

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1855.

...says grace" at the table in the same manner. He introduced our public dinner the other day with a "grace" in German, which was roared out as addressed to an army half a mile off. Of course this peculiarity surprises everybody at first, but you soon get accustomed to it. Whether his air from good Gothic beardiness or is a vocal defect I know not; but be this as it may, Krummacker is considered the most eloquent man now in Europe. He is chaplain to the King of Prussia, and some of his sermons are said to be his chief exertions. He is personally a delightful man. He appears to be between fifty and sixty; his hair is light, but not gray; it is combed sleekly over his ears; his eyes, peering through bright gold spectacles, are blue, and expressive of a sunny character notwithstanding the roasting ferocity of his voice. He is in good condition, inclining a little to episcopal dimensions. There is a peculiar blandness and youthfulness about him which recalls to you the title of "the ever youthful," which was applied to his great countryman, the poet Klopstock.

Glance down from the platform, and you see, not far from it, another noble German, but a perfect contrast to Krummacker; it is Tholuck. You would single him out from all this throng as the least important, the least interesting man present, not to say the most ugly and the most inferior. He is small in stature, stoops somewhat, has a low, wrinkled, but broad forehead, and rugged, uninteresting features. He is one of those men whom it seems impossible for the best talent to improve into ordinary dignity; his clothes hang and dangle about him—Tholuck would be shabby in the robes of royalty. But this great man has done a mighty work, borne a mighty testimony in Germany. His name is a rough passport and a debt to all good men in Europe. He is said to be very "nervous," and usually in poor health, but he works like a giant—There is a great lesson on that strange agonized face of his. I thought of it, as he was relating to me, the other night, the history of one of his American students, who while in Germany, had passed through the social struggles of German doubt. "If we come out triumphantly from such conflicts," said the German professor, "we are strong forever," and he darted away into the throng of company as if struck by a sudden and irresistible impulse.

Sir Charles Earle presides to-day. I have been disappointed in him. We have heard so much about him in America in connexion with the Christian movements of England that I supposed that he must be a venerable and very commanding man; and then, though we can conceive of a "young lord," or even a juvenile duke, yet a baronet—a "Sir Cullen," forever repeated in the speeches of Exeter Hall, always seemed to imply a gray beard and cracked voice—the good old English gentleman. Sir Cullen, however, has none of these pretensions—he has no gray hair though his whiskers begin to claim a little veneration. I should estimate him at about forty-five years. He looks like a shrewd, square-headed, honest-hearted Yankee. His mouth is marked by unusual firmness, his forehead is full and intellectual, and his features and whole bearing manly. He is one of those laymen, not uncommon in England, who think that the noblest service they can pay to their country as well as to their God, is to devote their energies to the promotion of religion.

William Mand, brother of Frederick, sits by the side of Sir Cullen Earle as secretary; he reminds me of Channing. He looks feeble, and yet intellectually strong and elevated, as did Channing; and there is a striking similarity of feature, and especially of forehead, though the latter is older between them. He is, withal, a man of similar benignity—mild, amiable, tenderly courteous in his manners. No man here has made a deeper impression on my own heart. He is the great man among the great men of the Mand family, to whom French Protestantism is so much indebted. He has a brilliant eloquence, and the most powerful speech delivered at the convention came spontaneously from his lips in an appeal to French Protestants to have more zeal in the signs of the times. He has stood through troublous times; he is now the chief representative of Protestantism in old Normandy.

Grandpierre, one of the Parisian pastors, is also well known in America, as over Europe, in connexion with the Protestant mission in France. Take the fine contour of Wilbur Fisk, and wrinkle thoroughly its integuments with care and suffering, and you will have a good copy of this able Frenchman's features. Most of these Protestant leaders look battle-worn, and their reward will come. Grandpierre opened the convention with a powerful speech. He has since occupied a back corner of the platform, almost hidden from observation. I consider him one of the soundest and strongest men of French Protestantism.

