would have taken his life." For the next six months he slept at the house of his brother-in-law.

While boarding with my friend I came in quite late one evening and found him absent. In answer to my inquiries for him I was informed that he had accompanied his neighbour to capture and whip one of his negroes. I inquired of his Bonne Femme as to whether the negro had run away, and what he had been doing of—the answer, they say he had not been going off his work well for several days—that he has not yet run away, but they fear he will soon, unless they by this last remark was, that the negro felt contented with his lot, that he knew his master's vigilant eye had discovered it, and that he would be made at the first opportunity the owner of the lash or paddle, and to avoid which they had strong fears he would run away, as hundreds of others had done.

About ten o'clock our host came in, we inquired after the negro, O' said he, we caught him; he was just sitting down to his supper; it was about eight o'clock, he never heard us until we entered the door. The lantern was prepared and we accompanied him to the barn, as we supposed simply to take charge of his horse, but to our surprise we found his neighbour there with the negro. He had him stripped of his clothing and was tying his hands to a beam under the shed. After a light wood fire was built up he commenced his work of laceration. The first eighty lashes were inflicted upon the back, the next twenty alternately upon the back and abdomen. This last twenty was inflicted doubly severe, the strokes were very heavy; the mournful ejaculations and cries of the negro—the tones and tears with which he begged, are indescribable. Our feelings so overcame us, we gazed upon the bleeding lacerated body, and

listened to these closing strokes and cries, that we were obliged to turn from the scene and yield to the tender passions; while we breathed most earnestly a prayer to Him, who had said, "He shall have judgement without mercy who shows no mercy,"—that the time may soon come when man will no longer have the humanity or will to make his fellow mourn.

The negro was then liberated and started for his "Old Cabin Home," where the wife and children are mingling together their tears, and waiting his return for his supper. He had closed his day's work, travelled some four miles through heavy sand to his home, tired and hungry he seated himself at the table, but e'er he tastes his food, he is seized, loaded with irons, fastened with a rope to the neck of the horse, is driven three miles before his inhuman masters, is scourged as above described, is liberated, arrives at his home at the hour of mid-night. The weeping sympathizing friend of his heart bathes his wounds and binds them up with fresh turpentine, the only thing she had, he eats his corn cake, and lies down to rest from the labours of the day.

A few evenings after my arrival at the house of our friend he said to me, "There is one of my negroes that has been working very differently for several days. It was riding the woods to-day and came upon him unawares; he was seated behind a large pine sharpening his chipper; he never saw me until I was right upon him, he started up somewhat nervously; I said to him, 'Well Sam, what has been the matter for these few days past?' You are getting old very fast, your joints are becoming stiff." Sam's reply was, "Massa Ise been having a very bad toothache; so bad I can hardly work at all."

Ah! said his master, that is it, if that is all I think I can cure it for you. He dismounted with his heavy overseer's whip in his hand to drop his chipper and ran, he pursued him for a short distance, but the negro was too fast for him, and was soon lost to his vision in the neighbouring swamp. Said he "I never was so angry in my life, I am glad now that I had not the gun with me, for I should have shot him dead." He added "It's the first time he ever ran from me, he has always been a very humble nigger; always before when I went to whip him, he would drop upon his knees the moment I told him to cross his hands."

But said he, "I think he will be in some time to-night; I went and told Ben about it, I can always depend upon him; I told him if he would bring him in to me I would give him ten dollars." Ben was a bright mellow, and very active and smart, his master called him the best nigger he had. Ben loved compliments and money, and could be bribed with these to do almost anything. He found him during the early part of the evening, and after a long talk, succeeded in persuading him that it would better to do and give himself up and take the whipping than to take the hard chances of the woods, and be punished more severely when caught, promising likewise to beg for him. About eleven o'clock I retired to my room—I had been in bed a few moments, when I heard the gate open, and the sound of foot-steps, the next moment I heard the voice of the master, "Well Sam is this day, you are not quite so wild as you were to-day. He returned to the room for a line to tie him, by the time he returned we were upon the piazza likewise. He cried out with a harsh shrill voice, 'cross your hands you rascal.' The negro dropped upon his knees and crossed his hands; while they were being tied, he kept up a constant apologizing and begging. 'I ran from you master to-day, and I am very sorry for it, I never do so before, and I never will again, O, massa if you won't whip me to-night, I'll never run from you again, and I'll do my work well.' But his master made him no reply. After he had his hands well secured, he said to him, 'go along with you to the barn,' while he held to the other end of the rope. I turned and went into the house; I found his wife sitting by the fire weeping; and as we were told by him who kept the grave of Lazarus, to 'weep with those that weep,' we sat down and sought with her to relieve our feelings by tears; perhaps your readers may think it womanly, but no matter.

