

Correspondence.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

NEW ORLEANS, JAN. 3, 1867.

A Northerner visiting New Orleans for the first time cannot fail to receive an entirely new appreciation of the magnitude of the blow struck at the rebellion, and of the consternation with which the leaders of the rebellion received the intelligence, when, on that May morning, in 1862, the dreaded fleet of Farragut made its appearance on the Mississippi, and the Crescent City lay at its mercy. It is hardly possible fully to understand how thoroughly this is the metropolis of the South—a great commercial and social heart, whose pulsations are felt throughout the entire body of the late would-be confederacy, without a glance at the various destinations of the many hundred steam and sailing vessels that crowd its extended levee, and mingling with the crowd of visitors that, during the winter months, centre here from every Southern State.

In many respects New Orleans is the same city now as in 1861. Unlike almost every other point in the South, it bears no trace of the desolations of war in its material progress. It is visited by the same people, whose conversation evinces the same hatred of everything of yankee origin, and whose ingenuity develops itself in the same efforts to exclude northern people, northern principles, and northern influence from their country now, as then. The same mayor, Monroe, whose rebellious conduct after the arrival of the fleet in 1862 would, by the laws of war, have justified a bombardment of the city, again presides over its municipal destinies, professing to have become thoroughly reconverted, and a loyal man, par excellence; and his character as such has, within the last two weeks, been abundantly sustained by the testimony, before the Congressional Committee here, of many witnesses of the highest social standing. The terrible riots and massacres of unoffending citizens, on the 30th day of July, perpetrated by the police of the city, under the direction of the mayor, show the standard of loyalty that is orthodox in this community.

Many who have heretofore been planters, are now coming to the city to engage in trade, having become disgusted with a year's experience of free labor.

A conversation between two of the class I overheard in the cars, the other day, in Mississippi, is a fair expression of the prevailing condition of feeling in this region of country among the planters. The conversation was about as follows:

A. Have much of a crop this season?

B. Not more'n a quarter of a crop, and I don't mean to try it again. Plantin' aint what it used to be.

A. No, it aint. I'm going to sell out as soon as I have a good chance, and go to the city. The fact is, niggers won't work unless you can make 'em.

B. And they are so insultin'. Of course if one was to offer me a downright insult, I should knock him down.

A. Of course, of course.

B. But they are so aggravatin'; I can't stand 'em, and I mean to give up the business.

A northern man, who has made a successful crop in one of the parishes of this state, gave me to-day, as an illustration of the encouragement "niggers" have to work, on a majority of the plantations, an account of the management, for a single day, of his nearest neighbour. The plantation, a large one, is owned and carried on by two young men, who, about eight o'clock in the morning, take a cup of coffee in bed. In the course of an hour they get up, take a drink of whiskey, go among the cabins, and curse and threaten any of the hands who have not gone to work; about ten, take breakfast, saunter down to a grocery, and spend a couple of hours with a pack of greasy cards, and the usual accompaniment of bad whiskey; return and ride about the place, giving directions as to the work, &c; dinner; return to the grocery; cards, whiskey, and an occasional fight, until late on in the night. The same programme substantially every day. These are the class of men who, on every occasion, complain dolorously that "niggers won't work unless you are allowed to make 'em." I have met, since I have been here, many northern men, who have tried raising cotton for the first time, this year. The crop has been, generally, nearly a failure, on account of the unfavorable season; but, except where the hostility of the people has compelled them to leave the country, with no experience, they have generally succeeded better than the old residents, and I have not heard from any of them the complaint that "niggers won't work." Many of them complain of petty annoyances, and all who are at all out-spoken in their union sentiments, are relentlessly excluded from all social intercourse. I do not hear of any case of men being driven out with actual violence, but the absolute impossibility of bringing to justice, through the courts, any offender, for outrage committed upon any known union man, begets a feeling of insecurity.