Dr. Duff is another notable here. He has now from his doctor in England to shake hands with the representatives of European evangelism in Paris, and though under a prohibition not to speak in public, he has several times addressed us with a nervous excitability which cannot fail to injure him, and which might prove disastrous to several of those like that under which he is said to suffer. He is six feet high, but of slight structure; his face and accent are thoroughly Scotch; his complexion is habitually flushed, even to redness, with what appears a determination of blood to the head. His hair is combed back, and when he is excited in a speech it stands up like that of the portraits of General Jackson. He trembles while speaking like a paralytic. His gestures are exceedingly awkward; he distorts his shoulders like his forehead, twitches his paranasals, and notwithstanding all these peculiarities, thrills and overwhelms his audience. His power is in his pity and his temperance, not in his intellect. He has no great compass or profundity, but he is intensely earnest, and there is occasionally a mark almost of a morbidly excited feeling. It reminds you of states of mind, of the morbid sensitiveness which borders on insanity. He needs to be careful to save his useful life; but he is precisely one of those men who will never do so.

But I am prolonging too much these desultory sketches, and yet I am not through with the celebrities around me. I have selected only a few of them, and those the best known in America. Our own men, I hope, will return safely enough to represent themselves in person.

As ever,  
A. STEVENS.

Queen Victoria's Visit to France

CONSIDERED IN A RELIGIOUS POINT OF VIEW.

The following from the pen of the French correspondent of Ecological Christendom we find in the October number of that periodical.—All the political journals both of France and England are filled with detailed accounts of the grand visit made by the noble Queen Victoria to Napoleon III. and to France. It is not our intention to enter upon a subject already exhausted. But this great event, which will have a place in the annals of history, has a religious bearing which is not sufficiently noticed by the public press, and which certainly deserves to be mentioned in our correspondence.

Several Popish papers, whether in our country or in the United Kingdom, have endeavoured to show that the visit of Queen Victoria to Rome rendered by Protestants to Roman Catholicism, and have celebrated this event by songs of triumph. This is a pure illusion, or a hypocritical stratagem. In order to France, Victoria was not inclined towards Popery than was Louis Napoleon inclined towards Protestantism by his visit to England. On neither part was there an act of homage or an avowal of inferiority. The real state of the case, that the two religions, as well as the two sovereigns, have acknowledged, in the eyes of the universe, a perfect equality—equality of right and of power. Very well, the formal recognition of their complete equality is a step backwards for Popery, and a step forward for Protestantism—at least, for French Protestantism. The Pope and the high dignitaries of the Romish Church have always refused to believe to the Protestants as equals; they have affected to treat heresy with insulting contempt, as a miserable sect scarcely tolerated. The visit of the Queen of England ought to convince these haughty Romishists, that Protestantism enjoys in Europe the same authority, and the same dignity, the same rights as Popery, and that they can no longer be tolerated to treat it with contempt.

This is not all. The amicable relations of Queen Victoria with the head of France, will contribute to cement the alliance between the two nations, and, consequently, all kinds of intercourse between the Protestants and Roman Catholics. Exchange of commerce, correspondence, personal interviews, the ties between country and country, between family and family, between individual and individual, will continually multiply. It will be a precious advantage for Protestantism. The doctrines and practices of our holy Reformation, up to the present time, have often been misinterpreted by the priests. Their calumnies had found easy entrance into the minds of the French, who are generally very ignorant on religious subjects; and in many cases, those who were actually in other matters, credulously believed on the testimony of the Popish clergy, that Protestants were Deists or Atheists, who separated themselves from Rome for the purpose of satisfying immoral passions. At the present time, these hateful lies cannot so easily be believed.—Queen Victoria, during her short stay in France, has given an example of her submission to the law of God, especially in her faithful observation of the Sabbath; and the French have acquired the conviction, that the Protestants of England are at least as pious as the disciples of the Romish Church. This is a useful lesson.

