The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1868. VOLUME XV---NO. 44.

SMOKING AND SMOKERS IN SPAIN.

As I took my seat in a "first-class" car and left Toledo, a gentleman in the same compartment asked me, "Is smoking disagreeable to you?"

It was the first time that such a question had been put to me in Spain. I had heard it proposed to a lady some days before; but generally no one pretends to ask the privilege of smoking in the cars, or the parlor, or anywhere. Everybody smokes, everywhere. It is not interdicted in any department of any railway carriage. Occasionally, in some hotels, I notice a rule posted in the dining room, "Smoking not allowed." But nobody heeds it. An attempt to enforce it would probably lead to the sudden departure of all Spanish guests from the house. At the largest and best hotel in Madrid, sixty or seventy persons, ladies and gentlemen, were at dinner, (table d'hote,) and in the midst of dinner, between the courses, gentlemen lighted their cigarettes, smoked them, and resumed their eating. Yet the notice forbidding smoking was in full view, or was until the clouds of smoke obscured it. In the reading rooms of the hotels, oftentimes small and unventilated, nine out of ten are smoking all the time, and the thought never occurs to one of them that this may be a nuisance to others. I am told (though I never saw it) that at the theaters in Spain, in the midst of the play, the audience smoke in their seats, and if any managers attain to such a moderate height of civilization as to publish a rule restraining the odious habit, the dons of Spain pay no sort of attention to it. All attempts at reform end only in smoke.

I asked Anastazio if smoking is allowed in the churches of Spain? "O no, no," he answered, with a pious horror; "it was shocking to think of such a desecration." "Then," said I, "when I come to Spain to live I will get a little church for myself, for nowhere else in this country can a man find refuge from this intolerable nuisance."

"Ah, yes," he replied; "but perhaps the incense will make a smoke quite as disagreeable as the *American* weed."

This was a double hit, as it reminded me of my Protestant aversion to incense in churches, and also of the fact that the weed, and the habit of using it, came from my part of the world.

By this time the compartment was so densely filled with smoke that I opened the window and put out my head for breath, as a signal of distress, in the hope, but vain, of enlisting the sympathies of the smokers, and inducing them to forego their pleasures while I recovered. But what man with heart and head smoke-dried ever had compassion for the weakness of his neighbor? I detected grim smiles of satisfaction on the dark faces of my fellow-travelers, who puffed away the more vigorously as they looked on my woe-begone face.

Perhaps by advertising a reward for the discovery, it might be possible to find a man in Spain who does not smoke. Yet, strange to say, the culture of tobacco in Spain is forbidden by law. The soil and climate are favorable, and its cultivation has been a great success. But by that kind of stupid legislation or decree peculiar to Spain, and constantly reminding one of the Chinese, the mother country, Spain, is prohibited from raising tobacco in order that the daughter Cuba, may have the monopoly. The right of importation is sold to contractors, who make a great business of it. In the middle of the fifteenth century the Spaniards began to get tobacco from America, and they have been getting more and more of it ever since. In 1860 they smoked seven millions of cigars, and cigars are not the thing they usually smoke. They have their tobacco rolled up in little bits of paper, and these they carry in their pockets, with matches. Often they carry the tobacco and the paper separately, and make a cigarette when they want it, making one while smoking another. These interesting manufactures are not peculiar to Spain; they are common in our own country, but not so general. The weed is used only for smoking and snuffing in Spain. I cannot learn that it is *chewed* at all. This habit, the vilest of the many vile habits engendered by tobacco, is more offensive in the United States than in any other part of the world. Here in Spain the annoyance caused by smokers is great, but not half so disagreeable as that made by chewers in America. How often have ladies been compelled to go from one car to another and another to find a seat that had not been made intolerable and unsafe by pools of tobacco juice where *gentlemen* had just been sitting! Yet it is supposed that *civilization* has made no great progress in the United States as in Spain?