The most marked instance that has come to my knowledge of daring the fullest measure of southern prejudice, was that of Col. Frisbie, who, a year ago, when his regiment of colored troops were mustered out of service, contracted with the entire force, took them to Rapides Parish, and

with a quarter of a million dollars capital, leased five plantations on Red river, in the most lawless and desperate community of the whole South. In the course of the summer he was obliged to send for arms, and organize his force for self-defence. He was successful in his planting, gathered his crop, and, during the present week, brought his regiment back into this vicinity; but such was the organized and constant persecution in the shape of frivolous arrests, and suits at law, threats of assassination, and every conceivable species of annoyance, that all the cotton on Red river would not induce him to repeat the experiment for another year.

The normal condition of this essentially French town, is excitement and exultation, but the past ten days have been so marked in this regard, as to form quite an epoch in its history. For the first time in fifteen years, the ground was yesterday morning covered with snow. A lady at the hotel table, with true southern politeness, remarked she knew it was the nasty radical Yankees that brought it. That, however, has not been the general tone of remark. A philosopher, native in this locality, observed, a day or two ago, that the temper of the New Orleans people was properly classified under three heads: the sugar period, the vinegar period, and the *agua fortis* period, and that they were at present passing through the first classification. The Congressional Committee to investigate the July riots were, on their arrival here, overwhelmed with attentions. Deputations were, on the very first morning, successively received from the Mayor, the City Council, the Lieutenant Governor, the Attorney General, Chief of Police, and from a committee of the "best citizens," offering rooms for their accommodation, every facility in the prosecution of their investigation, dinners and social hospitality to an extent that would have occupied the committee a month had they been accepted. All were courteously, but firmly declined. Their mission here was one of stern duty, and there was no time for festivity; the authorities tendering them were themselves accused of complicity in one of the most atrocious wholesale murders ever perpetrated, and a tribunal sent here to determine their complicity could not, without embarrassment, accept the hospitalities of the accused. The committee occupied rooms at the St. Louis Hotel, remained in session twelve hours each day, not excepting Christmas or New Year's, and accomplished an amount of work in ten days that, as committees sit in Washington, would have occupied three months.

The result of their investigation, when published, will disclose in detail such atrocities as almost to make one blush that he is an American, and will fasten the responsibility, as in the Memphis riots, on the very men whose sworn duty it was to protect the defenceless, and to see that the law was not violated. In the case of New Orleans, however, the heinousness of the offence was aggravated by the attempt to break up the deliberative body, under whose action these officers themselves held their commissions, and the national humiliation it involved is greater because of the action of the chief magistrate of the nation giving color of authority to the perpetrators of the atrocities for their murderous work.

The other body of radical congressmen, known as the Congressional Excursionists, had no official duties to prevent the acceptance of any hospitalities tendered, and never were more crowded into two days, than the distinguished visitors enjoyed on Friday and Saturday last. The scene of Ben Wade, escorted arm-in-arm by Gen. Beauregard, was an unusual one, but the effect of such excursions, in which the representatives of one section met in friendly intercourse with the other, cannot be otherwise than beneficial. F. H.

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

GROSSA, December 25th, 1866.

CHRISTMAS—HOW CELEBRATED IN ITALY.

As Christmas comes round, politics give place to pampering of the appetite and exchange of presents. This is the one great general holiday of the whole year, to which many have been looking forward for months in ardent expectation of a feast. Poor people sometimes stint themselves for days, that they might have a full table on Christmas. The midnight mass and the church ceremonies of the early morning, are little thought of in comparison with these more reliable realities. It is the custom here to keep the shops open all night on Christmas eve. Gorgeously lighted up and adorned with evergreens and flowers, they present a pretty sight to the crowds who parade the streets, feasting their eyes on the delectable dainties, and anticipating, with no ordinary pleasure, the treat of to-morrow. I have been told that the present generation grieve over the departed glory of the past, when Christmas day was celebrated by no less than three sumptuous meals, at each of which the amount consumed was enormous.

Yesterday I was present at the festa given to the children of the Waldensian school. It is an annual treat to the poor little things. A large Christmas tree had been prepared and covered with presents, and there was a goodly gathering of the parents and others. The children came in when all was ready, singing a hymn composed for the occasion. Of course there were no absentees, and altogether they numbered more than 70. It is gratifying to be able to add, that the vast majority of them are Roman Catholics, but we find that not only do their parents send them willingly

to school, but are much interested in the progress they make, some yesterday expressing high satisfaction with what they saw and heard. After the pastor had spoken to them about the birth of Jesus, they received their gifts and went away glad in heart.