Protestantism must necessarily gain by a close and strict comparison with Popery. Let us, then, entertain in good faith the following thoughts to the interest of the Romish Church, which is now in a state of isolation. Let us place in close contact with the Reformed communion, she appeared under her true aspect as a perverted and materialized religion, full of gross superstitions; and, sooner or later, she will gradually lose her place in the spiritual, pure, and holy religion of the Gospel. Calvin took for the motto of Geneva, "Post tenebras lux." The shadows, in fact, inevitably flee away when the light of the sun appears above the horizon.

Persecution.

(From Correspondence of Zion's Herald.)

Protestant England has late received with indignation, and with just indignation, the news that she had been displayed in Spain, and the active persecutions which have been carried on in Paezucoy nor have the instances which have recently occurred in France, of the oppression of public worship, through the influence of the Romish priesthood, failed to excite some measure of anxiety and alarm. It is not generally known, however, as it ought to be, that there are Protestant countries which are equally guilty with Popery of the most oppressive and cruel persecutions of those who are unable, conscientiously, to conform to the state religion. Rumors of such a state of things in various parts of Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland have for some time been circulating in this country, but the Italian information has been furnished by a pamphlet, entitled, "Results of an Investigation into cases of Protestant persecution on the Continent; undertaken at the instance of the Hamburg Conference."

The Rev. Dr. Steane, and the Rev. T. R. Brooke, were requested to visit a number of the places in which persecution had been experienced, to verify alleged facts, to obtain further information, and to express sympathy with the persecuted. These brethren fulfilled their mission with kindness and zeal; and the results appear in the above named pamphlet which contains their report. They state that in Zurich, formerly the asylum of many of the English Reformers, and under a Republican form of government, a most flagrant instance of intolerance had taken place. The Rev. E. B. Bues, who had been pastor of a Baptist congregation for twelve months, had been summoned before the authorities, thrown into prison, and marched to the frontier by gendarmes, under sentence of banishment from the Canton for life.

Salem Chapel.

We notice in the Church Times of last Saturday an article under the head "Representative of the Corrected," severely censuring the writer of the letter to the Church Witness which prompted the remarks in that paper transferred to our columns on the 1st inst. As it unreservedly imputes falsehood to the writer of that letter, we presume it is intended as an unqualified denial of his statements. So far it is gratifying; as all persons of a catholic spirit who feel an interest in the preservation of the purity of the Christian faith in every branch of the Church, will prefer that such imputations on the simplicity of Protestant worship are alleged, should be denied rather than defended. It would, however, as we have been the means of giving a wider dissemination to the statements of *Mono Scotian* by copying the editorial of the Church Witness (which we did not for the reference it contained to Salem Chapel, but for the sound and salutary general observations which it made) have been much more satisfactory to us had the article in the Church Times been somewhat more distinct in its vindication of the services of Salem Chapel from the purities by which they are said by *Mono Scotian* to be attended, when divested of the severe expressions against that writer in which, we cannot help remarking, it too much abounds. We should then as an act of even-handed justice have given the substance of the article a place in our columns.

Pontifical Rome.