Children smoke at an earlier age in Spain than in other countries. It is not uncommon for them to begin at six or seven, five years of age. Are they precocious? Not all they do. Many of them begin life with a cigarette in their pretty mouths on the street or in the cars, but in the cafe and in the drawing-room they enjoy it as well as in the boudoir and the bath. By cool fountains, in a marble paved patio, among the orange trees, or lolling at noon on their silken-hung couches, they love to smoke, and their lords have spoiled their own breaths and taste too effectually to make any objection. Where both or neither eat garlic it amounts to the same thing.

In Seville we saw a tobacco factory, erected more than a hundred years ago at a cost of nearly two millions of dollars then! It is six hundred and fifty two feet long, and five hundred and twenty-four feet wide. Five thousand persons are at work in it all the time, putting the imported tobacco into cigars or cigarettes, and making snuff, and they use two millions of pounds of tobacco every year.—Most of these workers are women. Mothers who bring their children have nursery arrangements provided for them during the hours of work. But the most of them are young women, a class by themselves, known as cigareras, or cigar-girls. Smart at their business in the factory, they are wild as hawks and gay as larks at the bull-fight on Sundays, or the dance on the green. This is the largest establishment of the kind in Spain, and produces as good an article as any other; but the cigars made in Spain are not as popular with good judges as those brought directly from Cuba. The manufacturers there prefer sending the best to London, New York, or Paris, where they find a readier market for the high priced article. And the Cubans are as cute in concocting peculiar flavors for their cigars as the French or the Italians for their wines, or Jerseymen for their cider. The connoisseur in tobacco pays a quarter of a dollar (more or less) for a "first-rate" cigar, and smokes it with delicious enjoyment at his club, or after dinner in his study, rejoicing in the dreamy, balmy languor that softly steals upon his senses, soothes his nerves, and makes him sweetly oblivious of the cares and toils of the day just passed. He is sure it does him good. And he does not know, and will not believe when he is told, what every one knows who looks into the subject to learn, that at the very root and source of the business there is as much concoction of tobacco as there is of coffee or wine. Potash and soda are in abundant use to impart peculiar pungency to the plant. And many in the excited atmosphere of New York or London live, demand a sedative cigar more soporific than the narcotic plant in its natural state. For them, cigars are made of tobacco leaves *steeped in opium*. Many of our clergymen, renowned for eloquence and piety and learning, denounce with blazing zeal the baneful practice of smoking or chewing *opium*, a habit becoming almost as common in the United States as in China. But these same excellent men are daily smoking opium in their cigars, quite unconscious of the evils, physical and mental, they are gradually but surely inhaling with every breath they draw through this venominous weed.

The cigar burns freely when first lighted, its ashes are grayish white and the ring is faint at the end, the smoke rises lightly, and the taste, if any, is nearly imperceptible; therefore they *know* it is a good cigar. But the opium-eater is not more surely a suicide than they. Dyspepsia often follows, and nervous debility, despondency, melancholy, insomnia, maladies supposed to be relieved by what is producing cause. Epilepsy and apoplexy are now known effects. Dr. Delafield told a friend of mine he must quit tobacco or die. "I shall die if I do," he said to me. He preferred to smoke and die. And he did. Yet he was a noble Christian clergyman, willing to die for Christ at any time, but not willing to give up his cigar and live for Christ.

But where are we going? If I remember rightly, we started off in the cars from Toledo, and somebody was smoking; I had to open the window to get a breath, and have been blazing away at the smokers ever since. We will go back and begin again.—*Editorial Cor. of N. Y. Observer.*

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STAR.

I have heard an amusing story of a raw Irish sailor, who was called to the ship's wheel one night to steer the vessel.

The captain was intending to take a little rest. As the green sailor might not understand steering by the compass, he pointed out to him the north star, and told him to steer towards that, not to take his eye off from it, and to keep the ship leaning towards it all the time.

"Never you fear," said the confident sailor. "I'll keep one eye on the little darling, and steer right him for it."

With some misgiving the captain left his man, with his eye fastened upon the star, and he never ceased to look at it, keeping the ship steady towards it, and leaning towards it with a fond, confiding gaze, as he would upon the face of his mother.