Ben came in, in a moment for some fire, when she said to him in a trembling voice, 'Ben now you beg for Sam to-night,' he replied, 'I will' and went on his way. After a few moments had elapsed, she said to me, 'I wish you would go out and beg for him; I feel so bad; I am afraid my husband will not be merciful to-night; he was so angry because the negro ran from him; I think if you were out with him it would have an influence upon him, that it would tend to soften his feelings.' I told her I would, and went out. Before I got half way to the barn, I heard the sound of the lash commencing.

I knelt down upon the earth, and offered a short prayer to Him who was wounded for our iniquities, who had the chastisement of our peace laid upon him, and with whose stripes we are healed.

Coming up, I found the negro adjusted as the other, with the addition of a heavy rail lying between his feet, to which they were tied. His hands are tied to a beam above his head, and his feet to the earth, his pants are dropped upon his ankles, and his shirt is rolled up tightly under his armpits. We knew there was no use of putting in a plea for him, till he had received one hundred lashes. His master had declared, during the evening, that if he got him again, he would not get away till he was properly humbled—that he would keep him in irons for a week, and give him, as he said, a little warming up each day.

We found the rule he was purposing to work by was to gage the number of lashes by his ability to bear. At the close of the hundred we gently put in our plea. We pleaded for his release on the ground of his coming in that night and giving himself up without being tied and whipped forcibly. Our plea finally succeeded, and Sam was released. Thus we closed up another day in the "Sunny South."

Our host had two women, and a girl about thirteen years old, he kept as house servants.—The names of the women respectively were, Henny and Milly. Henny was on the shady side of sixty. She had been the property of his father before him. Having been so long a time in the family, she had acquired the title among the children of "Old Aunt Henny," and she was known by this throughout the neighbourhood.

She was looking forward with brightening hopes and prospects to a "Home beyond the tide." Heaven seemed to draw very near in her fancy, while singing early on Sabbath morning, while attending to her dairy duties—

"Dares a rest for the weary
On the under side of Jordan,
In de sweet fields ob Eden,
Where de tree ob life is blossoming,
Dares a rest for me?"

Milly was perhaps about thirty-five; was very quiet and retiring in her manners; she had a large family of children to look after in addition to her other labours, such as washing, scrubbing, taking care of the garden, &c. One evening we returned from our labours at the *Papitagonia Institute* (so called, we suppose, for the sake of euphony) and found our host exercising himself at the wood pile. As he was a little weary we sat down and entered into a sociable chat on the subject of affairs in general, in the course of which he said, "I have been having a real scrape with my nigger women to day; I have been flogging the whole lot of them. I have been threatening them for some time; and I thought while I was about it I might as well make a job of it. 'That girl,' said he 'beats all niggers I ever see.' I gave her nearly fifty paddles before she would cry or beg. I had to whip her—say you will—till she is hardly able to walk, before I could properly humiliate her."

In answer to my enquiries as to where and how he had paddled them, he said, "I took them in the barn, tied their hands and feet, and drew them over a barrel, I gave 'Old Aunt Henny' seventy, and Milly fifty paddles." Now "Old Aunt Henny" was as old again as himself, she nursed him when he was a child. But neither the venerable name of "Old Family Servant," the hoary hairs of age, nor the gentle delicate name of woman, could render her sacred from the bruising, mangling paddle, and his shameful and disgusting accompaniments. But more barbarous and abominable still is the case of her suffering companion. True she is young, and receives less number of paddles, but she is within a few hours of the time—shall I finish the sentence, or woo oblivion to open its mouth and swallow it up?—of the time when she gives birth to a child.

We have now given a hasty crayon sketch of a few of the scenes of cruelty and barbarity we witnessed, and received from the lips of those least liable to exaggerate, during our four years' sojourn in the "Sunny South." We have given them with few comments, and we shall close them without a peroration.

As some of your readers may have become sufficiently interested in our hero to feel a desire to know something of his future, and as we are in possession of the facts, it may not be deemed amiss for us to gratify them.

They will not deem it matter of surprise that he should now turn politician, seeing he has become a man of influence and position in the community; having raised himself by his own native talent.

The time for the election of members for the State Legislature arrived. The two principal political parties—viz: the Know-nothing and Democratic—were very equally poised. The spirit of politics, therefore, soon rose to about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The Superior Court commenced its session just at this time, which brought a rather brilliant array of talent to our Court House, out of which each party sought to make what they could. Hand-bills were posted the first day of the Court, announcing a political meeting for the next night in the court-room.