Over against Balliol College, in one of the most public places of Oxford, there stands a monument erected by the poetry of modern ages to commemorate one of the greatest events which has occurred since human beings have formed themselves into societies. The artist, with great skill and singular success, has carved in enduring stone the features of those great paladins of our religion who upon that spot laid down their lives in torments to secure liberty of conscience in after ages to their fellow-countrymen and their fellow-creatures. Life in England is so fully occupied in the Senate, in the forum, in the market place, that few but professed students care to delve in the dark chambers of history, and to labor among dusty records and old dates. The toil, however, is not always without reward. Strange suggestions and contrasts are brought to light by confronting the present with the past. It is now within a few days of three centuries back that stout old Latimer and Ridley, the most fearless and the most efficient of the Protestant bishops, were burnt at Oxford on the very spot where the Martyr's Monument now stands.—These things happened on the 16th of October, 1555. All laws that had been made to the prejudice of the Pope's authority in England had been repealed. Queen Mary had shaken from her head the papal pollution she had inherited from her father, and she was now ready to pray the God who would turn the Queen's head from idolatry and Popish superstition. Everything seemed to promise fair for the renewed subjection of England to the Roman See. The Pope of that day could look round him with confidence to the sovereigns who either held or were about to succeed to supreme power in France, in Germany, in Spain. Charles IX, with one foot upon the throne, was already dreaming of St. Bartholomew's night, in concert with the Guises, and Annes, and Anjou. The hypocritical bigot Philip was about to receive from his great father the inheritance of Spain, and the cause of the papacy in Germany was to be entrusted to Ferdinand II, with good expectation of pious successors in his place. We will not speak of England as it is in the year 1855, but certainly the Pope whose reign was illustrated by the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley would have been a great blessing to the world, had he been the correspondent of a London Journal, writing from the Holy City of Palestine three centuries after his time, would have drawn the following picture of his successor's position: "The chief feature in the social state of Rome is decidedly an abhorrence of Papal Government, and possibly it might be added, an increasing indifference to religion. Of the latter point, however, I cannot speak with certainty; only I do know that the day before yesterday (the Feast of the Annunciation) when the Pope performed mass in the church of St. Maria del Popolo, there were not above 200 persons in the building beside officials, and very few in the streets to see the display of military and State carriages, and receive His Holiness's blessing as he passed. An old, indeed, that it is not unusual for the people of Rome to run up side streets or into houses as they see the Pope's carriage coming along, in order that they may not be obliged to do him reverence. Next to their own Government, I think the Romans seem to dislike the Austrians, and I am sorry to say they do not express much admiration for the French. The French Government has undoubtedly lost a golden opportunity of increasing its influence in Italy, by not acting up to the principles enunciated in the famous letter to Edgar Ney, by which some French soldiers have been sent following in the wake of Pontifical spies, and assisting in the work of vindictive persecutions; the hopes once felt for the good offices of France have been seriously dimmed, and it more confidence is now placed in England and a desire shown to enter her service, it is because her influence has always been exerted here in the interest of punishment."

Letter from England.

From Correspondence of Zion's Herald.

The political phase of England, at this moment, is one of intense dissatisfaction. We are divided into as many shades of sentiment as ever; but the oddity of the times is, that no one party is satisfied with things as they are. Democrats talk strangely of the great advantages of absolutism, and the Tories, in a fit of spleen, would hail the advent of another Cromwell. The fall of Sebastopol, it is true, has brought with it an addition to the lease of our present Government; but this bolstering event will soon lose its power, and Palmerston and his colleagues will have to vacate their thrones. There is a universal craving for a "coming man"—a despot to reign over us, man worship being at the root of the whole. Every man is an autocrat at heart, and he should soon rectify all the anomalies of time. Impatient at the tardy processes of law, and irritated by the jar of contending factions, people are apt to suppose that it would be infinitely better to have every thing quietly disposed by the strong will of one man. But this would be purchasing order at the expense of freedom. This would be the suicidal act of forcing chains on ourselves.

From late English Papers.