'O you purty little thing, you needn't keep winking out of your bright eye to me, for I shan't let you out of my sight for a minute,' said the proud Irishman, as he grasped the wheel, and turned the ship until it lay exactly under the ray of the star.

All went on well for some time, Patrick talking to his 'little hearty,' as he affectionately called the star, and keeping his eye steadily upon this beautiful lighthouse in the sky.

But, by and by, Patrick grew weary at his post. Every now and then he nodded over the wheel, and when he recovered he would find his star at considerable distance either to the right or left. Finally he entirely lost himself in sleep, and had quite a nap before he awoke. In the meantime the wind had changed and freshened, and the ship, having no hinderance from the rudder, had fairly swung round, and was flying away towards the Southern Cross instead of the North star.

At length our Irish friend is roused by the flapping of the sails. Rubbing his eyes, he peers into the heavens for his 'bright particular star.' Of course, it was nowhere to be seen in the direction in which they were then sailing.

Turning round, in his confusion, and looking behind him, sure enough, there it was, blazing away as brightly as ever!

Down into the cabin he hurried: 'Captain! captain!' he shouted at the top of his voice, "come right up here, this present minit."

'What's the matter now?' said the captain, leaping from his berth.

"Why, yo jest see," said Patrick, "that I've sailed entirely beyond my star, and yo will have to pick me out another."

The star was all right but the poor sailor was turned around himself, and moving in the wrong direction.

I am acquainted with many young people who have sailed beyond their star. I know a young man with religious parents, who has himself joined the church, and had been aided by his friends to secure a good education. He entered college. Here he fell into bad company; and in the thoughtless hours he took his eye off from the Star Bethlehem towards which he had been sailing. He does not seem to be aware of it himself; he is certainly asleep as to eternal things, but he has turned quite around in his course, and is flying along like the wind in the opposite direction. The star is still shining, but it is behind him. I wonder if he ever turns to look at it?

There go a company of lads into a billiard saloon, laughing as they go. They are members of the Sabbath School, and on Sunday, the star that hung over the place where Jesus was sheds his light upon them. But I am sure they leave behind them as they close the door of that saloon upon themselves. God have mercy upon them! and grant that they may find its hallowed light again before the night of death settles down upon them!

When I see young people sailing or walking for pleasure on the Sabbath, while others are gathering in the house of God, I cannot help feeling and saying to myself. "Those mistaken young people have certainly sailed beyond their star; a fearful voyage must be before them without one cheering ray of light."

'Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

"It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in nights diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star! The Star of Bethlehem!"

THE SNOWBALL.

"Roll away, roll away, boys," cried Fred. "We shall make a fine large snowball before we have done with it."

"Now for another turn or two," shouted his brother Charles.

"Hurrah!" again cried Fred, "we shall soon make it as big as ourselves."

They now stopped for a few minutes and thrust their hands in their pockets, for they found that the snow was very cold. When they began again they had to push much harder than before, for the snow ball had become more difficult to move.

After they had rolled at their sport for some time their cousin Ella became to think lately, and as the last strong boy they soon made their snowball nearly reach to the top of the palings.

It was now time to go in doors to tea, and they were soon seated round a good fire. Then they told their father about the famous snowball they had made, and how many times they had rolled it along the ground, growing bigger and bigger at every time.

"Very true," said their father; "it was a large snowball, indeed. I have been looking at you from the parlour window, and I must tell you that your snowball has set me thinking."

"Set you thinking, father?" said they; "why, what thoughts could come into your mind at the sight of a snowball?"

"First, then," said their father, in his usual quiet way, "it put me in mind of the care and trouble which some grown up people make for themselves. They begin in youth, and go on through life rolling trouble along their path, until it becomes a load too heavy for them to bear. I have known a man to get together a large heap of gold, until it has been a great burden of trouble on his mind. I have known others who have added one farm to another, until they have called a whole parish their own; but they have only got trouble and sorrow for their pains. We should not forget these words, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;' and, 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith.'" Luke xii. 15; Prov. xv. 16.

