

In this period of my life a request came to me on a Saturday, to go immediately to a place at a considerable distance to attend a funeral, and preach on the occasion. It had invariably been my custom to comply with such calls without delay. At this time, however, I was engaged in putting up a stack of hay. From appearances it seemed probable that if it were not finished that day, the hay would be spoiled before Monday. There was no one with me capable of completing the work; nor was there any prospect of obtaining assistance. Under these circumstances, I felt myself constrained to send the message back with my apology. This case caused me much disquietude. When a favorable opportunity presented, I gladly availed myself of it, to obtain freedom from such embarrassment, by disposing of my oxen, and the accompanying implements of husbandry.

I would strongly advise you, my dear Brother, from painful experience, cautiously to avoid all such impediments to your work. Though I have been mercifully preserved from entering upon trade, or any worldly speculations, and therefore can not speak from personal knowledge, yet I am satisfied, from the nature of things and from observation, that these are peculiarly prejudicial to the comfort and usefulness of a minister of the gospel.

If a preacher be rendered incapable of discharging his appropriate duties, as for instance by the loss of his voice. It is perfectly justifiable in him to have recourse to any honest calling for support. But while a man professedly makes the gospel ministry his business, he should keep himself as free as possible from all worldly cares and hindrances. Necessary devotional exercises, the improvement of his mind, direct preparation for his public work, the visitation of the sick and afflicted, the aged and infirm, professors of religion and unconverted sinners, with various incidental duties, demand the whole time and energies of a minister of Christ.

Yours in gospel bonds,
CHARLES TUPPER.

Aylesford, Jan. 30th, 1861.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

Charlestown, Virginia, Jan. 29th 1861.

DEAR BROTHER,—

I improve a leisure moment to send you by permission a few lines on affairs in this country. My window looks out on that memorable field where, a year ago, amid extensive martial array, were hung, the ill-fated John Brown and his accomplices, for their mad foray on Harper's Ferry and the lives of its citizens. That sad affair was disastrous to all concerned and to the peace of the Union. I was yesterday again at Harper's Ferry a small village in a niche of towering mountains, whose wild majestic scenery is grave and imposing. Here unite the Shanandoah and the Potomac, whose waters tumble over rocks and ledges among projecting cliffs. Here too is the U. S. Arsenal, and the Engine House seized by John Brown, whose doors, walls and those of the houses and Hotel opposite are bored with the bullets of the offending and defending parties. Several valuable lives were lost at that time. Such things have caused an intense hatred in Virginia and the South to Northern men. I was last week in Norfolk, a gentleman came to the hotel from Philadelphia he admitted that he voted for Lincoln, they gave him 5 minutes to escape, or they would shave, tar and feather him. He cut, without bag or baggage, escorted to the boat by two officers for safety. This occurs daily in the South—and I also am everywhere chatechized and interrupted in my legitimate vocation. Last season in Newbern N. C., I was arrested, followed by the mob and searched—finding no taint of abolition on or about me—they fined me on an old obsolete law—costing with expenses \$130, the respectable citizens pronounced it impolitic and unjust. My informer (who I called upon afterwards) regretted it, he was a merchant, a Doctor, a Temperance Lecturer, a Sabbath School Superintendent and Class leader. The Lynx-eyed Deputy, who was appealed to by several to mitigate my fine (as he might) said he didn't often get a rich haul and demanded sternly the last cent, and I had to borrow \$50 to make it up. He was a Baptist Deacon, and the next day in the sanctuary humbly handed me the plate for my contribution. Hundreds of fellow travellers fared far worse than I, suffering various cruelties and deaths. Now the Southern Railroads and hotels are doing nothing, and there exists in the Cotton States a perfect "Reign of terror," and mob law. The whole country is convulsed and "the times are out of joint," the nation upheaving from centre to circumference and the

great American Union crumbling away! The Southern States are going out one by one and the sectional elements in hostile opposition. Fire-eaters and fanatics, preachers and politicians, infidel abolitionists and slave trade defenders, who dispute at corners and firesides, quarrel and fight in hotels, cars, and coaches, and grumble in churches—till one's heart sickens at the prevailing desperation—for God is not in all their thoughts and this "Fair and Happy Land," this "Free and enlightened Republic" is in the throes of dissolution. Scarcely amid the over-hanging gloom is there a solitary ray to cheer the heart. None to take the helm and guide the ship of state through the breakers. The "Old Public Functionary" is imbecile for good, and covers at a "catspaw" on the swelling surface. Fanaticism partizanship and madness rule the hour—and the mockery of compromisers only more entangle the snarled complications. The nation so exalted in privileges and blessings is becoming the sneer of despots. They will endeavor to patch up a compromise and amend the Constitution, but from the incongruous temperaments and demands of the different sections there will be no settlement that will avail for a single decade. They have no statesman of sufficient virtue and sagacity to form an instrument that will be worth a straw. So intense is the opposition of adverse factions they will never so conciliate as to form a reliable compact. The joy manifested as States secede is like the joy of maniacs,—hoping for a reconstruction to suit their whims they spit upon the blessings and birthright secured by the blood of their fathers—and smash up the chalice which contains their liberties that it may be more perfect when the pieces are re-united.