EDUCATION.—HOPE OF ITALY IN HER CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

There are three teachers—one for the boys, one for the girls, and one for the infants, who average 25, besides daily Scriptural instruction. The minister, once every week, collects them all together, to question them on the Bible, and see what advance is made. Then there is the Sabbath-school, conducted on the principle of Mr. Woodruff from America, who paid us a visit almost three years ago, and did a vast deal of good in establishing and improving schools in many places. The "Scuola della Domenica," the Sunday-school Magazine, was then started, and has succeeded admirably well. Besides the Waldensian school, there is another in connection with the Free Italian Church, which has been in existence many years, and has branches in Turin and other cities. It is divided into 4 classes—42 children in all—27 of them Protestants, the rest Catholic. I have before me the report of the Committee of the Evangelical Schools in Leghorn and extract from it the following information: The number of children who have frequented our schools during the past year has been 192. All of them, with two or three exceptions, are of Roman Catholic parents. In the boys' school, 83; in the girls, 53; in the infant class, 57. The result of the annual examination was most satisfactory in writing, reading, arithmetic, sacred history, geography, and the Italian grammar.

This will give you some idea of the state of evangelical education in this land. The percentage of those who can read and write in the north of Italy is not very high, but in the south it is deplorably low. I forget what the precise figure is, but am safe in saying that 90 out of every 100 are unable to overcome the three R's. This is the natural result of the bondage under which King Bomba kept the Neapolitans. Now, however, there are signs of improvement. The government has established schools in every parish, where education is free, and, upon the whole, good. Religion is, of course, perverted; still, many of the facts of the Bible history are made known to minds that would have been sunk in utter ignorance of every thing, had the old regime continued. The great hope for Italy lies in the rising generation. Often have I heard this stated. Comparatively little can be done with the present. They are so ignorant and careless, and thoroughly engrossed with commerce, that no impression can be made. The young offer a more promising field. Sowing the good seed now, there will be a harvest afterwards. Hence, one of the principal cares of every pastor, is the school in connection with his church. And in each centre of evangelization, the children are carefully and earnestly taught the word of God, which is able to make them wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

TRANSLATION OF THE MASS.

A new work is just about to issue from the Claudine press in Florence—the translation of the Mass—the mass—from Latin into Italian. This work has been assigned to Signor Ribetti, of Leghorn, a man well fitted for the task. Besides translating it, he supplies copious notes on the absurdities, contradictions, and falsehoods of that famous litany. It is rather remarkable that no translation into the vernacular has yet appeared; and if the book only excites the priests to denounce it from their pulpits during coming Lent, the probability is, that such public advertisement will immensely increase its sale, and may open the eyes of not a few to the real nature of their worship, about which I am confident two thirds of the most devout worshippers know all most nothing.

BARBAROUS AND UNSETTLED STATE OF SICILY.

The Palermitan insurrection has been suppressed, and the cholera, after a month's fearful ravages, has disappeared, but Sicily is still in a very unsettled state. The Italian Government had taken little pains to conciliate the people after their annexation to the new kingdom; and they would not be warned of the danger, which was visible enough to those who did not shut their eyes. Hence, it came upon them suddenly, and severe measures had to be adopted for restoring peace. This has not yet been fully accomplished. Bands of brigands invest the immediate neighborhood of Palermo, and there is no protection for life or property. The barbarism of the middle ages reigns. A new outbreak would be no extraordinary occurrence. Sicily is rather a hard nut for the ministry of Victor Immanuel.

ROME.