"Did it make you think of anything else, father?"

"Why yes, I thought your snowball was like knowledge, of which a child who begins to learn, makes but a very little ball at first; but as he goes on, with pains and diligence he rolls it along, and keep gathering up, until it becomes a great ball of knowledge. All the wisest men who have ever lived began in a very humble way; but they went on until they had stored up heaps of knowledge. There was many years ago a little boy in England, who was engaged to open the gates for the men on the farm as they went in and out; and at other times to attend to the sheep and cattle. One day he was found after work, in a bayloft studying a learned book. He was then sent to school, and he lived to become one of the wisest and most learned men that ever lived and he is now known to us as the great Sir Isaac Newton. 'Little by little!' thus it is said some of those lovely islands which are found in distant seas, are reared up by the little coral insect, which places one grain at a time upon another. So little by little the acorn becomes the strong oak; stone upon stone, the greatest palaces in the world are built, and line upon line, large books are written."

"We shall not forget that father—'little by little.'"

"I thought again that the snowball was like a bad habit, or sin in youth. It is small at first; but it grows bigger and bigger, until it is almost like a mountain. We do not become wicked all at once. Read the story of Achan, my dear boys, as it is given us in the seventh chapter of the book of Joshua. He looked upon the forbidden things, then he coveted, and then he took them. Sin in the look, sin in the desire, and then sin in the act. And so it has been with tens of thousand of sinners in every age. They began, it may be, with sins which did not obtain much notice at first, and ended in open crime and disgrace. A man, when about to be hung, said, 'I began my stealing a penny out of my mother's pocket, and have ended with murder.' The only way to be saved from guilt and power of sin is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. His grace in our hearts is the only sure defence against evil."

"My last thought was, that as your cousin came to your help, a great boy aiding the little ones, so we may all be useful, one to another. While the old may be of use to the young, the young may assist the aged. A child may help to roll a great burden of sorrow from a weary man's heart. If we try as we go, through life, to do what we can to make others happy, we shall find that the youngest may do good and be a blessing to many.—*My Little Library.*

HOW A FRENCH OFFICER MARRIES.

An officer in the French army finds it no very simple matter to get married. He has first to make a formal request of his colonel for permission. He certifies to the condition in life and moral standing of the bride elect. The colonel sends the demand to the general commanding the department, who sends it to the general commanding the division. If the bride lives in another district, he writes to his fellow officer of the division in which "she dwelles." The demand then descends the scale from the division general to the brigadier, who writes to a commissaire de police, who consults a commissaire de police and a mayor. Then the mayor and commissaire reply to the commissaire de police, who writes to the brigadier, who writes to the general of the division, who sends the answer to the colonel. The colonel then sends it to the applicant, who receives it in the middle of his breakfast, and, after reading it, he proceeds to the bride.

"When I walk by your side proudly,
Here is with his dazzling sword,
He gives his soul up to the cuirass,
Without a murmuring word.

"Thus we compare with like a bird,
Who thought the cage hard,
The arms of police watch the door,
Lest they ever withdraw."

Great Britain is said to [illegible] ... minister of war to ratify the permission; coming from the hands of the postman, the packet is unsealed by a clerk, who adds a stamp, a subordinate reads it, sends it to another clerk, who puts a number above the stamp and records the number on another sheet of paper, with an analysis of the affair; this sheet is then signed by a chief and sub-chief, then goes to a director, who sends it to the *chief de bureau*; he gives it to his deputy; then an orderly-clerk re inscribes the number of the packet, registers it, and sends it to another, who makes a report of the analysis. The three members of this last bureau then record the whole, the chief signs it, submits it to the director, who submits it to minister, who accepts or refuses. If the bride and groom are still living when the arrangements are concluded and think it worth while to get married for what little time they have to live, the marriage is consummated.

THE RESCUE.