A State may revolutionize or rebel, but there is no clause, power or possibility whereby she can secede—except by perjury and violating the most solemn engagements. Each State and the officers thereof who secede or seize Federal Forts or other property perjure themselves and commit the rankest treason to the constitution of their own State and the Union. I regard the downfall of this Republic as one of the greatest calamities that can befall the human race—crushing the hopes of the oppressed of all nations who fly from despotism to seek an asylum in this once "free and happy land." 'Tis a gloomy picture to contemplate, and God may visit them in judgement till they know and acknowledge that Jehovah rules and reigns among the kingdoms of the earth and return to Him and dispense righteousness throughout the land. From these sad scenes I look with exaltation to that better freedom which is the pride and glory of the British Crown, which gives us liberty without licentiousness, the guarantee of the greatest good to which my heart ever turns with true and loyal affection—and with pride have I listened during my travels in the South to the frequent encomiums of England's Queen, her Government and her Laws.

One real cause of hostilities in the South is their envy of the North who has so far surpassed them in the successful and rapid advancement in material progress, the Sciences, Arts and Education, and has left them full half a century behind. But I am always glad to give each their due—and while we descant on the cruelties and passions of the mob (who acknowledge no law but the "code of Lynch") the floating populace, perhaps sons of wealthy or professional men who look for office or situations in the army or navy and are too lazy to work and become loafers, desperadoes and filibusters—polite and obsequious when alone, but in packs are like wolves—we do not include among them the merchant, or the Southern gentleman, who are almost always honorable and high toned, with noble traits of character, and hospitable to excess—impulsive, bold and daring—the other calm cool and calculating—still the South are dictatorial and overbearing, while the North are yielding and forbearing. The South having erected the "Missouri line" as a compromise in 1820—again broke it down in 1854, when the Republican Party arose from all in every party who opposed such violation of solemn compacts and declared that the Line of 36° 30' being removed, they would hence "keep Slavery out of all the territories, and surround it with a cordon of Free States that would crush it out where it existed." They have become the dominant party, and the South now again want to "compromise" and re-establish the Line of 36° 30', but the Republicans stand on their dignity, and will not conciliate and give back all they fought for, and yield up their well-earned laurels.

'Tis now time for the train. I will finish at my next stopping place.

Cumberland, Maryland, Jan. 30, 1861.

I now resume, and will finish with a few lines

As the traveller pursues his way through the various sections of the Slave States, he continually crosses large extents of lands, with a scrubby growth of small trees and bushes,—at one time the blooming homes of luxury and refinement, but long since exhausted by the deteriorating process of Slave-labor, and abandoned to become a desolate, scraggy wilderness, the prowling places of bears and wolves, till free white labor gets possession and restores it, and "makes the desert again to blossom as the rose."

But in the river bottoms of the South, the cotton flats, rice swamp and sugar lands, the hot and miasmatic region of lower latitudes negro labor must bear sway, there, the white man can never compete with the negro. If he does not sicken and die, he will become debilitated with agues, vomits and fevers, till he is unfit for any kind of labor. I have seen many laboring white men of all countries entirely broken down. These humid heated climates are the normal element of the negro, who seldom suffers from miasmas and fevers, and will lay down in the open field in the burning sun, with their hats over their eyes, when the white man can hardly endure even the shade. Here is an organic law of nature that cannot be annulled by any interference or sympathies in his behalf however well intended. Now run him off to the frigid regions of the north, where he as quickly depreciates as the white man at the south, and by and bye Canada will have to move or colonize them at a great expense. There is no doubt of the sin of Slavery, but as things exist, it must, in some localities and circumstances, be tolerated. The slave is generally lazy, filthy and incapable of self-government, and requires a master or guardian. This you may say "comes of circumstances and antecedents." I grant you, but we must take them as they are, and not as they might be after generations of tedious and expensive teaching. Having seen some specimens of the newly imported article, though well-clad and cared for, with their angular joints, stooping mishapen form, low foreheads, restless eyes, and moving jaws, with scarce a ray of intelligence, and but one remove from the lower orders, I thought it was a mercy which placed them in connection with any kind of civilization. The ordinary slave,—round formed, straight, well-fed and fat,—has some intelligence, looks on the new article with amazement, and scorns the idea that such were ever his progenitors. "Neber, Missus," said an old domestic negro in Alabama, "neber was my forefaders like dat monkey," alluding to a new hand amongst some cotton-workers: and I didn't blame him for feeling so. I saw the "Amistad negroes" at New Haven in 1840; they too, though of a different class, were of a low order, save one bold fellow, a would-be chief, who delighted when any needed reprimanding to cudgel them with all his might.