Our hero was present on the occasion, and was called out. He made what his party called a flaming speech. Of course we could not be considered a judge, nor being a politician.—About all we remember of it, was his introduction.

He rose very gracefully, stripped his coat sleeves up above his high wrist-band studs, made a low bow, and commenced with "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—This is a great nation, and we are a great people. The British can whip all the world, and all we can whip the British." He succeeded at least sufficiently well to receive a second call to the "stump" a few hours after at Wilmington. He was not yet out of the first day of the Court, announcing a political meeting for the next night in the court-room.

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Religious Intelligence.

The Presiding Eldership in California.

This office is a stern reality on the Pacific coast. It reminds one of the times we read of. We had been so long familiar with its modern city aspects as to have considered it nearly a new institution, adjusted to later conditions of the Church and the world; having, now definable upon supervisory and connective grounds only. But I have found it when it blends with the forms of the past, and when it is a great traveling, preaching office. It has no railroad feature in it, allowing a man to sit upon a sofa and slip into town from his home, fifty or sixty miles, of a Saturday evening, after tea, to meet his appointments—no merely "Any complaints?" "Any appeals?" quarterly meetings. The San Francisco district is, I think, the smallest and easiest district in the state—a very garden patch compared with it includes only five counties, stretching around the bays and along the Pacific coast from Contra Costa to Monterey. And counties are counties in California; they would be states in New England. The presiding elder must utter a quarter of two weeks at a time away from home, or spend most of his secular days on the road. The travelling is much of the time splendid, by steamboat and stage, or by private conveyance. But during the rainy season it is often quite difficult. The roads, naturally the finest in the world, are great thoroughfares for heavy teaming; huge loads of eight, ten, and even twelve horses (or cattle) power; piled up "the deep," and the creaking of the wheels, on the wheels, up into your face, anywhere. Regular Young American mud cars for nobody. What of it, after all? I have seen just as muddy mud "down East." Scold, however, never indeed such rains. It can't rain "in the States." It can cloud up gradually, and blow a little. It can sprinkle and drizzle, and "thunder and lighten," and make it moist, and even wet sometimes, but it can't just spring up, and without ten minutes' notice drop right down in a sheet, or pour in a hundred million continuous streams nearly as large as a pipe stem, crowding and following each other for ten or twenty hours together. If any brother "at home" wants to obtain a vivid idea of Noah's flood, with the great breaking up, let him come and travel my district through the rainy season. We can show him all this, and then give him more months and miles of fine weather, fine roads, and fine dust, than he ever saw in a year in all his life.

Brothers Briggs and Blain will smile at this apparent attempt to show that traveling the San Francisco district is just something to speak of. They will ask you to just look back three years and more, when it included in addition all the Bodege, and Petaluma, and Russian River, and Napa Valley, and Suisun, and Humboldt Bay counties, and then think of "old times." Yes, indeed; and all we "veterans" only speak once, and all we "freshmen" shall just keep silence. It is not much to be thought of, but it is a fact that when their travels and perils, and "hairbreadth escapes by land and sea" are written up, Father Owen will laugh at them as hearily as they do so at us. He led the way alone, where it takes at least twenty brave men to follow, a large part of whom, however, fully agree with the language of the prophet, that their "strength is to sit still." Great injustice to those who are a "stationed" by authority. They are not a "waiting to blame for their peculiar way of "travelling."

See what occasion we have for gratitude in the mean time. Read a little from our diary.—Friday, Jan. 4, 1861. In stage at 7:12 A. M. at San Jose for San Juan. A fearful storm arising, a plain man, with the spirit of a gentleman, promptly takes the outside, and endures the dreaching rain and severe cold wind for hours to give me a seat inside. This vacates about six inches of the end of a back seat, beside two obliging men, encoined within the "little rooms" of one "mud wagon." Really too outturn for me, but there is more kindness yet. Changes are made until I am snugly fitted in on the longest seat with the smallest men.—The order enters, the whip cracks, and our four "mud-wagons" spring like wild cats. The mud and the weight soon bring them to a walk. The conversation is free and agreeable. Not an oath is heard. No smell of vile liquor within. The introduction of a serious thought now and then, and at length a presentation of religious truth, is apparently no intrusion. Almost involuntarily humming a spiritual hymn, as the rain falls and the wind blows without, we hear other voices joining in, louder and louder, until a good hearty sing, with all the praises, refreshes us, and fills our souls with praise. One or two times a little irreverence. Heaven was mentioned, a crowded old Irish miner from the rear screwed about and said: "I hope they'll give us a bit more room there than we have in 'this stage.'"