Little Mary Neale was fond of play, as indeed most little children are. She often wandered away from her father's house about the garden and even into the open fields. One day her mother was very busy, and Mary wandered farther than usual. On and on she went until at length she came to the railroad track. This track has been covered with gravel, and the smooth, white pebbles at once attracted her attention. So she sat down between the rails, thoughtless of danger, and began to gather and play with the pretty white stones. After playing awhile, she began to feel drowsy, and then she laid her head upon the iron rail and fell soundly asleep.

While Mary lay asleep and unconscious of danger, the terrible locomotive, with a long train of cars attached to it, came thundering along the track. A long way off the engineer, who managed the locomotive, saw something lying on the road, and as he kept his eyes fixed on the object, he was horrified to see that it was a little child. He at once blew his loud whistle, but the child did not more. He gave the signal to put down the brakes, and it was done. But still the train moved on, and it seemed inevitable that in another minute the child would be crushed to death beneath the ponderous wheels.

But the engineer was a man of generous and noble impulses. Hastily running forward along the side of his locomotive, he fixed his feet firmly between the bars of the cow-catcher, in front, and laying hold of the iron rail with one hand, leaned forward as far as he possibly could. Just as the locomotive was ready to rush upon the sleeping child, and leave it a lifeless, bloody, and mangled mass of flesh, this noble man, at the risk of his life, seized her with his unused hand and lifted her upon the cow catcher unharmed. So little Mary's life was saved.

Do you not admire the bravery of that good engineer and his eagerness to save the life of that child? But you, my young reader, have continual opportunities to do a far nobler thing. You live in a world where all are sinners, and where all who are not followers of Jesus are in danger of perishing forever. You can do very much if you have a heart to do it, to point sinners to Jesus Christ and persuade them to embrace him as a Savior. Thus you may be instrumental in saving souls from going down to eternal death. And it is not a far better thing to save an immortal soul than a mortal body? Oh try, my young readers, to remember and to feel in what awful danger some of your young friends are in, and do day by day, what you can for their salvation.

You admire that noble hearted engineer. And do you not think little Mary Neale and her parents always loved him and desired in every possible way to show that gratitude to him? Yet all that he did for Mary was as nothing to what Jesus has done for us. The engineer only risked his life. Jesus laid down his life of set purpose, and of his own will, in order to save us from enduring eternal death. He suffered in our place what no man ever suffered or can fully comprehend, especially while in this world. Ought you not then to admire Jesus, and to love him and to do all you possibly can to testify your gratitude for the inestimable blessings he has purchased for you by laying down his life on your behalf?

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CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

A respectable, well-to-do farmer had, to the astonishment of the community, and the great mortification of his friends, been found guilty of sheep-stealing. The discovery of the crime having been made on Saturday, a knowledge of the fact had not on the following Sunday, reached the ear of either of the pastors of the two village churches.

On Sunday morning the good lover of mutton—whose Christian name, by the way, was Adam—repaired, as usual, to church. Imagine the effect, not only on the guilty Adam, but on most of the audience, who had heard of the affair, when the minister announced as his text, "Thou shalt not steal," and proceeded to discuss the subject in the most practical manner, denouncing, among other forms of the sin in question, that of sheep stealing as the meanest of them all! This was "the last straw that broke the camel's back," and the abashed Adam sneaked out of the church at the close of the sermon, in no inevitable state of mind.

In the afternoon, our hero sought consolation for his wounded spirit by attending the neighboring church of a different denomination, a large number of whose members consisted of his intimate friends and relatives. The latter, of course, were already informed of the crime laid to the charge of their kinsman.

All the consolation our friend Adam obtained, however, by his "change of base," was a remarkably pointed and personal discourse from the words, "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, Where art thou?"

As a matter of course, some time afterward both clergymen found themselves "in hot water," and it was a difficult matter to convince their parishioners that they had been innocent of any design in the selection of their texts.—*Boston Transcript.*

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.

An Illinois farmer gives the following maxims for farmers to practice:

When you wake up do not roll over but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them up, harrow them with timothy and red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough.

Make your fence high, tight and strong, so that it will keep out cattle and pigs. If you have brush make make your lots secure, and keep your hogs from the cattle, for if the corn is clean they will eat it better than if it is not.