A few extracts from speeches at the banquet given in Liverpool, England, on occasion of the recent visit of the Duke of Cambridge, will be read with interest. After the "Health of the Queen" and the "Health of the Emperor of the French," the Mayor proposed the "Health of the Sultan of Turkey," and said:—"At war we are with a monarch who aways with despotic power the destinies of a mighty empire. He would not enter into the question of surrounding nations to the justice of our cause. Motives which it is not my province here to dilate upon may influence the Cabinets of some of the German States, but the people of those countries, as well as of the British Empire, are well as isolated and friendless; and we must place the German and other States on our side. Self-preservation would lead them to us! Has not Russia been for long despoiling her neighbors? During the last 70 years she has robbed from surrounding States dominions equal to her whole European territory before that time. Towards Dresden, Vienna, and Paris she has approached 700 miles; Constantinople, 500; Stockholm, 630; Persia, 1,000. She has wrested from Sweden dominions as great as those now left to her; from Poland territories equal to Austria.—Who will not say it was time to check her lust of power? (Hear, hear.) Many Russians have long ignored St. Petersburg or Moscow as their capital. They point to Constantinople and say, 'This is the true capital of our country.' What if Constantinople had fallen into the hands of Russia, and a second Sebastopol had been constructed at the mouth of the Dardanelles? (Hear.) Would not this have become a standing menace to Europe as Sebastopol was to Turkey? I have stated that we might appeal with confidence to surrounding states as to the justice of our cause; and it is a satisfaction to us to see that while Austria and Prussia remain wavering, Sardinia has set a noble example. (Loud cheering.) She has shown a spirit of independence that will gain for her the respect of surrounding States, and enable her to play an important part in the great events that are looming in the perhaps, not distant future. (Hear, hear.) To check these ambitious projects the Western Powers took up arms in defence of Turkey, which Russia, looking upon as an easy prey, had outrageously attacked, and the Turkish soldiers have shown themselves worthy to fight by our side. Witness their many victories on the banks of the Danube, their gallant defence of Silistria, of Eupatoria, and even now of Kars. In the campaigns of 1828 and 1829 they kept long before the forces of Russia, and their defence of Shumla, of Varna, and Silistria, will long be remembered in history. I give you 'The health of the Sultan,' with which I will couple 'The health of the King of Sardinia.' (Cheers.)

From late English Papers.

The Duke of Cambridge, in acknowledging the toast of the Royal Family, said in the course of his remarks:—"A great deal had been written upon the shortcomings and defects in our arrangements for the comfort and efficiency of the army, but the fault was not so much in individuals as in the system, and still more in the state in which our establishments had been left by a forty years' peace. It might be said that the French had enjoyed a forty years' peace as well as ourselves, but it should be remembered that the breaking out of the war had found them much better prepared than ourselves. The French had for many years carried on a state of Algeria, and their transport and commissariat departments were therefore in a state of efficiency. When the war broke out we

From late English Papers.

had no land transport corps at all, and no ambulance corps, and we were in a country where no horses or forage could be procured. The commissariat was a department of the treasury, and the officers arrived in the Crimea with little or no experience of the work they had to perform. They were willing to learn, anxious to do their duty, and desirous to receive suggestions. But, under all the circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that deficiencies manifested themselves which made every one impatient. Officers were in no way less zealous, and (said His Royal Highness) "I was impatient." But he saw around him many eminent merchants having establishments in every part of the globe, and he would ask them whether a space of three, four, or five months would enable them to form their establishments and make those arrangements in every part of the globe which were essential to the success of their undertakings, and the harmony and efficiency of their action? (Cheers.) Time must be given for establishing the necessary organization, and our establishments were not yet formed. The lesson to be learnt from these events (and he trusted it would not be forgotten after the peace), was not to starve our establishments during a time of peace, or to maintain them in such a low state of efficiency as if we thought that war was impossible. Four years ago, he admitted, he admitted, he did not believe we were about to enter on a state of war. No one then believed war to be possible. But when it was successful, he happily terminated, he trusted that we should not neglect the efficiency of our establishments from any belief that we were about to enter upon another 40 years' peace—(hear, hear)—although no one would rejoice more than himself if such a period were to occur for us. Every one who had witnessed, as he had, the actual miseries of war, would rejoice at the return of peace, and would cherish a state of peace as one of the greatest blessings a nation could enjoy. He had been highly gratified to see the messages in the streets of his worthy friend the Mayor at the Town-hall that morning, when his Worship had stated that, although the great commercial town of Liverpool was deeply interested in a return of peace, one sentiment alone prevailed in the whole community—namely, a determination to persevere in the war in which the country was engaged, at all hazards, and at every sacrifice, until its objects were attained. (Cheers.) In that sentiment he entirely concurred, and he had a strong opinion that if the war continued as it at present moment would not be an honourable, glorious, and lasting peace. Until such a peace could be concluded, he was for carrying on the war with all possible vigour and determination, and he was gratified to find that this was also the opinion of the noble members of Liverpool. (Cheers.) He had seen a great deal written upon the relations between the officers and men of the British army. He thought that in raising the standard of the officers you raised also the standard of the men, and the highest confidence could not be given to the officers for their conduct in the late campaign, and their care and devotion for the comfort of the men. This care and devotion on the part of the officers was highly appreciated by the men, who liked to be commanded by gentlemen, while they often felt irritated under the command of men of their own station. (Hear, hear.) One of the proudest positions that could be filled by any man was to command a body of English soldiers going into action, because he knew he could rely upon his men to go anywhere, and the more confident that their officers would be found at their head when the moment for action arrived. He had been compelled, to his great regret, to leave the army in the East in consequence of the state of his health; but now, thank God, his health was restored, and he would give him greater pleasure than to rejoin the army in the Crimea.