Again and again every passenger had to get out into the deep, cold mud, and walk for rods, and once I think near a mile, to enable our poor powerful little horses to get the vehicle through. I insisted upon taking my part with the rest, but neither the driver nor a single passenger would consent to it. What an I, a poor unworthy sinner, that I should be so favored of God and man? But it was timely. At about four o'clock P. M. we reached the town. I ventured to ask a stranger for entertainment, which he promptly granted. His wife, to whom I had been before introduced, was sick in bed; but a good fire presently blazed on the hearth, and I found myself quite unwell. A painful night, a bilious attack, for which doubtless I had been some time preparing, seemed likely to prostrate me among strangers—a dismal prospect. Rose in the morning only to be confirmed in the conviction that I was really sick. The dear people were very kind. But I must go to some place where the people are well. Find a place near the church. House, it is true, small and open. No escape from the mud or wind, but a most hearty welcome. A crowd of children and friends from the Red Woods, with every degree of kindness. Walk slowly to church at 11 o'clock, but no one there.

I send for a physician, who cannot come, but gives me a prescription. I take the medicine. The rain pours, and the few people bound for the church come in to see me. I talk, and sing, and pray with them, growing worse every hour. Sunday morning the sun shines for a little while. Fog and rain follow. I am a little better. Go to love-feast. About twelve present, only one of them a member of Church. He is the only member in all this region, and he is a bachelor, living out of town. Members of the Church, South, joined in speaking. A good season. I preached, God helping me graciously; and as the blessing came gently upon us, preached again; and hardly able to stand, threw myself into the lumber wagon of a kind Southern brother, and rode up a dark ravine, reaching his rustic dwelling amid the mountains after nightfall. A little chicken broth, a little dry bed-room, a clean bed, and an indescribable weariness disposed me to sleep. Disease broke my slumbers. The morning brought a sense of relief, and a slight breakfast was impudently risked, which brought back all our unpleasant symptoms. All day Monday we battled with the disease and the wind, which found us in every corner; talked, and tried to dine with the good neighbors who gathered in; wrote letters, and amused ourselves with the antics and freaks of a smart set of California "Young Americans" as can be found anywhere. A noble mother cooked, and sewed, and washed, and tended baby, and managed the whole little group in a way to command my respect.

Sunday I mustered courage and strength to get into the lumber wagon again. Tenderly cared for by kind Brother H., I am transferred to the lovely cottage home of Col. H., a fine business man, one to whom California is greatly indebted for large enterprise in sheep growing. Fine stock, constantly improving under his care, and passing out into other hands, is helping to make California rich in a business which rises above others in its adjustments to a foreign market, and therefore cannot fail. Here I am welcomed by the colonel's good sister, Mrs. B., where for three days I am nursed and cared for as I should be at my own dear home. O how sweet the rest, how appropriate and successful the medicine! how kind and Christian the words to which I am allowed to listen! I am better now; well, indeed, I think, but very weak. Thank God for his goodness. I shall be in the stage again to-morrow.

So much about a quarterly meeting for one member of his neighbors. There were many more on the other part of the circuit, but the storm prevented their attendance. I have different times from all this, of which I may write you by and by.

News from Abroad.

From France, notwithstanding the opposition, almost at every point, of the local magistrates, who, when not bigoted Romanists, are generally mere creatures of political despotism (always the enemy of spiritual earnestness), we have from time to time cheering intelligence. A correspondent of the *Academy* tells of a recent awakening at Meloy, a village with a population of 1500 souls. A Protestant pastor, having heard of a solitary Christian shepherd and his family, residing at a distance of four leagues, far from the town, and that he was a man of letters, moved from Gospel privileges, determined to seek them out in their solitude, and bless them in the name of the Lord. His visit was blessed to many besides. He was taken by the good shepherd to see a member of the municipal council, a Romanist, and an engraver.

Four Protestant churches, lately closed in France by local prefects, have been authorized, as the phrase is (*i.e.* permitted to be re-opened), but only for a year. Several churches still remain closed. It is pleasant to find that in such cases the poor people meet in small numbers for prayer in each other's houses, warming themselves (in more senses than one) at each other's fires.