The great question of the day, however, is that of Rome. Now the Venetian fetes are over, and the king returned to his capital, universal attention has been directed to the eternal city. What would happen when the French troops went away? Would the Pope remain, or would he flee? Would the Romans rise at once, or would they patiently wait the proper time? Such questions were put on every side, but no answer could be given. It was so entirely unprecedented, no one could even form a conjecture. The telegraph brought us tidings of regiment after regiment embarking at Civita Vecchia, until at last

the French flag was lowered from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Pontifical standard hoisted in its stead. There was no ceremony, no salute, no concourse of people on the neighboring piazza. The whole thing was done in the presence of a few casual on-lookers, and without the slightest demonstration.

The Emperor has been true to his promise—perhaps only too glad to rid himself of such a heavy burden. It will be a very grave necessity indeed, that ever makes him take it up again. General Montebello's interview with the Pope is well known, doubtless, to your readers. The old man would not believe that his defenders were really going until the last moment. When he saw the General come to say farewell, he could doubt no longer. In the anger of desperation, his holiness lost his temper, and said things which would have been better unsaid. Lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he paused in the middle of his reply, after stating that his help was in God. The action and attitude powerfully impressed, yea, filled with deepest awe, the minds of the officers before him, who half expected miraculous interposition on his behalf. He then made some significant reference to the state of the Emperor's mind, as if it was more affected than his body, and expressed his intention to pray for him, that he might become a Christian, as he was ruling over a Christian people. This unfortunate manifestation of temper has done damage to the cause of the poor feeble old man. Montebello was extremely angry, and the speech has been excluded, at least the angry parts, from the official French papers. Hitherto there has been no disturbance in Rome itself, or any of the provincial towns. Every thing remains quiet. The National Committee are busy at work, and the Romans sensible enough to leave themselves and their interests in such safe keeping.

CONCILIATORY SPIRIT OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

The Italian Government have sent an envoy to the Papal Court on a mission of reconciliation. They are prepared to yield a great deal, as in the appointment of bishops and manner of their consecration, and form of oath they must take. How it is all to end, time alone will show. The latest proposal we hear of is, that the Pope should remain in Rome with the shadow, but not the substance of temporal power; his people continuing subject to him, while sharing all the privileges of Italian citizens. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that Cavour's grand principle of a free church in a free state will be maintained and acted on, so that the gates of the eternal city may be open to the heralds of the cross, and the glorious gospel preached once more in it as in the days of the Apostle Paul.

AN ITALIAN ESTIMATE OF THE POPE'S BLESSING.

As an index of the state of the public mind regarding the value of the Papal blessing, the following paragraph recently appeared in the papers here: "Pius the IX blessed Italy in 1848, and every thing went to ruin from the Alps to the Adriatic. At Gaeta he blessed the old Bourbon and his dynasty. Every body remembers the disgusting death of the one, and the miserable end of the other. In Ancona he blessed three large merchant ships. As soon as they had gone to sea they foundered, and their crews perished. He blessed Lamoriciere and Pimodan, when he urged them to fight against the Italians at Castelfidardo. One fled dishonored, the other killed by an excommunicated bullet. He blessed the Polish revolution and it was put down in blood. He blessed with his whole heart Catholic Austria, and she was conquered and humiliated by non-Catholic Prussia. He blessed now the Empress of Mexico, and the poor lady goes mad. For the love of heaven, let not the Pope re-bless poor Italy, or she will be certainly ruined."

SAYING NO TO ONESELF.

That is what self-denial exactly means. It is very remarkable how much our Saviour makes, and how constantly He spoke, of it. He took the greatest care that not one of His disciples should be in doubt on the matter; and especially on occasions when they were in danger of making a mistake, such as in seasons of His greatest popularity, and when the multitudes were thronging Him with peculiar demonstrations of admiration and attachment; or when some particularly clear view of His messiahship caught their attention, He impressed upon their minds the fact that His service was no holiday work, but something that would call for self-denial every day. "Whom do men say I am?" He asked. "The Christ of God!" joyfully exclaimed Peter. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and come after me," the Lord replied. He was very frank, and would miss no man become his disciple under any misapprehension as to the terms or the results of discipleship.

Self-denial, saying no to oneself, has from that day to this, been the law of His kingdom. Yet it is no arbitrary enactment, but only just what we should expect, something growing out of the nature and the necessity of things. What good is there which men can get that does not involve self-denial? Can one think of anything good that does not?