Be sure to get your hands to bed before seven o'clock; they will rise early according to circumstances.

Pay a hand, if he is a poor man, all you promise him; if he is a good hand, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the world, and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits are the best medicines ever prescribed for health.

When it becomes rainy, bad weather so that you cannot work out of doors, cut and split your wood.

Make your tracks when it rains hard, cleaning your stables, or fixing something which you would have to stop the plow for and fix in good weather.

Make your tracks fixing your fences or gate that is off its hinges, or weather-boarding your barn where the wind has blown off the siding, or patching the roof of your house or barn.

Study your interests closely, and don't spend money and time in electing Presidents, senators and other small officers, don't talk of hard times when spending your time in town, whittling on store-boxes.

Take your time and make your calculations; don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time and keep your mind as well as your body employed.

Another blow to the independence of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia, is reported by telegram from St. Petersburg. An imperial ukase has been issued, directing that in future the incomes of the Catholic clergy in the Western Provinces shall be provided by the State, and no portion of them by private individuals.

Grape Cutting may be made in the first part of the winter and successfully preserved until planting time by tying in small bundles, placing them on their tops in the ground, and covering with half a foot of earth, enough coarse manure to keep out the frost, and heads to keep out the heat. Uncover gradually in the spring as the weather grows warm.

Saw wood and pile upon your grain fields. It will enrich and mulch the land, prevent the sun and [illegible]

[illegible] 40,000 [illegible]

HUME AND HIS MOTHER.

The *Quarterly Review* gives the following version of the sad story of Hume undermining his mother's faith and bringing her to despair in her dying hour. It carries a moral with it for unbelievers in our generation:

It seems that Hume received religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions, but as he approached manhood they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however, alarmed at first, came to look with less pain upon this declension, and filial love and reverence seemed to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical skepticism. Hume now applied himself with unwearied, and unhappily with successful efforts to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, went abroad into foreign countries; and as he was returning, an express met him in London with a letter from his mother informing him that she was in decline and could not long survive. She said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which in all affliction she used to rely, and that now she found her mind sinking into despair; she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion, and she conjured him to hasten home, or at least to send her a letter containing such consolation as philosophy can afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, traveling day and night, but before he arrived his mother expired. No permanent impression seemed, however, to have been made on his mind by this most trying event, and whatever remorse he might have felt at the moment, he soon relapsed into his obduracy of heart.—*Ch. Secretary.*

USEFUL ITEMS.

Poultry Manure.—The productive power of the droppings of the hennery are very great as compared with ordinary barnyard manure, yet many farmers, with a score or two of fowls, take little or no pains to preserve or apply it to the purposes of vegetable production. It is an excellent dressings for gardens, and will repay a hundred fold, the care and expense of preserving and applying it.—*Working Farmer.*

Dry Seasons and the Apple Crop.—In excessively dry seasons apple trees become so enfeebled that they are unable to mature a good crop in following years. They blossom and blast. Rich soils and good cultivation are the remedies.

A Veteran Peach Tree.—There is a peach tree just below Hawkinstown, Va., that is 53 years old. It has borne fruit large and luscious for 48 years. During the war it was battered, abused, and robbed, by both armies, and no attention was paid to it, but it still bears well.

Mr. L. Morton informs the *Rural American* that when his cows trouble him in holding up their milk, he reaches his hand up and places the ends of his fingers on the back-bone, forward of the hips, and presses down hard for a minute or so, and they always give their milk very freely.

It is advisable, in the construction of poultry houses, to use pine lumber—the more pitch it contains the better—as this is very offensive to poultry vermin.

Close observers affirm that the quality of the cheese made in this country improves every year. This is since the factories have been established.

NEWS SUMMARY.