In Spain, the wide dissemination within the last year or two of Bibles and Tracts, and the knowledge that many have been thus led to abandon the Church of Rome, and are meeting in secret for prayer and fellowship, has stirred up the wrath of the priests, by whom the police have been set on the track of the converts.—One of these, Manuel Matamoros, formerly a Spanish soldier, was arrested in Barcelona during October last, and placed in solitary confinement. His house was rigorously searched, and in his possession were found papers containing a correspondence with his fellow-converts in Seville, Granada, Malaga, Gibraltar, and other towns in Spain, as well as in foreign countries. The Spanish Government are thus furnished with the names and addresses of the native Protestants. At Granada, about eighty of these have in consequence been arrested, all of whom have subsequently been discharged or liberated on bail, with the exception of Alabama, by trade a hatter, who was the president of the Protestant community in that town, who is a sincerely Christian man. Matamoros has just been removed to Granada, where, by the last accounts, he will await his trial. His letters from his dungeon breathe the spirit of a prisoner of Jesus Christ.

From Switzerland we have pleasant accounts of a visit paid by a Swiss theological student to the *High Alps*—the scene of the labours of Felix Neff. The climate is so severe, and the means of communication so difficult, that the poor mountaineers have no stated gospel ordinances. Indeed, as it is well known, the fatigues of Neff's evangelistic tours through them were the cause of his early death. The student referred to (sent by the *Society of Young Men*, centered Protestants) spent two months in his work. Many, especially of the young men, accompanied him from village to village, singing hymns as they went, or engaging in spiritual discourse; and he has brought back a cheering record of the welcome he everywhere received. The largest meeting he attended assembled on a mountain top, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Many hearts were touched, and consciences awakened; and when the young missionary left, he was accompanied by weeping brethren, young and old, some of whom on horseback did not leave him for hours.

The state of matters in Italy is full of promise. The immediate spiritual fruit may not be so great as some have been anticipating; but the ground

is being sown over the whole peninsula, the seed cast into the furrows, and the result may be led to the God of the harvest. What a change is indicated by the following simple paragraph regarding the Union Meetings for Prayer held at Florence:

"On each day, beginning Monday and concluding this (Saturday) forenoon, meetings have been held. The Scotch Chapel, kindly opened for the purpose, has been filled to overflowing. The meetings have been presided over by representatives of the English, Scotch, Vaudois, and Italian Churches; prayers have been offered up in English and Italian, (in the latter language principally), and words of exhortation have been spoken in the spirit of truth and love. Many of the Italians present were working men, who made a sacrifice of their time in thus accepting the invitation so widely circulated, the more remarkable as they were again found in their places at the nightly reunions for instruction or evangelization. Not the least interesting feature in a deeply interesting succession of meetings was this, that on one occasion prayers were offered in succession by four servants of the Lord, who in other times had suffered imprisonment for the Gospel's sake."

The Bible Society's agent reports a sale of 3500 copies of Scriptures at Naples, within five weeks. The book is in no way many of the priests as to the people. "De Sanctis Letter to Pius IX.," has been affixed to the corners of some of the streets, and was read by many—M'Crie's *History of the Reformation of Italy* is popular, and is effecting great good. With a view to reaching the more educated classes, circulating libraries are about to be established in several of the principal cities, to be supplied with Protestant works in various languages.—Garibaldi's soldiers seemed to consider the cause of the Bible their own, and watched its sale with curiosity.

General Miscellany.

Poverty of the Learned.

Of the honors of modern literature the accounts are as copious as they are sorrowful. Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. He tells us that at the age of eighteen he studied to acquire glory, but at twenty-five he studied to get bread.

Cervantes, the immortal Gama of Spain, is supposed to have wanted food. Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessities of life, perished in a hospital at Lisbon, after having triumphed in the East.—The Portuguese after his death bestowed on the man of genius that had starved the appellation of great.

Vonied, the Dutch Shakespeares, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age; but he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius probably partook of his wretchedness.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma that he was obliged to borrow a crown for a week's subsistence. He alludes to his distress, when entreating his cat to assist him during the night with the luster of her eyes, having no candles to see to write his verse.

Cardinal Bessarion, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished in his old age in the most distressful poverty; and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Vogels, the most polished writer of the French language, who devoted thirty years to his translation of Quintus Curtius, (a circumstance which modern translators can have no conception of), died possessed of nothing valuable but his precious manuscripts. This ingenious scholar left his copy to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors.

Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tomson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement.

Purchas, who in the reign of the first James of England, spent his time in compiling his "Relation of the World," when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labors was thrown into prison at the suit of his printer.

Louis the Fourteenth honored Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day the king asked what was new in the literary world. Racine answered that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Copin, whom he found dying, deprived even of a little broth. The king preserved a profound silence, and sent the dying poet a sum of money.

Spenser, the child of Fancy, languished out his life in misery. "Lord Burleigh," says Granger, who it is said prevented the queen giving him a hundred pounds, seems to have despised the lowest clerk in his office a more deserving person.

The Sage resided in a little cottage while he supplied the world with most agreeable novels, and appears to have derived the