Goethe, in his remarkable poem, *Egmont*, exclaims, "What has this world for me? Thou shalt renounce! Thou shalt renounce! And so it is every where; we are called upon to renounce some present gratification for a future or higher good. It is a law that holds over everything with which we have to do—hold the present in check, and abeyance for the future. See how it is in the matter of gaining knowledge. How much one has to deny himself! The school boy must deny himself his play; the man say no to his indulgence, his pleasure, his ease, while he gives himself to the work of disciplining and storing his mind, he must say no to companions, to blue skies and green fields that invite; say no to appetite that his intellect may not be clouded, if he will be wise. So, how it is in the matter of health, how perpetually one must say no to himself. He must not wear, he must not eat, he must not go just when and what and where he will. Or, you might carry the reflection out into the lower and the lowest realm of bodily appetites and propensities. If a man intends to enjoy his food even, he must deny—say no to himself; it will not do for him to give unrestrained indulgence to his taste or desire; he must eat to-day with care, so as to keep his body in a state where he may enjoy another meal to-morrow, and in the coming days; he must even compel himself to fast, that the food may have a keener relish by and by.

See how it is, too, in the social world. If one intends to be happy, or make any one else happy, he must say no to himself. My temper, you must not, you shall not have sway. My selfishness, you shall not go out, you shall not disturb the peace of the house.

Now, it is this universal principle running through every thing, that our Saviour makes the ruling principle of His kingdom. We should expect nothing less. The Gospel takes what applies to the lowest, and directs it to the highest good. Do you think that if it is necessary to deny oneself to obtain these inferior, and even contemptible good things, it will not, ought not to be necessary to get the very highest? Do you think that if it be necessary for you to deny yourself to say no to yourself, to be wise, to make yourself comfortable, to keep well, to enjoy your food or your sleep, that it will not be necessary for you to say no to yourself to become good, to become holy and fit for Heaven?

No; you must say no to your body; its appetites and propensities are to be denied when they clamor for indulgence; when they call, you will have to say, "no, you must not." Some habit or desire has been your companion all along, but now you wish to follow Jesus; so you say to it, "farewell." It holds your hand as you think to leave; you try to shake it off, but it clings the tighter; you make a sudden effort and its grasp is for a moment loosened, but in another its arms are around you holding you tightly. Now you cry "stand off," but it does not obey. You struggle, and the struggle becomes a wrestling, it is hard and forces the beaded drops from your face; by and by, in a happy moment, you hurl your foe to the ground, and hold it there, yet you need not think that all is over and well over. It has its eye fixed on you, it waits only for opportunity, and will shake you off and hold you in its turn. You watch and say, "no, you shall not get up again." This is self-denial.

You did not make terms with your Saviour when you came to Him. If you did you never came at all. You have only thought that you came. No, you gave up all. So you must say no to a great many things in yourself. Pleasure will call, but duty will call louder, and you must say no to pleasure. There is a sick chamber to be visited, the air is bad, the patient repulsive and pressing slippers snugly placed are very inviting, but the place of prayer and the little child's brethren claim your presence; you say, "I do not want to go; but you are to do what you do not want to do; that is just what you came to Christ for—you are to say no to yourself."

Your property you call your own; you have worked hard for it. But you are to give it away for Christ. You do not want to! That is it exactly; you are to do just that—what you do not want to do. You say, by the way, that it is your own. Yet you have a Pearl of Great Price which you call yours. I think that the merchant who has that, sold all that he had to buy it. I never heard of any one getting it on cheaper terms. You did not. Now either the Pearl or the property is not yours. If you sold all, how is it that you call your own still, and yet hold fast to the Pearl and call that yours too?

In this matter of self-denial one may find a test for his religion. If you have an easy religion, that does not every day require you to say no to yourself, it is not Christ's religion. You have probably made a mistake. Indeed, there is no sort of use for a man trying to be a Christian and yet trying all the while to escape self-denial. You need not waste time or trouble. It has been the law of Christ's kingdom more than eighteen hundred years—an invariable law. It will not make a special exception in your case. W. A.

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