In no part of the world has the Gospel more rapidly or more marvelously triumphed than in the Fiji Islands. The history of Wesleyan Missions to those islands—for no other Protestant communion but it has labored there—furnishes one of the most brilliant examples of evangelic labor, suffering and triumph in the annals of the Church of Christ. Thirty years ago, the entire population, numbering about a quarter of a million, though nominally, and, according to their own fashion, ceremoniously and politely, were the most ferocious of savages, killing and eating every stranger entering on their picturesque but inhospitable shores. At the present time eighty thousand of the people have avowed themselves Christians, while more, perhaps double that number are decidedly influenced by Christianity, and the benign influences of the Gospel have removed the further features of barbarism from most of them.

The population of the city of [illegible] 1,445,800.

Congregationalism at the South.—At the close of the war the Congregationalists made some vigorous efforts to plant churches of their faith and order, in the South. Three churches only are in existence, to wit—a church in Newbern, North Carolina, a church in Memphis, Tennessee, and a church in New Orleans. The reports from these churches, contained in the last number of the *Home Monthly*, are gloomy in the extreme. The church in Newbern has only four resident members, and is dependent on the Home Missionary Society. The Church in Memphis, once self-sustaining, has come back to dependence on the same Society. The church in New Orleans is in a somewhat better condition, but it is almost entirely dependently on the Home Missionary Society. Establishing Northern churches down South, just now, is utterly impossible. Even the people who go from the North, distribute themselves into the various churches which they find at the South. They go to make money if they can, and they care not to go to any expense to build up or keep up churches for themselves. In addition to this, many of the Southern clergymen are men of attractive eloquence. "Where do you go to church in New Orleans?" said a friend of ours to a surgeon in the United States Army. "To Dr. Palmer's," was the ready reply. "You surprise me," said his friend. "Why do you go there?" "Because he is the best preacher in New Orleans, and I always go where I can hear the best." This tells pretty much the whole story.—*Presbyterian.*

Terrific Explosion in China.—The Boston (Mass.) *Traveller* contains correspondence dated Shanghae, China, November 27, which gives the following details of the explosion in China which was briefly alluded to in a late cable dispatch: "The news has just reached us of a terrible explosion in the Chinese arsenal at Wachung, opposite Hakow. The loss of life has not been definitely ascertained, but some persons estimate it as high as five thousand. Probably one thousand is nearer the number of killed and wounded. No Europeans were hurt. The shock of the explosion was distinctly heard at Kingking, one hundred and twenty miles distant."

The Missions of the American Board.—Progress in Self-Support.—Of eighty-four native pastors connected with the Missions of the American Board, one-half are entirely supported by their people,—pastors of independent churches. This is work finished.—The amount contributed to the support of the Gospel by the native Christians, for the year 1866, was over $40,000 in gold—an eighth part as much as was given by all who contribute through the Board to advance the cause of Christ in foreign lands.

The last few months have been noted for wonderful and world-wide convulsions of nature. In the East and West Indies, both on sea and land, the loss of life and property from this cause has been terrible. Vesuvius has not been in such violent agitation within this century. On the 18th of December, Canada, Northern Vermont, and Northern New York were shaken by an earthquake.

Death of Rev. A. G. Simonton.—The death of Rev. A. G. Simonton, a devoted missionary of our Board of Foreign Missions, in Brazil, is announced. He was a son of the late Dr. Simonton, of Harrisburg, Pa., a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and went to Brazil in 1859. His death will be sincerely mourned—is deeply felt by our brethren in that land. He was a man of unusual gifts, and of great promise.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Her Britanic majesty, we are told by a cable dispatch, has addressed a letter to the Governor of Jamaica advising him that henceforward *all responsible offices* in the island will be filled from England.

There is England's confession, after more than thirty years of effort to educate and prepare for self-government the emancipated blacks of Jamaica—that the negroes are not fit to rule.

The *Industrial Gazette* says that Louisville is in a fair way to become the commercial metropolis of the West. Instead of there being so many houses to rent, there has been more houses put up in Louisville in the past two years, than in any city in the United States. We have had to meet an increase of over twenty thousand inhabitants.

The telegraph line worked yesterday moving direct from San Francisco to St. Louis's Contest, and messages were sent from London to California in two minutes.

John Bull is said to be offering a fine for his poems in the hedges.