The accounts of cruelties to slaves are, in the main, exaggerated and fabulous. There are, no doubt, isolated cases; and ill treatment to domestics and others is found as often at the north. New England and Celtic slave-owners are said to be the hardest taskmasters, and on unruly plantations, stout northern men get the best wages as overseers. Sometimes a slave is lazy, dogged and stubborn, and no entreaties can hurry him—the Southerner understands his nature and forbears, but the Northerner applies the lash; and when one is catching it the rest of his comrades will laugh and shout. I remember an instance on a boat going down to Mobile.—We had tied to the shore, and the captain was in a hurry to get some bales on board out of a shed on the bank; one ugly fellow wouldn't work, the mate called to him and threatened, and he looked defiance. The mate got his cowhide and laid it on—the rest of the hands all laughing and shouting,—the fellow crept along till he got behind the shed, and never flinched till out of sight, and then ran and rubbed his smarting limbs. After that he worked well. Such fellows would create a mutiny, and cut the throats of all on board. When Slaves are long on a plantation, they become much attached to the household, and while the overseer is rigid to get the most work; the others are lenient and praise the various qualities of their negroes, as any one will a favorite animal. When done their tasks they return at night full of tricks and frolic, and singing some melody, and are as jolly a set of humanity as one can find. In towns they have churches, and on plantations are visited by preachers in turn. They go to meeting in their gayest dress, and are very devout, and very hypocritical—but there are very many cases of genuine conversion among them.

There are evils in slavery of which the nation should be ashamed and should remedy—foul blots on the escutcheon of liberty—no educational improvement—no marriage tie or conjugal, pa-

rental or filial relations—which the master is bound to respect—and often like brutes they mingle, multiply, and die.

On some plantations you will see groups of children of every shade—from ebony to olive,—and transparent white, with silken hair. The lighter colours are not so hardy, and are kept for lighter uses. The darker colours are the most honest,—the others are great pilferers. With them, not to steal is the exception; the more white blood there is in his veins the more artful and cunning he is,—and woe to the unlucky traveller who leaves his rooms and things unlocked,—as my experience testifies.

But of those deserving our real sympathies, is the *Woman*,—the white man's mother, wife and daughter, whose eyes are not closed! what sadness must sometimes sit on those wringed and lonely hearts; yet they are regarded by the other sex more as dolls and puppets. They seldom go out at night but with a relative, and in the day-time they are attended by their waiting maid, generally a handsome mulatto, (or quadroon) who walks behind her, and carries her bundle or her baby. She often excels her mistress in grace, and form, and feature,—and is as often the subject of deserved jealousy. In her hands her mistress is a useless toy. She does her sewing (except embroidery) and helps her to wash, dress, and make her toilet. A lady in Tuscaloosa said "she couldn't visit her northern friends, as she couldn't safely take her body servant, and she couldn't dress and put on her stockings alone." Many women in the South are *snuff-eaters*. They have a little small swab, which they dip in their box, rub it all round their gums, then hold it between their teeth and spit like old tobacco chewers,—many destroy their health and lives by this disgusting practice. It is not confined to the low or middling circles.

There are not in all the Slave States south of Richmond half a dozen good comfortable Hotels. The mass of them are mere taverns, and the balance not much better. There are two first-class in Charleston and one in Mobile, and none others. They charge \$2½ to \$3½ per day for what you would get much nicer and better North for half the price. The great staple of food South is "*Bacon and Grits*,"—what we would call "pork and hominy;" still it is often well served up, and a good substantial dish. The mutton is scarce, and the beef-steaks good for soles; pork and fowls plenty.

Of the religious condition of the South, I know little favorable—from the outward life less—yet I have had many a profitable hour in conversation with brethren. The leading men of our faith who I know are Drs. Fuller, Baltimore—Manly, Alabama—Howell, Nashville, and Burrows, Richmond. The two first I always hear with great pleasure and profit. I sometime since saw Dr. F. immerse an old Presbyterian lady of 90 years, but firm and vigorous—she said she could not go to her Saviour in peace without following his example. It was Dr. Manly who in conformity to the wishes of Alabama presented to the Baptist Convention resolutions favoring Secession. The last time I heard Dr. Howell, he was so bitter on the Graves' party, there was no gospel in it, and I told my friend a member of his church—that I would never hear him again. Dr. B. is a talented man but fitter for the stage than the pulpit. Brother Graves who with others "seceded" from Dr. Howell's church, is Editor of *The Tennessee Baptist*—a paper of much influence and great circulation in the south—and author of the "*Iron Wheel*" and other works,—as a controversial satirist he bites and stings, I don't think there's any religion in this—religion is love—I'll say nothing about others for fear I should say too much. But God has his prophets in Israel who are pleading for the people and may be when he has afflicted and purged them, he will pour out his Spirit upon them and teach them to magnify His name.

I am to-night among the Coal mountains of Maryland, to-morrow I go to Western Virginia, and Ohio, thence to Kentucky, and return home in a few weeks, if it be God's will.

Forgive this hasty, crude letter. At another time I will touch on other topics within my observation and travel if you wish.

With sincere regards to all I am yours truly.

S. H. H.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. G. DAVIES,

Died, on the 3rd ult., in her 37th year, Mrs. Penelope, wife of Mr. George Davies, of Charlestown, Prince Edward Island. She professed religion, while yet young, among the Wesleyan Methodists; and maintained while connected with them, a good reputation for consistency, zeal, and usefulness. During her married life