From late English Papers.

Sir H. SMITH, who received with great cheering, said he had seen with great regret certain comments upon what was called the failure of the English troops in the late attack upon the Redn, which was calculated to shake the confidence of the men in their officers. He would not enter upon the question whether the siege of Sebastopol was really a siege or not, but he would call it an attack upon a strongly entrenched camp very numerously defended. When an attack was made upon a strongly fortified camp, as was usually made upon three or four points, in order to distract the attention and divide the forces of the besieged. It was not expected that all should succeed, but it was hoped that the besiegers would be successful at one or two points, and thus gain an entrance into the place. Thus was the siege of Badajos, Wellington's assault on an assault to be made at four points. His two crack divisions, who had even then gained immortal honours for themselves, were ordered to carry the town by the breaches made by his cannon, while two other divisions were to attack the town in other quarters. Wellington's crack divisions performed prodigies of valour at the trenches, but the enemy withdrew their troops from other points to repel the assault at these points. The assault failed at those breaches, while it was successful at other points. But did every one hear the crack divisions assailed and repelled because they were unable to carry the town at those points? No. The unsuccessful troops were held to have deserved the thanks of their country equally with those which were successful. (Cheers.) All were held to have alike done their duty; and so it was with the late attack upon the Redn. The attack was part of the general assault of the enemy's lines, and he could not admit that the slightest stain rested upon the character of the British troops because they did not succeed in carrying the breaches. He felt convinced that the English army would continue to deserve as they had most fully deserved, the admiration and gratitude of their Queen and country.

From late English Papers.

The Earl of DERBY said he was warned by certain signs that met his ear that he must compress in a very small compass what he had to say. They had arrived at that very critical moment in the evening's proceedings which reminded him of the House of Lords, between the hours of a quarter past seven and eight o'clock in the evening, when the thinness of the benches, occupied not only by lords temporal, but if the right reverend would permit me to say, by lords spiritual also,—(a laugh)—and the impatience of his audience usually led the speaker to apologise to their lordships for troubling them at so late an hour of the evening. (A laugh.) Apprehensive, therefore, that the young portion of the company wished to leave the room, and that the older portion of the company would be obliged to do so,—(a laugh)—he would only say that he concurred with the Mayor in thinking that, while the House of Lords performed an important and useful function in checking legislative enactments, it was a barrier to improvement. (Hear.) He was sure that it was continually receiving infusions of new blood, and that its doors were open to every man who could show himself worthy of a seat in that distinguished assembly. So long as peersages were given only for distinguished services the peerage was of good quality which procured for the ancestors their patent of nobility would en-